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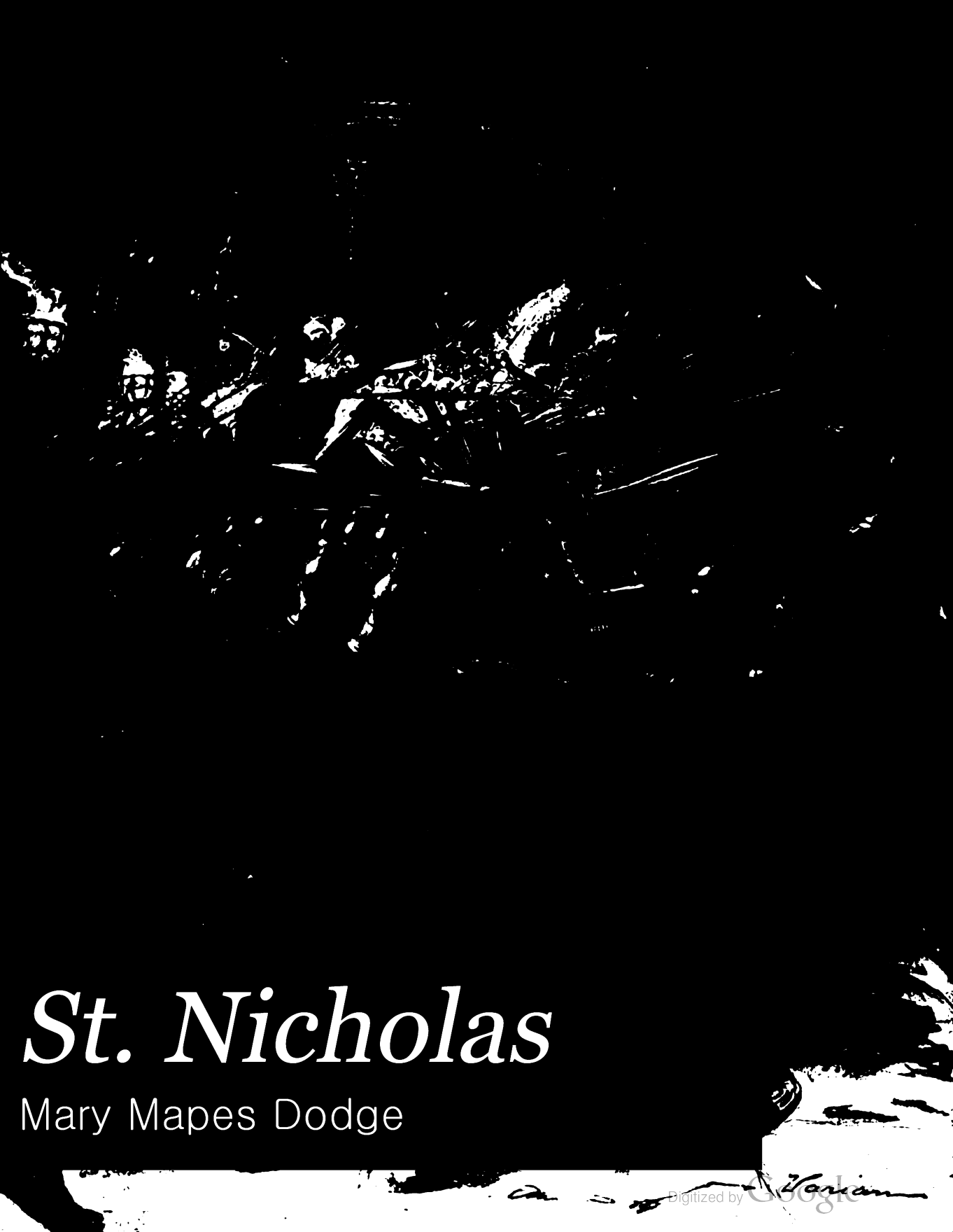
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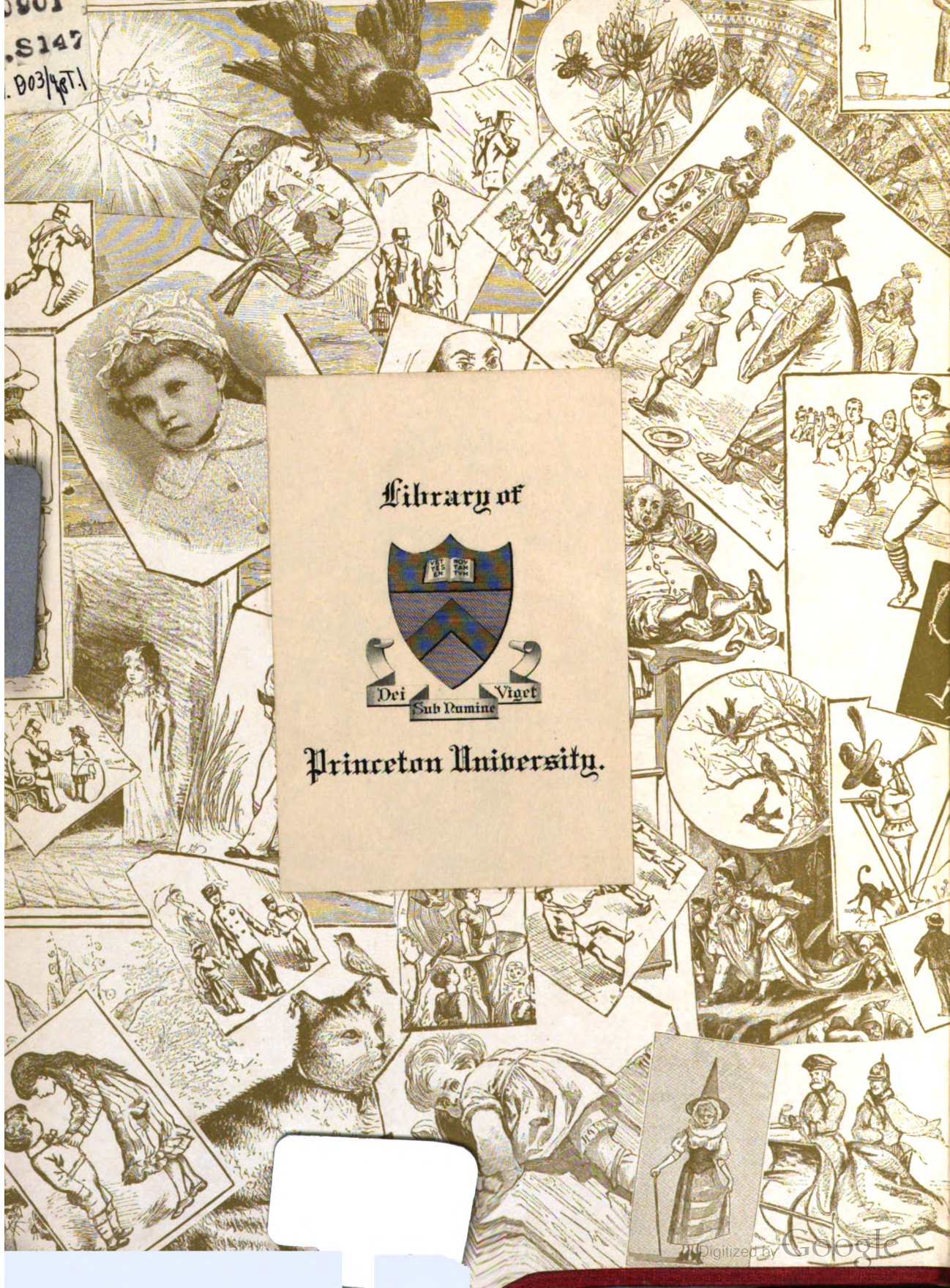
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St. Nicholas

Mary Mapes Dodge



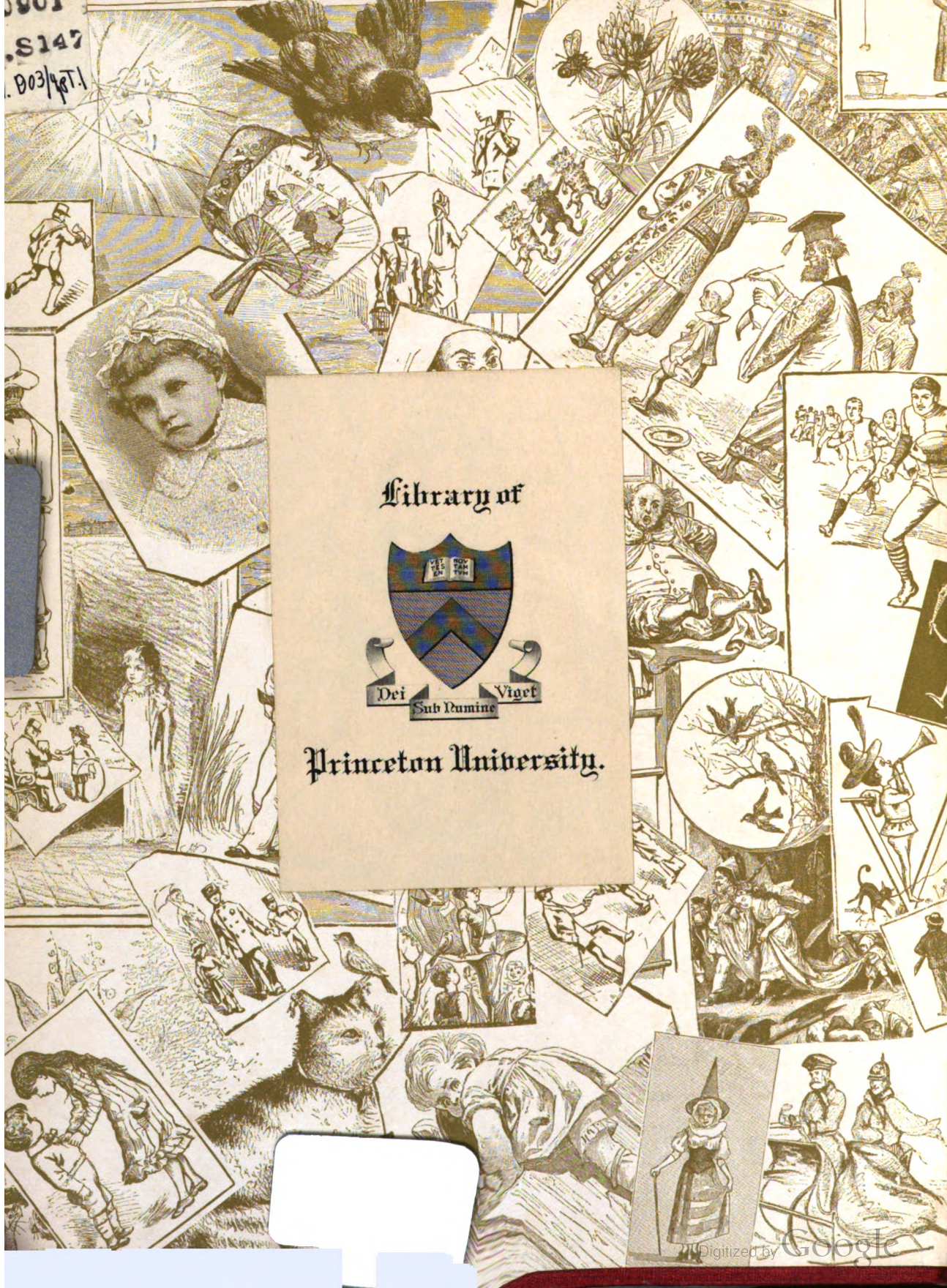
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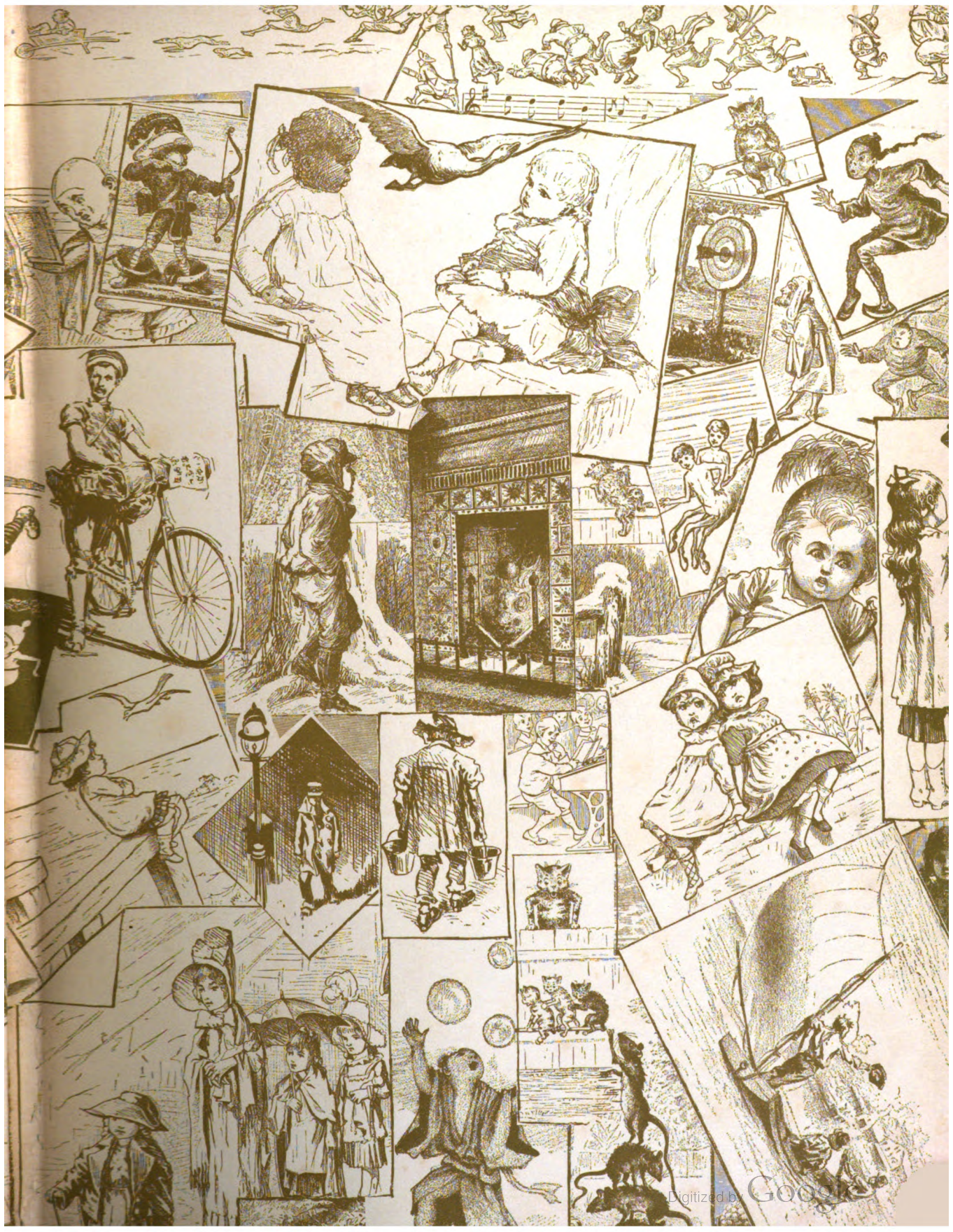


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ST. NICHOLAS:

AN

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

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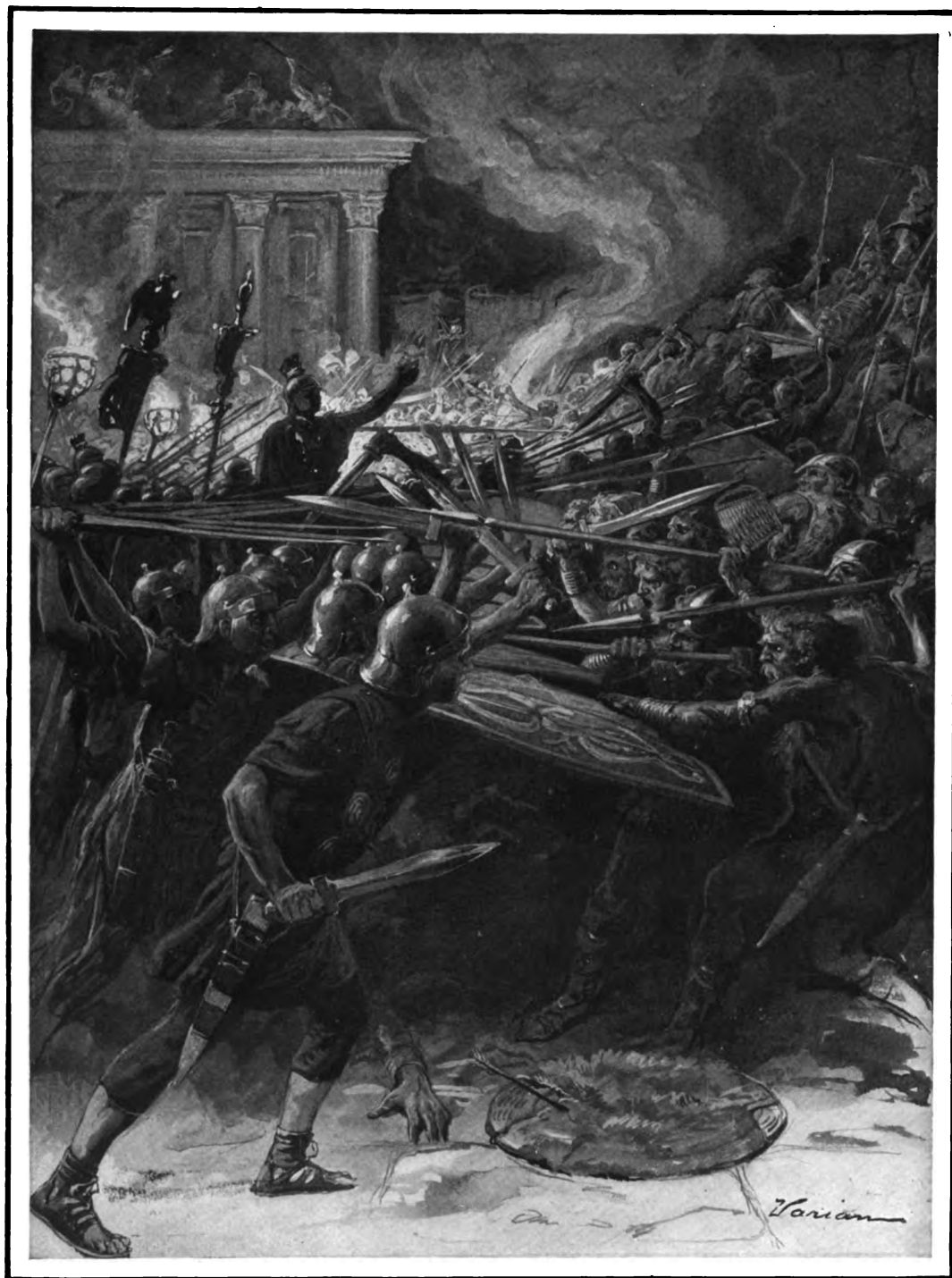
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"A RUNNING WALL OF LINKED SHIELDS, WITH THE LIGHTNING OF SWORDS
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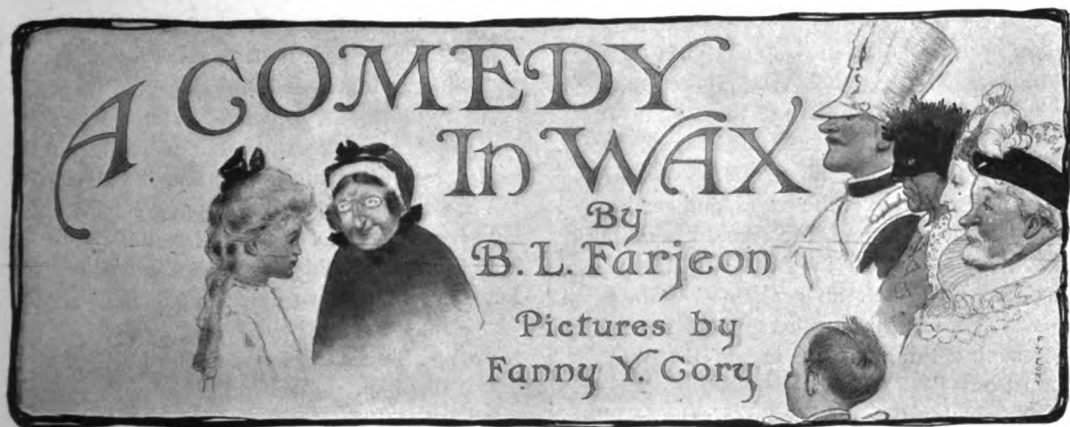
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NOVEMBER, 1903.

No. I.



CHAPTER I.

THE LITTLE OLD WOMAN IN BLACK.

"WHAT is the matter with you, little girl? You seem to be in trouble."

Lucy looked up. The voice was kind, and she felt the need of sympathy just then, being very lonely and not at all happy in her mind. She was standing between Groups 1 and 2 in the center of the Grand Saloon, and no one was near her except the lovely Mme. Sainte Amaranthe (who lay fast asleep on her crimson couch) and a few other figures, among whom was a Little Old Woman in Black in the act of taking a pinch of snuff from a silver snuff-box. But *they* were all waxwork people, and it would have been too great a stretch of imagination to suppose that any one of them could have addressed her in a human voice.

It was rather late in the afternoon. The

first part of the concert was over, and there was an interval of an hour and a half before the second part commenced. The Rumanian Orchestra had played Waldteufel's "Waltz of the Sirens," and had gone to tea; so had nearly all the visitors. Little Lucy Scarlett was alone in the midst of these waxwork celebrities, some affable, some stern, some simpering, some exceedingly stately and dignified, and all staring straight before them, without so much as winking an eyelid.

"Of course nobody spoke," said Lucy to herself. "I wonder what made me think so."

To her astonishment she was answered: "Because you heard me, my dear. I asked what was the matter with you."

It was the Little Old Woman in Black who addressed the little girl. She wore a black silk dress, and a black silk cape, and a black bonnet with white frillings inside. Her hair and

eyes were brown, and she had a pair of steel spectacles on her nose. Lucy stared at her in amazement, but somehow she did not feel afraid, there was such a benevolent expression on the old lady's face.

"You are surprised to hear me speak," observed the figure.

"Yes, I am," Lucy answered frankly.

"It *must* seem singular, I own," said the figure, "but you need not be frightened. I am not at all an ill-natured person."

"I am sure you are not," replied Lucy, "your face is so kind. Are you a 'celebrated person'?"

"I should not be here if I were not. We don't put nobodies in this exhibition—I should think not, indeed! Everybody here is somebody—I take good care of that. You have a catalogue, I see. I am Madame Tussaud.* Read what they say about me."

Lucy turned over the pages, and read aloud:

"'Mme. Tussaud, the foundress of the exhibition, was born in Berne, Switzerland, in 1760. Being left an orphan—' Oh, dear!" she cried, interrupting herself, "I never heard of such a thing. Born in 1760! Why, you must be—"

"A hundred and forty-three years old," said the old lady, complacently, "and I am proud of it."

"But I thought you were wax, ma'am."

"I dare say. Every one who comes here thinks so. Every one is mistaken. Sometimes, though, people coming up to me give a start, and think I am real, and then, after a little while, laugh and say, 'Upon my word, I thought she was alive!' It is a great compliment, for it shows what a good imitation I am."

"Can you walk about if you wish?" asked Lucy, softly.

"Certainly I can," replied Mme. Tussaud, "and I would do so now to prove it to you, only I don't want to attract attention; it would set everything in commotion. At the present moment we have this part of the show to our-

selves; but if I shifted my position, or moved my head, or stroked your cheek,—which I should like to do, my dear,—the attendants would come running up to see what was the matter. That is why I keep so still when there is any risk of being observed. Oh, yes, I can walk about, and, considering my age, I am very active."

"How wonderful!" exclaimed Lucy.

"But enough about that just now. It really distresses me to see young folk unhappy, and you seem to be so. Are you?"

"Yes, ma'am," sighed Lucy, "very, very unhappy!"

"You're surely not disappointed in my show. I could hardly bear that."

"Oh, no; it is a beautiful show. I've never seen anything half so beautiful."

"If you searched the whole world through," said Mme. Tussaud, proudly, "you would not find a better. All the people who come here are happy; I should be vexed if they were not. Shall it be said that I am a failure? Have I not done my best to make them happy?"

"I am sure you have," said Lucy, quickly, for Mme. Tussaud seemed rather hurt.

"Well, then, *you* must be happy. I insist upon it."

"I wish I could be," said Lucy, her lips quivering, "but I can't."

"Tell me why; I may be able to help you. Do they treat you badly at home? Do you have enough to eat? Does Miss Pennyback slap you?"

"It is n't anything like that," said Lucy, with difficulty keeping back her tears. "It's because of Lydia."

"Oh—Lydia. Who is she?"

"My sister, ma'am."

"When I first noticed you, nearly two hours ago," said Mme. Tussaud, "you were not alone. There was a bright young fellow of about four-and-twenty with you."

"That was Harry Bower, ma'am."

"And there was another man, much older, with a mean, sharp nose and red hair."

* Pronounced Tus-sô'. Mme. Tussaud's Exhibition of Waxworks in Marylebone Road is one of the most popular shows in London, and for the last sixty or seventy years has been regarded as essentially a British institution. Throughout the whole of the year it attracts daily a large number of visitors, and at holiday-time it is thronged with children.

"Yes, ma'am, the monster—Mr. Lorimer Grimweed."

"And there was a pretty girl in a blue dress—a Bower on one side of her and a Grimweed on the other. Was that Lydia?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Lucy, eagerly. "She is pretty, is n't she?"

"Sweetly pretty, my dear, and I am very much mistaken if somebody else does n't think so, too. Nothing escapes my notice; I am a very observant person. I see everything that goes on around me, and it struck me that Mr. Harry Bower looked far more often at Lydia than he did at my celebrities. Oh, I was n't offended—not at all! I heard something, too. Harry Bower looked at me and said, 'What a nice-looking little lady!' The Grimweed man looked and said, 'I call her a regular fright!'"

"That's just like the monster," said Lucy. "He's always saying disagreeable things; and oh, he does tell *such* stories!"

"Good little girl! Now, what is the matter with Lydia?" Lucy hesitated. "Come, come, child, speak."

"Can you keep a secret?" asked Lucy, softly.

"Yes, indeed, I can. If people only knew the secrets I have kept these last hundred years! Volumes of them. Now let me hear yours."

"Lydia is in love." The child's face was very solemn, and her voice very low, as she imparted this tremendous piece of information to the old lady.

"Ha—hm! That is indeed extraordinary. So unusual, you know. How old is Lydia?"

"Eighteen."

"Ah!" said Mme. Tussaud, in a wistful tone. "I was eighteen once, and I was in love. Is Harry Bower Lydia's sweetheart?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Is he unkind to her?"

"Oh, no! He is the kindest young gentleman you ever saw."

"Then why don't they marry? They could come here often. They could n't visit a better place—so quiet and improving, with royalty looking on and never interfering. And a refreshment-room downstairs where they could have ice-cream. And delightful music all day long, played by a famous band."

"Papa will not let them," said Lucy, shaking her head sorrowfully. "He says that Lydia shall marry Lorimer Grimweed, and she hates the sight of him—and so do I."

"Grimweed is a most disagreeable name," said Mme. Tussaud, "and would not look bad on the bills. If you could get him to do some horrible deed, something to make the public's flesh creep, I would put him in my Chamber of Horrors, and there would be an end of him." Lucy shuddered. "But why does your papa wish Lydia to marry Grimweed instead of Harry Bower?"

"He is richer than Harry; besides Marybud Lodge, where we live, belongs to him. Our lease expires this year, and if Lydia does n't marry him he will rent the place to another family, and papa can't be happy anywhere else. Papa has lived there all his life, and is quite wretched at the thought of being turned away. He has spent ever so much money on the place, and it will all belong to the monster if Lydia does n't

marry him. Just as if he did n't have money enough already! He is always talking of his riches."

"I see. But how does it happen that this Grimweed came with you to my show this afternoon?"

"It's rather mixed, ma'am," replied Lucy. "Some friends in Cavendish Square wanted me to spend a few days with them,—Marybud Lodge is in Barnet, you know,—and Lydia said



LUCY.

she would bring me to London herself, and would take me to see your show first."

"Sensible girl, that Lydia. The more I hear of her the better I like her. How does it happen that Harry Bower came too?"

"I'm sure I don't know, ma'am," said Lucy.

"Ah, I see. Go on, my dear."

"Well, last night," continued Lucy, "Mr. Grimweed dropped in, and said he would come with us to-day, and escort Lydia home in the evening; and papa accepted the offer at once, though Lydia tried hard to put him off. When the monster found Harry here he was dreadfully cross; and he was crosser still when I asked him to take me to the Napoleon Room, so that Lydia and Harry could stay where they were."

"You did n't tell him that, did you, child?"

"Oh, no. He thought they were following us, and was so angry when he missed them that he chipped bits out of Napoleon's carriage, and said he would keep them as relics."

"The wretch ought to be prosecuted!" cried Mme. Tussaud, fiercely. "My dear, I am greatly interested in what you have told me. I must punish that Grimweed man, and your papa must be brought to reason."

Lucy shook her head mournfully. "He won't be, ma'am. He has made up his mind that Lydia shall marry the monster, and when papa makes up his mind to anything, nobody in the world can make him change it."

"Oh, indeed!" said Mme. Tussaud, and it was evident that she was not only greatly interested, but very much nettled. "Nobody in the world! Upon my word! As if I could n't bring him to reason!"

"You could n't, ma'am—no; you could n't! You don't know papa, ma'am. He will command Lydia to marry the monster, and then she will die—and I shall die, too!" And with this, tears began to roll down the little girl's face.

"Dry your eyes," said Mme. Tussaud, in rather a sharp tone, "or people will think you don't like my show. My mind is made up. I can be quite as determined as your papa—oh, yes, I can! He *shall* be brought to reason, if you have the courage to do as I tell you."

"I will do anything to make Lydia happy—anything in the world!" exclaimed Lucy.

"Very well, child. What is your name?"

"Lucy, ma'am."

"Nice name. How far is it to Marybud Lodge, Lucy?"

"Nine or ten miles from here, I think."

"H'm. It might be done," mused Mme. Tussaud.

"They deserve an outing, and it would be *such* an advertisement for us!" continued Mme. Tussaud, as if talking to herself. "Such a wonderful advertisement! Why, we should be more popular than ever! But that is not the reason, child." She was now addressing Lucy, who was wondering what the old lady was talking about. "It is because I am resolved that no one shall be miserable in my show, and no one shall go away miserable. My dear, I think there is one place in London where people may be sure of spending a happy day, and that is here. And you shall be happy, and Lydia shall be happy, and we will teach that Grimweed man a lesson he will not forget. Hearts are not made to be broken—no, indeed; I will not allow it." She paused to take breath, and then added doubtfully, "But, after all, Lucy, I am afraid you have n't the courage."

"I have, ma'am, I have!" cried Lucy, who was now very much excited. "Try me—do!"

"You would have to remain in the show till all the people have gone away. What do you say to that?"

"I don't mind," said Lucy, bravely; "I don't, indeed."

"And nobody must see you. You must hide."

"Yes, ma'am. Where?"

"That is an important point. We must decide quickly, because the visitors will soon be coming back. There's the Royal Group on the left of me; but you could scarcely escape observation there. If you were to creep under the throne you would certainly be seen. Dear, dear! where *can* you hide? Ah, I have it! Do you see that gentleman who stands in a thoughtful attitude, on a raised platform, nearly facing me on the right-hand side of the saloon?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"That is the glory of the world, Shakspeare, in the costume of the period. At the back of

his platform is a vacant space rather close to the wall, but large enough for a little girl to hide in. Are you brave enough to creep in there and hide for three or four hours?"

"I would hide there for weeks," said Lucy, trembling with eagerness, "to make Lydia happy."

"That would be too severe a task," said Mme. Tussaud, gaily. "But you can't remain there so long without something to eat. Have you any money?"

"Yes; a two-shilling piece. Lydia gave it to me."

"Lydia is a darling. Before you hide, go



"'BEAUTIFUL EVENING,' SAID THE SHEEP, PUTTING ON A PAIR OF WHITE KID GLOVES." (SEE PAGE 10.)

down to the refreshment-room and buy some cakes; also buy some chocolate creams. My kings and queens are very fond of them. When they ruled the country, chocolate creams were not invented, and I have heard Henry VIII say that if our great confectioners had been alive in his time, he would have instituted an Order of the Chocolate Cream, and made one of them Grand Master. Sometimes a visitor leaves a little bag on one of the seats, and there is a regular scramble for it. On one occasion Edward V and the Duke of York came to blows over it, and the duke, who said that Edward did not divide fairly, gave his brother a black eye."

"Oh, dear!" gasped Lucy, whose own eyes opened very wide at what she heard.

"Yes, and I was rather afraid it would spoil my tableau; but fortunately the swelling soon went down. All the same I was much annoyed, and the duke received a severe scolding from his papa, Edward IV. Oh, there have been strange doings in this place when the public were not looking on! There was great excitement, not so very long ago, when William the Conqueror organized a night attack upon the refreshment-counter downstairs; he enlisted several of the more unruly spirits to aid him in his New Conquest, as he called it, and it was as much as I could do to bring him to order. I don't know that I should have succeeded but for the assistance of Napoleon, Julius Cæsar, and Oliver Cromwell, who agreed that William had committed a serious breach of discipline. But, dear me! we are wandering from the point, and an awkward question has occurred to me. Your sister will be coming back to look for you presently, and when she fails to find you she will be much alarmed, and there will probably be a great to-do. Now that is just what I wish to avoid."

"It will be all right, ma'am," said Lucy. "Lydia told me that if we should happen to get parted to-day I was to take a cab from here and go straight to Cavendish Square. It is n't very far, and I have been there before, you know. When she misses me she will think I have done as she said, and she and Harry will go back to Barnet without feeling a bit anxious on my account."

"Capital!" said Mme. Tussaud. "It is really as if things had been arranged for us. Your friends in Cavendish Square may wonder why you don't turn up, but when so much is at stake I don't think we need take *them* into consideration. Well, Lucy, what you have to do is to creep behind Shakspeare's platform when nobody is looking, and remain there till ten o'clock. You will know when the show is over by the band playing 'God Save the King.' Then all the people will go away—to come

again to-morrow, I hope. There will be a surprise for them if they do. Dear, dear, dear! What an excitement there will be in London! It will spread, and spread, and spread, and the people will flock, and flock, and flock! I feel as if I could jump when I think of it. It will be worth thousands and thousands of pounds to us."

All this was as puzzling to Lucy as if the old lady were speaking in Greek, but, for fear that they might be interrupted, she did not stop to ask for an explanation.

"Then," proceeded Mme. Tussaud, cooling down, "when the people are all gone, the attendants will shut up the show and turn out the lights. You must wait till they have finished their work and everything is perfectly still, and then you will creep out of your hiding-place and come to me. Do you understand?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Be very careful to keep out of the way of Lydia and that Grimweed man. If they see you, all our plans will be spoiled. Now, are you sure you can do all this?"

"Quite sure, ma'am."

"Brave little Lucy!" said Mme. Tussaud. "Go and do it."

CHAPTER II.

LUCY HAS A WONDERFUL DREAM.

As Lucy turned away her heart beat fast with a wonderful joy. After the first surprise of being spoken to by a wax lady, she saw nothing very startling in her adventure, strange as it was. For Lucy, you see, was of an imaginative nature, and, unlike many of our matter-of-fact boys and girls of to-day, did not turn up her nose at hobgoblins and nymphs and fays. She believed firmly in the dear old fairy tales and elves and ogres; and all such dainty and fantastic creations were, to her, veritable beings of flesh and blood.

On the way to the refreshment-room to purchase the chocolate creams, Lucy caught sight of Mr. Grimweed diligently searching for her; and in another room she spied Lydia and Mr. Bower, who, like herself, were trying to "lose" Mr. Grimweed. As soon as the coast seemed to be clear she went forward to the refreshment-

counter. With great care she made her purchases, spending sixpence for cakes and eightpence for chocolate creams.

When she reached the Grand Saloon the band was playing, and most of the visitors were clustered round the orchestra; only a few people were looking at the wax figures. Lucy lingered a moment or two beside Mme. Tussaud, but the old lady made no sign, so she passed on to Shakspeare's platform and, availing herself of a good opportunity, slipped behind. No one had noticed her, and after a few moments of almost breathless suspense she made herself as snug as possible, and felt that she was safe.

She was not at all uncomfortable; there was just sufficient space between the back of the platform and the wall for her to recline at her ease and listen to the music, the strains of which floated softly to her ears. There was another diversion in the scraps of conversation that reached her from the people passing to and fro, although, to be sure, they were rather confusing:

"There is that dear Marie Antoinette, poor thing! Before she was married she"—

"Screamed out, 'You wretch! you ought to be'"—

"Mixed with the yolk of three new-laid eggs, well beaten up, and"—

"Taken in at the waist, and let out two or three inches at the hem, until"—

"I did n't know where I was; it was quite dark, and"—

Lucy could not make sense of the chatter, and she gave up trying to; but presently she distinguished voices which she knew.

"Are you sure Lucy will be all right, Lydia?"

"Quite sure; she knows just what to do, and has often been to Cavendish Square before. You have no idea what a brave little thing she is; and so quick and clever! Was n't it good of her to go off with the monster as she did?"

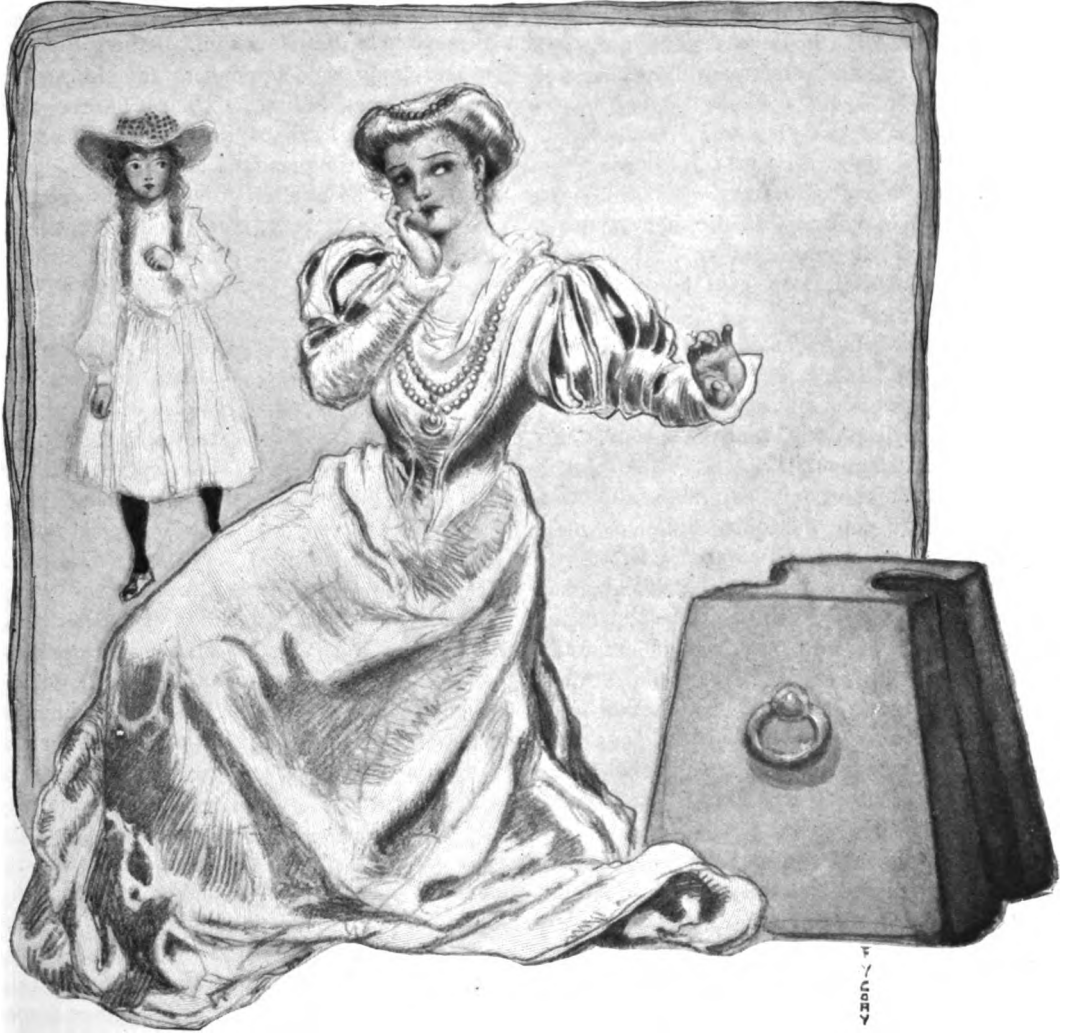
"I am afraid it must have spoiled all her pleasure, Lydia."

"We'll make it up to her some day, Harry, if we have the chance. Oh, dear, there's Mr. Grimweed in the next room, looking about for us! We seem to have been dodging him all the afternoon. Come away, quick, or he will

see us. Besides, it 's getting late—and if you like, sir, you may have the honor of taking me home."

"Darling Lydia!" thought Lucy, as the two moved away. "It will be all right soon.

had been turned on, but as she had no watch she did not know what time it was. Harry Bower had promised her the prettiest little gold watch in England on the day he and Lydia were married, but the fulfilment of that



MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS. "THE EXECUTIONER HAD DISAPPEARED!" (SEE PAGE 14.)

Mme. Tussaud is going to manage everything, and you and Harry will be happy, and—and—oh, dear! I am so sleepy!"

Her eyes closed, and she fell into a doze. When she awoke she wondered where she was, and it was some time before she could recollect what had occurred.

During her nap the lights in the exhibition

promise depended entirely upon the Little Old Woman in Black.

Never in Lucy's young life had time passed so slowly. Mme. Tussaud had told her she would have to remain in hiding for three or four hours, but Lucy was ready to aver that she had been crouching behind the bard of Avon at least three times as long as that, and

the people had not yet left the exhibition. She closed her eyes again, and began to count a thousand sheep going through a gate; and falling into another doze before she counted eighty, found herself in a large buttercup and daisy field filled with sheep who were dancing to a waltz by Strauss, which the band was softly playing. Some of the animals had gorgeous ball-dresses on, and others swallowtails and white ties.

"May I have the pleasure?" said one of the sheep to Lucy, with a graceful bow.

"Yes, you may," said Lucy.

"Beautiful evening," said the sheep, putting on a pair of white kid gloves.

"Yes, it is," said Lucy. "Do you like my white satin shoes?"

"They are beautiful," said the sheep. "And silk stockings, I see."

"I always wear silk at a sheep's party."

"I always wear wool," said the sheep. "So much more fashionable!"

"You don't know anything about it," said Lucy; "and if you are going to dance you'd better begin, or there will be none left."

Round and round they went, and Lucy was not at all surprised when the sheep changed into Julius Cæsar, who was clasping her waist and waltzing in what he called the Roman style. They got along very well together until Julius Cæsar accused her of not keeping step, and when she retorted that it was he who was at fault, he called out in a threatening voice:

"What, ho, my lictors!"

Which so terrified her that she fell upon her knees and implored him to spare her life.

"Who did n't keep step?" he demanded imperiously.

"It was me," she answered.

"What shocking grammar!" replied Julius Cæsar. "I forgive your not keeping step, despite your manner of speech. Rise."

But before Lucy could get up, Lorimer Grimweed appeared with a huge battle-ax, and called out fiercely:

"No! Let her stay where she is! Off with her head! Stand aside, Julius—I'll do it!"

And he would have done it, Lucy thought, if Harry Bower had not darted forward and seized him by the throat, shouting: "Caitiff!"

At that critical moment Lucy woke up with pins and needles in her foot, and knew she had been dreaming. She had hardly got rid of the pins and needles when she heard a great scuffling, and the band playing "God Save the King." It was all over at last, and the people were going away. It was more than ever necessary now that she should be very careful, for everybody was flocking to the stairs near which she was hiding. What a hurry and confusion there was as they hastened away, and how their tongues ran!

Gradually the hubbub grew faint and fainter, till it ceased entirely,

and all the visitors were gone. Then Lucy heard the attendants moving about, calling to each other while they performed their last duties for the day, but what those duties were she could not see. She was afraid they were looking for her, and she made herself as small as possible. "What will they do to me if they catch me?" she thought. "Will they lock me up, and will they call Mme. Tussaud as a witness? Oh, I do hope they won't



MR. GRIMWEED.

catch me!" She listened to the men talking and laughing and making remarks about the celebrities; and now and then the swish of some soft material fell upon her ears. She could not understand what they meant when they said, "Now, then, stupid, do you want to smother me? A little more this way, Jack. Easy, there, easy! Take care of her head!"

After a while these remarks came to an end. The lights were lowered, and the attendants bade each other good night. Then came the sound of the shutting and locking of doors and gates, after which there was a dead silence.

The exhibition was closed for the night.

How strange it seemed! Only a few moments before, the bustle, the laughter, the eager voices—and now not an audible word, not a footstep!

Lucy waited four or five minutes before she ventured to peep out. She saw nothing, heard nothing. After waiting another minute or two, she crept very, very slowly from her hiding-place; and as she once more stood upright and looked around, she was startled at the transformation that had taken place.

CHAPTER III.

THE MAGIC TOUCH.

NOT a figure was to be seen. Every wax figure had been put to bed standing, as it were, and was covered with a calico nightgown. Very ghostly was the appearance of the Grand Saloon in its canopy of dingy white. Brave as Lucy was, it would be nonsense to say she was not nervous. It was all so uncanny and hobgobliny that she was almost afraid to move.

Presently she remembered she was a little girl of courage, and stole softly along till she came to the center of the Grand Saloon, where she knew Mme. Tussaud was standing; but how could she tell the Little Old Woman in Black from the rest of the draped figures? And if she did find her, would she dare take the covering off?

The silence, the dim light, the dumb, shapeless forms, kept her heart in a flutter. Three or four times she had stopped in alarm, fancying that one or other of the wax figures had beckoned beneath its shroud, and was about to advance toward her. Motionless as they all were, they seemed to be stealthily watching her, and demanding to know what business she had to be there at such an hour.

Tremblingly the little girl peered this way and that, until she became quite bewildered, and began to fancy she had come to the wrong spot.

"Oh, dear!" she sobbed. "I wish it was lighter—or that the figures were n't covered—or something! I wish Lorimer Grimweed had never been born! I wish—"

But her next wish was never uttered, for she

was startled by an unmistakable movement in one of the figures. The calico wrapper trembled, fluttered, and fell to the ground, and to Lucy's great joy there stood Mme. Tussaud, smiling.

"Why, there you are," said the old lady, in the kindest tone. "I was beginning to fear that something had happened to you, or that you had been frightened and had run away. I am glad you did n't. You look white, poor child!"

"I am all right now," said Lucy. "I *did* feel a little nervous as I came along."

"I don't wonder at it," said Mme. Tussaud. "If you had been here as many years as I have been, you would have grown accustomed to this sort of thing."

Her features were no longer fixed and motionless, as they had been during her previous conversation with Lucy: they were animated with a cheery expression, and her eyes twinkled with kindness; and when she stepped forward and stroked Lucy's cheek, the little girl did not shrink from the touch, it seemed so natural.

"Nobody noticed you, I hope, my dear?"

"No, ma'am," said Lucy.

"Lucy," said Mme. Tussaud, "I am dying for a pinch of snuff and a good long sneeze."

"Do you take snuff, ma'am?" asked the wondering Lucy.

"I can't live without it, my dear."

"Then why don't you take a pinch now?"

"I dare not," replied Mme. Tussaud, "till I have put two Beings out of the way." This cold-blooded declaration—as though the old lady was contemplating a murder, or rather two murders—made Lucy shiver. "Don't be alarmed; they are quite used to it, and it will not hurt them the least bit in the world. The best of it is, they have no idea of what is being done to them. Ha! the first one approaches. Crouch, child, crouch, and keep as still as a mouse!"

Lucy obeyed, not without some apprehension, and clasped her hands over her eyes. What dreadful deed was about to be committed? From the end of the hall came the sound of measured footsteps. Was the Being a murderer who had escaped from the Chamber of Horrors, and would there be a struggle?

Presently the sound of footsteps ceased, and all was quiet. Unable to restrain her curiosity, Lucy peeped timorously from her hiding-place.

Mme. Tussaud had taken up her old position, and was standing perfectly still; the Being was standing sideways, so that Lucy could not see his face. There was nothing threatening in his attitude; he appeared to be an ordinary person, dressed in the uniform of the exhibition. After pausing awhile, he resumed his walk, apparently satisfied that everything was as it should be. He took just three steps—no more; for the moment his back was turned from Mme. Tussaud, that lady produced from beneath her skirt a slender, willowy cane, with which she touched the Being's shoulder.

The effect was magical. Instead of turning to see who wanted him, the Being was instantly deprived of the power of motion—so completely, indeed, that the foot he had lifted to take the next step remained suspended in the air.

Then Mme. Tussaud nodded smilingly to Lucy, and said in a cheerful tone:

"Get up, child; he cannot see you now."

Lucy rose slowly to her feet, and pointing to the Being, asked in a trembling voice:

"What have you done to him? Is he dead?"

"As a door-nail, my dear," replied Mme. Tussaud, with twinkling eyes,—and her eyes certainly had a wonderful twinkle in them,—
"till I bring him to life again."

"You can never do that," sobbed Lucy.
"Oh, dear, oh, dear, you can never bring anybody to life after you have murdered him! It's too, too dreadful!"

"You simple little darling!" exclaimed Mme. Tussaud, laughing heartily, "you don't suppose I would commit murder, do you?"

"But look at him," said Lucy, unable to check her tears; "he can't move!"

"No, my dear, he can't, and that is what makes it so safe for us. If he could hear, or see, or speak, do you suppose he would allow me to do what I am going to do—for Lydia's sake, remember—without raising an alarm? He is one of my night watchmen, and a very trustworthy servant. Is it likely I would injure him? Do not be afraid; he will not hurt you."

She took Lucy's hand and led her up to the

man, who stood motionless and looked for all the world like one of the wax figures in the show. Mme. Tussaud raised his arm, and it remained stationary; his head was turned to the right, and she turned it to the left; and the surprising thing was that while she did these things he offered no resistance and the expression on his features never varied.

"Does he look as if I am hurting him, Lucy?" asked the old lady.

"No, ma'am."

"I will show you something more curious."

She reversed the cane, and touched first the foot which was raised in the air, and then the other. Then, still keeping hold of Lucy's hand, she placed herself face to face with him, and slowly backed, beckoning him on with the cane. As if worked by machinery, he immediately began to walk toward her as she continued to walk backward. But when she reversed the cane and touched him on the shoulder, he became fixed and motionless as before.

"What do you think of that, Lucy?" asked Mme. Tussaud.

"It is like magic," Lucy replied.

"It *is* magic. This is a magic cane. Yes, my dear. It sends people to sleep as long as I wish them to sleep, and wakes them up again when I wish them to wake up."

"And it *really* does n't do them any harm?"

"Not the least. They are perfectly happy, and when they wake up they don't know what has occurred, and don't know that they have been asleep. They go on from where they left off just as if nothing had happened. When I bring this man to his senses he will continue his walk through the building in the most natural and unsuspecting manner. I could do just the same to you, Lucy."

"Oh, no," said Lucy, shaking her head.

"Oh, yes," said Mme. Tussaud, nodding hers. "As for my celebrities, I should n't be able to give them any relaxation, and should n't be able to keep them in order, without my cane. When they are obstinate I threaten them with it, and they immediately behave themselves."

"What a wonderful cane!" said Lucy.

"What a useful cane!" said Mme. Tussaud.

"When people are in that state," asked

Lucy, pointing to the night watchman, "do they dream?"

"I will show you. Tell me the time." Mme. Tussaud took a pretty little old-fashioned gold watch from her waistband, and held it out to Lucy. "Take it in your hand."

Lucy did so. "What a lovely watch!" she exclaimed. "Why, it is only a quarter past eleven. I thought it was—"

CHAPTER IV.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

"—much later," said Lucy.

"Much later than what?" asked Mme. Tussaud, smiling.

"Than a quarter past eleven," replied Lucy.

"It is, my dear. Look again."

Lucy looked at the watch, which she held in her outstretched hand, and, to her surprise, saw that it was twenty minutes to twelve.

"How can I have made such a mistake?" she said, rather bewildered.

"It was no mistake. The fact is, you have been asleep for exactly twenty-five minutes."

"Asleep! Without my knowing it? Oh, you're making fun of me!"

"No, my dear. I touched you on the shoulder with my magic cane."

"Did you? I don't remember it."

"They never do. I saw it distressed you when I sent one of my night watchmen to sleep, so I thought I would dispose of the other without your seeing. Now, perhaps, you will have entire confidence in me, and take everything for granted till Lydia is made happy."

"Yes, I will, I will!"

"That's right; we shall be able to get along splendidly. And be prepared for stranger things than you have already seen. I think I may now take my pinch of snuff with safety."

She took a large pinch, and then another, and sneezed three times violently.

"There!" said Mme. Tussaud, at last. "In my young days everybody took snuff. What have you in that paper bag?"

"The chocolate creams you told me to buy."

"So I did; but you have n't eaten many."

"No, ma'am. I saved most of them for the kings and queens. You said they liked them."

"Thoughtful Lucy! So they do. Thank you; they are quite refreshing. But you must keep more of them yourself. Though I do not like young people to be greedy, they ought to have their share of good things. Now, then, we must to work. We have to select the celebrities we shall take with us to Marybud Lodge."



LUCY AND THE HEADSMAN.

I have decided upon one, and I brought him up from below while you were asleep. He is just behind you."

Lucy turned, and started back when she saw the Headsman from the tableau of the Execution of Mary Queen of Scots. He wore his mask, and was leaning on his ax.

"Don't be frightened," said Mme. Tussaud. "He will do only what I order him to do."

"Oh, dear!" whispered Lucy, her heart

beating very fast. "Will you order him to do anything?"

"I don't know," replied Mme. Tussaud, thoughtfully. "We shall be guided by events, and in any case he is a moral force. Only to look at him makes one shiver. When he is in Marybud Lodge I will keep him in the background as much as possible. He is one; now for the others. What do you think of King Henry VIII? Have you any objection to him?"

"Oh, no, ma'am," said Lucy, eagerly. "Shall I hear him speak?"

"He will have something to say for himself, I promise you," said Mme. Tussaud, with a chuckle. "Henry makes two." She checked them off on her fingers. "Queen Elizabeth, of course."

"If you please, ma'am," said Lucy, perceiving that Mme. Tussaud awaited her approval.

"She is three. Whom shall we have for the fourth? We will take Houguia, the famous Chinese tea-merchant, who objects to people taking sugar in their tea. Guy Fawkes shall be the fifth, which is rather appropriate,"—and here Mme. Tussaud laughed,—"*for you have heard of gunpowder tea, have n't you?*"

"Oh, yes," said Lucy.

"Then Richards I and III," continued Mme. Tussaud. "That makes seven. My Sleeping Beauty, Mme. Sainte Amaranthe, makes eight. She was one of the loveliest women in France, and is an immense attraction. Next, Oliver Cromwell—what do you say to him?"

"If you think so, ma'am," said Lucy.

"He will tone down the royal personages; they are inclined to get too uppish unless they have some kind of a check upon them. He makes nine. Charles II makes ten, and all my fingers are used up. Loushkin, the Russian giant, is eleven; he is eight feet five inches high, and will lend weight to the party. And, by way of balance, we will take General Tom Thumb—the most comical little gentleman! You will hear him say some very quaint and smart things. I love my little Tom."

"*I should like him!*" said Lucy.

"You will get very fond of him. The next one must be a lady. Which would you prefer—Marie Antoinette or Mary Queen of Scots?"

"Oh, Mary Queen of Scots, please," said Lucy, clapping her hands, but adding quickly, "if the executioner won't chop off her head. You won't let him, will you?"

"Indeed I will not. It would spoil my tableau. Extraordinary," murmured Mme. Tussaud, "what a favorite that celebrity is! Mary shall accompany us, as you wish it. Will you come with me and fetch her, or remain here till I bring her up? I hardly know how she will behave, for she has never yet felt the touch of my magic cane."

"I will go with you, please," said Lucy.

"Very well. Come along."

The brisk way in which the old lady walked filled Lucy with fresh wonder, and they were soon downstairs, standing before the tableau of the Execution.

"I must leave you for half a minute," said Mme. Tussaud.

The old lady glided to the back of the tableau, and in a few moments was standing by the side of Mary Queen of Scots, whose fair face was hidden by the kerchief tied across her eyes. Mme. Tussaud touched the shoulder of the kneeling queen with her magic cane.

A shiver ran through Mary's form, but she made no further movement until Mme. Tussaud unbound the kerchief from behind. As it fell to the ground she raised her head slightly, and turned it toward the spot where the executioner had stood. There was a sly and timid look in her beautiful eyes, followed by a gleam of joy upon seeing that the executioner had disappeared! Then she sprang to her feet, and cried in the sweetest voice in the world:

"The wretch has gone—the wretch has gone! A reprieve—a reprieve! By the rood, 't is well! But oh, I have such a crick in my neck!"

She gazed in wonder at the motionless forms by which she was surrounded. Her eyes fell upon Mme. Tussaud, and she leaned forward and asked: "Who art thou? Surely not one of my tiring-women? Though I would not have those about me too fair. Hast lost thy tongue, dame? Who art thou? Speak!"

"Your Majesty will be well advised to follow me without further questioning," said Mme. Tussaud. "But if you would prefer to remain where you are—"

"Nay, nay! I am a-weary of this dungeon. But swear to me it is no new plot devised by my cousin Elizabeth—that thou art not sent by her for my destruction!"

"I am not in the habit of swearing," said Mme. Tussaud. "I am not sent by Elizabeth, and if you would once more taste the joys of life, obey me."

"Am I free, then? Am I free?" cried Mary.

"For a while," said Mme. Tussaud. "For how long a time depends upon your behavior."

"Know your place, dame!" exclaimed Mary, haughtily.

"And learn to know yours, Queen Mary," retorted Mme. Tussaud. "You have had some sharp lessons; profit by them. Lucy, my dear, give her Majesty a chocolate cream."

"'T is toothsome," said Mary; "the flavor is new to me." Then she whispered to Lucy: "Thou art more to my taste than the ancient dame—thou art more *de bon aire*. Hast thou another confiture? 'T is well—I thank thee. She called thee Lucie. I had a lady of that name who attended me when I was married to the Dauphin in the Church of Notre Dame. Art thou of royal blood?"

"Oh, no, your Majesty," said Lucy. She was walking now by the side of Mary, and Mme. Tussaud was leading the way to another part of the ground floor.

"Wilt thou serve me, Lucie?"

"Yes, faithfully," replied Lucy, eagerly.

"Alas!" sighed Mary. "So many have sworn

that, only to betray me! Was ever lady born to such a destiny? To be a queen before I was a week old, to be betrothed before I was six, and married before I was sixteen! My beauty was a theme in all the courts of Europe. Wherever I appeared admirers sighed and languished at my feet. Pretty feet, are they not?" She put out one foot, then the other. "What size do you wear, Mlle. Lucie?"

"Twos, your Majesty," said Lucy.

"I wear ones," said Mary, proudly. "And dost thou read, Mlle. Lucie? I have written sonnets in French and Italian. Doth not that set thee wondering? And thou shouldst see me touch the lute; thou wouldst never forget it. Poets have said my tresses are woven sunbeams and my eyes of star-like brightness. Cast thine own eyes upon them, and say whether thou thinkest them hazel or dark gray."

She was stooping, when Mme. Tussaud said in a sharp tone, "No loitering, Lucy; we have a deal of work to do. Remember Lydia."

This brought Lucy back to reality, and stopped the loquacious tongue of Mary Queen of Scots, who tossed her head and said haughtily:

"I wot my gentle words are ill bestowed."

Lucy's feelings were hurt, but greatly as she admired the beautiful queen, with her hair of light russet gold, Lydia came first. All the queens in the universe, ancient or modern, could not take the place of Lydia in her heart.

(To be continued.)

HOSEA JOSÉ AND HIS HOSE.

(Nonsense Verse.)

HOSEA JOSÉ* chose a hose he needed for his lawn—	Now this hose that Hosea chose is not his hose, they say;
Chose the hose he knows the best is; uses it at dawn.	Though he chose the hose, he knows for it he did not pay;
From the hose that Hosea chose there flows a steady stream;	Owes he for the hose he chose, and therefore, I suppose,
'Mid the roses Hosea's hose is useful, too, I deem.	Where'er goes he, Hosea José knows he owes for hose.

Arthur J. Burdick.

* Pronounced Hō-say'.



SITE OF AN OLD ROMAN CAMP UPON A HILL, WITH THE RAMPART LEADING UP TO IT.

dark, and keen, with fierce bright eyes shining out under those penthouse eyebrows you may note in the portraits which his coins bear

the great wall turned an adamant face to the northward. Not a stoat or a weasel could pass through between the two seas save at some half

in your museum cases. By his orders, it is supposed, they built, eighteen hundred years ago, that wall from Tyne to Solway, over hill and dale, which shines to-day in the summer sun almost as perfect in places as it was when the last stone was set and fixed, and the hard Roman mortar settled down to withstand all that the Picts and the blows and buffets of eighteen hundred northern winters could do. Eight feet wide at the base, sixteen feet high when it was perfect,



RUINS OF A ROMAN STREET OF BARRACKS.

dozen gates placed at intervals of several miles along its course, and each of these portals led directly into military camps, whereof the walls and buildings are still traced by ruins even to-day. Between Hadrian's wall and Agricola's foss to the south of it is a strip of country about a quarter of a mile wide, and it was this the Romans garrisoned with necessary soldiers—tall Belgians, fair-haired Goths, dusky Spaniards, even Africans and Arabs from the outlying provinces of their realm. How the hill sheep must have stared, and the ancestors of those very plovers piping in the solitudes over my head have screamed and wheeled, to see that garrison settle down for its four hundred years of watch and ward, a glittering band of steel and gold across the immensity of the lifeless bogs before and behind it! And when the last mile was finished and Hadrian had gone south again, the life there must have been an almost unendurable monotony, broken by intervals of the wildest excitement.

A few hundred yards away from where I sit is the famous camp of Borocovis, under shelter of the gray rampart which runs up to it on either side, and the nodding fir-trees. You can still see the pretorian's house and the ruined gateway, while the slope below is all in terraces, where the soldiers tried to grow their southern vegetables on the cold northern bogs; and in the dip is a carefully leveled place where they had gladiatorial shows or chariot races. Like all the other troops in the long line of neighboring camps, they got the main part of their supplies overseas from Gaul or Belgium, and if you try hard enough, how easy it is to imagine, there where the military road between ditch and wall comes out of the shadow of oak and hawthorn, the high-sided cattle-wagons with a new season's supplies toiling in from the east. A great event for all those hungry exiles, thirsting for the pleasant things of the south, and, above all, for news of home! The sentinel pacing along the wall in that never-ending tramp of theirs spreads the news, and all the garrison turns out to see them. They wind along the main road, then turn off to the camp itself across the amphitheater and up the hillside until they are at the gate itself and speedily enveloped in a crowd of eager welcomers.

Among all the motley stuff they bring, there is something for everybody. There are letters for the pretorian from Rome itself—always a matter of interest when you never know for certain whether the next communication will announce your election as emperor or order you to get your head cut off! There is a pay-chest for the soldiers—not so heavy as it ought to be; a hundred rolls of crimson cloth from Tyre for buying the good-will of a Pictish chieftain; a few great earthen jars of Cyprus wine, the last survivors of many broken on the journey; two tubs of cockles and limpets from Tynemouth, delicacies which always brought great joy to the Roman officers, who love shell-fish above all things; new armor for the mercenaries; more bales of cloth from Arles, and stacks of weapons from Iberian forges; oil for the lamps in the long winter nights; corn and honey, nails, tools, horse-harness, plows, seeds for sowing—everything, in fact, that these military Robinson Crusoes could desire: but no letters for the common soldiers, no newspapers! Those few travel-stained warriors who tramped in behind the convoy are the garrison's postmen and newspapers in one; they are fresh from the Imperial City, and, in an age when gossip was a virtue, it is to them that all go for news; it is they who for the next fortnight will have to sit by twenty camp-fires and pour out for straining ears all the facts and fancies of the great world of Rome.

There is high fun that night by the red blazes when all the stores have been replenished, and all the troopers paid, and the next day, perhaps,—if that letter did indeed bring the pretorian good news,—there are games in honor of the event: chariot races, mimic combats, and wrestling, with games for "the common people." And the next day after that the officers get up a wild-boar hunt down by where Carlisle now stands, and have good sport, as the altars they erected to fallen monarchs of the forest tell us they often had.

What fun they had to make up for all those dull days gone before! How they sampled the good things just come from Tiber, and ate the roasted boar and venison their spears had brought down that day in the forests! As I sit on the hillside opposite, though it all hap-

pened nearly two thousand years ago, I can imagine the shine of the lights at dusk in the little casements all along the walls of the old camp; and the strange shadowy groups about the camp-fires of the soldiers, and the darker outline of the sentinel, whose golden armor catches a twinkle now and then from the flames below as he walks solemnly to and fro against the black northern sky beyond. It is all so real that I fancy I can almost hear their laughing and shouting and the yapping of the dogs quarreling over fragments of the feast—and then! The sentinel halts suddenly in his pacing!

Little do the revelers know what is coming: but the man on the wall stares hard out into the barbarian forest for a minute or two, and then, snatching down a bugle from where it hangs on its nail by his watch-towers, blows a long wailing blast; and at that sound all the merriment dies suddenly out of the Roman camp till not a chirrup is heard where all was noise before. Again the soldier stares hard into the night to make sure, and then sounds the alarm again

with redoubled energy; and as the blast dies away a wild roar of excitement rises from the imperial troopers.

The barbarians are coming!

While two or three horsemen throw themselves upon their ready chargers and go thundering away east and west to warn other garrisons or ask for help, the camp-followers fly to hiding; the fortress gates ring down their stony grooves; doors and windows are hastily barricaded; the centurions swarm out to the walls, buckling swords and armor as they run; and when the cressets flare upon the battlements, a mile up and down each way, they shine on a living line of glittering brass and steel.

Rome is ready!

And none too soon. The Pictish spies have told their countrymen that the strangers feast to-night, and, hoping to catch them unawares, they have come down at dusk,—ten or twelve thousand of them,—and creeping forward in the darkness where a tongue of shadowy forest comes within a quarter of a mile of the wall, were just about to make their rush when the



RUINS OF A ROMAN VILLA AT CILURNUM (NOW CHESTERS), A STATION OF THE OLD ROMAN WALL.



"OVER HILL AND DALE." ANOTHER PART OF THE ROMAN WALL.

sentinel saw them. His warning note started the fierce tribesmen, and here they come across the intervening bog and heather. There is no artillery to check their progress, nothing to do but wait that moment when the short Roman sword can get to work; and it is not long in coming.

The Picts sweep forward like ten thousand wolves; yelling hoarse cries as they run, they swarm up the steep approach, and surge against Hadrian's bulwark as though they would bear it down by their sheer weight. The foremost men carry short lengths of pine-tree, with a foot of each branch still left upon them, and these they slope against the stonework by way of ladders; ten, twenty, thirty are planted, the stormers scrambling up, stabbing and thrusting as they come. Others, with long poles with hooks at the ends, try to crook these over the necks of the Romans and drag them down, and all the while the slings and bowmen pour in a withering storm of missiles on the defenders. Wilder and wilder becomes the uproar—with thousands of men at arm's length fighting for life. The mere rattle of the swords makes a noise like thunder;

the cressets flare and splutter; the great black barbarian flood rises and rises, till at last even the gallant defending legion—"the valorous and ever victorious"—cannot stand that enormous pressure, the golden Roman line parts and reels back, and through the gap the barbarians pour over the wall.

But it is a short-lived triumph. As they come shouting, overbearing along with them in the impetus of their rush scores of Romans, whose armor flashes now and then in the confused midstream of bear- and wolf-skins, the reserves that have been mustering in the shadow of the wall swing round and charge,—that straight, deadly charge, a running wall of linked shields, with the lightning of swords playing above, that settled a thousand disputed questions of ancient history. And it settles the Picts. They halt, and hesitate, and fly; they die under the wall like wolves at bay; they scramble back on to the ramparts, where a wild chaos of struggling forms heaves in the uncertain light; they tumble headlong back among their kindred—those of them who ever get so far. The wall is won

again, and as the exulting shout of the Romans echoes into the hills and startles the red deer in far-away glens and the sleepy kites upon the crags, the Northmen slowly fall back, dragging their wounded with them, and disappear into the forest shadows whence they came.

That is the sort of episode which varied the monotonous lives of those old fighters. But the famous landmark they left behind them is quiet enough now as it shines in the pleasant English sun. I stroll over to it, and there in the crevices of the mortar the little Italian flowers, which

have outlived a great empire and grow nowhere else in the neighborhood, are making the old masonry pleasant with their buds; the larks are building under the forum steps in the camp, the mountain hares playing about the pretorian's ruined doorway; and as I climb into the very gap that was defended so desperately some two thousand years ago, and sit down to eat a sandwich from my shoulder-bag, it is difficult to imagine a lovelier or more stately peace than hangs over that ruined memorial of a great episode in history.



MOTHER GIRAFFE: "CHILDREN, GO TO BED THIS MINUTE! YOU ARE SO SLEEPY NOW THAT YOU CAN HARDLY HOLD YOUR HEADS UP!"



THE KNITTING LESSON.

GRANDMOTHER knows how a stocking grows,
Ribbing and purling and heels and toes;
Now she is teaching our little Rose.

“Put in the needle,
Throw over the thread,
Out with the needle, and off it goes!”

Grandmother's mouth gives a little twitch,
Watching so slyly the eager witch,
Ready to help at the smallest hitch.

“Put in the needle,
Throw over the thread,
Out with the needle, and there 's the stitch!”

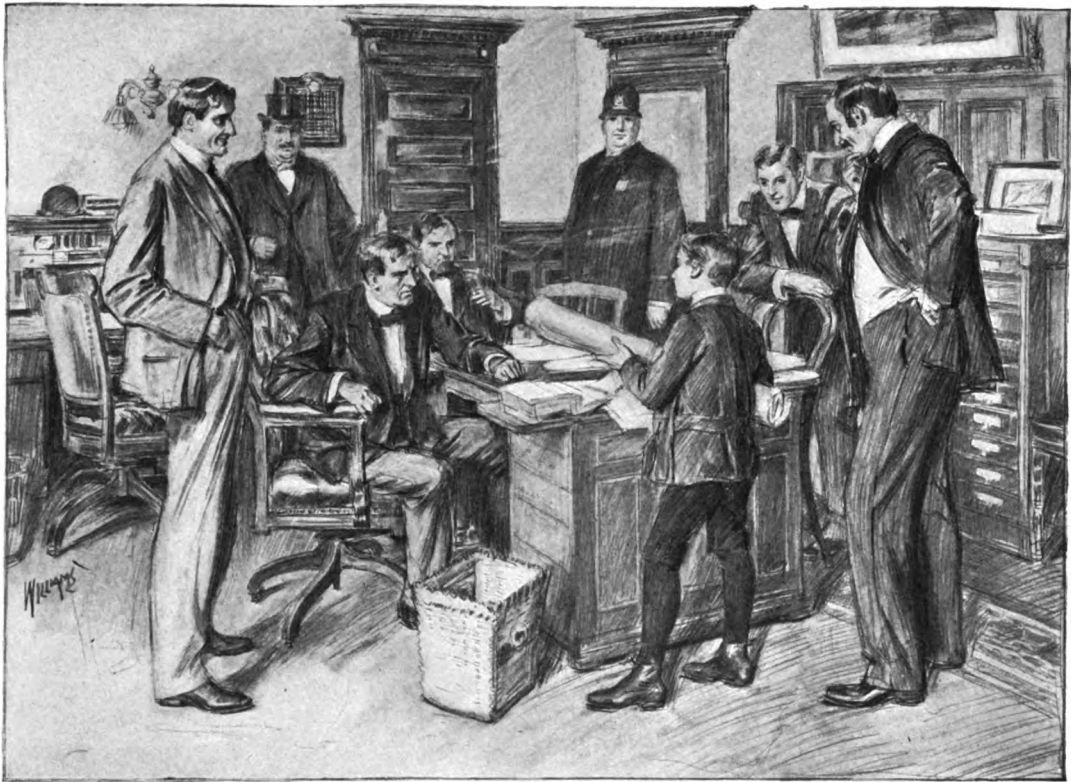
Grandmother sees in a misty dream,
Her eyes still fixed on the needles' gleam,
Pastured flocks and a gurgling stream—
“Grandma! oh, we forgot the seam!”

“Bring the thread forward,
The needle *this* side,
Then over—off—and we 've made the seam.”

Grandmother knows how a stocking grows,
Ribbing and purling and heels and toes;
Now she is teaching our little Rose.

Mary J. Jacques.





"I 'VE BROUGHT THE PLANS," SAID TED." (SEE PAGE 29.)

TED'S CONTRACT.

BY HENRY GARDNER HUNTING.

"TED, would you like to go to Chicago with father?"

Mr. Bronson stood in the dining-room looking at his small son, who was finishing the last vestige of a second piece of strawberry short-cake.

Ted jumped as though a fire-cracker had been let off beside his ear, and looked questioningly at his mother, who had come in and who was smiling at him. Chicago? Would he like to go? With father? Well, most assuredly! "Yes, sir," he said hastily aloud, slipping promptly off his chair, and making a not altogether successful attempt to use and fold his napkin at the same time.

"We have just half an hour to catch the

train for Grand Haven, Elinor, and we 'll get the boat there," said Mr. Bronson to his wife. "We 'll be in the city early in the morning. I 'll see Wyatt at once, and close the contract, I hope."

"Oh, John, I hope so."

Mrs. Bronson's eyes were shining with pleasure, and even Ted could see the unusual flush in his father's face, and knew that something of moment had occurred — something which made his parents both happy and anxious.

"You will be father's private secretary, Ted," said his mother, laughing. "You must show what a good business man you are, for this trip means a great deal to us all. If father gets this contract it will mean —"

"Don't anticipate, dear," said Mr. Bronson. "We won't count our chickens yet. We'll just hope and try hard to win. Ted will help father to get there on time. We mustn't miss any trains or boats, or we'll be too late and spoil it all."

Ted could dress rapidly — on occasion. That morning he had taken half an hour to put on his school clothes, anticipating only an ordinary day. That noon, with a lake trip to Chicago in prospect, it required but ten minutes for him to get into his best little blue serge suit, to have his tie properly bowed, and his hair parted straight. When he waved his hand in farewell to his mother from the seat in the car bound for the station, she laughed aloud at the quick time he had made.

The trip from Grand Rapids to Grand Haven by train was not new to Ted, who had gone so far on little journeys with his father before. But the steamer trip across Lake Michigan to the big city, of which every Western boy thinks with much admiration, curiosity, or wonder, would be a delightful thing. Besides, this hurried important business trip was exciting and interesting, and Mr. Bronson told Ted all about it on the train.

"It's the plans they want to see," he said, patting a big paper-wrapped roll which lay beside his grip. "They're for a big building in the city, and I hope to get the contract at the directors' meeting, which is to be held to-morrow in Chicago. Of course there are many other architects after it, and that's why it is so important that my plans should get there in time."

"Who is Wyatt, father?" asked Ted, who had remembered the odd name.

"Mr. Wyatt? He is a friend of mine who is a director in the company which is to own the building, and he has seen the plans. He favors my cause, you see, and will do everything he can to help me. He has an office in the Masonic Temple."

Ted was no stranger to city life. His own home town was a live and bustling place, where



"HE DID NOT SLEEP HERE LAST NIGHT," SAID TED." (SEE PAGE 26.)

street traffic was heavy, and buildings rose to what seemed to him huge proportions. He was familiar with rushing cars and cabs and the clanging gongs of fire-engines, police patrols, and ambulances. Boy-like, too, he loved it all, the turmoil and the din, and it was anticipation of a greater degree of all this in the great

metropolis, with many wonders added, which made his heart beat with happy excitement.

The night boats which cross Lake Michigan from Grand Haven to Chicago start from Muskegon, farther up the Michigan shore, and on this particular night the boat Mr. Bronson had expected to take was delayed at the former place. Further cause for delay arose in connection with freight-loading after Ted and his father went on board, and as the hour grew late, Ted, in preparation for the morrow, climbed into his berth and went to sleep while the steamer was still at the wharf in Grand Haven. The last thing he heard before he entered the land of dreams was the closing of the state-room door by his father, who again went out on deck.

It was daylight when Ted awoke, a foggy gray daylight indeed, but unmistakably day. The first thing he noted when he opened his eyes was the dim glimmer at his port-hole, which made him wonder where his big home bedroom window was. Then he felt the pounding throb of the steamer's engines, and heard the rattle of some loose bit of metal somewhere in the state-room.

His eyes brightened and widened as he turned over on his side, looking curiously about and listening eagerly. It was very still all about, except for the engine's pounding and a delicious hiss and splash of water outside, which instantly brought to his mind a vivid picture of the racing waves and the plowing steamer. He could feel the rise and fall and roll of the vessel, and a sudden exultant pleasure in it all made him sit up and laugh aloud.

The sound of his own laugh seemed very noisy to Ted. He dropped down upon the pillow again, wondering if he had disturbed any other sleepers. He listened to note whether he could hear his father's breathing in the lower berth, and then he crept to the edge of his bunk and peered over and down into the bed below.

It was empty! The covers were smoothly laid. It had not been slept in!

Ted's eyes opened wide in wonder. What was this? Where was his father? Had he slept alone in the state-room all night? If so, what did that mean? Surely his father would not sit out on deck all night. He clambered over the edge of his berth and dropped to the floor. The rough rug felt strange to his bare

feet, and seemed to add to a sudden growing feeling of loneliness which was coming over him. He reached for his clothes and began hustling into them at his fastest pace. When he was dressed, he opened the state-room door timidly and peered out.

A very big man in a blue uniform, with gold bands on cap and sleeves, was just passing. "Hello there, early bird!" he said to Ted, with a jovial wink which suited his round, red, jolly sort of face.

"Do you know where my father is?" asked Ted, promptly taking courage.

"Your father, youngster?" asked the purser, stopping. "I don't. Maybe I have n't the pleasure of his acquaintance."

"He did n't sleep here last night," said Ted, backing into his room and pointing to the berth.

The purser glanced inside, and then he looked at the boy questioningly. "What does your father look like, son?" he asked gently.

"He's big, with a brown beard," replied Ted, watching the officer's face anxiously.

The purser extended his hand to the boy. "Come on," he said. "We'll look for him."

They did look. First the purser sent Ted running to various likely places; then the officer himself took up the search. After that, as the quest had been fruitless, the steward was called in, and cabin-boys and waiters were summoned, questioned, and then they joined the hunt. Of course it did not take long to search the steamer thoroughly. But no one found Mr. Bronson.

The purser told Ted in as cheery a manner as he could, explaining that the father must have gone ashore and been left behind, and he treated the matter as a joke for Ted to laugh at. But Ted's heart, which had been steadily sinking, seemed to go into the very soles of his shoes. Though he could see the reasonableness of the purser's theory, he could not quiet his own fright and anxiety, and certainly he could not laugh. When the search was over, he went back to his state-room, and sat down on the edge of the lower berth in misery greater than he had ever known before, despite the purser's promise to take care of him. He was too thoroughly alarmed to cry, even if he would have allowed himself that indulgence at all. What should he do? What had happened to his

father? Where should he go in the city till his father could come for him? How was he to get anything to eat?

The questions raced through his brain in helter-skelter fashion, and received no reasonable reply. Then suddenly one question rose in his mind which shut out all the rest so quickly that he forgot them instantly.

What about the plans?

Those precious plans! There they were at the foot of the berth, just where his father had put them. They were to have gone this morning to the man with the queer name in the Masonic Temple who was to get the contract for father.

Ted's heart almost stood still. He remembered his mother's shining eyes, his father's flushed face, when they had spoken of the hope for this contract. He remembered what his father had said about the importance of being on time for the directors' meeting.

He sat up very straight on the edge of the berth, and stared at the roll of plans, while he thought intently. Then he suddenly slid off the bed and went on deck.

It was a strange sight that met his eyes. There lay the great city directly before them, only a little distance away. It was very, very big. It stretched far, far away in each direction. But oh, how different from what Ted had expected! How dark it was! Fog and smoke and steam everywhere hung in great masses above it. Tall buildings stretched themselves up into the mist till their tops were lost in it. The lake shore to the north and south faded away under its shadow, and the streets were only dimly discernible through the murk.

As they drew nearer, the cloud seemed to settle down more and more closely. When they entered the mouth of the river, it was as though the whole morning sky had been shut out and the air was hot and sultry and stifling.

Ted's anxiety deepened despite the new strange scenes and atmosphere, perhaps because of them. Almost a hundred miles of water lay behind him — between him and his father, his mother. Here he was alone, friendless, unknown and unknowing, without money, without a place to go, entering a big, strange city, where he must —

A roaring whistle which deafened him and

seemed almost to lift him from his feet with its tremendous vibrations burst out upon the air behind him. The buildings on either side sent back bellowing echoes, till he clapped his hands to his ears to shut out the painful blows the sound-waves seemed to strike. They were in the river now. Other whistles were blowing, bridges were swinging, tugs were scudding about, rooting up the dirty, greasy surface of the stream with their black noses like so many little pigs in a mud-puddle. The big steamer swung up to her dock amid a babel of shouts and the noise of hawsers sliding over decks; there was a rattle of chains, and the hollow bump of the gang-plank; and Ted brought up his grip and the roll of plans, and went to the purser.

A tall policeman was the first person to cross the plank when it was run out, and he crossed from shore to steamer. In his hand he held a yellow sheet, and the moment he saw Ted with the purser he came directly up to them.

"You 've a runaway kid here, purser," he said, looking hard at Ted and handing the telegram to the boat officer.

Ted stared. The purser took the telegram and read it aloud:

"CHIEF OF POLICE, CHICAGO: Find boy on steamer "Queen," of line from Grand Haven, arriving Chicago 9 A.M. Has small grip and papers. Hold boy at headquarters till I arrive by day-boat.

"JOHN BRONSON."

"That puts a different light on it," said the purser, looking sharply at Ted. "What did you run away for, son?"

"I did n't run away," said Ted. Surprise, then indignation, rose within him. The hot tears started to his eyes. How could they so interpret the message? It did not say he had run away. He started to protest, but the policeman reached down and took the grip which Ted was holding, and then took his hand firmly.

Ted's whole soul rose in resentment. He had not run away. He had done nothing in any way reprehensible. He would not be taken in hand thus as a truant. His father had certainly not intended it.

But the policeman's grip was strong, and to attempt escape was as useless as though his bir

hand were a steel trap. Ted waited, thinking rapidly.

One consideration was more important than all others. If the delivery of the plans to Mr. Wyatt were so important as to cause his father to plan this sudden rush to Chicago, and to justify the look of hope and anxiety which his mother's face had shown, Ted was certain that those plans ought to be delivered. He suddenly remembered his mother's little joke about his being father's private secretary. Here he was in Chicago,—alone, to be sure, but not entirely helpless,—and here were the plans. *He would deliver them.*

The consciousness of new responsibility assumed caused him to straighten his shoulders as he walked up from the wharf beside the officer. Presently he stopped and tugged at the policeman's hand. "I must go an errand for my father," he said.

"Is that so?" said the officer, turning and grinning down at him. "I s'pose ye come across the lake fer that, did ye?"

"I did," asserted Ted. "Father started with me, but got left by the boat."

"Humph!" The policeman laughed. "You're goin' to headquarters," he replied.

"I won't!" cried Ted. He made a sudden wrench to free himself; but the officer's giant hand closed upon his fingers with such a crushing force that he cried aloud with pain.

"Now be good, will ye?" said the officer. "I did n't mean to hurt ye, but you're goin' with me."

Ted quieted down. He had plenty of good sense, and, though he was rebellious enough, he knew that he must change his tactics.

They passed up through a street that was full of heavy traffic—big three-horse teams laboriously pulling wide trucks loaded with immense burdens of barrels and boxes. The wheels made unceasing clatter over the paving-stones. A block ahead Ted could see the huge iron trestle of an elevated road, and trains were driving in both directions around the curve which led from a cross-street, the straining wheels pulling a ringing note from the rails, like the prolonged tone of a brazen bell. The roar of the streets began to awe him. It was different from what he had expected. The noise

was ceaseless; the stream of people and of vehicles was continuous. Pushing, bustling, driving—all that he had looked for; but there was a sudden sense of loneliness upon him, a feeling that he had no friend in all the great throng, which was quite new to him. The policeman he considered only an enemy. At the corners the truck-drivers seemed to be trying to ride him down. People brushed against him, and passed on without looking. The motormen of the cable cars jangled their harsh, dull-sounding gongs, and drove their three-car trains around the curves with what appeared reckless disregard of the people, who seemed barely to escape each time.

Ted's heart sank lower. Everything about him was utterly strange—so different from his home in the Michigan city; and everything was wholly against him. How was he to accomplish his object, to find Mr. Wyatt, to deliver the plans on time?

He bit his lip to keep down the tears. He must. He alone could help his father now. He would—he would! Nothing should stop him. He would deliver the plans to Mr. Wyatt, and do all he could to forward his father's interests in this crisis. He would not be a baby or a coward. He would fight it out, and no one should prevent him. He set his teeth again to crush out the desperate sense of failure and to hold his oozing courage. His head ached, and he was sick with excitement and anxiety, and hungry now, for he had had no breakfast. He looked about him with a last unhappy effort.

"Where is the Masonic Temple?" he asked abruptly of the officer.

The policeman grinned, turned, and pointed across the street, where Ted saw a big brown building, in and out of the doors of which the people were swarming like bees at a hive.

"Take me over there," said the boy, with quick pleading. "It's only a step. Take me there, and you'll find a man who will know I'm telling you the truth. I did n't run away; but I must take these plans to Mr. Wyatt this morning, or it will be too late. Oh, I must! I must! Don't refuse me, please—please! I'll do anything—go to jail—anything afterward. Take me over there."

Ted's voice was very earnest, and his eyes

shone with a light which affected the big officer more than his words.

"Sure, you're a little duffer to run away," he muttered half above his breath. "Plans, is it? Who? Wyatt? Well, it's just across there. Well, well, don't cry, you know."

He looked across at the Temple building and considered. "Who is your pa, young un?" he asked, after a moment.

"He's Mr. John Bronson, of Grand Rapids,

and a moment later the boy was rushing up in one of the semicircle of cars toward an upper floor, scarcely able to realize the sudden change in his fortunes.

The room was full of men when Ted opened the door to which he had been directed, and he was very much embarrassed when they all stopped talking and looked at him. The big officer filled the doorway behind him and cut off his retreat, if he had thought of retreat; but

he did n't, even in the face of wondering, curious looks.

"Mr. Wyatt?" he asked, flushing painfully, but holding his head up bravely.

A little man with very bright brown eyes turned from a chair by a desk. "Right here," he said, smiling.

"I've brought the plans which the new building is going to be built from," said Ted, his heart beating till it hurt him.

Mr. Wyatt looked at him in surprise. Then suddenly one of the other gentlemen laughed, and a moment later all the rest joined in heartily. Even Ted's policeman grinned.

"You've got ahead of us, son," said one very fat gentleman in a high silk hat. "We were still dissatisfied with all the plans we have so far. But what is your name, and where do you come from with such news?"

The other men laughed again, but Ted told them his name and his story straight out. They laughed again, more than once; but when Mr. Wyatt had told them who Ted's father's was, the fat man, who was called Captain Clarke, and who seemed to be a very important per-



"YOU'VE A RUNAWAY KID HERE, PURSER," SAID THE POLICEMAN." (SEE PAGE 27.)

Michigan. He's an architect; he makes plans for buildings."

"Oh!" said the officer. "Well, it can't harm ye to go there, I s'pose." He was looking down at the boy with quizzical amusement in his eyes, but with a certain approval of the little fellow's persistence, too, and — was it sympathy?

A moment later they had threaded their way across the roaring street and entered the great corridor. An inquiry from the elevator-starter,

sonage, suddenly slapped his knee and said good-humoredly: "Maybe he's right. Maybe he's right. Perhaps these *are* the plans we'll build from. Let's have 'em, son. You're just in time; and if these plans are as good as Wyatt says, we'll give your father the contract; and he deserves it, if we may judge from his boy."

A great deal that Ted did n't understand followed—an argument of several minutes, through which he sat by a window, watching the street below, and wondering if he would get anything to eat that day.

Then at last Mr. Wyatt came to him, and taking him by the hand, asked him if he was hungry; and then, after having the officer telephone to headquarters for permission to leave the boy with Mr. Wyatt, with the understanding that that gentleman would be responsible to the police department, and produce him if necessary, he took the boy to a little delicious early luncheon at a big restaurant, where Ted lost his headache and became happier. And then he went back to Mr. Wyatt's office, where he stretched out on a big leather couch in an inner room and slept the long afternoon through.

Mr. Wyatt took him to the docks that night to meet the boat and his father; and when the big steamer made her landing, Mr. Bronson clasped a very happy though tearful little son in

his arms, while he himself was so glad to find the boy safe that he forgot all about the plans and the failure, to which he had been trying to reconcile himself, while he told Ted with much self-blame how he had been left by the steamer through having gone ashore on an errand and having mistaken the time for returning.

And then Mr. Bronson turned, supposing a police officer had brought Ted to the dock; but, instead, he found Mr. Wyatt, who put out his hand and said quickly: "Congratulations, Bronson! The boy has won the day for you. Your plans were approved and accepted."

"How—what?" exclaimed Mr. Bronson.

And then Mr. Wyatt told the whole tale. "Of course we liked the plans, you know," he said at the end, "but the boy cinched the decision; for Captain Clarke took an immense fancy to his having come away over here alone, and having the nerve to deliver the plans even in spite of the officer—in spite of his fright and going all morning without any breakfast. He really likes the plans; but he likes the boy, too, and he says it's the boy's contract."

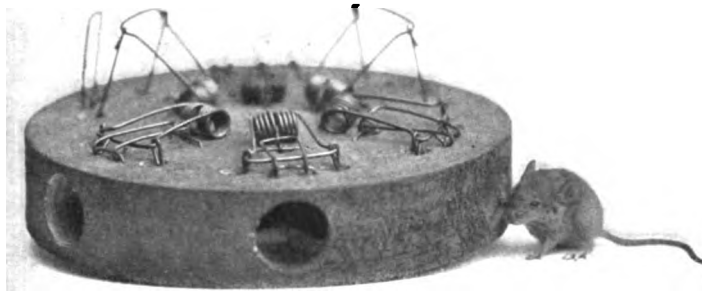
"Well, I guess it is, Wyatt," said Mr. Bronson, holding his little son's hand tightly. "I guess it's Ted's contract, for I would have missed it, sure."

AN ORNITHOLOGICAL OBSERVATION.

(A Nonsense Rhyme from the French.)

BY HENRY JOHNSTONE.

WHEN three hens go a-walking, they
Observe this order and array:
The first hen walks in front, and then
Behind her walks the second hen,
While, move they slow or move they fast,
You find the third hen walking last.



THE CUNNING MOUSE.

BY HECTOR ROSENFELD.

A TINY mouse on pleasure bent,
Of human wiles all innocent,
Away from home exploring went.

Allured by Biddy's tempting bait,
Designed its greed to stimulate,
It started to investigate.

"What 's this I see?" Miss Mousey cried,
As soon as she the trap espied.

"A cunning house with cheese inside!

"I think I'll take a little bite;
But wait!" she said, with sudden fright;
"I 'm not quite sure that it 's all right.

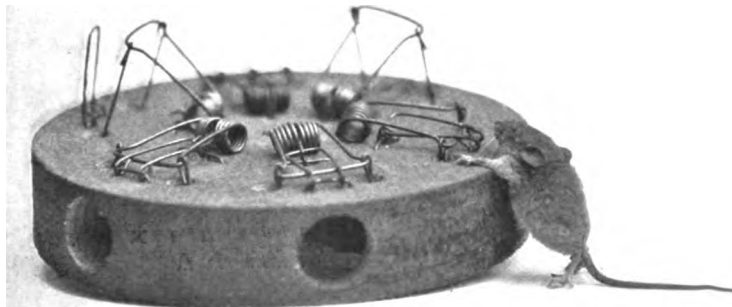
"It may be like those horrid traps
That mother warned me of, perhaps,
And when you nibble, it quickly snaps.

"So first of all, I 'll climb on top
And pull the catch to make it drop,
And when that 's safe then down I 'll hop."

And this was how the little bandit
Secured her prize, contrived to land it —
And Biddy could n't understand it.

MORAL.

In courting danger it were fit
That we employ both care and wit,
Lest we should prove the biter bit.





"AS THE DAINTY ONE PASSED, SHE GAVE MILLIE A GENTLE,
THOUGHTFUL GLANCE." (SEE PAGE 35.)

TWO LITTLE NEW YORK MAIDS.

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE.

"YOU 'LL have to bring my dinner two blocks farther to-day, Millie."

"Have they moved you, daddy?"

"Yes; to the Thirtieth Street crossing. And you 'd better start a bit earlier, Millie, so as to be in time. Our noons seem short enough, and the foreman's watch won't wait."

The little girl hesitated in her dish-washing.

"Daddy," she began. But just then the baby commenced to whimper and wriggle in his rickety high chair, and she turned to soothe him. Her father waited a little restlessly.

"What is it, Millie? I must be going, you know. Don't forget that foreman's watch."

The baby was comforted with his string of spools. Millie looked up anxiously.

"Daddy, can't I hurry instead of starting earlier? I mean, if I get there in time?"

"But how can you hurry with a baby and a dinner-pail? It's too bad a little girl like you has to carry that big child so far. Why don't you let me take my dinner, Millie? At least, until mama gets well enough to care for baby."

"Oh, but I want you to have it hot, daddy. And I like to take baby along. Baby likes it, too, and always laughs when *she* goes by. And we won't meet her if we go any sooner."

John Fredlin's face had a puzzled look on it.

"Who, Millie? Who is it you won't meet? But never mind, now, honey. You can tell me when you come. Hurry, if you want to, only be careful of baby, and don't be late."

The big man stooped to kiss the little girl of eleven, so faithful in her care of his poor household. She flung her arms about his neck.

"We won't be late, daddy. We won't be late—will we, baby?" And turning, she hugged the fat little bunch of health, who hammered his string of spools on the table in front of him, and jumped and crowed in her arms.

John Fredlin stepped to the door of their other small, dim room, and softly tiptoed across to the bed in the farther corner.

"I 'm going now, Carrie," he said. "Is there anything I can bring when I come?"

"No, John, nothing; unless you can bring me fresh air and sunshine and green grass."

The woman's voice was feeble and perhaps a little fretful from long illness. The man touched his lips to her forehead.

"I can't bring those," he said, "but I will take you to them, I hope, soon. It's getting spring. I saw trees with green buds on them as I passed the park yesterday. I think I can surely find a place in the country now."

He pressed the thin hand that lay in his, and hurried away, down four long, dark flights of littered stairs to the noisy, crowded, ill-smelling avenue of New York City's East Side.

John Fredlin's heart grew heavier as he pushed his way along and remembered his little family. Less than a year before he had been a gardener on a pretty farm just beyond the suburbs, with a cottage all to himself, a wife well and happy, broad fields where their little girl could play, and a pretty brick school-house where she was always first in her classes.

Then, one day, the owner of the place decided to raise flowers for market, with a little shop in the city. The keeping of this shop he offered to John Fredlin, who believed it to be his chance in life. But, alas! we cannot know how things may turn. The shop did not pay at first, and just when it was beginning to do better, the owner of the little farm died, and it passed into other hands. The shop was closed, winter was near, and John Fredlin was without work. Nobody wanted a gardener or farm help of any kind at that season. Nobody seemed to want help of any sort. Week after week went by, and money ran very low. The Fredlins moved twice, each time to a cheaper place. Then baby came, Mrs. Fredlin grew ill, and the doctors and medicine took what little money remained. But the sick woman needed the things that are given free,—when you can live where they are to be found,—sunlight and

fresh air. John Fredlin had obtained employment, at last, as a laborer on a great piece of public work, and Millie, who became his brave housekeeper, cook, and nurse all in one, had brought him his noon meal, with news of the sick woman at home. Now winter was over. As he passed Gramercy Park, that place of spacious and quiet homes so short a distance from his own squalid street, he saw that the buds were larger and greener than yesterday. He must advertise at once for a place in the country. He wondered how he would spare the money. They would do without something else. The place they must have. That was the thing most needed now.

Millie, left behind, finished her morning duties, and put on to cook the simple things that were for her father's dinner. Now and then she would slip in to see if her mother were asleep, or to show her the baby and exchange a word of comfort. There was something, oh, a great deal, that she would have liked to tell her mother, for they had been always such sweet companions; but the doctor had said that her mother must have quiet, so Millie did not say many words to her, nor go in often. Most of the time—for the baby was likely to be noisy—she kept the door closed between.

The thing she was eager to tell her mother had been in her heart several days. It was one of the things that come into our lives all at once, and seem nothing at all, at first, until somehow or other we suddenly find we cannot get along well without them. It was this that had made her wish to start at the usual time, even if she had to hurry very fast afterward to avoid being late with her father's dinner. She would tell him all about it while he rested and ate. Millie drifted into a sweet day-dream which came often to her now, a dream in which she and that other one were somewhere together in green fields, with mama and daddy and the baby, and all through some brave deed that she, Millie, had done—some quick courageous act such as she had read of poor children doing for rich ones, thus earning happiness for all. Oh, if she might only do a thing like that! How willingly she would rush into fire, or fling herself at the bridles

of a runaway team! She imagined herself doing these things, and pictured it all so vividly that her hands moved faster and her cheeks burned with the excitement of it all. By and by she realized that time was passing, and that she must go with her father's dinner. Presently she had packed a tin pail with the hot, smoking food and was ready. Then she tied on baby's little cap, which she kept fresh and clean, and taking him on her arm, with the pail in her other hand, she stepped softly into her mother's room.

The sick woman was awake, and laid her thin hand on Millie's sturdy brown arm.

"My brave little girl," she said—"my dear, brave girl! What would we do without you?"

Millie kissed the white hand, and bent over so that it could touch the baby's cheek. Oh, she was glad to be called brave! Her mother could not have given her greater reward. If only she might have a chance to show them how brave she could be! It seemed nothing to her to cook and to tend the little rooms and care for baby. She was willing to do so much more—to dare the flames or wild horses for the sake of that other one who would make them all happy as a reward. But all the way down the wretched stairs and along the loud, jostling streets she remembered how sweet her mother's words had sounded.

It was not far to Gramercy Park. Millie had noted the time as she came away, and knew that she need not hurry—not yet. After she had passed the park, then she would fairly fly. She was strong, and her bare feet were so light. Perhaps that other one had never known what it was to step without shoes on the cool, smooth pavement or the soft, yielding grass that Millie had loved so well. Millie wished that together they might skip with bare feet across the fresh green meadows. Perhaps that other one would not be allowed to do it. She was so dainty and fine, and the old grim one with her so severe. Remembering the fine daintiness of that other, Millie looked down on her own slender feet and wished they were covered. She had hardly thought of that at first. But then, she had thought so much since that first day less than a week ago! The dainty one had become a part of her life since then.

She was entering Gramercy Park now at

Twentieth Street, and her eyes eagerly looked through and beyond the iron railing. Once she had met them coming out of the park; other times they had been walking on the pavement just outside. Millie thought they came here for a morning airing. As she neared Twenty-first Street the little girl's face became anxious. What if her clock had been wrong and she was too soon or too late? Then all at once, far to the other end, there was a gleam of white. An instant later Millie was at the corner. Oh, then her heart beat very fast; for there, under the trees, just turning the further corner, was that other little girl, with the grim one, the nurse, who was always at her side. Dainty and fine? Yes, indeed, she was all that. From the bewitching hat of chiffon and ribbons to the speckless white dress, gay parasol, and trim stockings and ties, she was so perfect and wonderful that Millie, watching her as she drew near, could hardly breathe with the marvel of it all. And then her face, with those long curls of gold about it—it seemed to Millie the face of an angel. Millie did not realize that her own sweet oval features, with her darker hair gathered in a knot at the back, might be beautiful, too. She forgot herself entirely. She forgot the black-gowned grim one who walked so stiffly and sternly beside her vision. She forgot even the baby until they were almost near enough to pass, and then she saw that, as usual, it was at the baby more than at her that the other was looking, and she felt the baby suddenly turn and cuddle to her shoulder for safety. Then the dainty one had passed, but as she did so she gave Millie a gentle, thoughtful glance that made her heart grow warm. Perhaps if it had not been for the grim one that rare creature with the angel face might have given her a word. Millie thought she would do anything for a single word from that vision of loveliness. But now she must hurry. She arrived just as the clocks were striking and her father was laying down his shovel.

"Why, Millie, child, you're all out of breath," he said. "You ought not to run like that. It is n't good for you, with such a load, and it is n't safe. Now tell me why you did n't want to start so you could have taken your time."

So, sitting by her father on a little pile of

bricks, Millie told him of her first meeting with the beautiful dainty child and her grim nurse nearly a week before. Also, how she had met them every day since, and how the dainty one had always turned to look at baby. But she did not tell him of the fire and wild horses of her day-dreams. She was afraid he would not believe in them. Besides, she wanted all that to be a surprise when it came. As for John Fredlin, he listened rather sadly, saying little. He knew that such people as the dainty one were far from their lives. Soon she would be going to the country—to some great place where there were hills and meadows and bright water. She would never know what it was to be shut up in two poor rooms and toil as Millie toiled, with a sick mother and a baby to care for. If she had looked at them it had been only out of pity; but if she did not see them to-morrow it would make no difference, while to Millie it had already become so much that she had run until she was ready to drop for the sake of that single passing glance. John Fredlin was not envious or bitter, but, looking at the sweet, faithful little girl beside him, he yearned to be able to buy her pretty clothes and to give her a childhood among happy things.

"Millie," he said presently, "I would n't run to-morrow. I'd start earlier."

"But I won't see her, daddy, if I do that. She's always by the park just before twelve."

"I know, honey. But it don't do any good to see her. I mean she don't care for us, and it's not a good thing for you to care, either. Forget all about her, honey."

It was hard for John Fredlin to say this, but he believed it best for Millie. He knew her quick little mind and her hungry little heart.

"You'll start earlier to-morrow, won't you. Millie?"

"Yes, daddy."

"That's my girl. Run home, now—walk, I mean. Don't run any more with baby."

"Yes, daddy."

The little girl could not say any more. She would begin crying if she did.

Faithful to her word, Millie next day left the house earlier. As she passed along the park, her eyes wandered hungrily to the inclosure. When the park was behind her and she had turned

into the avenue beyond, her eyes were blurred so that she could hardly have seen her, had they met face to face. Her poor little dreams were all broken now; she could never brave the fire or the wild horses, and they would never skip together across the sweet meadows of summer-time. The tears came faster and faster until they were streaming down her cheeks, and she would have cried aloud had there been nobody to see her. Perhaps because of her sorrow, she did not realize or see that she was at the Twenty-third Street crossing—that terrible crossing where trolley-cars and carriages and heavy teams are mingling and crowding all day long. Millie does not remember now. She only remembers that suddenly she heard a piercing scream, and then felt a hand—not a big, heavy hand, but a hand small and light—seize her arm and pull her aside and back to the pavement, while she clutched the baby and the dinner-pail, and saw, through her tears, a crowded, clanging car sweep by, the motor-man wildly twisting at the brake, the passengers straining to see. The light hand still clutched her arm, and, faint and trembling, Millie turned to thank the one who had saved her life and baby's. Then she gave a little heart-cry.

"Oh, it was you! It was *you* who did it! Oh, I did so want it to be *me*!"

From the excitement and shock of it all, she felt weak and began to totter. Perhaps she would have fallen, but the grim one who stood on the pavement just behind took the baby, who did not seem to know that anything was wrong, and laid her other hand on Millie's shoulder, while the dainty one took the pail and still held fast to Millie's arm.

"We will take you home," she said. "You must tell us where you live."

"But I cannot—I cannot go home until I have taken my father his dinner. I can go now all right. I thank you—yes, of course I thank you. But oh, I wanted it to be the other way!" And Millie's eyes were streaming again.

They did not understand. The grim one said: "We will go with you to where your father works. I suppose it is not very far away."

It was no use to protest. The grim one was

quite stern, and even the dainty one was firm. And the grim one carried baby on one side, and the dainty one swung the pail on the other, while Millie walked between. It was seven blocks, and the two questioned her, as they walked, about her home, and her mother, and all. And they were so friendly, even the grim one, that Millie told them everything. And then the dainty one, who said her name was Ellen, told her how, a year before, she had lost a little baby brother, who had loved to cuddle down to her shoulder just as baby always did on Millie's; and how she had loved to meet them because of that. Then, being near to where her father was waiting, they gave her the baby and the pail and said good-by.

But that evening a carriage came into the crowded East Side street, and a fine gentleman climbed the narrow dark stairs that led to John Fredlin's two poor but neat rooms. He was Ellen's father, he said, and when John Fredlin tried to thank him for the bravery of his little daughter in saving two dear lives, he only laughed and said that Ellen was always doing things for people, and told how they had to send the grim one with her to keep her from bringing home every baby she saw. And then he said that he had a home in the country where Ellen was going for the summer. Then he added that a gardener was needed out there, and he wondered if John Fredlin would take the place. His country home was on Long Island Sound, he said, with big green fields and woods, and the boats always sailing by. And he said that Ellen, being the only child, sometimes found it rather lonely out there, and would be glad to have Millie and baby for company. Would they go?

And Millie, who sat near, thought this must be really a dream. Why, it was as if she and not the dainty one had been the hero. It was always the other way in the stories.

Dear Millie, it is like a dream indeed—a pretty, sunny cottage above the water, your mother well and singing at her work, and baby tumbling in the grass. And here is Ellen at the gate, bringing a new toy to baby, and ready for a romp across the green meadows. Yes, it is like a dream, a sweet dream come true.



BIRD FRIENDSHIPS.

BY DALLAS LORE SHARP,
Author of "Wild Life Near Home."

It is not the sight of mere numbers that interests us as the "gathering swallows twitter in the skies," but rather the gathering itself, and the twittering — the feeling of kinship and common interest which we see in their flocking. They are apparently social creatures; and social feelings are human. By so much are we and the swallows one.

It is a very pleasing quality in bird nature, this friendliness which leads them to flock; and it seems sometimes to be a deeper, more human feeling than mere bird-of-a-feather interest — something close akin to friendship.

The autumn flocking of the swallows and the blackbirds, while far from meaning friendship, means a great deal more indeed than polite sociability, a drawing-room gathering.

There seem to be such functions in birddom. A very select and unspotted company of crows in my neighborhood meet frequently throughout late summer and in the autumn, for no other reason, apparently, than the pleasure of one another's society. They are as decorous as they are select, usually, though not always.

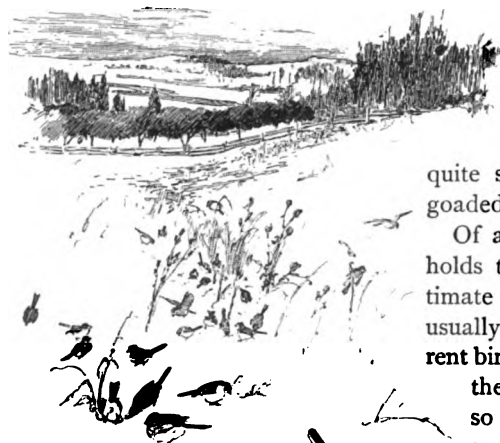
One day I will see them sitting about in the top of a great solitary white oak beyond the meadow and talking quietly. Gossip running short, they adjourn to the meadow below for an equally quiet feed along the little river. Another day I will hear them boisterously caw-cawing in a very gale of good time. There is fun a-wing. Somebody is "it." Suddenly into the air they scatter, and up, in the tumbling, whirling confusion of some game, all cawing at the top of their lungs. I am not versed in crow

sports, but this looks and sounds very much like the joyous pandemonium of a college football contest. On yet another day the loud cawing will be furious and angry. Anybody can tell when a crow is angry. If I wait, now, I am pretty certain to see the whole elect company drumming a red-tailed hawk or a blundering barred owl out of the neighborhood.

They are an exclusive lot, these corbies, and highly sociable. As far as I can make out, however, they flock for the mere pleasure of it. They are friendly, but hardly show real friendship.

It is somewhat different with the swallows and many of the migrants. The same friendly class feelings draw the swallows together as draw the crows. A swallow is a swallow. But migrating swallows are often not all of one feather. I have frequently seen barn, bank, and tree swallows together, and with them, in one moving flock, king-birds, martins, swifts, and chippies. All of these, in a general way, were of the same mind, liking and disliking the same things. But, what was far more, at these migration-times they were all of the same purpose: all going a journey, a journey full of hardships and pleasures, common alike to every one upon the road.

In traveling this long unguarded highway mere feather distinctions are likely to disappear. Mutual need and good-fellowship prevail. It is enough to be a bird, any kind of a well-disposed bird, going this southern journey. For how does one migrating bird differ from another? He does not sing now, nor wear his



fine feathers, nor do a hundred things that in the summer made him sufficient unto himself. He just travels, and takes what comes, and the more to share it all, the merrier. A common interest draws them together. They are not a flock, but a company; not swallows and swifts merely: they are bird pilgrims, of many feathers.

Perhaps this camaraderie of the pilgrimage never reaches down to real friendship. But what about that fellow-feeling which is brought out by the stress of winter? This must come very near to friendship. A lean, hungry winter makes close comrades among the birds. They will all flock then. The only solitary, defiant bird I meet in the winter is the great northern shrike. What a forward, stiff-necked sinner he is! But how superb! No cheeping, no cowering, no huddling together for him. How I hate and admire him!

But birds that have hearts in their breasts, though they were as foreigners to one another in the summer, nesting in regions far apart, will flock during the long deep snows and hard weather. Every winter I see mixed bands of goldfinches, juncos, and tree-sparrows whirling over the snow, the goldfinches leading — all of them in search of grass and seedy weed-heads. Chickadees, kinglets,

and nuthatches will *yank-yank, tee-tee, and phee-he-be* by the hour together, apparently to their great consolation and mutual support.

This misery-made companionship, though real and helpful at the time, is doubtless not quite self-forgetful enough to be called friendship. A goaded friendship must lack much of friendship's virtue.

Of a different quality entirely seems the feeling that holds the broods of certain birds together in a real, intimate family life. Family life among the birds? We usually think of the nestlings as being led out by the parent birds and fed until they learn to forage for themselves, then scattering, each going its separate way. And so most nestlings do. But there are exceptions. In some bird families the young grow up together, leaving neither parents nor home neighborhood until they mate and build homes of their own. Every covey of quail is such a family; so, too, I think, is every flock of chickadees. Every wedge of wild geese is a small neighborhood of such families.

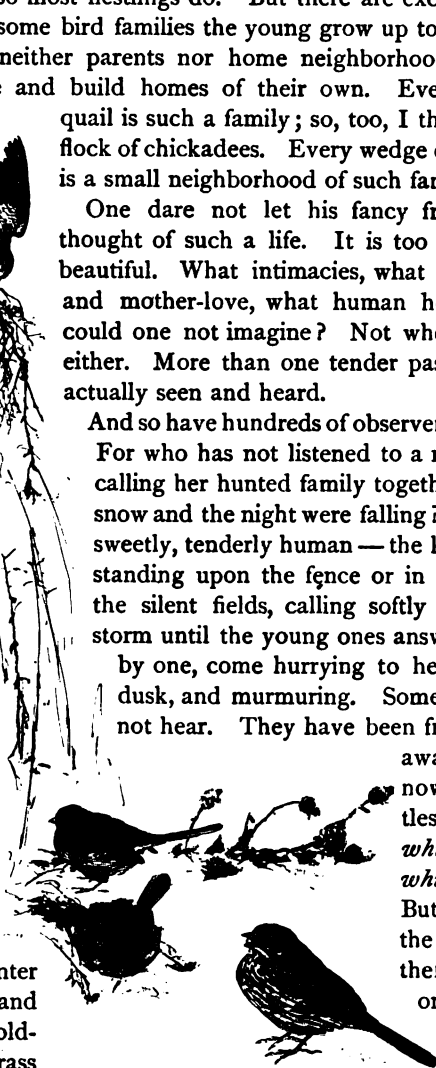
One dare not let his fancy free with the thought of such a life. It is too dangerously beautiful. What intimacies, what brother-love and mother-love, what human home scenes, could one not imagine? Not wholly imagine, either. More than one tender passage I have actually seen and heard.

And so have hundreds of observers, doubtless.

For who has not listened to a mother quail calling her hunted family together when the snow and the night were falling? It is most sweetly, tenderly human — the little mother, standing upon the fence or in the snow of the silent fields, calling softly through the storm until the young ones answer and, one by one, come hurrying to her out of the dusk, and murmuring. Some of them do not hear. They have been frightened far away. Louder

now she whistles: *whir-rl-le, whir-r-rle-le, whir-r-r-rl-le.*

But there is only the faint purr of the falling snow, only darkness and the silent ghostly fields.



Like little children the covey will sometimes dream or be disturbed by some sound half heard in their sleep. I have been near when the mother soothed them. A covey lives down the bushy hillside, just beneath the house. Coming up from the meadow one September night, I passed close to their roost, and stopped in the moonlight just beyond. Off across the meadow the hounds were baying on the trail of a fox. They were coming fast toward me. As they broke into the open on the hills beyond the meadow, I heard a movement among the quails, then a low murmuring. The cry of the hounds was disturbing the brood; they were uneasy and restless: and the mother was stilling their fears, murmuring something low and soft to reassure them.

They quieted at once; and it was well. A moment later, up the narrow path by the side of which they were sleeping trotted the fox. Upon seeing me he paused, and so close to them that

their slightest stir would have been caught by his keen, quick ears.

So throughout the winter and far into the spring they live together, an intimate, happy family—more intimate and happier, perhaps, than many human families. For see what a number of children there are! It is significant, is it not, that only large bird families apparently know the joy of family life?

Even here among the quail there may be no real love and friendship, no affection, no sharing among the children. But there must be true mother-love in the breast of such a mother bird as this. Then why not in the children?

Interpret it as we please, with or without sentiment, we cannot deny the existence of this family life among the birds.

The need of guidance, of food and protection, may explain it in the case of the migrating geese; but this is not enough for the quail and chickadee families.

THE BIRDS' CONCERT.

BY W. C. McCLELLAND.

THE crow made the announcement,
And the owl with his "tu-whoo,"
That the birds should come
At the pheasant's drum,
And the woodpecker's "tat-tattoo,"
His echoing, loud tattoo.

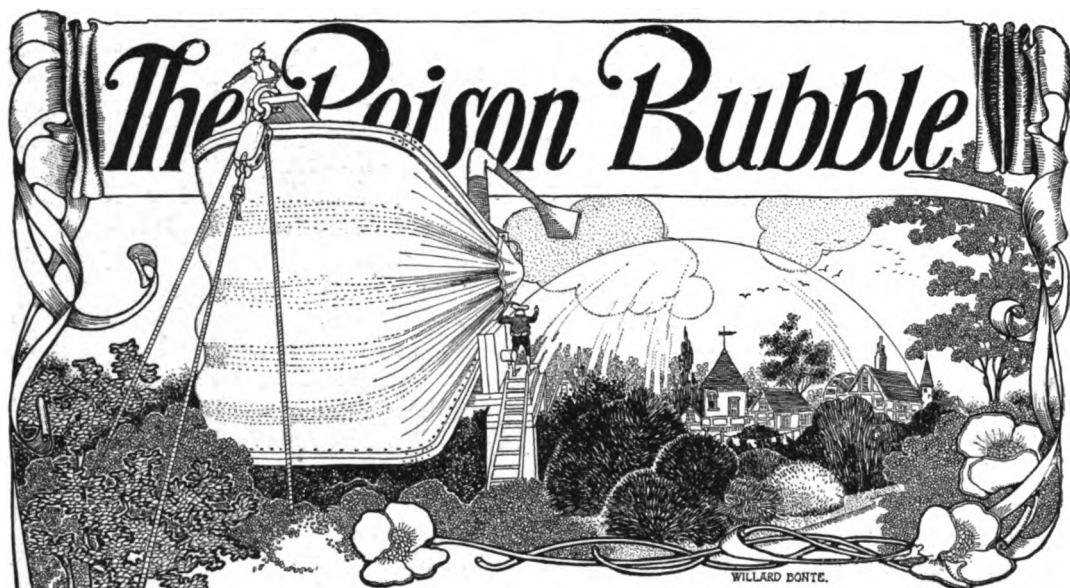
From the four winds of heaven,
As the summoning notes rang clear,
They flew to a wood
Where a great oak stood,
And a titmouse whistled, "Here, here!"
Whistled and shouted, "Here!"


The bluebird sang full soft and low,
And trembled with delight,
Till one bird shouted,
"Whip-poor-will!"
And another called "Bob White";
'T was the partridge called "Bob White."

The robin sang with all his might,
But the jay-bird shrieked his jeers;
Said the sea-mew,
"This will not do,"
But the redbird said, "Three cheers, three
cheers!"
But the redbird said, "Three cheers!"

The catbird ventured an olio,
In phrase and rhythm neat;
Said a bird in blue,
"Omit the 'mew,'"
But the sparrow thought it sweet;
Its words were "Sweet, sweet, sweet!"

The thrush sang a hymn so tenderly
That it thrilled the listening skies;
Hear the judges now
From every bough:
"Give the bonny brown thrush the prize,
Give the bonny brown thrush the prize!"



 FEW hundred years ago, in a country called Germany, there was a village known as Grosshufelten, which was on a lake. The lake is so small that I have forgotten its name, and you will not find the village on any map of the country,—which is still called Germany,—unless it is on the back, where I did n't look.

The people in this village were greatly annoyed by a robber baron who dwelt on a mountain near by, and who was in the habit of levying tribute on them because he did n't like to work. The last time that he told them they must pay what he called their annual dues, they refused to do so. The baron was greatly surprised,—as people are usually surprised when others refuse to do things that they have been in the habit of doing whether they ought to or not,—and he resolved to punish the villagers.

At first he thought of descending on them with his band and burning their houses; but this would have required effort, so he changed his mind and called before him two magicians whom he kept to do things by magic, which he found more easy than doing them by hand.

One of these magicians was a good man who stayed with the robber only because he was afraid to go away. The other was a bad man who stayed for no particular reason.

"I am resolved," said the baron, "to kill all the people in Grosshufelten, because they will not do what I decree."

"That seems very natural," said the bad magician.

"I now wish to learn the easiest way of doing it," continued the robber.

"That, also, seems very natural," said the good magician.

The bad magician suggested a number of methods, none of which the baron liked, and he finally told him that he could take a half-holiday, and he would consult with the good magician, who worked for less money, anyhow.

"If you are bound to do this thing, the best way will be to do it quickly and painlessly," began the good magician.

"You mean the best way for them," said the robber.

"Yes, and for you," answered the magician; "for then they will have no chance to conceal their treasures, and you can get as many of them as you wish."

"Who will carry the treasures back?" the baron asked anxiously.

"You might make the bad magician do that."

The good magician then proposed a plan. Leading from the mountain to the lake was a passage which was subterranean. (That is a rather long word, but it was a rather long passage.) He suggested that through this tunnel



"THE BARON TOOK A CROSSBOW AND PREPARED TO SHOOT." (SEE PAGE 43.)

he send some poisonous gas he had invented, which he usually used for killing potato-bugs. This gas would come up through the lake, be blown into the village, and overcome the people. The good magician did not like this idea, but he knew it was more humane than anything the bad magician would suggest, and thought he might get a chance to warn the villagers before it was carried out, so that they could escape. The robber baron was delighted with the scheme, and, telling the magician to execute it as soon as he could, he proceeded to take his afternoon nap, sleeping that kind of sleep which comes to the unjust.

As soon as the good magician was sure that the baron was sound asleep, he started the gas down the passage, and then hurried to warn the villagers. This happened on Wednesday, the day on which the people of Grosshufelten made soap, and when he arrived he found a number of them on the shore of the lake, washing out their soap-kettles. Just as the magician started to warn them of their danger, the gas began to rise. The water was rather soapy, and when the vapor rose it formed an enormous bubble that covered half of the lake.

The villagers were greatly astonished, and looked at the bubble with their mouths open and their minds closed. The magician, who made his living by thinking, began to consider the matter. In the first place, he knew that if the robber baron found that he had warned the people he would be very angry, and there was no telling what he would do — there was no telling what he would do when he was n't angry. In the next place, the wind might blow the gas away from the village when the bubble burst. At all events, the magician would have time to think, and he might devise some plan for saving the villagers without making the baron angry.

While he was considering these things, a youth named Hans Spratzleberger-and-a-few-other-syllables ran to the shore with his bow and arrow.

"What are you going to do with that?" asked the magician.

"I'm going to shoot that big bubble, out there, and see it burst," said Hans.

"Do you know what will happen if you do

that?" inquired the magician. "This town will disappear from the map."

Hans, who did n't know that the town was n't on the map, was much impressed. The villagers, many of whom did n't know what a map was, advised him not to shoot.

While they were watching the bubble, the bad magician, who was taking his half-holiday, approached. "What is that?" he asked. They told him. "Who blew it?" he added.

"'When in the course of human events,'" — said Hans, who was very fond of making fine speeches.

The bad magician looked at Hans with interest. "You are wasting your talents here," he said. "If you will come with me I will train you so that you will become an orator. What is your name?" Hans told him all of it.

"Well," said the bad magician, "if you can remember all of your name, you certainly must have a good memory; and that will be an advantage to you in your oratory."

Hans's parents, who now regarded the bubble as a good omen, did not want to have it destroyed; and when the other villagers learned that he would practise oratory somewhere else, they decided to let it remain for a time.

The good magician returned to the mountain, and told the robber baron what had taken place. The baron was far from pleased.

"This is what comes of using so much soap," he said. When the bad magician arrived with Hans, the baron was still less pleased. "Any speech-making that is to be done on this mountain I can do myself," he declared. "As for you," he added, turning to the good magician, "you had better go back to Grosshufelten and tell the villagers what that bubble is. You can take a crossbow, and if they are not willing to pay up, burst the bubble. If they are willing, burst it after they *have* paid up."

"But what will become of me?" asked the good magician.

"I will think about that to-morrow," said the robber baron.

When the good magician delivered the baron's message the villagers were offended. Instead of offering to pay their annual dues, they seized him and put him in jail. He was perplexed at this, as the baron had not told him what to do

if such a thing should happen. However, as his cell window overlooked the lake and he could see the bubble, he made the best of things, and ate the meals they brought to him.

The weather was favorable for bubbles, and the next morning, when the good magician looked out of his window, the big one was still there. Large crowds of people were coming from the surrounding country to look at it, and the villagers were trying to charge them two pfennigs apiece. It was hard to collect the money, however, as the bubble could be seen from any spot on the shore; so that afternoon the people decided to fence in the lake.

The next morning a committee of villagers, headed by the burgomaster, called on the good magician.

"We are much shocked to find a good man like yourself associating with robbers," said the burgomaster. "We had decided to leave you in jail, but having found a way in which you can help us to make money, we will release you."

The magician was overcome by their kindness. He thanked them, but said he could not see how the money would benefit them if the bubble happened to burst.

"We will run that risk," said the burgomaster. "With that robber baron in the neighborhood, we are so used to risks that we don't mind them. We want you to put a magic fence around the lake, as it will take our people too long to build the one they began this morning."

The magician had n't his wand with him, so he borrowed the burgomaster's cane, waved it a few times, and a fence appeared around the lake. But as most of the country folk who lived near by had already seen the bubble, this fence was of little use. The burgomaster thought for a while, and suggested that the magician turn the gas in the bubble red. He did this, and that afternoon some of the villagers went out in the country with a banner on which was printed:

See the Great Red Bubble of Grosshufelten!
Admission, 4 Pfennigs.
Near-sighted People Half-price.

This attracted a big crowd, and when the burgomaster thought the people had looked at the bubble long enough, he made a little speech,

in which he told them that it was filled with poison, and was liable to burst at any moment. Then they all ran away. The next day the magician made the bubble green, the third day blue; and as long as the bubble and the colors held out the people kept coming back.

In the meantime the robber baron was getting impatient, not only because Hans was learning oratory, but because he heard nothing from Grosshufelten. He called the bad magician to him and told him that if he could not suggest some way to bring the villagers to terms he should be thrown into the bubble. The bad magician was greatly alarmed at the baron's threat, and thought as hard as he could, which was not very hard. At last he suggested that the baron and his band go to the opposite side of the lake, shoot the bubble, and allow the gas to float over Grosshufelten. Then, when the villagers were overcome, they could take their treasures, which he would transport to the mountain by magic. The baron thought it would be easier to do it all by magic, but the bad magician said he was not clever enough to arrange a spell for that; besides, there would be the sport for the baron of shooting the bubble.

The next day, the baron, his band, and the bad magician appeared opposite Grosshufelten, and saw nothing but a big fence. They were rather disappointed, but climbed some trees and got a view of the bubble, which was then chrome-yellow. The baron took a crossbow and prepared to shoot.

But meanwhile the good magician—who was much pleased at living among honest people—had not been idle. He had devised an enormous bellows, and when he saw the baron aim his crossbow at the bubble, he told the villagers to get ready to blow it.

The baron fired a bolt which struck the bubble. It burst, and as the gas rose from it the villagers blew the bellows with great force, and the vapor floated over among the trees where the baron was.

So far as I know, this was the last of that robber baron and his band, and also of the bad magician; but Hans, who had stayed behind at the mountain, became a mighty orator.

Bennet Musson.

GUESSING SONG.

BY HENRY JOHNSTONE.

I 'm older than the oldest man,
I 'm older than the oldest tree ;
When day and night at first began,
Both day and night belong'd to me.

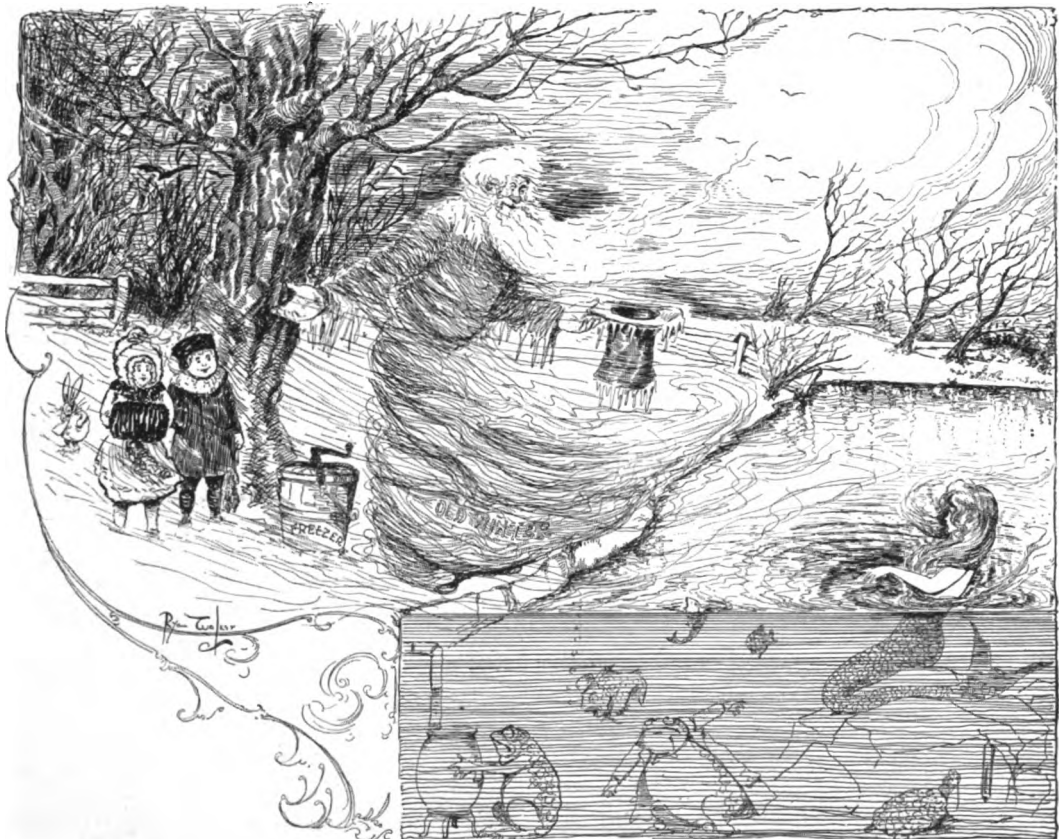
The sunrise and the setting moon
Are marks that measure out my way,
I travel through the heat of noon,
And for the dark make no delay.

All things that change are changed by me,
Yet I myself unchanged abide ;

Although my face you cannot see,
You find my work on every side.

I shape the bud upon the shoot,
And, through a never-ending round
Bring bud to flower, and flower to fruit,
And strew the fruit upon the ground.

My hands accomplish tasks untold,
My aching feet ask rest in vain ;
My name is known to young and old,
But who shall make my nature plain ?



OLD WINTER TO THE MERMAID: "EXCUSE ME, MISS, BUT I WANT TO FREEZE THIS POND OVER,
SO THAT THESE YOUNG PEOPLE CAN GO SKATING."



Some QVEER MAIL-CARRIERS and their WAYS *by George Ethelbert Walsh*

THE United States mails are carried everywhere. It would be almost a physical impossibility for a man to hide himself in any remote corner of the world without being discovered at last by some insignificant agent of a worldwide service the machinery of which operates quietly and with clock-like regularity. If a bird's-eye view of the different railroad and steamship lines which carry the mails could be taken, the giant spider's web thus formed would appear woven in a pattern so intricate that the mind would balk at the mere suggestion of unraveling it. And besides the regular steamship and railroad threads of this maze would appear tens of thousands of cross-lines, representing pony routes, dog-and-sled tracks, swift courier and runner "trails," and even reindeer, whaling-ship, and canoe lines. Every sort of vehicle and beast of burden, and nearly every invention of man for quick transportation, have been pressed into the postal service, and it is possible for a letter to go around the world

under conditions so strange that the mere history of its journey would form a story of thrilling interest.

If a man should start from New York, and travel northward to Alaska, then down the coast to California and take ship to Manila, and follow the lines of travel to Hongkong, to Singapore, to Canton, to Tokio, to Vladivostok, to St. Petersburg, to Vienna, to London, to South Africa, and finally to South America, touching on the way at several Pacific and South Atlantic islands, and thence back to his starting-point, he could travel a distance several times greater than the circumference of the globe. If he ordered his mail forwarded to him, and left correct addresses behind at each place, the letters would dutifully follow him, and finally be delivered to him in New York a few days after his own arrival there. All that he would have to pay extra for this remarkable journey of his mail would be a dollar or two in tolls, which would represent the charges for

forwarding exacted by some of the countries through which it passed. There is in the Post-office Department at Washington the envelope of a letter which traveled in this way one hundred and fifty thousand miles, and another which came safely through a trip of one hundred and twenty-five thousand miles. Both are marked and stamped in a way to baffle any except a very expert decipherer of puzzles.

Next to accuracy in delivering mail to the proper person, the government emphasizes promptness and speed of transportation. In our own populous territory this is obtained by intense competition between rival railroad lines and steamers. Every one is familiar with the fast mail-trains and steamships. Their speed and equipment for fast sorting and delivery form a part of the history of our Post-office Department's rapid evolution. But there are portions of the globe where there are no railroad trains nor fast steamships, and yet mails have to be delivered as speedily as conditions will permit. When once the letters are delivered into the hands of foreign mail servants, our government has no further control beyond selecting the route, and they must be intrusted to the doubtful hands of others outside of the department; but along the tens of thousands of miles of mail lines there is a sharp and constant supervision maintained over the adventures of the humblest and most insignificant letter. Its speed and safety are watched, and, if it is lost, somebody is called to account for it. Even if it is unduly detained at any particular point, the delay must be explained.

The unwritten history of this little-known portion of our mail service forms a mass of romantic adventures. The pony express and mail-coach may have disappeared from the great West, but it is really in existence to-day in stranger and more romantic form than ever. Civilization has merely pushed the frontier lines outward; but the outskirts are there, and the

letters of Uncle Sam are carried, as formerly, by pony, coach, sled, boat, and mountain-climbers and fast runners. We spend some ten millions of dollars a year more than any other country in the world in carrying our mails, and most of this excessive expenditure goes to pay for the unremunerative work of delivering mail on the outskirts of civilization. In spite of Russia's great size and England's remarkable efficiency in handling her mails, the mail routes of the United States are some 315,000 miles longer than those of any other country, and we employ some 8000 more workmen to handle them, and have fully 30,000 more post-offices.



A LETTER FOR ALASKA.

The restless, continuous movement of the mails over the face of the earth, binding all nations and islands and continents together, suggests the even flow and ebb of the tides, working without apparent effort or strain to accomplish each day the allotted task necessary for the best results. Night and day the machinery works. The sun never sets on the army of employees. Color, creed, and politics have less influence on their work than we imagine. A score of nationalities and races are represented among the faithful workmen. Up in Alaska the postman may be an Indian, an Eskimo, a typical American, or a naturalized European. Over the four thousand odd miles of mail route the dog-sled, skates, snow-shoes, and reindeer express are frequently responsible for carrying and delivering the mail. The solitary mail-carrier in the Arctic travels up snow-clad mountains, crosses rivers of ice, and swims rushing currents where his canoe is dashed to pieces. The necessity of delivering the mails safely and on time stimulates some of the unique mail-carriers to perform acts of heroism that equal anything recorded in history. Rather than abandon the mails to seek safety from blizzards or washouts, the faithful postmen of the North have allowed themselves to be frozen in snow-drifts, with death staring them in the face. They

risk life and limb almost daily, in fording rivers and in climbing icy mountains. Their hope of reward is slight indeed, and few ever imagine that their heroic actions will even be reported at Washington. But Uncle Sam is appreciative of such faithfulness, and up in the dim light of the Arctic a letter occasionally finds its way which brings pride and happiness to some humble postman. To be thanked by the Post-office Department at Washington is an honor which surpasses money rewards, and framed letters of this character may be seen occasionally in the most remote corners of that cold, frozen region of the world.

When the interior mails reach the coast, a whaling-ship or some steam fishing-craft may take the sacks of letters and papers, and then, with prow pointed toward the north pole, steam day and night for weeks. Far up in the Bering Strait, and beyond into the arctic circle, the mail goes. A group of half-frozen sealers on some deserted island may receive a portion of it, bringing them good cheer and encouragement from friends and relatives a thousand miles away. A dog-team or a swift human runner may await the whaler or fishing mail-boat, and with a dozen letters he may rush across the frozen ice-fields until nearly exhausted, simply to deliver the epistles to a camp of explorers and scientists, or a small village settlement. In the glow of the dim oil-lamps or spluttering blubber the recipients read the letters and newspapers eagerly, anxiously, and sometimes fearfully. What news of the great world below do they bring? What hope or despair do they reveal to the men laboring and toiling in a climate which seems almost cold enough to congeal the very blood in the veins?

To take a flight in time and distance to the other extreme of the mail service, we find another army of faithful postmen, carrying their packages up tropical rivers into swamps more poisonous than a pest-house; across gulfs and bays where the typhoon and hurricane swamp and wreck boats and houses; up steep mountain-sides to towns and villages where vegetation can hardly subsist; or through swamp trails which lead to impenetrable interiors where white men rarely travel. In all this work men, beasts, and strange craft are employed to make

the mails as regular and speedy in their transmission as possible. Our ideas of rapid transit, however, do not always prevail in these southern latitudes. There is a mail service up the Amazon River in South America which requires just one week to cover five miles. The steamer is a small side-wheeler, but she stops on the way at many points to pick up cargoes to make her trip profitable. Sometimes she will wait a day for a gang of natives to finish skinning their animals, so the hides can form a part of the freight, or, again, it may be a party of white hunters on their way down the river who will ask the captain to wait a couple of days. A five-dollar bill would induce the captain to hold up the boat for twice that length of time. It is of no use for the Post-office Department to complain, for there is no other way of getting the mails up to the few towns and villages, and so the owner of the side-wheeler enjoys a monopoly which enables him to defy all the government post-office departments in the world.

There is another route up the river, by land, but, owing to the nature of the country, it would be necessary for a runner to travel several scores of miles, it is said, in order to cover the five-mile route.



A LETTER FOR MANILA.

There are mail routes which Uncle Sam attends to only spasmodically, and others which are traversed by the mail-steamers only twice a year. In the South Atlantic and Pacific oceans there are small islands which are laid down on the post-office maps as in the path of the mail routes, but they are marked to signify that the mails are irregularly delivered. At certain dis-

tributing-points the government officers are ready to despatch mail-sacks by the first steamer which sails there. Sometimes the mail is delivered twice a month, and again no ship of any character touches at the islands for six months. It does not pay a steamer or sailing-vessel to visit these out-of-the-way islands to carry the mails, but if they have a cargo of goods to deliver there, they are willing to take the extra compensation offered by the government for taking the few sacks of mail.

One of the strangest mail-carriers in Uncle Sam's employ is a dog which faithfully carries the letters and papers from the post-office on the Yukon River to a smaller office five miles away. Sometimes the river is open, when the dog swims it, and other times it is covered with ice and a blinding snow-storm obstructs the way. But the dog carries the small canvas sack fastened to his collar back and forth every day, and in the five years he has been in the service he has not once missed a mail.

The most northern post-office in the world is Uncle Sam's at Point Barrow, where mail is delivered at the nearest approach to the north pole ever before attempted. Both whaling-ships and reindeer, as well as dog-teams, carry some of this mail to the most northern of our post-offices. Sometimes it is a long time getting there. Once the mails while carried by dog-teams were snowed under for a week in one of the worst places of the route; but none of the letters or papers were lost. The driver simply camped under the snow with his dogs, and, between the covering of the snow and the warmth of the animals' bodies, the driver managed to survive the ordeal and come forth after the storm no worse than before he met his adventure.

Hidden away in the frozen North, men will write letters to friends or relatives in the civilized parts of the country. Then for days and weeks they will watch and wait for the postman. This man does not call around and knock at their ice huts for the mail; neither are there convenient mailing-boxes or post-offices. But the letters must reach their destination in some way. For days and weeks the lonely inhabitants of the frozen coast watch for signs of a ship. When one appears they put forth in

their frail boats to hail her, but disappointment follows. The ship is bound north after seals or whales, and will not return for a year. Another one is hailed, and the same story is repeated. Finally one is found which is bound southward, but not for the country where the letter is to go. The ship is going to Norway, Russia, or England. But that does not matter. The letter intended for somebody in New York is handed over, with the proper postage on it. The ship may collect a score or more letters in this way on its trip southward, and then, when it meets another ship, the two exchange letters. The second one is not going farther south than Labrador, but it crosses the path of ships bound for the United States, and the mails for this country are turned over to her. She, in her turn, may pass a ship bound for some northern Canadian point, and once more the mails are shifted. Finally an American steamer or sailing-vessel is hailed bound for some United States port, and the mails from the arctic region are handed over to her captain, and they are duly brought here and posted to their destination.

All this work is done as a matter of courtesy to each other, and not for pay; but ships bound northward are engaged by the government to carry the mails to certain specific points. It would be a pretty surly and unobliging captain who would refuse to accept letters from these far-away northern inhabitants to mail for them at the first convenient point. There are numerous post-offices of Uncle Sam's established at various points in the far north where ships collect mail matter for delivery. Regular steamers or government cruisers and revenue cutters call at these points several times a year, and bring the mail down with them.

The question of securing postage-stamps in these out-of-the-way corners is not always easy of solution. The isolated sailors or sealers may have no stamps in their possession, and they have to send their letters without these necessary articles; but there is hardly a ship that sails north whose captain does not carry in stock postage-stamps of the one- and two-cent denominations. These he places on the letters when the men hand them over to him, and he thus acts as a sort of postmaster of his own appointment. But the government cannot hold such a person



"THEY PUT FORTH IN FRAIL BOATS TO HAIL HER."

to account for losing or refusing to mail a letter. It is a risk that the owner of the letter takes. If it goes astray, nothing more can be done about the matter. But it is a remarkable fact that very few such letters fail to be delivered. It takes a long time occasionally for a letter to come down, but it eventually finds its way to its proper place.

THE ROAD TO GRUMBLETOWN.

BY ELLEN MANLY.

'T is quite a straight and easy road
That leads to Grumbletown,
And those who wish can always find
A chance to journey down.

'T is customary for the trip
To choose a rainy day —
When weather's fine one's not so apt
To care to go that way.

Just keep down Fretful Lane until
You come to Sulky Stile,

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Where travelers often like to rest
In silence for a while.

And then cross over Pouting Bridge,
Where Don't Care Brook flows down,
And just a little way beyond
You come to Grumbletown.

From what I learn, this Grumbletown
Is not a pleasant place:
One never hears a cheerful word,
Or sees a smiling face;

The children there are badly spoiled
And sure to fret and tease,
And all the grown-up people, too,
Seem cross and hard to please.

The weather rarely is just right
In this peculiar spot;
'T is either raining all the time,
Or else too cold, or hot.

The books are stupid as can be;
The games are dull and old;
There 's nothing new and nothing nice
In Grumbletown, I 'm told.

And so I 've taken pains, my dears,
The easiest road to show,
That you may all be very sure
You never, never go !

THE STORY OF THAT LITTLE FROG.

BY JAMES CLARENCE HARVEY.

How long do you think the story of "The Daring Froggy," which appeared in the August ST. NICHOLAS, waited before it found its way to the light ?

Just to show you how carefully ST. NICHOLAS looks out for its readers, I want to tell you the story of that little frog.

We will begin in the usual way : Once upon a time there was a small boy who thought he was carrying the burdens of the world because he could not have his own way in many things which his parents thought were not good for him.

So the wilful boy ran away from home and went to a big city to earn his living. The big city happened to be New Haven, Connecticut, where he had to cross the green in front of the Yale College buildings in going to and from his place of business.

The students with their books made him wish to get an education ; but as he was getting only three dollars and a half a week, and paid three for his board, it seemed away beyond his reach.

One day he learned that at Middlebury, Vermont, the same course of study as at Yale was followed, and feeling sure that he could find something to do, he began to save small sums from odd jobs and night-work until he had enough to pay the fare to Middlebury.

He reached the town at two o'clock one Sunday morning, with just two cents left in his pocket.

How he went to the hotel and offered his

watch to the proprietor for his lodging, and how he found a widow lady who kept student boarders and wanted some one to tend the steam furnace that heated the house, and how he prepared for college, and how he helped to pay his way by taking some prizes, would make a long story, but it all leads up to the time when, sitting by the furnace in the cellar, he said to himself :

"I must rise above sifting ashes and shoveling coal if I ever expect to make anything of myself in the world."

So he began to send verses to the newspapers and magazines, and among the first to be accepted was "The Daring Froggy," which you saw in the August number of ST. NICHOLAS.

Since that was accepted the small boy has grown up and has been in almost every country in the world. He has only just come back from the wonderful Orient, which seemed so far away that he could never dream of seeing it, but which is now a beautiful memory of color and strange people and stranger customs.

He has written ten books, and has found life happy and prosperous, and possibly it has all come out this way because ST. NICHOLAS sent him a check and encouraged him rather than a rejection which might have discouraged him and kept him sifting ashes all his life.

In all these years he has never forgotten, and he never will forget, how he felt when he opened that ST. NICHOLAS envelope, twenty years ago, and the generous check fell out into his hands and almost took his breath away.



A BACHELOR TEA.

BY LILIAN PALMER POWERS.

BUFFY 's my dog — and every day we,
With my three boy-dolls, take afternoon tea :
Rob Roy is gay in his tartan plaid ;
Bobby Shafto 's not bad, as a sailor-lad,
And Jack — the midshipmite, trim and neat,
Is under the table in lowly seat.
Now, as dolls are not really alive,
Buffy and I have to eat for the five ;
But we play so hard and romp about
That both our appetites hold out ;
Sometimes we 've bread with our cambric tea,
Sometimes nurse brings nice things to me ;
But if it 's crackers, or just a bun,
We eat it all up and have lots of fun.
Buff wags his tail and smiles at me ;
I tell him my secrets and pour the tea.



Richard, My King.

(The Story of a Crusader Knight.)

BY LIVINGSTON B. MORSE.

THE Crusades were holy wars undertaken by knights of old in Europe for the recovery of the sepulcher of Christ from the Saracens who then held Jerusalem and all Palestine. They were called Crusaders from the Latin word *crux*, which means cross, and because each of the sol-

diers wore upon his sleeve or breast or shoulder the embroidered figure of a cross to indicate the cause for which he fought. There were eight of these Crusades, or holy wars. But the story I am going to tell you belongs to the third — that one in which Richard I of England, called, for his famed strength and bravery, *Cœur de Lion*, or Lion-hearted, plays so prominent a part.

Although Richard was King of England, he had spent the greater part of his life in France; for away back in the twelfth century, when he lived, England still held many provinces in France — notably those of Normandy and Aquitaine. Those were warlike times, and Richard was no laggard, I can tell you, where blows were to be given and returned. He had quarreled with his father and with his brothers, John and Geoffrey; and to make good his possessions in Normandy against the King of France, he had built him a fortress, Château Gaillard (Saucy Castle), upon an eminence above the Seine, just where the river bends across the Norman marshes on its way to the old city of Rouen.

It was on a beautiful morning in autumn that, with a great clanging and rattling of chains,

the drawbridge was lowered over the moat of Château Gaillard, and a gallant train of mounted knights and squires rode forth into the crisp, bright air, followed by the huntsmen holding their hounds in leash. At the head of the train and somewhat in advance, mounted upon a coal-black horse, rode a princely figure clothed in Lincoln green, — the color of the huntsmen, — who wore upon his yellow locks a cap adorned with the feather of an eagle held by a jeweled brooch. He was taller than any other by a good half head; and he sat upon his horse straight as a reed and as if the two were one. His broad shoulders and steel-blue eyes, piercing and fearless, and a certain arrogance of bearing, told more plainly than words that where'er he went Richard would be leader.

The horsemen clattered down the slope, their spurs and harness jingling merrily, then, putting their horses to the gallop, sped across the marshes toward the wood.

Richard still held the lead, — imperiously waving back the knights who would have borne him company because they feared some accident might befall the king riding thus alone, — and putting spurs to his horse, he dashed into the forest in pursuit of a noble stag which the keen hounds had already scented. Three miles and more he rode alone, following the baying hounds through beds of fern and bracken under the arching trees, when of a sudden his horse reared and shied, and then came to a standstill before a thicket.

Richard, with a start, drew rein and scanned the tangled growth. At first he could see nothing; then, as his eyes accustomed themselves to the dusk, he descried two figures prone upon the ground. In an instant he was off his steed, and, with the bridle linked in his left arm, pushed his way among the interlacing vines to where the bodies lay. One was a man of middle age, rough, unkempt, and clad in ragged garments — an outlaw or robber without

doubt, one of those who infested the forest at that time. The man was dead—slain by a dagger-thrust in the breast. The other was a slender youth dressed in the simple yet elegant costume of a squire. A heavy cloak lay beside him on the grass, half covering a harp such as the troubadours, or wandering minstrels, carried. His hair was long and dark, and fell in silken curls about a face whose delicate features betokened a nature refined and sensitive; the clear white skin and long fingers told also of a life passed in the gentler pursuits of music or of literature rather than of arms.

"'Sdeath!" cried Richard. "What have we here? Robbery and murder?"

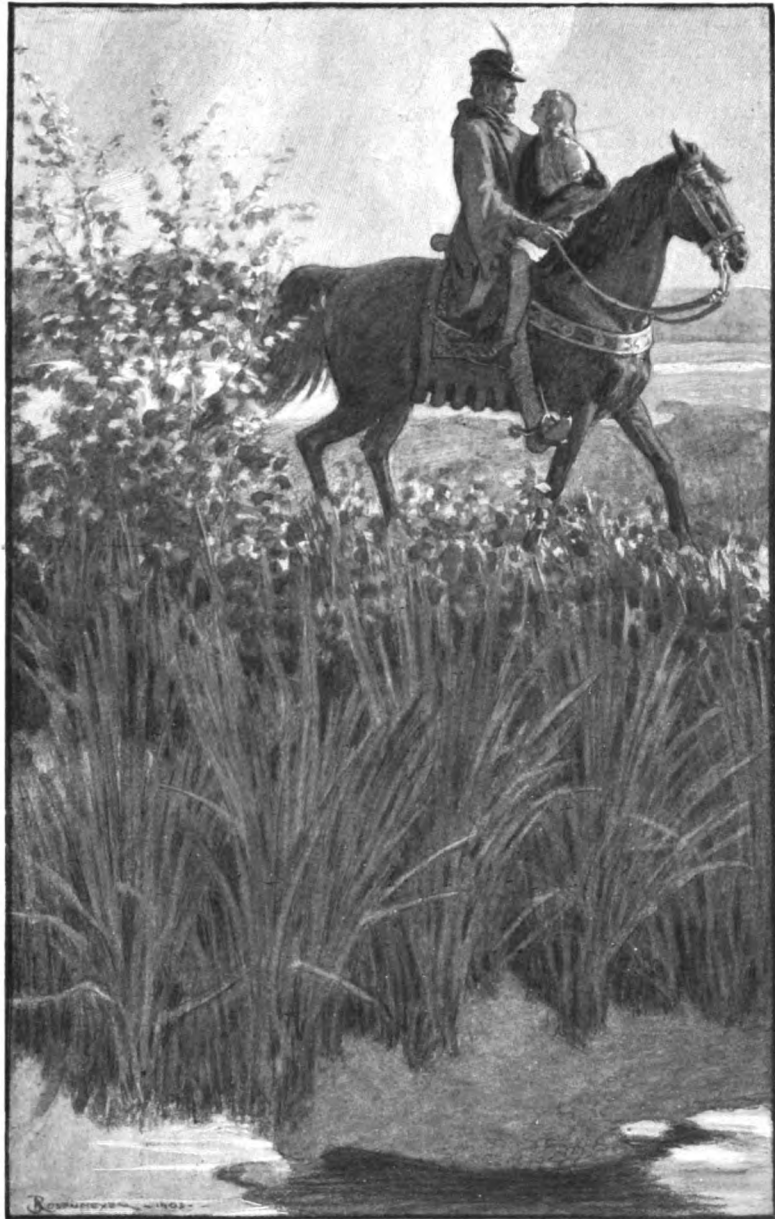
Dragging aside the fern, which half concealed the face of the youth, the king knelt beside him and laid his hand upon the heart. A slight flutter responded to his touch.

"By St. George, the boy still lives! A comely lad, forsooth."

He drew from his breast a silver hunting whistle and blew three long, shrill blasts, then bent his head, listening impatiently for an answer. But none responded; his suite were far behind or wandering upon other trails.

"The idle varlets!" muttered the king. "Well, since they take me at my word, and lag behind, I 'll e'en play bearer to the lad myself."

The light burden of the youth was as nothing to the king's gigantic strength. He flung him lightly over the saddle-bow, then leaped into the saddle, and passing an arm about the body



"'IN THE LION'S KEEPING.'" (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

of the unconscious boy, raised him to a sitting posture, and thus supporting him against his breast, turned his horse homeward.

After a little the rushing of the cool wind in his face revived the youth, who had been but slightly wounded.

"Where am I?" he asked — as one who wakes from sleep, but without raising himself or withdrawing his fascinated gaze from the eyes of the king, now smiling into his.

"Marry, in the lion's keeping," laughed Richard, deep in his tawny beard. "Tell me, who art thou and how camest thou in the sorry plight in which I found thee?"

"My name is Blondel," said the youth, "and I am come from Arras. While journeying yestere'en through yonder wood I was set upon by three rough fellows who demanded of me purse or life. My answer was a dagger-thrust which did for one, I hope. But at that moment I was stricken from behind, and knew no more till now. Ah, but my harp! I had forgotten that," he cried sharply, raising himself, then falling back with weakness against the king's protecting shoulder.

"Nay, trouble not thyself with that," the king replied. "A harp thou shalt have, and a royal one, so thou provest thyself worthy of it. Thou art a minstrel, then?" he asked with interest.

"Ay, truly," said the youth; "I have a pretty talent at that trade. I was but now upon my way to seek the English king, who, they say, is kind to minstrels, when this misfortune overtook me. Perchance thou, being, as I judge, a lord of high degree, canst tell me if I be near to him or no?"

"Nearer thou canst not well be," laughed Richard. "He who now bears thee in his arms is the king himself."

Blondel would fain have flung himself from the saddle to kneel before the Majesty of England, but Richard held him back.

"Another time," he said. "Harken, now; I have a fancy for thee, boy. When thy wound is cured, thou shalt make trial of thy skill; and if thy music liketh me as doth thy face, while Richard lives thou shalt not want a friend."

So Blondel was carried by King Richard to the castle, where his wound was dressed by the king's own physician.

By and by, when he had rested and refreshed himself, a harp was given him and he was led into the royal presence to make trial of

his skill. Alone he stood there in the center of the room, a slender figure, leaning on his harp, all unabashed, yet modest, his deep, dark eyes, alight with gratitude and love, raised fearlessly to the king, before whose piercing glance so many quailed. The boy drew his fingers in a soft prelude over the strings, then, joining to the music a voice of wondrous sweetness, he broke into one of those old ballads of love and war so dear to the hearts of men of all times.

Richard, with his passion for music, was enchanted; Blondel's fame was made. Henceforth the king's palace was his home; and there sprang up between the great sovereign and his humble follower a beautiful ideal friendship. Blondel worshiped his master — his preserver — with all the fervor of his artist soul; and Richard loved the boy with that frank generosity — too seldom shown, alas! — which belonged nevertheless to his better nature. Wherever he went Blondel must go also; he could not bear that the boy should be for an hour absent from his sight, and many were the songs that they composed and sang together; for the king himself was no mean musician.

Time passed, and there came the call to the Crusade. Richard, as the most warlike monarch of Christendom, promptly responded, and having gathered many men and much treasure, he left his kingdom in the hands of two archbishops and journeyed southward through France to the port of Marseilles, whence he embarked for Messina, the first stopping-place. With him, of course, went Blondel, ever by his master's side.

At Cyprus the cortège stopped awhile, and there was fighting there; but at length the long journey to Palestine was accomplished, and in the brave and noble Saladin, the leader of the Saracens, Richard found a worthy antagonist. Many are the tales told of the deeds of prowess in which the two took part, and many were the courtesies they exchanged. But, in spite of the worth of their leaders, the Crusaders won but small success, and after a little Richard was stricken with one of those wasting fevers that attack the traveler in torrid climes. The magnanimous Saladin sent to his royal enemy gifts of fruit, and snow brought at night on mule-back from the mountain-tops.

During all that long and tedious illness Blondel never left his master's couch, but tended him with the patience and gentleness of a woman, never wearying, never murmuring. His was the hand that cooled Richard's fever-heated brow, and his the voice that, accompanied by the sweet strains of his harp, lulled the king to slumber when all other means had failed.

At length the fever broke and the king regained his health; but he was unwilling to continue longer a struggle in which neither side could claim the victory. A long truce was arranged between the Christians and the Saracens; then Richard, with a few followers, set sail for home. Blondel was not of the number. As the most faithful servant of the king, he was intrusted with an important message to the King of Cyprus, after the delivery of which he was to join his sovereign in the city of London.

Now it happened that the vessel in which Richard and his band set sail suffered shipwreck near Aquileja, on the shores of the Adriatic Sea. Fortunately few lives were lost; but being in haste to reach England, where his brother John had usurped the crown, Richard decided to take the shorter route, across Germany, rather than to risk again the perils and delays of an ocean voyage. As the Duke of Austria, with whom Richard had quarreled while in the Holy Land, was his bitter enemy, this was a dangerous undertaking for the king. In the interests of safety, therefore, he adopted the disguise of a palmer, or wandering friar. But a man so well known and of such stature as Richard could scarcely hope to pass unchallenged; and it happened that near the city of Vienna, while halting at a little wayside inn, he was recognized and made a prisoner. The Duke of Austria, overjoyed at such good fortune, hastened to hand his royal captive over to the emperor, who had him conveyed, without loss of time, to a fortress hidden in the thickness of a dark and lonely forest, the name and whereabouts of which were kept a secret.

When, after his long voyage, the faithful Blondel arrived in England, his first words were to ask intelligence of the king. And his heart sank as he was answered with the direful news that his beloved master, his friend and protector, was a prisoner in a foreign land.

"But where?" he asked, "and what plans are there on foot to bring about his freedom?"

They could not tell; they did not know; perchance they did not care. Mayhap they feared the wrath of John and dared not help their rightful lord. Blondel asked no aid from those false lords and traitor subjects, but, taking only his harp, set out alone to find his royal master.

All through Germany he wandered, stopping before each fortress and each castle that seemed to him likely to serve the purpose of a prison. There he would play an air familiar to the king, and wait to learn if it were heard and recognized; for in this way he hoped to discover the place of his friend's concealment, and to convey to him the information that aid was at hand. With each new tower and castle that he chanced upon hope sprang up newly in his breast. He would take the harp from its case and resting it against his knee begin to play: perchance this was the one that held the king. But, alas! his song remained unanswered, and he passed on with a heavier weight upon his heart — yet never discouraged.

Day succeeded day, week followed week, month slipped into month. Mile after mile of forest and of dusty road he traversed, the faithful boy, persisting in his quest. Hope never quite deserted him. The loyal love that filled his heart ever urged him onward and still onward.

One evening just before the dusk, when the slanting sunlight threw long shadows of the pines across his path, Blondel approached a somber wood into whose dark recesses it seemed that man had never penetrated. On the topmost bough of a noble spruce-tree a little bird with wings and breast rosy, like flame, was caroling his even-song.

Blondel noted the bird, and suddenly, without apparent cause, there rushed through all his being a flood of joy and hope. "Rose is the color of hope," he said. "Where the bird goes, thither will I follow."

As if in answer to his words, the bird left his perch and flitted farther into the wood. Now it tarried upon one tree, now upon another, Blondel always following, until it led him close to the walls of a gloomy fortress flanked by one

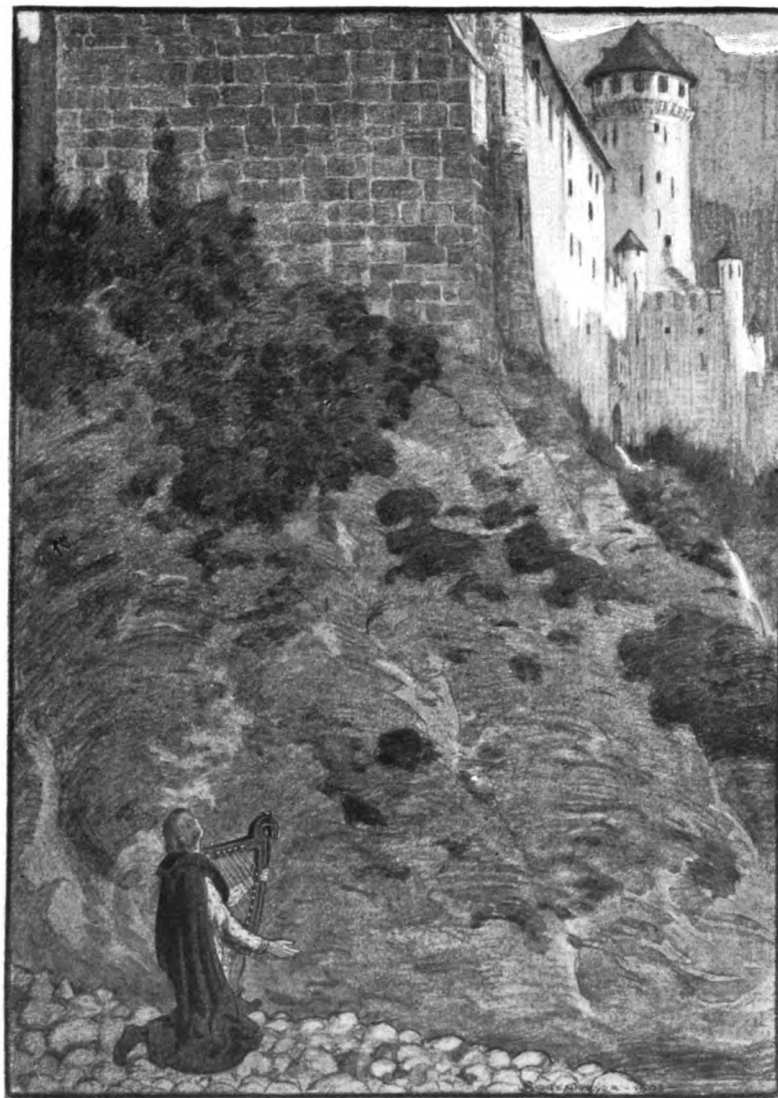
square tower, set in the very heart of the great forest.

There was no longer doubt or hesitation in the mind of the young minstrel. The bounding joy within told him that his long search had

knew and loved so well, took up and repeated the tender strain. His heart overflowing with thankfulness, the minstrel fell upon his knees, and raising his eyes, dim with happy tears, to heaven, he exclaimed: "Oh, Richard, my king! Oh, my king! Found, found at last!"

He might not see his royal friend, might not have speech with him, even; for doubtless watchful eyes were on the king, and at the first indication that his place of confinement had been discovered his captors would spirit him away. Yet joy unspeakable filled the minstrel's faithful breast, for his weary search had at length been rewarded with success.

Blondel hastened back to England with the news; and presently Eleanor, the queen mother, set out with all her train and the huge ransom that the emperor demanded, to buy the freedom of her son. You may be quite sure that Blondel accompanied them, and when the tall captive, pale from his long confinement, strode out among them all, the minstrel threw himself at the feet of his sovereign, and grasping the hand of his



BLONDEL BEFORE RICHARD'S TOWER.

come to a successful end. He seized his harp, and stationing himself beneath the tower, played a short prelude and began to sing a mournful little melody that he and Richard had often sung together.

Scarcely had he completed the first stanza when a voice far up in the tower, the voice he

royal and beloved friend, covered it with kisses.

Richard looked down upon the bowed head of the youth and his cold blue eyes softened. "The greatest thing in the world," he said, "is the love of a mother for her child; and after that, earth holds no more precious gem than the love of a faithful friend."

THE MONEY VALUE OF TRAINING.

BY JAMES M. DODGE,

President of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers.

NOTE.—The following article comprises the greater part of an address delivered by Mr. Dodge at the annual commencement of the Williamson Trade School of Philadelphia in March, 1903. But it deserves a much wider audience, for it contains suggestions and statistics of great value, not only to those interested in mechanical pursuits, but to every American boy who expects to work for his living, or who is ambitious to achieve a successful career, whether on individual lines or as an employer in some great industry. Whatever his life-work is to be, the best investment that a boy can make is "to invest in *himself*" by "increasing his own potential value," and in the accomplishment of this, as Mr. Dodge points out, training plays a vital part. We commend the article to the careful attention of the older boy readers of ST. NICHOLAS and their parents.—EDITOR.

TRADE GUILDS.

THIS country inherited from England the trade guild, and until about 1850 the American guilds were active and powerful organizations. The general system was based on the rights of inheritance, and young men were admitted to apprenticeships through the influence and in deference to the wishes of their fathers or male relatives, already members of the guild. The number of apprentices, however, that were to be admitted annually was fixed by the guilds, and it was impossible for all the young men or boys who wished to acquire a trade to have an opportunity afforded them. These guilds had one redeeming quality that is not to be overlooked, and that is, the training accorded the apprentices was of a most thorough and proper character, resulting in perpetuating and maintaining the standard of excellence in workmanship which was the pride of the members. These guilds were accorded valuable rights by the crown of England, and in this country, to a more limited extent, by some of our own earlier laws.

DECLINE OF GUILDS DUE TO LABOR-SAVING MACHINERY.

THE decline of the guild system was the direct result of the introduction of labor-saving machinery and the specializing of different portions of the work incident to any particular trade or calling. For instance, in the early days a watchmaker literally made every part of a watch. A bootmaker sometimes tanned his own leather, made his own thread, compounded his wax, and

made boots without any aid whatsoever excepting that which would be given him by his apprentices. Taking this trade for example, the first move was to relieve him of the tanning of his leather. Then, thread factories furnished him thread. His wax became a commercial article. Shoe-pegs were introduced, manufactured by machinery. Finally, all the tools and paraphernalia of his trade could be purchased by any one who wished to buy them. This encouraged persons outside of the guild to manufacture boots and shoes. The great mass of the people are now furnished with boots and shoes made in large factories, the product passing through many hands in reaching its finished state, possibly with no one man being thoroughly conversant with every step in the manufacture. It is easy to see, therefore, that the old-time guild, using only manual labor and with a limit placed upon the number of apprentices that were to have the privilege of learning the trade, could not possibly keep pace with these times nor supply the demand.

What I have said of the shoemakers' guild is applicable to all of the trades. Some lines in which the demand is limited, such as, for instance, the gold-beater's art, are now controlled by the trade union, which is the direct successor of the guild. In the mechanical arts the same conditions have prevailed and the same results have been achieved. Twenty-five years ago a machinist was a man of varied attainments. He did the work of the plumber, the pipe-fitter, the blacksmith, the tool-maker, the draftsman, frequently that of the carpenter; he could work

in brass, iron, and steel, and understood the care and repair of steam-engines, though in none of these lines was his development equal to that of the skilled artisan of to-day, working in his own special line. Still, he met the conditions of the time satisfactorily.

**"LEARNING A TRADE" NO LONGER POSSIBLE
—TRAINING IN ONE SHOP OF NO USE IN
ANOTHER.**

IN the general march of improvement specialization was the order of the day, and the old machinist has been practically replaced by a dozen or more skilled workers in various lines, all, however, directly connected with the machinist's work; and to-day we find the machinist a specialist, frequently working in very narrow lines, as, for instance, running a lathe day after day and month after month and even year after year, with no change whatever in his daily routine. Another man will be known as a planer hand, running a metal planer and having practically no experience in any other line of work. Then, we have fitters of various degrees of skill, their business being to take the parts of a mechanism, large or small as the case may be, and, by putting on the finishing touches, either assemble them into the finished machine or prepare them for some other workman in the work of assembling. As a consequence, "learning a trade," as it is called to-day, is a misnomer. Generally speaking, there are few opportunities for a young man to-day to acquire the trade of machinist in the shops of this country. In the first place, establishments are frequently so large that an individual is entirely lost sight of. If he meets his hours of work and is able to do the work assigned to him satisfactorily, he is allowed to remain at his special line indefinitely. Frequently the training of years in one shop will not enable a man to get employment at good wages in another.

**DEVELOPMENT OF TRADE UNIONS — UNLIKE
GUILDS — NO CARE OF APPRENTICES — SUP-
PRESSION OF SUPERIORITY.**

THE development of the trade union must not be confounded in any sense with the old guilds, because the guilds were actuated by

pride of profession, and membership in a guild at once stamped a man as a craftsman of skill and frequently of positive artistic ability. The trade union, as organized, does not perpetuate the dignity of a calling, but strives to regulate wages and elevate poor workmen to a position to which they are not justly entitled by their manual skill or natural capabilities, thus imposing a burden on the worthy and thoroughly competent artisans in their trade. The unions regulate, as far as they can, the number of apprentices that may be employed. They do not, however, devote any attention to the training and education of the apprentices they permit their employers to engage. They exercise no power of selection, looking upon apprentices as those who some day will, by adding to the number of members of the union, deprive some one else of a means of livelihood. There is no incentive in unionism for individual development beyond the average of the mass. Superlative skill, great physical strength, clear insight, and ambition must all be held back, lest, in their natural development, they should enable their possessor to do more work in a day than the average of his fellows. As a very natural consequence, the future foremen, superintendents, and managers will be selected from the ranks of those whose love of individuality, labor, and natural brilliancy has kept them individualized and enabled them to demonstrate their superior worth. In years gone by, the apprentice was trained in a large range of duty incident to the work of the machinist, in a broad sense; but there is no longer in the machinist trade true apprenticeship.

**THE TRADE SCHOOLS — A MONTH IN A TRADE
SCHOOL OF MORE VALUE THAN A YEAR IN
A LARGE SHOP.**

IT has been well said that "Time determines all things," and time has evolved a solution which, though but in its infancy, is destined to grow and be the most important development in educational lines that the world has ever seen. I refer to the trade schools. Locally we have some splendid examples—the Drexel Institute, the Williamson Trade School, the manual training-school, and others. But scat-

tered all over the country are schools of this character, which undoubtedly will grow more rapidly than any educational institutions of the past.

Within comparatively few years this lack of opportunity for proper training, making itself manifest, and finding the law of supply and demand in good working order, registered its want, and fortunately the method of supply was developed. This training is now being given by many institutions in this country, in shops equipped with the most modern tools and employing up-to-date methods, and supervised by instructors of marked ability and fully imbued with the importance and far-reaching benefits of their calling. The instruction is systematic and individual, and I feel fully justified in saying that a month of such training is of more value than a year's time spent by a young man in a large shop, in which he is as likely to absorb error as truth.

It has been said that a three years' course in a trade school, in which an average of but a few hours a day are devoted to actual manual work, can in no way compare with three years' time spent in actual work in a shop. I feel that this is a popular error. In shop work a man may spend months in repetition of the same task, to no ultimate advantage to the worker. Instead of his skill being quickened, it is dulled. He very quickly acquires the skill which is unconscious in its operation, and, like the old lady with her knitting-needle, he can talk to a fellow-workman, or think and dream about far-distant places and matters, without in any way lessening the rate of production. In fact, sometimes his pace might be actually quickened by some mental emotion having an exciting effect upon his nervous organization, in the same way that the old lady, in chatting with her friends, will knit fast or slow in harmony with the dullness or animation of the conversation. It is quite obvious that repetitive routine work is not desirable for a young man of natural ambition and aptitude. In the trade school he escapes routine but is instructed in the underlying principles of his work, and does enough manual labor to familiarize himself with the various tools required, and to prove the correctness of the theories in which he has been instructed.

THE LESSON OF ACCURACY — IMPROVEMENT IN JUDGMENT — TRAINING MAKES OPINIONS VALUABLE.

THE most important lesson of all for a young man to learn, regardless of his future calling, is thoroughly to appreciate the worth of accuracy. Without accuracy in his work, he is a failure. Without accuracy in his thought, his life will be a comparative failure. No man, young or old, will for a minute claim the contrary. In spite, however, of the universal acquiescence in the statement that accuracy is essential to success, it is not easy of attainment. "Let well enough alone" is, unfortunately, a saying that is universally known and, I regret to say, very extensively put into practice. It is certainly a dangerous thing for a parent to say to a child, and never is said by an instructor to a pupil. It is the misapplication of trite sayings that does so much harm. If a person should break through the ice and, after a severe struggle, reach the shore covered with mud and with a more or less shocked nervous system, even if his method of escape be criticized, it is certainly proper to let well enough alone, and not go back again and scramble out in a more deliberate, dignified, and commendable manner. The saying in this case is all right. If, however, it is a question of a railroad time-table, and there are errors in it, and it would be expensive to have it reprinted, it would be a most dangerous thing for any one in authority to say, "Let well enough alone; we will trust to luck."

So it is with training in the arts. It is essential that a respect for accuracy should be so incorporated into the mental fiber of the aspirant for future honor and advancement that it becomes his first rather than his second nature. This lesson is the most important thing to be gained from the trade school, or, in fact, from any other institution of learning.

The common result of education, regardless of the particular name by which a branch may be called, resolves itself simply into an improvement in judgment; in other words, a person's opinion, in his chosen calling, becomes of value. This is not the result of studying any one text-book, or doing any one thing in the

training of the hands, but is a matter of observation, relatively slow or rapid, depending upon the mental caliber of the individual. It takes years for the average individual to acquire even an approximate idea of the relative importance of things. It is not infrequent that the most industrious person, so far as being always busy is concerned, makes comparatively little or no progress. People of very decided notions concerning every trifle of their existence are rarely broadly successful. There must be a determination as to what particular thing they are called upon to do, or are given opportunity to do, and then the work must be done thoroughly, promptly, and at the sacrifice of smaller matters. It is a notable fact in the engineering profession that the man with the greatest number of note-books and with the best systems of classifying information resolves himself into a recorder of things of the past and develops no ability in planning for the future. It is infinitely better to make few notes, except mental ones, and train the mind to do its work on broader lines than the mere slavish following of the details of the past.

**TRADE SCHOOLS ENCOURAGE INDIVIDUALISM
— A BOY'S CAREER BEGINS WITH HIS FIRST
DAY IN SCHOOL INSTEAD OF THE DAY AFTER
COMMENCEMENT.**

THE trade-school training is one decidedly tending toward individualism. Its boys, as a rule, do not come from the wealthier classes. There is an earnestness of purpose that is commendable, and the records show that the percentage of failure to pass satisfactorily through the course is exceedingly small. In opposition to this, it not infrequently happens in our larger universities of learning that less than one half of those entering the freshman classes graduate. Not more than 5 per cent. of the boys entering the trade schools fail to complete the course satisfactorily, and the tasks set are no less exacting than those in our large colleges and universities. This may be attributed to the fact that no boy enters a trade school without a positive determination to complete the course and be thankful for the opportunity. None are forced to go through the ambition of their parents, because, as a rule, the decision to send

a boy to one of the trade schools is a serious sacrifice on the part of his family. In the trade school the boy is impressed with the idea that his first day there is the beginning of his career. In our larger institutions the day after commencement is looked upon as the beginning of the career. This is a very important distinction. Again, in entering the trade school a boy has already made up his mind what his life-work is to be. In the majority of cases, boys entering our universities have no clearly defined idea of their future work after graduation. As a result, the trade-school boy can directly apply the training he has received toward increasing his value to his employer and himself.

THE SHOP-TRAINED BOY.

WHAT of the boy who has no opportunity of education beyond the lower schools? As a rule, at about 16 years of age he seeks employment, frequently because he is tired of school — does not see the use of it. His father, and possibly an uncle or two, will boast that they had little or sometimes no schooling, and now earn \$3 per day, have been able to support their families, and were it not for the fact that some people are born lucky and get rich, and other people are born unlucky and stay poor, they would have been certainly very much "farther ahead" than they are. Considering all the circumstances, however, he is satisfied, and does not see why his boy should not be at work, inasmuch as he already has a great deal more of this intangible something called "schooling" than the father had. In seeking employment, the boy naturally wishes to acquire a trade, because he sees all about him the relatively affluent position of the men working at trades as compared to those who are simply laborers. At this stage a certain amount of natural selection manifests itself. If he is inclined toward mechanical pursuits he will naturally endeavor to get a start in some shop, and he is fortunate if he succeeds. Often he is obliged to take what he can get, and is thus diverted from his original intent.

THE INVESTMENT IN A BOY OF SIXTEEN.

BUT if he obtains employment in a machine-shop, he will receive, say, \$3 per week wages,

based on years of experience, it has been found, in the shop from which these statistics are gleaned, that a practically uniform increase in the rate of wages can be maintained for $3\frac{1}{2}$ years, or until the boy of 16 has reached the age of 19 years and 6 months. This is shown by the increases of 60 cents per week for each 6 months of service. During this time the boys are really gaining instruction. So far as possible and practicable, their work is varied, not only in the machine-shop, but they are given instruction and opportunity to acquire at least the rudiments of pattern-making, wrought-iron construction, and some black-smithing. At the age of $19\frac{1}{2}$, wages are \$7.40 per week, or, as you will see by carrying the line back to the column of potential values, this potential value is increased to \$7400; in other words, in $3\frac{1}{2}$ years his potential value has increased from \$3000 to \$7400, a gain of \$4400. At the end of the fourth year he is earning \$9 per week. This represents \$9000 in potential value, or, to put it another way, starting with the rate of \$3 per week and a potential value of \$3000, he has in 4 years increased his potential value \$6000, or an average increase of \$1500 per annum, which he has invested in *himself*. In the meantime he has been rendering satisfactory service to his employer, and a profit has been made on his work, not as large, however, by any means, as the profit to himself. What has he now? He has a potential value of \$9000, which he cannot be deprived of, provided he retains his health and his habits of industry.

POTENTIAL VALUE BETTER THAN INHERITED CASH.

COMPARE him with a young man of 20 who has been fortunate enough, as the world would say, to come into an inheritance of \$9000, and having no training of like value. His first thought is that in order to improve his finances he must do it through the investment of his \$9000. In this he has had no experience, and he starts out to experiment and to gain experience in an unfamiliar and hazardous way. An error wipes out his money. It has left him nothing to serve him in the future except the knowledge that what he did was wrong,

and the resolve that he will not do it again. But he may never have the chance to try. He then starts, at the age of 20, to seek employment. He considers himself too old to go back to a trade school, alongside of boys of 16, because he will lose 4 years. Here is his second error. But he obtains employment that is clean-handed, possibly because it was a ready opportunity, and we will leave him struggling against what he may call and be thoroughly satisfied is *adversity*. A person struggling against adversity, if he really struggles, is a person trying to make something out of nothing. In other words, he has to create. It is possible a few may succeed. The large majority, however, become misanthropic and feel that the odds against them are too heavy, and they settle back to accept what they call their "fate."

INFLUENCE OF NO VALUE.

INFLUENCE is popularly supposed to be of very great value, and the success of an individual is often erroneously attributed to this power. It is true, influence may secure a man a political position, but it is of only momentary value in other walks of life. For instance, suppose a man had influence enough to get letters from King Edward, Emperor William, President Roosevelt, and Andrew Carnegie, recommending him as first-baseman on the Philadelphia nine, not because he was a good ball-player, but because they wanted to help him along and a vacancy existed. How long do you suppose this influence would keep him in his position? It is quite obvious to you that after he had made a failure and was relieved of his duties he might take his letters to Mr. Sousa and ask for a position in his band, without having proper musical knowledge. Again his letters of recommendation would be valueless, excepting that in both cases they would give him an opportunity to show what he could do; but if he was not prepared entirely and completely to fill the position, no amount of influence would secure his being retained. All that influence can do for any one is to give him an opportunity to start in the *race*. It is often detrimental to a young man to be recommended too highly, or in any way to feel that he can

lean upon his backers and get special consideration for any extended period.

Influence all by itself is of no positive value, and is often damaging to the interests it seeks to advance. And many kindly intentions handicap the person upon whom they are conferred. It is not always the man that jumps into the water with the greatest splash and commotion that is the best swimmer: quite the contrary is the rule—you all have got to show by your own work what your value is. A recommendation detailing an honorable past is merited and useful at times. A recommendation, however, that is entirely prophetic and deals with the great things that you are going to do is a *heavy* burden to carry. Therefore bear in mind, all through your lives, that it is not what people think or hope you can do, but what you can *actually* do, that makes your reputation and stamps the "Sterling" mark on your character and ability.

NO TIME LOST.

RETURNING to the chart, I would like to call your attention to further figures and data of interest:

You will note that the untrained boy in 3 years has increased his earning power from \$3 per week to \$6.80, and you will also observe that the Williamson School boy in traversing the line between his entrance and graduation crosses the \$6.80 line after he has been in the school a year and three months. In other words, he has gained almost 2 years on the boy who entered the shop with the idea that school training was an unnecessary waste of time. It is quite evident, therefore, that time has been lost, and not gained, by entering the shop without training. Roughly, this holds true indefinitely. While the two lines run along parallel or substantially so, say for the next 4 or 5 years, you will observe that the time element is always in favor of the trained boy, and that in a very few years he is leaving his less fortunate brother well to the rear.

Our young man who has his investment within himself cannot, as I said before, lose it except through ill health or improper habits. Temporary sickness, digression from the proper path, becoming discouraged and trying some-

thing else at this stage of his career, is not fatal. It may be more or less unfortunate. But losses through these causes may be recouped, and the lesson learned through the temporary dip in the line of progress may be advantageous and result in renewed effort, and enable him to regain his position in the line, or possibly forge ahead faster than his associates, of whose company he was temporarily deprived. Thus we see that his error or misfortune has not resulted in a loss of his money or potential value. He still has it.

From the age of 20 to 21½, or for 18 months, if the untrained boy continues to do his work well, it will be seen, by reference to the chart, that his line has continued running more toward the vertical than it did from the time he was 16 until he was 19½. Now the experience which he received during the formative period is beginning to make itself very manifest. He becomes more useful as an all-around man, and you will note that his rate is increased to \$13.20 per week. Carried back to the left, we find that his potential value is working upward toward \$14,000. Now his value, while increasing, cannot increase at the ratio of the past 18 months or 2 years. He is overtaking the journeymen of his trade and is beginning to mingle with the laggards or poorer ones of the craft.

A year later, or taking the age 22½, his wage has been increased to \$14.40 per week. Again we see his potential value has gone up beyond \$14,000. For the next 18 months he continues in substantially the same line, and at 24 years of age is earning \$15 per week, and his potential value is \$15,000. In other words, he has increased his potential value \$12,000, and draws the interest on his investment in instalments once a week, and is earning 5 per cent. on his accumulated value.

GENERAL CONCLUSIONS.

WE now can draw some general conclusions from the statistics of this group of 24 young men starting at 16 years of age at \$3 per week, and at 26 years of age earning \$15 per week or thereabouts:

We find that only 5 per cent. of this class rise above this line to any marked degree. Thirty-five per cent. remain in the employ of the company and follow the line indefi-

nately. Twenty per cent. leave of their own accord, but with good records behind them (so that probably the same statistics would apply to them also—that is, 5 per cent. of them may rise above the line and 35 per cent. of them follow the line in other establishments). Forty per cent. are dismissed, and it is fair to assume that these never rise above the line. They are not dismissed at the age of 26, but fall by the wayside, unable to keep pace with the march of progress.

THE TRADE-SCHOOL BOY.

WE will now turn to the group who have entered the trade school. Starting again at the potential value of \$3000 for the boys of 16 years of age, we will follow the course of an individual, representing the average of his companions. The first noticeable thing is that for 3 years, starting from the age of 16 and terminating on the line representing 19 years, he is in school; and instead of having his wage-rate dotted along at intervals of 6 months, as in the case of the boy entering a shop without the trade-school training, we find no rates at all, and we feel justified in making this line perfectly straight, with the first money entry made upon it at the time of his graduation, at the age of 19, and entering upon his employment. We now find a most interesting state of affairs. He is employed at the rate of \$12 per week, this representing a potential value of \$12,000, or an increase *during his school term* of \$9000, or an average of \$3000 per annum. During the same term the untrained boy, you will observe, has reached a potential of \$7000 at the same age; in other words, the trained boy has a \$5000 start at the same age. Again, the untrained boy's line crosses the \$12,000 potential line at a point which indicates that he is 21 years of age. In other words, the trained boy has \$5000 advantage at the same age, and has 2 years running start on the boy who has not had the same training. Now, what does he do in the next 2 years? To follow along his career, you will note that in 6 months his rate has been increased to \$13.20 per week. One year later, or at the age of 20½, he has reached \$15 per week. The untrained man is now 24 years old and earning the same

wage, but it will be noticed that his line of progress is running more nearly parallel with the horizontal line than that of the trained man. Six months later, at the age of 21½, they part company quite decidedly, the untrained man's line running off horizontally to the right, whereas the line of the trained man is progressing onward and upward, at substantially the same angle it has shown since the time of his entrance to the trade school. Why is it possible for these two men thus to part company? It is because the untrained man can increase his rate only by remaining as a working machinist in a shop. The trained man has substantially mastered all that the untrained man has, so far as his actual labor is concerned, but he has within him other possibilities. He can now apply in a combined manner his theoretical and his practical training, becoming a leading man, possibly a foreman or a draftsman. It is now that this, his better knowledge, coupled with his intellectual improvement, makes itself most manifest. His rate at the age of 21½ is \$16 per week; his potential value \$16,000. Fourteen months later we find him earning \$18 per week; ten months later \$20 per week; and in another year, or at the age of 25, he is earning \$22 per week—a rate practically unattainable by the untrained man. Five per cent. of the untrained—those having decided genius and a faculty of improving their minds and increasing their theoretical knowledge, courage enough to take courses in the correspondence schools or obtain instruction in the evenings—rise to his class, and it is not impossible that in very rare instances would do as well through their future life. A trained man at 25 years of age has a potential value of \$22,000, or in 9 years he has increased his value \$19,000, or at the rate of \$2100 per annum, as compared with \$1300 per annum for the untrained man, and with this manifest additional advantage over the untrained man—that his line has no limitation, so far as we can see.

NEARLY ALL PUPILS OF THE TRADE SCHOOLS GRADUATE.

Now, to make a comparison of special interest, I would remind you of the fact that

nearly all of the boys entering trade schools graduate, and that it was not uncommon to have at least 50 per cent. or one half of the freshmen entering our larger colleges and universities fail of graduation, and again, that among the untrained group 40 per cent. fail to reach even the \$15 line, and that with the boys from the trade schools, in our experience, only one has failed completely, and the rest are still following the average line or have left for better positions.

The question arises, What are the personal peculiarities that prove advantageous or detrimental to an individual? We will take, if you please, the lower one of these lines, or that representing the untrained man. Suppose he were called upon to chart his own estimate of himself. The line I have shown is the employer's or, broadly speaking, the world's estimate of his worth. If, for instance, his line, as drawn by himself, were a modest one, and below the line shown on the chart, and he realized his own shortcomings and endeavored all the time to add to his value by energy in his work, by mental improvement and acquisition, and by his accumulation of general usefulness and an earnest desire to make his line rise more rapidly, it is quite evident that the net result would be a pressure exerted on the under side of the line drawn by his employer upward, and he would be a potent factor in deflecting it more toward the vertical. On the other hand, suppose the line he draws is drawn over and higher than the one drawn on the chart, what result do we have then? He is afflicted, if you please, by what is commonly called the "big head." He is dissatisfied with his progress, he is jealous of those who, from his standpoint, are making undeserved progress, part of his time is spent in brooding over his sorry lot. Instead of trying to work with all his heart and strength, he feels aggrieved and shirks his work. It is apparent that he is to be a burden on the top of the employer's line, tending to bend it downward. That he will certainly do this is, unfortunately, just as true as that, with proper effort, he might

have succeeded in bending the line upward to his advantage. Thus we see the inevitable results of two opposite mental attitudes.

A POTENTIAL VALUE OF SIX TIMES THE ACTUAL INVESTMENT.

Now what general conclusions can we draw from the facts presented? In the first place, what have been the contributing agencies to this increase in potential value? Primarily, we all would say, of course, that the investment, for instance, made by the Drexel Institute or the Williamson School was a considerable factor. In results, this is true. In actual money, it is not true. I have a letter from the president of the Williamson Trade School on this point, in which he says that the cost of training their boys is about \$500 per annum each, or \$1500 for the three-year term. Bear in mind that during this time the boys get very little, and some get nothing, from outside sources. This result is truly astounding when you consider that Mr. Williamson's payment of \$1500 for each of the scholars shows an increase in potential value of the individual of \$9000, or a gain of six times the investment. Truly the seed has fallen upon fallow ground. The individual to whom has been given this opportunity certainly has appreciated it, and has rendered his benefactor thanks of the noblest character. Imagine, if you can, the satisfaction to Mr. Williamson, Mr. Drexel, and other generous men, now gone from this earth, if they could become aware of the good work they have left behind them! It is inconceivable that there can possibly be any other form of bequest which will bear so valuable fruit in such abundance. It is interesting, in this practical age, to be able to see in dollars the result of such wise and beneficent contributions. The only public work that can possibly compare with it is that of our hospitals, where, by restoring thousands to health and rendering them able to work, the money invested is multiplied many fold—and this in addition to its benefits or the philanthropic side of the question.

THE LATE UNPLEASANTNESS.

(As narrated by Linda.)

BY CHARLOTTE SEDGWICK.

CHARLIE ADAMS caught up with me on our way to school, and said, "Guess who are at odds now! Polly Phelps and Priscilla Pomeroy!"

"Not really!" I exclaimed. "Not Pris and Polly?"

"Pris and Polly — *thim same*," Charlie said.

But I did n't believe it, and I told him so. Polly Phelps and Priscilla Pomeroy could n't quarrel with each other to save their lives. And certainly they had been boon comrades only the afternoon before. Charlie said that did n't matter at all; it did n't take girls long to fall out, he had noticed. That boy has *noticed* a lot!

But it was different with Pris and Polly, I told him. It was perfectly ridiculous! I asked who had told him such a silly tale.

He said that nobody had told him — he had *seen*. And with that mysterious look of his, he quoted, "'I,' said the fly, 'with my little eye.'"

Then I grew cross. I told him that he'd better look again; that the girls *could n't* quarrel.

But you never can get anything out of a boy that way. Charlie just said, "Oh, all right; then they have n't!" and began to whistle. So I sighed, and said that I was dreadfully afraid they had, for he was quite a Sherlock Holmes about finding things out; and in two minutes I knew all that he knew.

"Why, look here, Linda Prescott!" he said. "If you had seen Polly stop for Pris on her way to school every morning for years, and then, this morning, go right by and never even look at the house, would n't you think there was something wrong? And Polly hardly gets by when out comes Pris and sails up the street behind her, as cool as the north side of a stone wall. Oh, there's trouble brewing!"

Just the same, when I went into the school-room I expected to find Polly and Priscilla together, as they always were. But I did n't. Polly was at the piano, helping Miss Lindsay

choose the morning songs, and Pris was at her desk, studying.

Now Pris did not study when she did n't have to, and I went straight down and asked her what was wrong. She said, "Oh, nothing," but her voice sounded "frigid," as Charlie would have said. Then she asked me about a geometry problem, so we worked together until the bell rang. But she did n't know a thing she was doing, and I felt her sob once when Polly's gay laugh came back to us.

"Tell me, Prissie," I whispered; but she shook her head. I wanted to shake Polly, for I was sure that it was all her fault.

When the first song was given out I fairly held my breath for fear Pris would n't offer Polly part of her book, as usual. If she did, then there was n't any serious trouble, after all. And the next moment, to my joy, I saw Pris holding her book out to Polly in her sweet little way; and then I almost groaned, for Polly swung completely around and helped herself to half of my book.

Pris turned red and then white. I was scared. I thought that she was going to faint, or cry, perhaps. But she did n't. In a moment she began to sing as if nothing had happened. I never could have done it! But your meek, quiet little people surprise you with their grit sometimes.

And was n't I just furious at Polly! And Polly flared up at me, and we were saying angry things to each other, when suddenly we saw Dr. Hunt looking at us, and we had to go to singing, instead.

Of course, as a very intimate friend of both the girls, all the other girls expected me to give them a full account of the quarrel. And I had to tell them that I did n't know one thing. I told them, too, that the office of peacemaker was vacant, so far as I was concerned.

Ben Harris said that they would have it all

made up in a day or two, but I said I did n't think they would. Poor little Pris would n't dare try again, after that dreadful snub, and Polly was too proud and stubborn to try at all.

I was right about it, too. Polly and Pris kept it up for days, and it was horrid for everybody. I don't think any of us had ever realized before how much of our fun was due to those two girls. It had been an unusual week when Polly had n't asked us all down for a singing party or a candy-pull; and on every Friday evening Mrs. Pomeroy had let us roll the rug back in the big parlor and had played for us to dance.

And now it was all over, for, somehow, it did n't seem to occur to Pris or Polly that it was possible to have a party without Polly or Pris; and the rest of us did n't have the heart to plan for things without them, for we found that they would both stay away for fear of meeting each other. I suppose the worst enemies are made out of the best friends.

And the fun of it was, neither girl would say one word to show what it was all about. Their mothers tried to settle it once, but they could n't find anything to settle, they said. Judge Pomeroy said it was his opinion that they had quarreled about nothing, and were merely holding out in order to convince themselves that it all had been worth quarreling about. And I believe they would be holding out yet if it had n't been for a little school-room mishap.

Dr. Hunt is very severe about note-writing in school. It is silly and unnecessary, he says; we see one another morning, noon, and night, but if we feel that we must say something to somebody between times, we are to get permission and go and say it. He almost never makes a rule: he just asks us to do things, or



“‘IF YOU HAD SEEN POLLY GO RIGHT BY AND NEVER EVEN LOOK AT THE HOUSE!’”

not to do them; and he is so nice about it that we generally do, or don't.

But one day in April, during the “Pollo-Priscillacan war,” as Charlie called it, Dr. Hunt saw

a note flying across the room. He did n't try to find out who sent it; he just added a few words to his former remarks on the subject, and said he felt sure that it would not happen again. The very next day he discovered another. Then he was angry, and I did n't blame him. He said that he simply would not have note-writing in his school, and the next person he caught writing, throwing, or passing a note he would suspend for the rest of the year. He looked white and stern, and his voice was terribly quiet, as it always is when he's excited.

Then, almost before Dr. Hunt had left the room, Polly threw a note. It skimmed straight across and fell on Charlie Adams's desk with a snap. Miss Browne, who was in charge of the room, looked up sharply, but too late to see anything unusual.

I reasoned with Polly afterward. I told her I did n't see any sense in deliberately breaking a rule like that. But she said that she would look after Polly Phelps's manners if I would look after Linda Prescott's.

I could n't understand what had got into Polly. She was always lively and daring, but now she was positively rude and reckless. It worried me.

Well, one afternoon, about a week later, we had excitement enough, only Polly missed part of it. The last classes were just going out when I saw Dr. Hunt looking intently at a certain spot on the floor, down by John Porter's seat. He waited until the classes were quite out, and then he asked John if that was a note there by his desk.

John evidently had n't discovered it, but he picked it up and said that it looked like one. Dr. Hunt asked John to bring it to him. John did, and Dr. Hunt held it up and asked if the person who wrote it would please claim it and save him the trouble of opening it.

Nobody stirred. Everybody was scared, and Pris looked ready to cry. Somehow, I was afraid that the note was hers, she looked so troubled. Still, it was n't a bit like her to disobey.

Dr. Hunt waited a minute; then he slowly unfolded the note. I did so hope that it was n't signed! But he just glanced at it once, and, raising his eyes, said deliberately: "Priscilla Pomeroy, will you come here, please?"

Pris gave a sudden start, turned white, but steadied herself and walked up the aisle very calmly. Dr. Hunt held the open note out and said: "Are n't those your initials?"

Pris hesitated just a second, then she lifted her head proudly and looked straight into his eyes. "Yes, Dr. Hunt," she said in her clear, sweet voice, "they certainly are."

"It would have been more honorable to claim the note in the first place," he said. "You might have known that I would find out. You may get your books and go."

His voice sounded dreadfully sorry. I think he regretted the rule, for he is very fond of Pris. Everybody loves Pris Pomeroy, she is so dear and sweet.

There was a queer little look on her face when she came back to get her books. It was n't a bit unhappy or ashamed, but glad and — well, almost *shining*. And she walked out with the sweetest dignity! I was proud of her.

When Polly came back from her class and saw Pris's empty seat, I saw questions fairly popping out of her eyes. She would n't ask, though, and I was n't going to tell her. Somehow, I felt hateful toward Polly those days. But Fred Hamlin whispered across the aisle that Pris had been dismissed.

Polly flung herself around and faced me with a terrible look in her eyes. "Linda Prescott, what's the matter? Where is Pris?" she said.

I told her to keep still, Dr. Hunt was looking; but she said: "Linda, you *must* tell me — quick!" The bell for dismissal rang just then, so I told her.

And she just put her head down on my desk and cried as if her heart was broken. I had never seen Polly cry before, and I did n't know what to say. But before long she sat up and laughed. "Oh, the little idiot!" she said. "The dear little idiot!" Then she dragged me to the office with her, while she told Dr. Hunt.

Polly never leads up to a subject. She just walked straight to the desk and said: "Dr. Hunt, Priscilla Pomeroy did n't throw that note. I threw it."

Dr. Hunt looked indignant. "Why in the world did n't you say so before, then, Mary?" he asked.

Polly fairly blazed. "I hope you don't think I'm quite so mean as *that*, Dr. Hunt!" she snapped out. "I threw the note as I was going to my class, and I was n't in the room when you found it."

Dr. Hunt said, "Well, well, well!" and took the note from his pocket. The dear man looked completely befogged. "But Priscilla told me that *she* wrote it," he said.

"No," I said; "I beg your pardon, Dr. Hunt, but Pris did n't say she *wrote* it. You asked her if those were n't her initials, and she just said they were."

"And they are," he said. "They are n't yours, Mary."

Polly laughed and promptly explained that she was *Mary* only in school; she was called Polly always, and she always signed herself Polly.

"And I tell you I wrote that note," she finished. "Why, allow me, please." She scribbled something on a sheet of paper and pushed it across the desk to him. He compared it with the note.

"Just alike," he said, as solemn as a judge, though his eyes were screwing up at the corners. "Your evidence is incontrovertible, Mistress Mary. But may I ask what Priscilla thought she was doing?"

"She thought she was saving me," Polly said. "You see, Dr. Hunt," she went on, "Priscilla and I are—that is, we *were* good friends, and—"

"*Are!*" the doctor thundered. "*Are*, young lady! Don't you know that friendship like that

never can have a past tense? But what was the child thinking of? She might have known that her sacrifice could n't succeed; you were bound to spoil it."

Polly said that would n't have occurred to Pris until some time next week, and Dr. Hunt



"DR. HUNT GAVE THE DESK A THUMP." (SEE PAGE 70.)

told her to go straight down and see that it occurred to her immediately; and to be sure to tell her to come back to school to-morrow.

Polly nodded. Then she put out her hand and said: "Well, good-by, Dr. Hunt. I'll be back next fall."

The doctor looked absolutely dumfounded.

"What 's all this? What is the matter? What do you mean?" he stammered.

"Why," Polly explained, "you know you said that you would suspend the next person you caught —"

Dr. Hunt gave the desk such a thump that his glasses flew off.

"Young lady," he said, "if you went out to catch rabbits, and one jumped into your hands, would you say that you had *caught* him?"

"You made the rule, Dr. Hunt," said Polly.

"Then I 'll unmake the rule," he said quietly. "You 'll come to school to-morrow — do you understand, Miss Phelps?"

Polly murmured something about its demoralizing the school, but he just laughed.

"You young torment!" he said. "I 'll risk the demoralizing. And if you are not here by nine o'clock to-morrow morning I — I shall send the truant officer after you!"

"Yes, sir," Polly said, very meekly; "and thank you, sir."

We turned to go, but Polly flung herself around again in her sudden way, and said:

"Dr. Hunt, you 've been more than kind to us all. And I 'm never going to write, throw, or receive another note — never!"

"Well, well, well!" Dr. Hunt said. "That is welcome information, and I am glad to hear it."

I went down to Pris's with Polly. I wanted to see what they would say. But it was very disappointing. Polly just walked in, as if she had never missed a day, called Pris a precious little goose, and told her to stop for her in the morning. And would Pris come over after supper and play ping-pong? Pris looked perfectly happy and seemed to understand.

And that was all!

And we never knew what they had quarreled about, either. Charlie Adams did ask Pris that night, and she laughed and said she had never been quite sure herself.

"Why, yes," Polly said. "Don't you know, Pris? You said —"

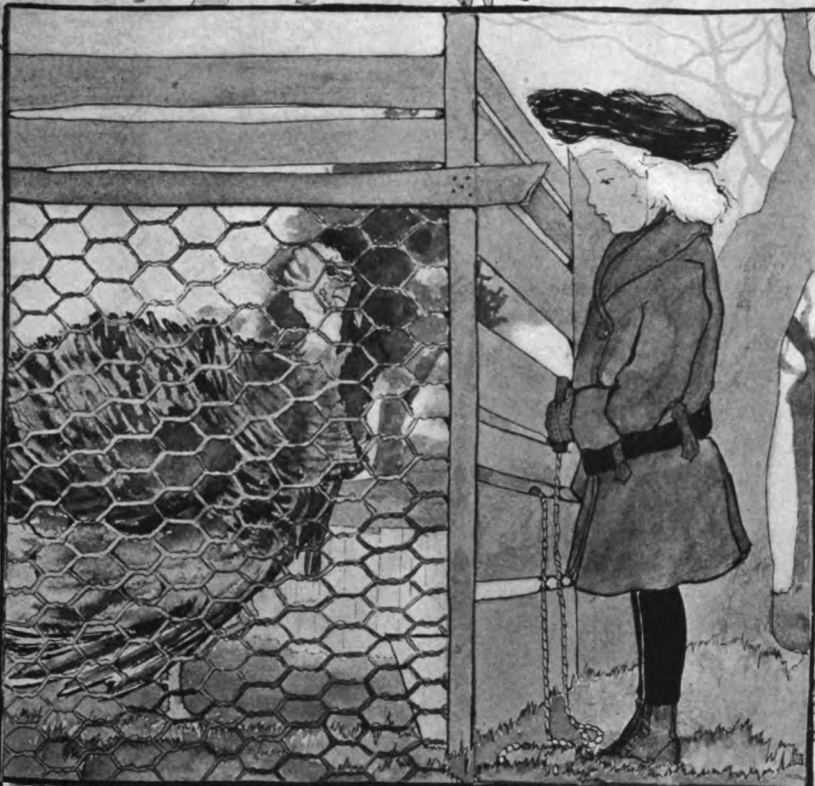
"Polly, I *did n't*!" Pris put in. "I said —"

But she did n't get any further, for Charlie pretended to be very much alarmed, and dashed between them.

"Hi, drop it!" he yelled, and waved his racket. It was too realistic, he said, and the cause of the "late unpleasantness" was as plain to him as a pikestaff. Besides, he had *noticed* that the same old road was pretty likely to lead right back to the same old place.

But I do think he might have waited for Pris to tell what it was that she had said. Not that I have any curiosity, only I 'd just like to know.





NOVEMBER

A NONSENSE CALENDAR.

BY CAROLYN WELLS.

OVER the country-side
The turkey struts with pride,
And seems to say:

"How nobly I adorn
This smiling autumn morn
So blithe and gay!"

But he 'll adorn a plate
When we shall celebrate
Thanksgiving day.

M.E. LEONARD.

Nature and Science for Young Folks



Edited by Edward F. Bigelow.

Fie upon thee, November! Thou dost ape
The airs of thy young sisters: thou hast stolen
The witching smile of May to grace thy lip,
And April's rare, capricious loveliness
Thou 'rt trying to put on! — JULIA C. R. DORR.

BETWEEN THE HEAT AND THE COLD.

WHAT a difference and yet what a similarity
between the balmy days of spring and the Indian
summer of October or November! The first, a

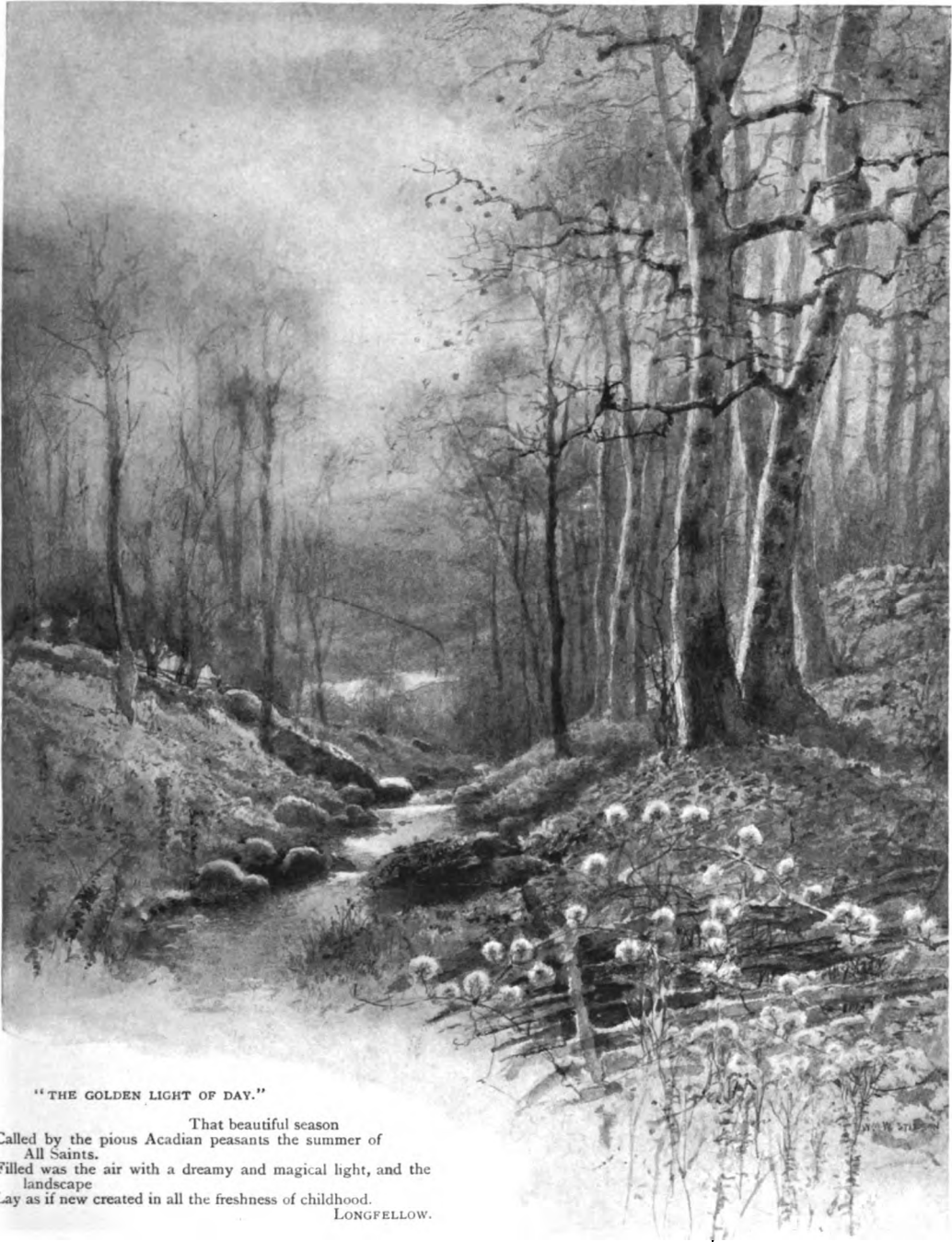


"TO THE FAR NORTH
THE WINTRY WINDS
ARE BLOWING."

changing of cold to heat,
Burroughs calls inspiration; and the
second, heat to cold, expiration. He also calls atten-
tion to the fact that "the delicious Indian summer is
sometimes the most marked in November. A truce
is declared, and both forces, heat and cold, meet and
mingle in friendly converse on the field."

Away to the far north the wintry winds are blowing
(and soon they will be here), piling up the snow in great
banks and driving down our juncos, crossbills, and other
winter birds. The August heat has gone south, taking
our summer birds with it. On an Indian-summer day we are
in the middle ground, neither too hot nor too cold, but just
in poise, like a boy in a boat out on a lake when there is no
rowing, no current, no wind. And at this hazy time of year
there is an indescribable charm in the quietness and in the
peculiar golden light of day and the silvery light by night.

"THE AUGUST HEAT HAS GONE
SOUTH, TAKING OUR SUMMER BIRDS
WITH IT."

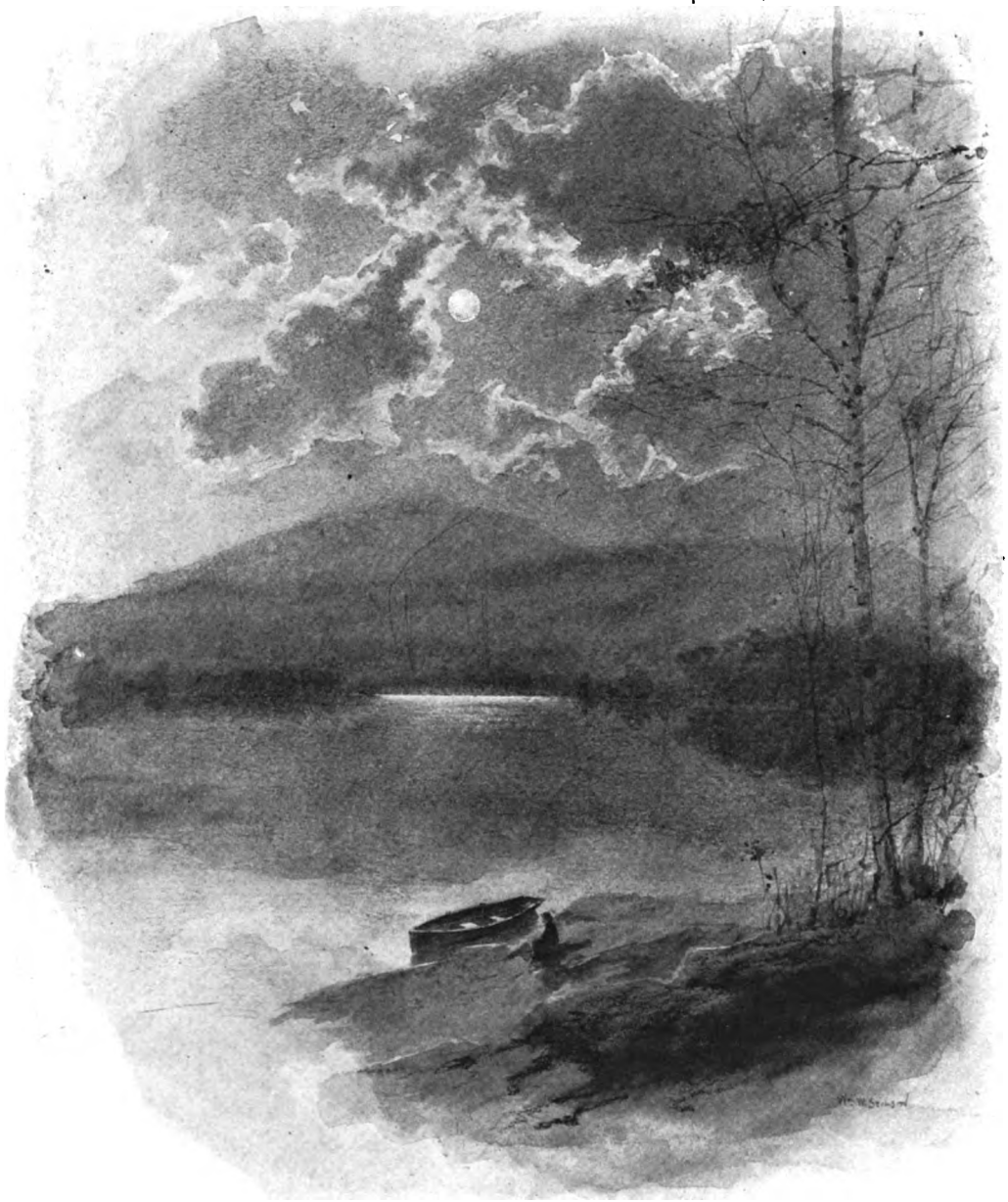


"THE GOLDEN LIGHT OF DAY."

That beautiful season
 Called by the pious Acadian peasants the summer of
 All Saints.
 Filled was the air with a dreamy and magical light, and the
 landscape
 Lay as if new created in all the freshness of childhood.
 LONGFELLOW.

But our young folks have an added interest in Indian summer. They not only enjoy all its beauties, but regard it as a prophecy of the winter sports. It means to them that winter is coming—winter, with all its keen and zestful enjoyments. Another poet of New England, Lowell, in writing "An Indian-Summer Reverie," had not forgotten these pleasant anticipations that November brought in his boyhood days:

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THE MOONLIGHT IN INDIAN SUMMER IS PECULIARLY SILVERY. THIS IS ESPECIALLY APPARENT WHEN VIEWED ACROSS A SMALL LAKE OR POND.

And all around me every bush and tree
Says autumn 's here, and winter soon will be,
Who snows his soft, white sleep and silence over
all. . . .

While firmer ice the eager boy awaits,
Trying each buckle and strap beside the fire,
And until bedtime plays with his desire,
Twenty times putting on and off his new-bought skates.

POSSUM WAYS.

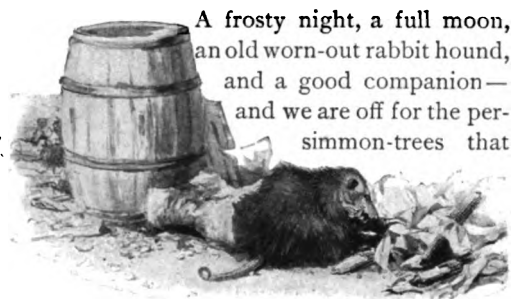
THERE are few country boys living south of a line running through New Jersey and westward to Ohio who do not know the mild fun of a moonlight possum hunt, few who have not reached gingerly into some old hollow stump and pulled out the smiling, unworried marsupial. Unless my experience is a very uncommon one, there are few boys within that district who have not taken their prize home, put him in a barrel to await the morning, and found next morning, to their chagrin, that he would not stay in the barrel; there were greater at-



"REACHED GINGERLY INTO SOME OLD HOLLOW STUMP AND PULLED OUT THE SMILING, UNWORRIED MARSUPIAL."

tractions outside. Later he took occasion in the moonlight to go back to his home stump.

Somehow it was always a relief to me when the possum did that. It was much more fun to go out the next night through the corn-fields looking for him than killing and eating him would have been. Possums are good to eat, but eating is not the whole of life,—even to a small boy,—and killing is bad work.



"HE WOULD NOT STAY IN THE BARREL; THERE WERE GREATER ATTRACTIONS OUTSIDE."

grow here and there scattered around the ponds along the lanes and about the margins of the fields.

It is the first of November. The persimmons hang on their leafless twigs like big beads, silvered with a double plate—a wash of frost and a wash of moonlight. No wonder the possums like them! What boy does not like them, too? Here is a tree, a great sixty-footer, that bears only small puckery persimmons, no matter how the frosts bite; but just beyond is a little tree—you know it—with large deep garnet fruit, so sugary that they cannot spoil, and there you stop—if the possums have not already stopped before you.

I have seen boys whom I have taken to my favorite trees get so greedy after the first taste that they could not take time to pick out the seeds, but swallowed the persimmons whole, until they simply had to quit.

The possums also know these sugary trees; their tooth is as sweet as ours. Here, nosing about on the ground or hanging by hind feet and tails in the laden limbs, the boy will find them and start them, if on the ground, wabbling off toward home.

A fat possum can run faster than a dog that is dead and buried, but only a very little faster. He does not depend on his legs for safety;



PERSIMMONS—THE FAVORITE FOOD OF POSSUMS.

they are too slow: nor yet on his wits; for they are still slower. He trusts very largely to stump-holes, to luck, and to his distinguished slowness.

No one is ever in a hurry with a possum. He is such a slow, simple dolt that no despatch, no precautions, are needed with him. He seems to have observed this, and takes advantage of it—which may mean that his wits are not so slow, after all. He will escape, if there is a way; and if there is no way, he will sleep sweetly until one comes.

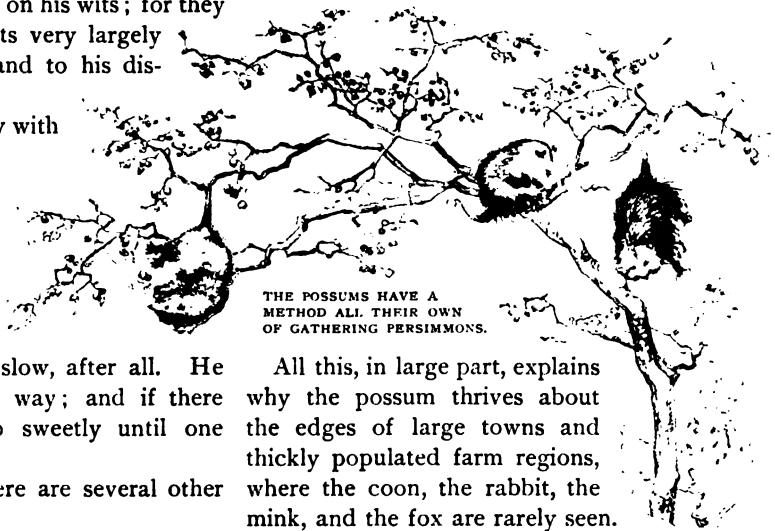
Besides these traits, there are several other



WHAT A NICE WAY TO HIDE!
"Count the little noses sticking out."

habits that contribute to the possum's remarkably successful battle for life and liberty among its hosts of enemies. First there is usually a large family. Count the little noses sticking out in the above picture. And there were five more than you see in the picture in this particular family, that I caught one day beside a stump.

Again, the possum will eat anything that can be eaten—"fish, flesh, or fowl." Persimmons first, but they do not last the year round, so, between persimmon-times, chicken, corn, fish, frogs, berries, anything will do. Then, too, the colored people, as a rule, are the only people wise enough to eat possum; and as he is not particularly destructive, and does not wear a hide worth curing, he is not seriously hunted.



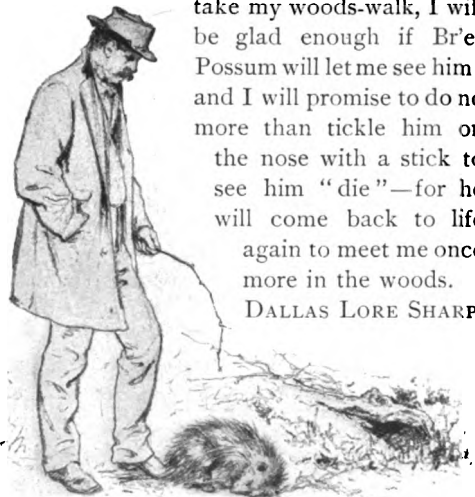
THE POSSUMS HAVE A
METHOD ALL THEIR OWN
OF GATHERING PERSIMMONS.

All this, in large part, explains why the possum thrives about the edges of large towns and thickly populated farm regions, where the coon, the rabbit, the mink, and the fox are rarely seen.

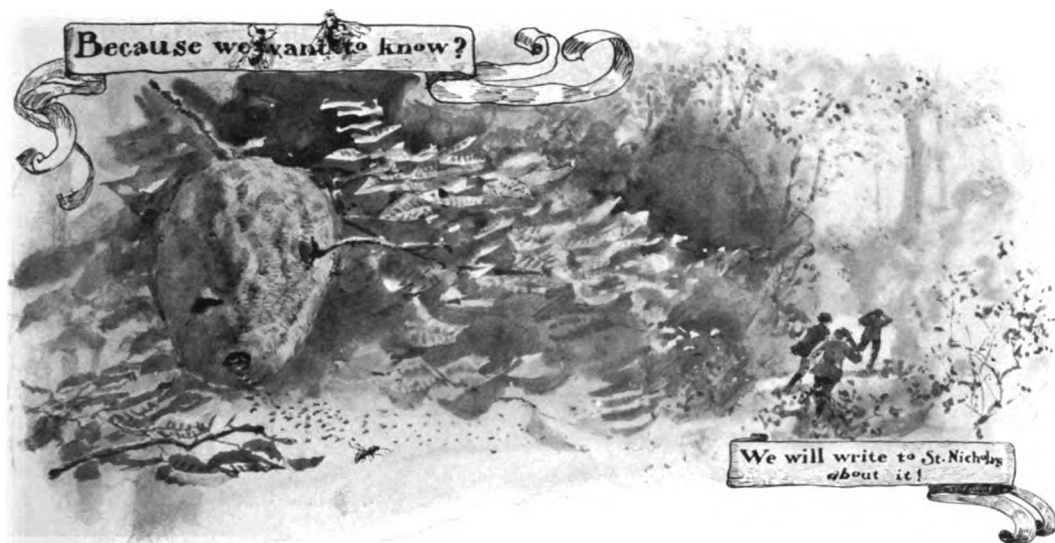
And he does thrive. How numerous they are may be seen from the fact that one Christmas I received fifty-three from the woods about Bridgeton, New Jersey, and took them back to the New England University for biological study. Of course the neighbors helped me. But all I had to do was to take a day's tramp among the wood-choppers and farmer acquaintances, making my possum-wants known, and the possums came in, in ones and twos and threes, costing at most only twenty-five cents apiece.

Long may he survive! I will be one to eat turkey this Thanksgiving instead of possum, and after dinner, when I take my woods-walk, I will be glad enough if Br'er Possum will let me see him; and I will promise to do no more than tickle him on the nose with a stick to see him "die"—for he will come back to life again to meet me once more in the woods.

DALLAS LORE SHARP.



"TICKLE HIM ON THE NOSE WITH A STICK TO SEE HIM 'DIE.'"



INQUISITIVENESS.

THIS one word contains nearly as many letters as the five words so familiar to nature and science observers—"because we want to know." But the variety of expressions of the same state of mind is not limited to single words or combinations of words, long or short. Actions, in this matter at least, often speak louder than words.

Perhaps the most concentrated, lively, pointed, and effective method of inquiry is that in common use by the hornets. Along in November a hornets' nest has been discovered in the bushes, and, of course, the young folks "want to know" whether the inhabitants have been killed by the frosts, so that the branch may safely be cut off and the nest carried home. Their plan is to throw sticks at the nest from a distance, or to punch it with a long pole, going nearer and nearer if no hornets appear. But the hornets do appear! It is not late enough in the season; the nights have not been cold enough. They appear in full force, in great eagerness to know why the young folks were disturbing their snug home.

Perhaps the girls and boys running in the distance will "write to ST. NICHOLAS" and tell us of this method of expressing curiosity, or at least of responding to curiosity.

Mr. Dallas Lore Sharp has told us already of the fox's quiet method of expressing curiosity.

(See page 938, Nature and Science for August.) And we all are familiar with the saucy curiosity of the red squirrel. We know how he will creep down the tree, tauntingly barking, till, with a laugh-like explosion of sound, he whirls and frisks up the tree, as if making fun of us, his curiosity now fully gratified. Soon his curiosity seems to return, and even increases, as down he comes inquiringly again, to repeat the whole performance with increased activity and daring.

Of the birds, undoubtedly the blue jays have the most inquisitiveness. And they are the most noisy in expressing it; although crows will hold a close second place, if not fully the equal. How the jays screeched and whistled and called—a confusion of all the sounds of jaydom—near my home recently! More than a dozen darted into a small evergreen tree on the lawn. People came from several houses in the vicinity, all curious to know "What is the matter with the birds?" It seemed to be a "want to know" on both sides. The jays had discovered a cat walking meekly along by the fence in the low shrubbery near and under the spruce-tree. There was no nest in the vicinity, and, so far as could be ascertained, the cat had not attacked the jays. But what a pandemonium of jay jargon over one meek-looking, quiet cat! The jays outdid themselves, and called out nearly all the occupants of the many houses on that street.

DESCRIPTION OF A PORPOISE.

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: While visiting my cousins at Lawrence, Long Island, this summer, we went to Far Rockaway to bathe in the surf. And there I saw a sight which interested me greatly and made me wish to know something about it.

It was on a warm morning, and my cousin and I were out near the end of the bathing-rope, when we saw what looked like a large black wheel going round and round in the water, making a great foam. There seemed to be two or three of these wheels, coming one right after the other in a line. On looking closer we saw shiny black heads rise above the water, followed so soon by the back fins that they looked like ears on the head. They came quite near the shore, sometimes disappearing altogether and then rising again, leaving a long track behind them. Men went out in boats after them, but they could not get near them, as they went very fast. Some one said they were sea-porpoises, and I would like to know about them, if you will please tell me.

Your interested reader,

JACQUELINE OVERTON.

The animal you so well describe is evidently the common harbor-porpoise (*Phocaena communis*). This is found abundantly on the east coast of North America, from Nova Scotia to Florida, and also in Europe, and sometimes ascends rivers into fresh water. It is known to the fishermen as "puffer," "snuffer," "snuffing-pig," and "herring-hog." Drove of from ten to upward of two hundred herring-hogs are sometimes seen, and they may readily be recognized by their shining black color and rolling or wheeling motion. They never spring from the water as do dolphins, but bring their head, back, and back fin into view when they come to the surface to breathe. The nostrils are so situated on the top of the snout that the porpoise must assume a somewhat erect position in order to expose them to the air; the head, therefore, always comes out first, and this is quickly followed by the back fin. In descending from the erect posture, the body of the porpoise passes through a considerable part of a circle, and hence is produced the characteristic rolling motion. A little puff of spray from the nostrils and a curious grunt accompany the appearance of the head above the surface. Porpoises feed chiefly on fish,



THE PORPOISE.

especially school-fish like menhaden and mackerel, and consume enormous numbers of such fish daily. They are hunted for their oil and hide.—H. M. SMITH, Assistant in Charge of Scientific Inquiry, Woods Hole, Mass.

DOLPHIN AND PORPOISE.

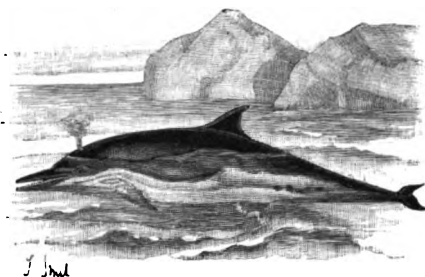
OCEAN GROVE, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Please tell me what is the difference between a dolphin and a porpoise.

Your faithful reader,

HORACE H. UNDERWOOD (age 11).

Popularly, the terms dolphin and porpoise are often used without distinction—that is,



THE DOLPHIN.

both names are applied to a dolphin and to a porpoise. Strictly speaking, the common porpoise of the Atlantic coast is an animal known to scientists as *Phocaena communis*, and is about five feet long, with blunt head and a thick body that tapers toward the tail. Its name is from the Latin *porcus*, a hog, and *piscis*, a fish—the hogfish, and that literal translation of its name conveys a very good description of the animal, which is also called "herring-hog," "puffing-pig," etc.

The common dolphin of the Atlantic Ocean (*Delphinus delphis*) is about six feet long when full-grown. The snout is longer and sharper than that of the porpoise, and its body is more slender. The dolphins often follow ships in large herds, performing gambols and acrobatic feats, to the great amusement of the passengers. This dolphin must not be confounded with the large pelagic fish which has the same name; it is noted for its beautiful colors and for the brilliant changes shown when dying, and is often seen in mid-ocean chasing the flying-fishes.

FLYING-SQUIRRELS.

FARIBAUT, MINN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: One day mama found a lot of soft gray fur and a queer little skeleton in one of the bedrooms of our summer cottage.

One night a little while afterward I was up in the attic getting a fish-pole, when I saw a pair of sharp black eyes looking down at me. I knew that it was the same

kind of an animal that my mother had found dead. But I did not know then what it was. It was not long, however, before my father saw one of them and told me that they were flying-squirrels. The one we found dead must have fallen down from the attic, and starved to death. The little squirrels we have seen are gray. Their breasts are white, their tails bushy but flat, and they are short, with plump little bodies.

One night I saw a flying-squirrel in the trees. He did not fly upward, but spread out his "wings" and sailed from the top of one tree to the bottom of the next, using his flat tail to steer with. The little squirrels we had seen in the attic seemed to be so friendly that I thought they would make nice little pets, so I set some traps which I hoped would catch them; but I never caught one in that way. But at last a baby squirrel fell down from the attic, and we caught it by dropping a towel over it; then we picked it up carefully and put it into a squirrel-cage. Then there was so much noise in the attic that we went up and caught two more that were looking for the missing one. When we put them into the cage they sat right up and began to eat some corn I had put in for them. One day I found a large bug. I put it into the squirrels' cage, and the next morning I found the bug's wings in the bottom of the cage. The squirrels had eaten the rest of it. Every night when it begins to get dark I take a lantern out and set it so that it lets just a little light into the cage; then I watch the little squirrels for a while. When they first come out of the nest they go down and eat something. They always eat the bark off the branches I put in for them to play on. But after they eat a few minutes they are very lively, and play about like kittens. Sometimes when one of them gets something very good to eat the others will try to take it away from him. One night when I went out to watch them, a big fat wood-chuck got up and ran away. He had been crouching down beside the cage. I do not know if he meant to harm my pets or not. Last night we caught one more flying-squirrel, so I have four now.

FLORENCE BLODGETT.

THE CHEWINK, OR TOWHEE.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: One day in the woods I caught several glimpses of a bird about as big as a robin, with white on each wing and the tail, and a great deal of black. It seemed to have some red on it, and its bill was blunt and stout. It was so exceedingly shy that



THE FLYING-SQUIRREL.

the least noise scared it, and I could not study it at all. The next day I heard a great rustling in the leaves on the ground, and thought there must be a chicken scratching there; so I crept up, but found the same bird very busy scratching in the leaves and eating seeds or insects. It did not notice me at all and I could watch it very well. It had a black head, throat, wings, back, and tail; a good deal of white on the wings, tail, and in a streak down the belly; the sides and part of breast red-chestnut; and the eyes red. After it discovered me, it flew away crying, "Chewink, chewink, chewink!" So I knew it was a towhee or chewink bird.

CAROL BRADLEY (age 14).

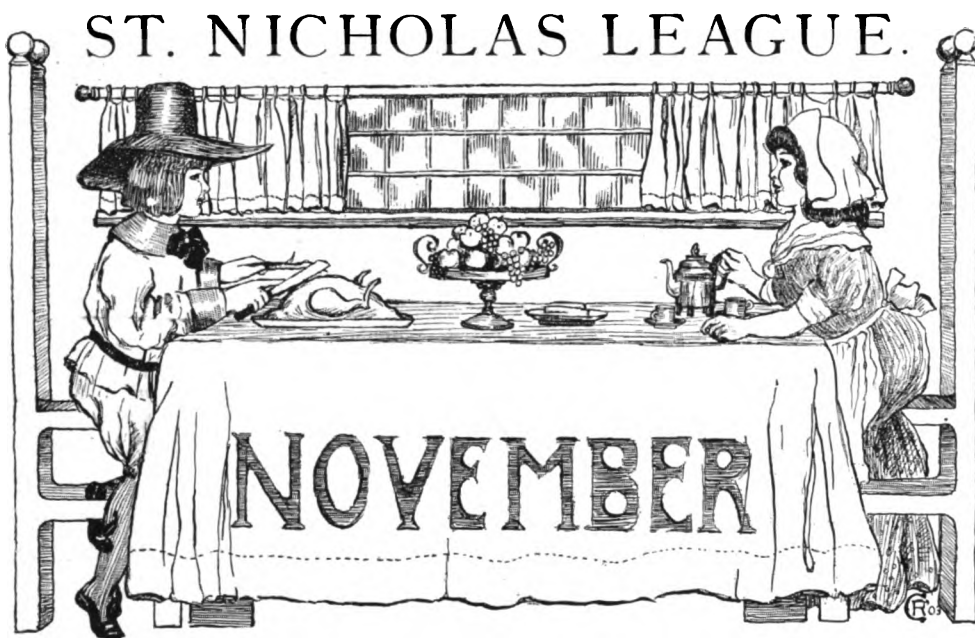
While calling at the cottage of the Rev. J. D. King, Cottage City, Massachusetts, I noted that several chewinks were in the yard. He writes me as follows:

Twenty-five years ago chewinks were very plentiful, but they disappeared almost entirely till, a year ago last summer, a pair of them came shyly into my front yard, evidently in search of insects.

They mixed freely with the robins, seeming to ignore their presence. They must have raised a nest of young ones in the neighborhood, for when they returned last summer, four or five additional ones came with them. They were evidently young birds. I threw out waste canary-seed in the back yard, which they very soon found, after which they were frequent visitors, furtive at first; but in time they gained confidence, and my presence at a little distance did not seem to disturb them, though they kept very close watch upon me. But they gained more confidence when the grapes were ripe, or their appetites overcame their fears, for then they would allow me very close while feeding. I noticed that they knew a plump, ripe cluster when they saw it, very kindly leaving the poor fruit for Mrs. King to work up into preserves.



THE CHEWINK, OR TOWHEE.



"A HEADING FOR NOVEMBER." BY RUTH E. CROMBIE, AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE.)

A MEMORY OF VACATION.

BY ROSE C. GOODE (AGE 17).

(Cash Prize.)

BECAUSE, to-day, I heard a merry tune
Played in the city street,
That ever rose above the city's noise,
And laughed through all the sound of passing feet,
I stood again in fancy by the sea,
And felt its salt breath blowing over me.

I saw the sky star-spangled as it was
When first I heard that little giddy tune;
I saw the glory path of molten gold
That stretched away to touch the rising moon,
While in my ears the ceaseless city roar
Sounded as breakers foaming 'gainst the shore.

NOVEMBER is the birth month of ST. NICHOLAS. Thirty years ago the first number of the ST. NICHOLAS Magazine went out to seek its way into the homes and hearts of American boys and girls. Thirty years seems a long time to young people, and especially to those subscribers whose parents were among the boys and girls of yesterday who were first to open the door and bid our good saint welcome. There are houses to which ST. NICHOLAS has been a monthly visitor ever since the first slender number so long ago, and the red-covered bound volumes have become worn and shaky as one generation after another of eager hands have carried them from shelf to table, from table to floor, and thumbed and turned the pages backward and forward through thirty years.

How good those old numbers were! We early readers feel quite sure that no magazine to-day could ever be made quite so good as those. Certainly no magazine can ever be to us so real and true, and take us into that wonderful dream-world of real things that we found in those old pages. Ah, me! perhaps, after all, it is we who have changed, and the boys and girls of to-day will read and remember the numbers now with the

same fondness that filled us for those of the bygone years. The past and the things of youth are always dear to us. Sadness and disappointment fade and are forgotten, but that which has given us pleasure seems to grow fairer with each year. The old game, the old study, and the old magazine are prized more and more as they drift farther from us, enhanced and glorified in the golden mists of memory.

November is also the birth month of the St. Nicholas League, and in the four years that have elapsed since the announcement of the new organization we have seen some of our boys and girls grow to be men and women and take their places among the art and literary workers on both sides of the ocean. Perhaps their names are not widely known as yet, but it requires no prophet to foretell that among them, and among those talented ones who are still working and striving month after month, resolved not to fail, believing only in success, there will be found many whose names and work the world will be glad to recognize and to honor.

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 47.

IN making awards, contributors' ages are considered. Verse. Cash prize, **Rose C. Goode** (age 17), Boydton, Va.

Gold badges, **Marjorie V. Betts** (age 14), 536 Queens Ave., London, Ontario, Canada, and **William Laird Brown** (age 15), 26 N. Rigby Ave., Lansdowne, Pa.

Silver badges, **H. Mabel Sawyer** (age 11), 611 N. 4th St., Keokuk, Iowa, and **Marguerite Borden** (age 16), Estero, Lee Co., Fla.

Prose. Gold badges, **Dorothy Eckl** (age 15), 1641 Reid St., Los Angeles, Cal., and **Mary W. Woodman** (age 16), Hubbard Park, Cambridge, Mass.

Silver badges, **Phyllis Valentine Wannamaker** (age 14), 100 Highland Court, Elyria, Ohio, and **Edith J. Minaker** (age 11), Gladstone, Manitoba, Canada.

Drawings. Gold badges, **Ruth E. Crombie** (age 15), 40 S. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y., and **Melville Coleman Levey** (age 15), 1988 Bush St., San Francisco, Cal.

Silver badges, **Helen Adele Fleck** (age 16), 3202 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa., **Anna Zucker** (age 16), 1614 S. Grand Ave., Los Angeles, Cal., and **Dorothy J. Hamilton** (age 9), 316 Pine St., Stevens Point, Wis.

Photography. Cash prize, **Robert Y. Hayne** (age 14), San Mateo, Cal.

Gold badge, **Carl Matz** (age 16), 606 E. Division St., Chicago, Ill.

Silver badges, **Freda Messervy** (age 12), Norton, Shawford, Hants, England, **Gertrude M. Howland** (age 10), Conway, Mass., and **Fonda Cunningham** (age 9), Tarpon Springs, Fla.

Wild-animal and Bird Photography. First prize, "Cedar Bird and Young," **Dunton Hamlin** (age 15), Box 82, Orono, Me. Second prize, "Crow," **Eleanor Houston Hill** (age 9), 1102 Grove St., Evanston, Ill. Third prize, "Young Flicker," **Frederick L. Gates** (age 16), 172 Union St., Montclair, N. J.

Puzzle-making. Gold badges, **Margaret Abbott** (age 13), Hendersonville, N. C., and **Samuel Wohl-gemuth** (age 16), 202 Stanton St., N. Y. City.

Silver badges, **Marjorie Holmes** (age 14), 704 N. Palafox St., Pensacola, Fla., and **L. Arnold Post** (age 14), Stanfordville, N. Y.

Puzzle-answers. Gold badge, **Lillian Jackson** (age 12), 1301 Franklin St., Wilmington, Del.

Silver badges, **Norton Woods** (age 14), Maumee, Ohio, and **Bessie Garrison** (age 13), Austin, Tex.

A MEMORY OF VACATION.

BY WILLIAM LAIRD BROWN (AGE 15).

(Gold Badge.)

As, glorified by golden haze,
The mountains gleam afar,
So glow the joys of other days,
So sweet their mem'ries arc.

The distant hills more brightly gleam—
More fair, though far away.
So old-time fishing journeys seem
More bright and fair to-day.

The calm, sweet earth was green around,
And fresh with morning dew;
Above, the sunrise glory crowned
A vault of stainless blue.

Through sluggish deep and babbling shoal
The creek in shadow flowed;
It loitered past the swimming-hole,
It murmured by the road.

The rods were only saplings green,
The fish we caught were small;
Yet were those bygone days, I ween,
The happiest of all.

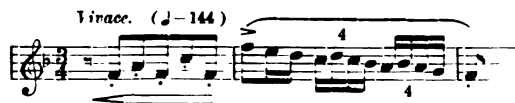
And never do the bells of joy
Such lovely music chime
As to a careless, healthy boy
In dear vacation-time.

St. Nicholas League membership is free. Send for a badge and instruction leaflet.

BACH'S INVENTION No. VIII.

BY DOROTHY ECKL (AGE 15).

(Gold Badge.)



If you who are studying music have never played or heard the eighth one of Bach's two-voiced inventions, I can only say, see that you do.

In these modern times it seems sometimes as if Bach has been relegated "to the shelf." But, all the same, Bach was and always will be the King of Music. All the delicate modulations of Wagner, all the grandeur of Beethoven, had been given to the world long ago by Johann Sebastian Bach. I have only to refer you to his "Fantasia Cromatica"—oh, well, I am going to speak of his eighth invention now.

I learned it when I was about ten years old, and it



"A FIELD SKETCH." BY MELVILLE COLEMAN LEVEY, AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE.)

has been growing up with me ever since. And the story that I made up to it then I will relate now.

The time is early morning. The sun has taken his beauty sleep, and is all ready to be admired.

The scene is a large green meadow, a few trees, a path running from east to west, a fence, and a gate. All is serene.

Then up the path from the east comes a dapper little gentleman of grandfather's time, with frills and tucks and laces, etc. — a "dudish" little man, and on he comes, prancing and balancing his cane.

What is he doing so early? Oh, well, never mind.

But, lo and behold! From the west dawns another little man, a counterpart of Gentleman I. At the gate they meet.

And then there is a bowing and a bending, and



"THE GREAT, DEEP WOODS OF CALIFORNIA." BY ROBERT Y. HAYNE, AGE 14. (CASH PRIZE.)

"Oh, good morning," says Gentleman I. "My dear sweet sir, I am—"

"Oh, *good* morning. How charming—"

"Pray what brings you at this early hour?"

"And you?"

Then they both chime in:

"Is it not superb—the sunrise?" Then Gentleman I sniffs some breath, and Gentleman II continues:

"My dear sir, in all secrecy—I would not disturb your peace of mind, but—"

"Pray do not trouble."

"The people say of late you seem to be less particular of your appearance."

"Sir!"

More bowing on the part of Gentleman II.

"Oh, let it not disturb you, sir. My dear sir, I—"

"Do not mention it. Only a momentary attack of anger."

"Let us exchange the heavenly snuff, and a good morning to you."

"Sweet blessings on you."

And both together:

"Good morning."

And they depart.

If you do not know the delightful little piece of music you cannot be interested. But that's just my point. You *should* know it.

The St. Nicholas League is an organization of ST. NICHOLAS readers. Any reader of this magazine, whether a subscriber or not, may become a League member and compete for prizes. A badge and instruction leaflet will be sent free on application.

MIKEY'S FUTURE INVENTION.

BY MARY W. WOODMAN (AGE 16).

(Gold Badge.)

MIKEY found himself floating swiftly through the air. How high up he was, and what a delightful sensation! The air was soft and he was gliding so smoothly and easily along.

Often a look of pity crept over his freckled face as

he saw the people shivering on the streets 'way, 'way below; then again a smile at his own warmth and happiness.

Why was he so warm, while those on the snowy streets below drew their cloaks tightly about them?

In one little hand Mikey held fast his telegrams—such a lot of them!

There seemed to be one for every house; but how easy it was!

He did n't have to ring the bell, and stamp his cold feet until the door was opened. No, not *he*!

Why, all he did was to drop his telegram above the house, and see the yellow slip grow smaller as it drifted down. Then, as the message glided nearer to the house, a hand came up from the roof-top and took it in.

At every house a telegram was sent whirling downward, and each time a hand came out of the roof and drew it in.

How queer it was that the message should always fly



"THE DEEP WOODS." BY CARL MATZ, AGE 16. (GOLD BADGE.)

down exactly right, to be received by that mysterious hand!

Would Mikey's telegrams never be delivered?

No matter how many were dropped down into the mysterious hand, his own hand was as full as ever.

This made no difference to Mikey, for he was having such a blissful time gliding so softly, gently, peacefully through the air.

Suddenly he felt his foot hit against a tall pine-tree, and then—

Why, where was he?

Where were his telegrams?

He heard a voice say, "Hey, Mikey, what air you a-doin'? Sure, an' de boss be a-huntin' for yez."

Then the truth flashed upon him that it was all a foolish, foolish dream.

At the familiar click, click the tired little telegram-boy rose, rubbing his wondering eyes.

"Anyhow," he whispered, with a decisive nod of his little head, "when I grows up I'll invent wings, so 's messenger boys *can* fly."

So, still wondering, the child started again to do his share of duty in this great world.



"THE DEEPEST WOODS." BY FREDA MESSERVY,
AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)

A MEMORY (?) OF VACATION.

BY MARJORIE V. BETTS (AGE 14).

(Gold Badge.)

VACATION is n't over yet;

There still are weeks to play;
Yes, weeks and weeks before we fret
O'er school-books all the day.

The silver moon still shines at night
Out of a starlit sky.

The days are very fair and bright;
They have not yet passed by.

The woods are still a dainty green;
The birds still loudly sing,
As glad as ever they have been
Since the first touch of spring.

The waves are rolling mountains high,
The sky is nice and blue,
The gleaming sails go racing by;
And all of this is true.

Yes, all is real as real can be,
And all is joyful, glad.
For me, I have no memory
For what I have n't had.

My holidays are n't over yet,
I have n't had them all.
Don't ask me to remember them
Till later in the fall.

AN INVENTION.

BY PHYLLIS VALENTINE WANNAMAKER (AGE 14).

(Silver Badge.)

OF all wonderful inventions, my choice is the piano.

Not because it is so useful or necessary (for I might, possibly, live without it), but because it gives to me such quiet enjoyment. It soothes my ruffled or injured feelings, and makes me thoughtful. It always quiets me.

It has a story of history and improvement which begins as far back as the Middle Ages. Among the many stringed instruments at that time were the clavichord and dulcimer. The dulcimer was a stringed instrument laid across a table and played by leather-headed hammers. The clavichord had a keyboard, but was played by plucking the strings.

Christofale, of Florence, Italy, in 1711 combined the keyboard and hammer ideas into a rude piano. It was called the clavichord-cymbalum, and later the forte-piano (*forte* meaning loud and *piano* soft). The name afterward became reversed.

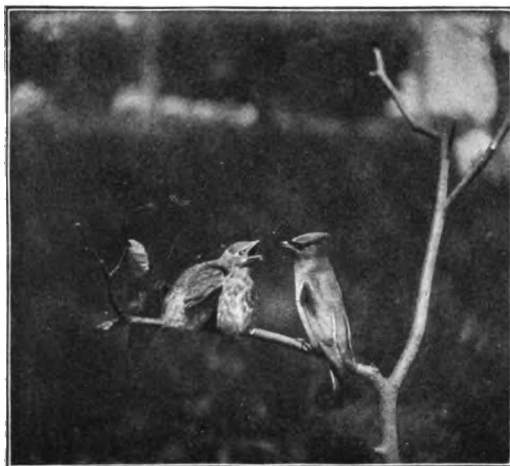
In 1716, Marius, of Paris, independently invented a

piano, and about the same time Shroedter, in Germany, invented another.

Johann Stein and Anton Walter made notable improvements on the Shroedter make of pianos. Mozart played on these kinds, and Beethoven played on



"A LESSON IN THE DEEP WOODS." BY GERTRUDE M. ROWLAND,
AGE 10. (SILVER BADGE.)



"CEDAR BIRD AND YOUNG." BY DUNTON HAMLIN, AGE 15.
(FIRST PRIZE, "WILD-BIRD PHOTOGRAPH.")

others made by Stein's daughter, Mme. Streicker. One of the latter makes may be seen now in Windsor Castle.

Pianos were introduced into England in 1766 and into America in 1784; but those imported into America were ruined by the severe climate.

In 1790, John Hawkins conceived the idea of upright pianos; but not until 1815 was the making of pianos taken up as an American industry.

The day of the square piano is past, and the upright is fast taking its place, as it does not take as much room, and has a softer, deeper tone. Even the grand piano is not much better, its only advantage being the greater volume of sound.

So from Christofale's crude invention has been formed the modern piano, which affords so much pleasure, both quiet and gay, for all people.

A MEMORY OF VACATION.

BY H. MABEL SAWYER (AGE 11).

(Silver Badge.)

THE June breeze brought from the far-off hills

The scent of the new-mown hay,
As we sat on the banks of the running rills
And fished and dreamed away.
And what cared we for bee or fly
While we had each other, my rod and I?

The shimmering trout went swimming by
As we lay in the cooling shade,
And we loved each other, my rod and I,
In the loneliness of the glade.
For no man upon the living sod
Loves aught as I love my faithful rod.

Then as the noontide sun rose high
Our basket of lunch we sought;
We dined together, my rod and I,
As together we dreamed and wrought.

I ask for naught but my line and rod,
With a running stream and the restful sod.

We've wandered over dale and hill,
My fishing-rod and I,
Always to stop by some silvery rill
Where the fish go darting by.
With my rod I spend each vacation day,
And pray with my heart that I always may.

TABBY'S INVENTION.

BY EDITH J. MINAKER (AGE 11).

(Silver Badge.)

NURSE had gone out and left Baby Teddy in Amy's charge. Amy was his sister, and was exceedingly fond of books and reading. Just then she was trying to finish a very interesting story in the *ST. NICHOLAS*, but Teddy objected. He was cutting teeth, and was just about as cross and fretful as a baby can be. Amy had been playing with him, and now was tired. Reading stories was so much nicer than amusing babies!

The staid, lazy old tabby-cat napping on the rug guessed what made them so unhappy, and racked her brain to invent something to amuse the baby. At last she hit upon a plan, but it was very distasteful to herself. The only thing that a cat could do, she thought, was to try to be a kitten for a while.

So up she sprang (for she could be quick when she pleased). She caught the dangling string of Teddy's pinafore between her paws, and clawed and bit and pulled it. Amy looked up from her book, hurriedly finished her story, then ran and got some string. Poor old Tabby chased and raced after it until nurse came in. Then as she lay down for a long nap, she thought, "It's all very well to amuse babies, but when you have to transform yourself from a staid, sedate old cat into a frisky young kitten, it's rather hard work."

Though she was convinced of the success of her invention, she thought she would not often try it unless Teddy was very cross and Amy very tired of amusing him.



"CROW." BY ELEANOR HOUSTON HILL, AGE 9. (SECOND PRIZE, "WILD-BIRD PHOTOGRAPH.")



"YOUNG FLICKER." BY FREDERICK L. GATES, AGE 16.
(THIRD PRIZE, "WILD-BIRD PHOTOGRAPH.")

A MEMORY OF VACATION.

BY MARGUERITE BORDEN
(AGE 16).

(Silver Badge.)

(Teddy speaks.)

I WENT to Aunt Matilda's home,
A farm with apple-trees,
To hunt fer frogs an' polliwogs
An' birds an' bumblebees.

One day I picked a paper ball
A-hangin' on a tree;
An' bugs with wings an' awful stings
Came flyin' after me!

An' you jus' guess I hollered loud,
An' ran the fastest race—
With hurtin' lumps, such dreadful bumps,
A-comin' on my face!

I tum'led in the fishin'-pond,
An' could n't make a sound!
Oh, my! Oh, my! I thought I'd die,
Fer I wuz almos' drowned!

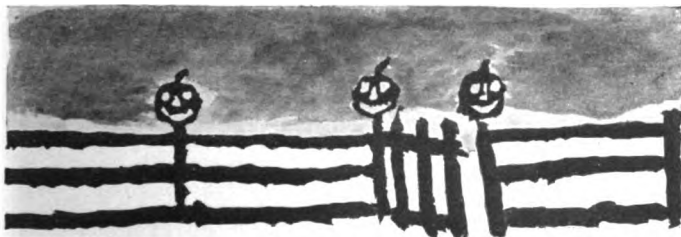
Those happy days are over, an'
I'm learnin' spellin' now—
An' 'rithmetic jus' makes me sick!
I'd like to see a cow!

ONE OF NATURE'S INVENTIONS.

BY ALLAN MORGAN STANDISH (AGE 12).

In the little bays on the Pacific coast can be seen
large quantities of kelp floating on the surface of the
water.

The kelp is brown in color and is like a long, slender
tube. At one end it enlarges into a hollow bulb about
as big as a ball, which keeps it afloat. The other end
fastens on to stones and rocks, and so anchors itself.



"A HEADING FOR NOVEMBER." BY DOROTHY J. HAMILTON, AGE 9. (SILVER BADGE.)

In the fall, as the bulb becomes larger and more buoyant, if the stone to which the lower end is attached is small, the kelp frequently lifts the stone off the bottom, and, with it firmly clasped by its roots, floats ashore.

If the kelp is fastened to a rock too heavy to move, it has to be broken off by the storms, and can be found in great masses piled up on the shore.

At this season the Indians from near-by valleys come to the coast and gather it, dry it, and use it as food.

I have seen kelp over twenty feet long, washed up on the beach, with its roots still clinging to a stone as large as a man's two fists.

When dried the kelp becomes very tough.

A MEMORY OF VACATION.

BY EVELYN OLVER FOSTER (AGE 15).

(Bob speaks.)

I WISH that outside 't would stop snowing,
I wish that the ice would go 'way,
I wish that the wind would stop blowing,
And 't was summer-time just for one day.

I am tired of this wild wintry weather,
This room is so stuffy and warm;
I think of us ten boys together,
And the fun we had out on the farm,



"A FIELD SKETCH." BY HELEN ADELE FLECK, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE.)

When 't was August, and uncle was haying,
And all of us boys went along,
And bothered the men by our playing,
And joined in the haymakers' song.

And one day I went with them "in swimmin',"
Not afraid of the scolding I'd get;
And nurse, who's the sharpest of
women,
Found out, 'cause my hair was so
wet!

Now Thanksgiving and Christmas
are nearing,
And I'm home with my books and
my toys;
But outside it is cold, white, and
dreary,
And I long for the farm and the
boys.

ELSIE'S INVENTION.

BY FRANCES J. SHRIVER (AGE 13).

"ETHEL, Ethel! come here!" shouted Julia, from the gate. Ethel dropped her sewing and ran to meet her sister.

"What is it, Julie? What is the matter?"

"Read it! read it!" cried Julia, giving Ethel a newspaper. "Read it, quick, Ethel!"

"A prize of \$5 will be given for the best invention made by a child under fifteen. There will be two second prizes of \$3 each. See next page for rules," read Ethel. Then she dropped the paper, exclaiming, "That's the best thing ever happened to us, Julie! If either of us wins the prize, it will be enough, with what we have, for both bicycles. And your bird-snare and my toy water-mill will do nicely. Oh, how fine!"

For several days the girls spent most of their spare time in getting their inventions ready, till the time came and they were sent away. Meanwhile Baby Elsie had been asking questions and thinking things over. One afternoon she came to Ethel and announced, "I has made a 'vention, too. Tum see."

She trotted on before her sisters till she reached a fence inclosing a blackberry-patch. This fence was too high to climb easily, and the children always had a hard time getting over it. She ran along beside it, the curious girls following, till she came to a low place. There, built on sticks and stones piled up clumsily, was a little contrivance, half ladder, half staircase, made of logs.

"Dat's my 'vention," said Elsie, proudly. "I'll det lots of money for it."

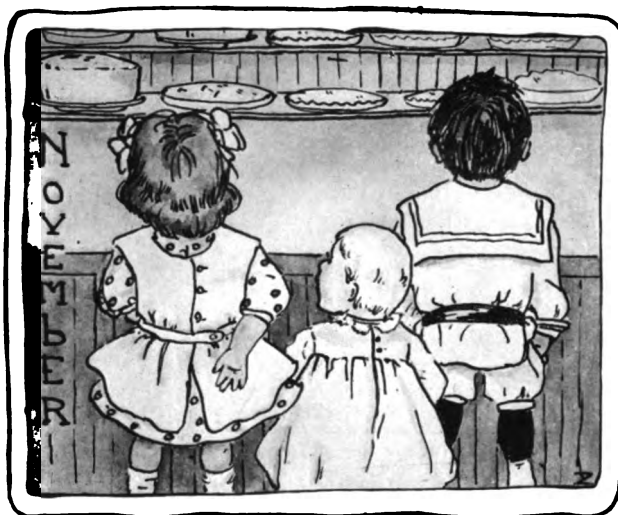
A HEADING FOR NOVEMBER.

"Lots of money for that thing!" cried Julia. "Oh, baby, what nonsense! It is n't worth a cent!"

Elsie's lip trembled for an instant; then she ran, crying, toward the house.



BY IRENE McFADDEN, AGE 12.



"A HEADING FOR NOVEMBER." BY ANNA ZUCKER, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE.)

Grandpa was smoking in the garden, when, suddenly, baby rushed up, sobbing out something about "bad dirls" and "'vention." When he understood, he picked her up and walked toward the fence.

"Don't cry, baby. If you'll show me your invention, I'll make everything all right. Those naughty girls sha'n't laugh at you. Is that it? Why, baby, that's fine! Run get your supper, and I'll fix things for you, never fear!"

A week later Julia announced that she and Ethel had won second prizes. But, happy as they were, Elsie was happier, standing beside her grandfather with a brand-new dollar bill clasped in her fat hand. Grandpa had made it all right.

A MEMORY OF VACATION.

BY WILKIE GILHOLM (AGE 16).

(A Former Prize-winner.)

OH, a gay little rover was I, with school over!

No thought then of going away;

For all through vacation, with childish elation,

I rode my "Brown Bess" every day.

She would toss her small head as onward we sped,

And strive to unseat me in fun;

But with a light tip on her side from the whip,

Off faster than ever she'd run.

'T was dash o'er the hills! 't was splash through the rills!

While over the meadows we'd fly,

If you heard a great clatter, and found out the matter,

'T was only my pony and I.

When we came to red clover, I'd slip the reins over

And let her enjoy a sweet bite;

At a shake of the rein she would toss out her mane,

And dash off again with delight.

In the cool shady rill she could drink there until

Her thirst was quite quenched, one could tell;

Then I'd turn her around, and off she would bound

For home, ere the night shadows fell.

Oh, my little brown pet, I think of you yet

As I jingle these holiday rhymes;

But vacations no more are the same as of yore—

I'm too big for those jolly old times.

A MEMORY OF VACATION.

BY FRANCES PAINE (AGE 11).

THE good times are over,
With frolic and play;
No races in clover,
But school all the day.

No climbing of trees,
No sails on the bay,
No lying at ease,
But school all the day.



St Nicholas League.

"A HEADING FOR NOVEMBER." BY M. FRANCES KEELINE, AGE 14.
(A FORMER PRIZE-WINNER.)

And of my memories one of the best
Is being out on that broad lake's breast,
Seeing the hills and the deep blue skies,
And the bright sun set and the pale moon rise.
What I like best I hardly know,
But I 'm very sure that I like to row.

THE INVENTION OF PRINTING.

BY JEANNETTE A. SCHIFF (AGE 11).

PRINTING was first invented by Gutenberg in 1441, but the first English printer was William Caxton, who is supposed to have been born about 1422. For many years he lived in Bruges as governor of the English traders. When he was forty-seven years of age he began to translate from the French a book about the Trojan War. Not long after, he entered the service of the Duchess of Burgundy, to whom he presented his translation in 1471. So many people wanted copies that he grew tired of writing and began to think of printing.

Caxton learned the art from Collard Mansion, a printer in Bruges, who had his printing-press in a room over a church porch. The book was printed, and also another called "The Game and Playe of Chesse," which was published the following year. After an absence of thirty-five years, Caxton returned to England, bringing with him a primitive printing-press of Collard Mansion's type. This he set up in Westminster Abbey in the part now known as the Sanctuary.

In the fourteen years Caxton lived there he printed and published eighty books, one quarter of which he translated himself. Caxton died in 1491. His chief assistant, Wynkyn de Worde, succeeded him in his business.

A MEMORY OF VACATION.

BY JULIA FORD FIEBEGGER (AGE 13).

At fair Lake Placid I 'd often row,
Hardly caring where to go.
Some like to walk, and some like to ride,
And some people like in the woods to bide.
What I like best I hardly know,
But I 'm very sure that I like to row.
Just to skirt along the shore,
Gliding on for an hour or more,
Past little beaches and pretty bays,
Watching the squirrel at merry plays,
Hearing the wood-birds' fairy songs,
And seeing them flying around in throngs.

THE HALL OF INVENTION.

BY ETHEL BERRIAN (AGE 16).

"THE telephone was invented in 1876 by Alexander Graham Bell." So Jack read from his history, as he nodded over his lesson. "Telephone—1876—Alexander—Graham—Bell." Eyes winked faster, head bent lower, and the draft from the hall fluttered the pages of the book over, one, two, three at a time; and, finally, over went the cover, too, with a—

Bang! Jack jumped up and looked around with wide



"FROM LIFE." BY JESSIE JUNE WHITCOMB, AGE 16.
(A FORMER PRIZE-WINNER.)



"THE DEEP WOODS." BY FONDA CUNNINGHAM, AGE 9. (SILVER BADGE.)

eyes. Instead of the old familiar room, the desk and book-case, the well-known carpet and wall-paper, whose patterns had often been so carefully studied in the vain attempt to find arithmetic answers hidden away among the leaves and flowers — instead of all this there was— Jack wondered what there was n't!

The room was full of all sorts and descriptions of machinery. At least, it looked like machinery at first; but when Jack looked sharply at one piece, lo and behold, there sat a little jumping-jack of a fellow, really nothing but a long piece of wire with a cylinder at each end of it, arms and head coming from one cylinder, feet from the other. He was labeled: "Invention of the Telephone, 1876, by Alexander Graham Bell."

"Goodness!" said Jack.

The next was a tiny steamboat, two bulging eyes at the prow, arms from the port-holes, feet at the stern: "Invention of the Steamboat, 1807, by Robert Fulton."

Jack stared, then went on to the next: "Invention of the Phonograph, 1877, by Thomas A. Edison." Jack gasped when he saw the figure below the label—a little box of a body, two little arms and two little legs, and a big round gaping mouth.

In spite of his fourteen years, Jack thought of "Why, grandmother, what a big mouth you've got!" And then there seemed to come from out the mouth of the "Invention," "All the better to eat you up with!"

And Jack took to his heels and ran—ran till he bumped against something hard, and straightway found himself on the study floor.

"I'm going to call that place the 'Hall of Invention,'" he told Billy, next day. "I'm going to make believe all the inventions are funny fellows with labels on them. I guess I won't miss in history to-day." And he did n't.

A MEMORY OF VACATION.

(Spent in a Public Library.)

BY MABEL FLETCHER (AGE 16.)

(A Former Prize-winner.)

A SUNNY room with cool green walls

And pictures here and there,
The gently moving ferns and palms,
A carved and winding stair.

The murmur of a baby's voice,
The pat of tiny feet,
The funny papers round the room,
And laughter low and sweet.

Low shelves on shelves of children's books,
The children's eager rush,
The sharp hiss of a new-torn page
And then the breathless hush.

Thus memories come crowding back
Of child and book and rhyme,
The happiest days I ever spent
In one vacation-time.

OUR MEMORY OF VACATION.

BY RACHEL BULLEY (AGE 13).

We always had fun when we stayed with Aunt Sue,
There were so many things for us children to do.
We used to go fishing for trout in the brook,
With a cane for a pole and a pin for a hook;
We used to have picnics, with plenty to eat—
Buns, cookies, and apples and plums that were sweet.

We used to take rides on "Satsuma," the cow,
And play hide-and-seek in the clover haymow.
When evening came, with the moon full and bright,
Aunt Sue would tell stories, to our great delight.
When summer vacation comes next year anew,
I hope they will send us to visit Aunt Sue.

THE INVENTION OF THE STEAMBOAT.

BY ROBERT LINDLEY MURRAY (AGE 10).

ROBERT FULTON was the first man to make a steamboat. He and his friend used to fish in a flat-bottomed boat. They made it go by poles, but it was very hard to make it go that way.

So Fulton and his friend made two paddle-wheels, and fitted them in the boat so they could turn them with their hands. This worked finely.

When Fulton was older he thought that he could make a bigger boat and have larger paddles and have them worked by steam.

So he got a big boat and put an engine in it, and made some big paddle-wheels, and then he launched it; but the engine was so big and heavy that it sank.

But he made a bigger boat and put another engine in it, and made some big paddles.



"THE DEEP WOODS." BY REXFORD KING, AGE 16.

There were lots of people on the banks, and they were laughing at it, for they were sure it would not work; but when it really started, they thought it was bewitched, and they were very frightened. But it kept on going up the Hudson, and then it turned around and went back to New York. Its name was the "Clermont."

MEMORIES OF VACATION.

BY AGNES DOROTHY CAMPBELL (AGE 14).

(*A Former Prize-winner.*)

In the school-room now I sit with my head upon my hand:

I can hear the tiny wavelets as they break upon the sand;
I can see the smoke of steamships trailing black against the sky;

I hear once more the sighing wind and the whistling buoy's cry.

How I long to sit beneath the pines—my favorite retreat—

And look out across the waters where the bay and ocean meet!

The little church on the hilltop and the bay stretched blue below,

The restless waves of the ocean moving ever to and fro,
The bluffs and the blazing camp-fires and the pine-trees straight and tall,

The racing tides of the ocean, and the moonlight over all—
It all comes back, and I long to sit once more in my cool retreat,

And hear the booming of the waves where the bay and ocean meet.

The fisher-boats that up the bay at quiet anchor lie,
The mountains that rival in blueness the blue of the summer sky,

The waves that beat against the reefs and storm a coast rock-bound,

The gulls and stormy petrels that circle round and round,
It all comes back with the sighing wind, and I long for my cool retreat,

And the foam and the white-capped breakers where the bay and ocean meet.

Around the lighthouse tall and still the sea-birds circling fly,
Or lose themselves in the mist and fog that cover sea and sky.

So memory roves, and fancy, till I long to hear once more

The cry of the whistling buoy and the breakers on the shore;

I long to wander through the ferns or watch from my cool retreat

The surging of the waters where the bay and ocean meet.

A MEMORY OF VACATION.

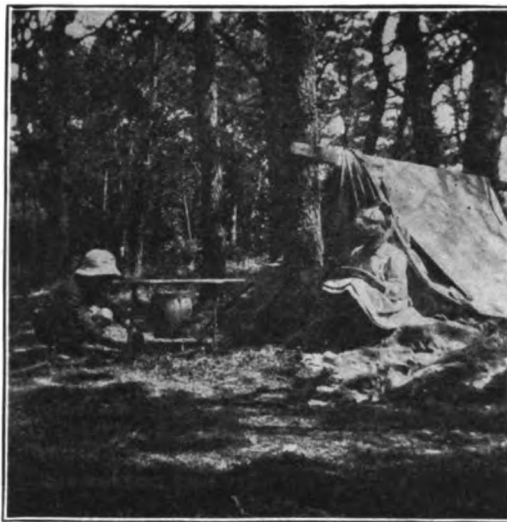
BY SUSAN WARREN WILBUR (AGE 10).

(*Leaving Baltimore.*)

COME to the "Howard's" massive bow,

For she is raising anchor now;
The sun is setting o'er the sea,
The vessel from the shore must flee.

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"THE DEEP WOODS." BY MADGE FULSFORD, AGE 13.

Gaze at the disappearing land,
The grassy fields, the golden sand,
The smoky town so far away
Dim in the twilight of the day.

About us and above us, too,
Doth stretch a vast expanse of blue;
'T is turning now to dusky gray
As in the west doth end the day.

THE INVENTION OF LOCOMOTIVES.

BY LUCIA BURCH (AGE 10).

THE locomotive was first invented by George Trevithick. It was a small model made for running on common roads. George Stephenson next invented a locomotive to run on rails. He was given money to make it by Lord Ravenscourt.

In a competition which took place several locomotives were entered, George Stephenson's being one of them. His locomotive was called the "Rocket." It was the pioneer of the type we see now, and took first prize.

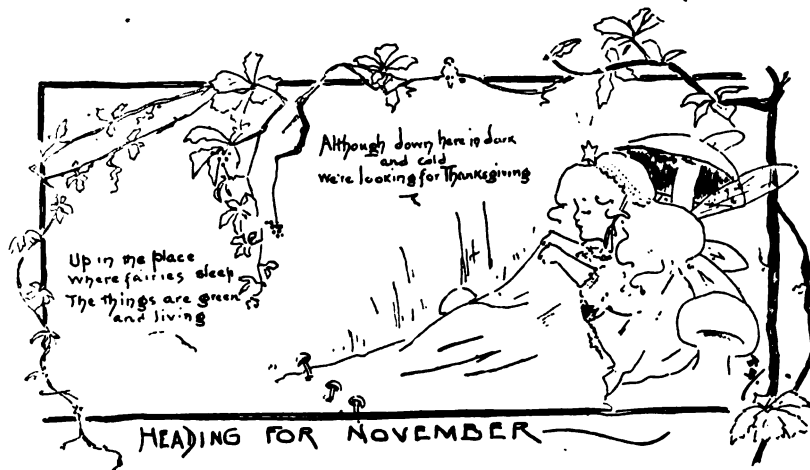
The introduction of locomotives in the United States preceded its introduction to the continent of Europe, three locomotives being sent over in 1829, and the South Carolina Railway being laid in 1828.

The mileage of construction of the United States then began to keep pace with that of the United Kingdom. In 1830 the United States began to take the lead, which it has ever since maintained.

The United States has better railways than any other country in the world. The largest locomotive works in the world are in Philadelphia.



"DEEP WOODS." BY W. R. RADCLIFFE, AGE 14.



BY ALICE JOSEPHINE GOSS, AGE 16.

THE ROLL OF HONOR.

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been published had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to honorable mention and encouragement.

VERSE 1.

Margaret I. Larimer
Ellen Dunwoody
Alfred Patmore Clarke
Alberta Cowgill
Edith Taylor
Doris Fracklyn
Emily Rose Burt
Mary Swenson
Ethel Steinhiller
Louisa F. Spear
Jessie Freeman Foster
Philip Stark
Mary Clara Tucker
Katharine Ashby
Bessie White
Marie J. Hapgood
Teresa Cohen
Maude N. White
Frank P. Abbot
Harold R. Norris
Beth Howard

VERSE 2.

Sue Dorothy Keeney
Ora Ringwood
Horace Hotchkiss Holly
Bert Durden
Katherine Kurz
Mark Curtis Kinney
Della H. Varrell
Kate Huntington Tiemann
Rebecca S. Rutledge
Agnes Churchill Lacy
Mildred Quiggle
Helena Marco
Alice Braunlich
Elizabeth Q. Bolles
Ruth Reeder
Harriet Evelyn Works
Walter Mulvihill
Bertha C. Herbet
Mary J. Woodbridge
Elizabeth Lee
Miriam C. Gould
Mary Yeula Wescott
Helen Emerson
William Amison Jonnard
Bertha V. Emmerson
Marguerite Marcher
Ruth Tolman
William A. Dunlap
Irene Weil

Clara Shanafelt
Therese H. McDonnell
Mary Blossom Bloss
Mary Smith
Marguerite Wood
Morris G. White, Jr.
Susan E. Miller
Claudia Stella Blount
Robert Strain III.
Dorothy Lee
Barbara Tower
Helen A. Scribner
Virginia D. Keeney
Frances Benedict

PROSE 1.

Sydney P. Thompson
Cornelia N. Walker
Edward Taylor
Charlotte R. Prentiss
Margaret Douglas Gordon
Flsa Clark
Muriel M. K. E. Douglas
Tula Latzke
Margaret Wrong
Helen M. Spear
Ada Harriet Case
Willia Nelson
Ivy Varian Walshe
Ruth McNamee
Grace Richardson
Julia Coolidge
Celia Lewis
Florence Wade
Hazel M. Hartman
Louis Brown
Dorothy Place
Vincent M. Ward
Elizabeth McCormick
Charlotte Chandler Wyckoff
Beanie Hasselman
Priscilla C. Goodwyn
Bessie Stella Jones

PROSE 2.

Louise F. Preston
Abbe H. Aaron
Leila S. Goode
Vivian T. Freeman
Lawrence Grey Evans
Dorothy Webb Abbott
Marjorie Du Bois
Earl D. Van Deman

Margaret Minaker
Anna Marguerite Neuberger
Frederick D. Seward
Marion Hayward Tuthill
Elsie Flower
Helen Welles
Anna Campbell
Harriette Kyler Pease
Lucie A. Dolan
Olive Benbrook
Harold S. Barbour
Caryl Porter Smith
N. Antrim Crawford
L. G. Phillips
Olga McCormick
Elizabeth Parker
Harriet R. Fox
Florence O. Stinchcomb
Fanny J. Watson
Elsa van Nes
Mildred Verral
Avis K. Stein
Marjorie Heath Baine
Katherine Carr
Edmund de S. Brunner
Anna Kress
Marjorie Sawyer
Katharine Jane Bailey
Alma Eckl
William A. R. Russum
Marion Dillard
Phyllis M. Critcherson
Carol S. Williams
Lewise Seymour
Mary Nimmons
Charlotte M. H. Beath
Margaret L. Garthwaite
Hilda M. Ryan
Leon Knowles
Dorothy Kuhns
Mildred Ransom Cram
Conrad P. Aiken
Ruth E. Hand
Edith Muriel Andrews
Helen Greene
Katharine Forbes Liddell

DRAWINGS 1.

Joseph McQuirk
Katherine Dulcebella Barbour
Zula J. Bottenfeld
Eileen Lawrence-Smith
Margaret A. Dobson
Caroline Latzke
Stella Weingarten
Katherine Maude Merriam
Grace Leadingham
Pauline Croll
May Lewis Close
Evelie C. Flagg

Marion Jacqueline Overton
Meade Bolton
Joseph B. Mazzano
Edith Plonsky
Florence Ewing Wilkinson
Shirley Willis
Frances R. Newcomb
Elizabeth Osborne
Margaret McKeon
Sara D. Burge
Rene Kellner
Helen M. Brown
Isabel Reynolds Krauth
Irene Gaylord Farnham
Vieva Marie Fisher
Dorothy Gray Brooks

DRAWINGS 2.

Phoebe Wilkinson
Margaret Gould Harder
Charlotte Morton
Elsa Falk
Winifred Bosworth
Paul Dundon
Sara E. Phillips
Lester T. Hull
Margaret Jane Russell
Mildred Curran-Smith
John P. Billings
Edith Park
Cantey McDowell Venable
Thomas S. McAllister
Walter V. Johnson
Samuel Loveman
Albert Elsner, Jr.
Mary Eleanor George
Gladys Ralston Britton
Ella Elizabeth Preston
Elise Donaldson
Richard M. Hunt
Katherine J. Abbey
Ethel Ayres
Margery Bradshaw
Ethel Land
Lucile Ramon Byrne
Dorothy Sherman
Dorothea Clapp
Philip Little
Richard A. Reddy
Julia Wilder Kurtz
Edward Toth
Elizabeth Stockton
Ruth A. Reed
Roger K. Lane
Florence Mason
Emily W. Browne
Harriet Constance Grist
Louise Robbins
Margaret Peckham
A. Elizabeth Babcock
Ruby C. Knox

Harold Breul
Frances S. Loney
Mary Hazeltine Fewsmith
Paul A. McDermott
Elizabeth Bacon Hutchings
Helen Lowry
Alice M. Thoesen
Marjorie L. Gilmour
Marie Goebel
Marguerite E. Schwin
Esterdell Lewis
Edna B. Tuthill
Jeannette Ormal Sherwood
Frances A. Chapin
Laura Burmeister
Edna Phillips
Mabel Everitt Roosevelt
Maude G. Barton
Lillian M. Andrews
Ethel Messervy
Elizabeth H. Swift
Gladys Jackson
Jacob Bacon
Constance Badger
Eunice McGilvra
Jeannette Fuqua
Philip M. Ustick
Sidney Edward Dickinson
Helen A. Wilson
Guinevere H. Norwood
Joe Fern

Marie Atkinson
Bessie B. Styron
Phoebe Hunter
Katharine Sturges
Dorothy C. Milford
Elise Urquhart
Gladys Nelson
Catherine Warner
Katherine W. Wood
Dorothy Applegate
Edward Doyle
Mary T. Taussig
John Sinclair
Dorothy Berry
Adelaide Chamberlin
Clara Goode
Dorothy E. Robinson
Marion D. Freeman
Julia Morgan
Katharine Thompson
Marie Louise Mohr
Robert Hammond Gibson
Mary Hendrickson
Dorothy Wormser
Helen L. Tooby
Harold L. Parr
Katherine Gibson
Frances Hale Burt
Frank G. Tallman
Edward Estlin Cummings

PHOTOGRAPHS 1.

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James W. Young
Laurence Macomber
Gerlad J. Taylor
Alice Fay
Charles J. Heidelberger
Katharine I. Marvin
Marjorie L. Williams
Nora Butler
Michael Heidelberger
Irene M. Mack
Laurence Smith
John P. Phillips
John Dusenbury Matz
Zella Jacobson
George Schobinger
Marguerite Williams
Henry Hand Hickman
Katharine Miller

PHOTOGRAPHS 2.

Catherine Delano
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Paul B. Moore
F. E. Norton
Katharine McCook
Teresa Browne
Fred L. Herron
Edward McKey Very

Alice Mendelson
Olive C. McCabe
H. de Veer
Catherine Evans
Sophie P. Woodman
N. W. Swayne
Marguerite Warfield
Jackson
Alice Whittion
J. Foster Hickman
J. Parsons Greenleaf
Hugo K. Graf
Clarence Reed
Abbott L. Norris
Florence R. T. Smith
Sarah W. Davis
T. Sam Parsons
Joseph F. Rumsey, Jr.
Louise L. Obert
Gertrude W. Smith
Gertruydt Beekman
Elizabeth Simpson
Marie Russel
Charles Ford Harding,
John B. Jay [Jr.]
Mildred Easter
Prescott Rogers
R. Barton Parker
Arthur Fuller
Fred Scholle
Chandler W. Ireland
Patty Phillips
Elizabeth P. Hubbell
Lucien Carr III.
Eleanor S. Sterrett
Gilbert Honax

Margaret Stevens
Florence Short
Alfred A. Haldenstein
Rudolf von Saal
Louis Stix Weiss
Ethel Paine
Lucille Frund
Katharine H. Wead

Erna Klinzing
Ernest S. Roche
Clara L. Hays
Clements Wheat
Samuel P. Haldenstein
Dorothy P. Tuthill
Esther M. Walker
Dorothy Carr

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 50.

THE St. Nicholas League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle-answers.

A Special Cash Prize. To any League member who has won a gold badge for any of the above-named achievements, and shall again win first place, a cash prize of five dollars will be awarded, instead of another gold badge.

Competition No. 50 will close **November 20** (for foreign members **November 25**). The awards will be announced and prize contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for February.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines, and may be illustrated, if desired, with not more than two drawings or photographs by the author, and to relate in some manner to Abraham Lincoln.

Prose. Article or story of not more than four hundred words. Title, "The Story of a Word," being the history of the origin, use, and evolution of any word the author may select (continued from October).

Photograph. Any size, interior or exterior, mounted or unmounted, but no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "Sunlight."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash (not color), interior or exterior. Two subjects, "A Sketch from Memory," and "A Heading for February."

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full.

Puzzle-answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS.

Wild-animal or Bird Photograph. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird taken in its natural home: *First Prize*, five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize*, League gold badge.

RULES.

EVERY contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied*, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back*. Write or draw on *one side of the paper only*. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only.

Address all communications:

The St. Nicholas
League,
Union Sq., New York.



"GOING TO SCHOOL." BY FAYETTA CROWLEY, AGE 12.

PUZZLES 1.

Helen Dean Fish
Eleanor Marvin
Albert Zane Pyles
Scott Sterling
Mabel C. Stark
George Powell
Jean C. Freeman

PUZZLES 2.

Dorothy Child
E. Adelaide Hahn
Bonnie Angell
A. B. Harrington
James Brewster

Alice L. Halligan
Elizabeth C. Beale
Alma Mohrdick
Corinne L. Paine
Janette Bishop
Edna Mason Chapman

LEAGUE NOTES.

A FEW of our League contributors still insist upon rhyming "come" with "sun," and other words of irregular consonant sound. No "poet's license" that we have ever seen permits this sort of thing. We believe Chaucer used to do it, but that was a long time ago, before the English language, and especially the rhyming portion of it, had fallen into careful methods and exact rules. A poet who rhymes "come" with "sun," or "break" with "slate," or "line" with "tune," may perhaps win the plaudits of "kind friends and teachers dear," but never by any possible chance can he win a prize in the St. Nicholas League competition. The vowel sounds are more flexible. It is allowable when in a very difficult place indeed to couple "blade" with "said," "tune" with "moon," and "more" with "war," though such things are to be avoided; but to link different consonant endings—it is almost too bad to talk about!

Some League members from Athens, Ill., have sent us a copy of a little paper entitled "The Only Thing." It is a type-written sheet, and very creditable to the young editors. Some of the personals, however, are really so very personal as to make editing in Athens seem a perilous employment. For example:

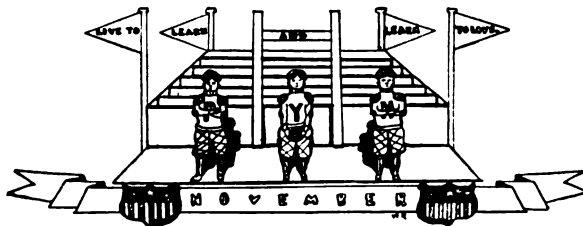
"Mr. Potts has a curly topknot, but is going away, we are sorry to say, to the land of the South, and ride on the train with a pipe in his mouth."

Even the poetry of the above will hardly be an excuse for the young editors when Mr. Potts gets home. Another personal seems less dangerous but no less worth reprinting:

"Mr. Ellis is a fine preacher. All that witnessed his last Sunday's sermon said it was grand, and it was. He began varnishing the church to-day."

One more, and then we will close:

"Mrs. J. R. H— entertained a party of fifteen guests at her home east of Athens. Such a big dinner was served that all felt the effects."



"A TAILPIECE FOR NOVEMBER." BY WALTER ROTHSCHILDS, AGE 12.

BOOKS AND READING.

THE PRIZE COMPETITIONS. IN response to the offer made in the August number, many interesting letters were submitted containing the names of recent books (not already too well known) for young people. The best letters were sent by these

PRIZE-WINNERS.

ROBERT PORTER CROW (12), Shelby City, Ky.
GEDDES SMITH (13), Orange, N. J.
CLARA STILL (14), Middletown, N. Y.

and a free subscription for one year is therefore awarded to each. If they prefer their prizes in books published by The Century Co., will they kindly write to this department, making known their preference promptly?

BOOKS RECOMMENDED BY YOUNG READERS. FROM the lists sent in we make a little selection of recent books which are praised by the competitors. It will be useful to generous friends looking for presents for young book-lovers.

The Boy and the Baron	<i>Adeline Knapp</i>
A Dear Little Girl	<i>Amy Blanchard</i>
The Other Wise Man	<i>Henry Van Dyke</i>
The Little Colonel Series	<i>A. F. Johnson</i>
The Outcasts	<i>W. A. Fraser</i>
A Real Queen's Fairy Tales	<i>Carmen Sylva</i>
Little Miss Muffet's Christmas	<i>S. M. Crothers</i>
The Young Colonists	<i>G. A. Henty</i>
Smith College Stories	<i>J. D. Daskam</i>
Nathalie's Chum	<i>Alice C. Ray</i>
'Tilda Jane	<i>Marshall Saunders</i>
The Story of a Living Temple	<i>Rossiter</i>
School of the Woods	<i>W. J. Long</i>
Beautiful Joe's Paradise	<i>Marshall Saunders</i>
The Thrall of Leif the Lucky	<i>O. J. Liljenkrantz</i>
The Ward of King Canute	<i>O. J. Liljenkrantz</i>
Nan at Camp Chicopee	<i>Myra Hamlin</i>
The Half-back	<i>Ralph Barbour</i>
The Princess of the Purple Palace	<i>W. M. Graydon</i>
Golden Numbers }	<i>K. D. Wiggin and</i>
The Posy Ring }	<i>N. A. Smith</i>
For the Freedom of the Sea	<i>C. T. Brady</i>
The Grip of Honor	<i>C. T. Brady</i>
Oakleigh	<i>E. D. Deland</i>
Two Girls	<i>Amy Blanchard</i>
Teddy	<i>Alice C. Ray</i>
The Fairy Queen	<i>E. Brooks</i>
Boy Life on the Prairie	<i>Hamlin Garland</i>
The Master Key	<i>Frank L. Baum</i>

Of course there are other books as good, but these are given as having pleased our young correspondents, and as being likely to please others of the same age. Letters speaking of books for the young are always welcome in this department, whether containing praise or blame, since it is our wish to keep our readers informed about the newer juvenile books, and especially to record those most notable.

THE NEW VOLUME.

SINCE this number is the first of the new volume, it is now fitting to advise that the numbers be kept and bound. The cost of putting a half-year's magazines into book form is a trifle, and the pleasure of reading *ST. NICHOLAS* in a bound book is more than a reward. Besides, the magazine contains mainly articles of permanent value, and as a young reader accumulates the volumes he makes up a little library of increasing use and worth. If it should happen that a reader outgrows *ST. NICHOLAS* (many a grown-up has never done so, but finds it good reading always), there are always other young readers in the family. There is usually more danger that the magazine will be read to pieces than that it will be neglected, and no library for young people is better worth keeping. This is the time to begin your library, if you have not already kept your numbers together.

THE TWO ELEMENTS.

IT must never be forgotten that in reading there are two things necessary—the book and the reader. It is not difficult to-day for us to provide the first. Books are cheap, plenty, and accessible everywhere. But precisely as books increase in number and become familiar, it is harder to be a good reader. When a book was a rarity, each one was a treasure. Its possession was eagerly sought and the book was likely to be really read. Imagine the boy Abraham Lincoln when he had come upon a new book. How it was welcomed and cherished! Every line was scanned and squeezed of its contents; every worth-while thought was extracted, examined, valued, and acquired. That was *reading*. So read, every good book nourishes the

mind and the soul, and adds its own life to that of the reader.

But be sure that an author is worthy of your reading before you give your time and thought to him; for, as good reading is beneficial, poor or ill-chosen reading is harmful. You must live all your life with your own brain, and should be always on the watch against admitting to its storehouses anything unworthy of you. The art of forgetting has not yet been learned. If some unwelcome intruder makes its way into the House of Memory, it may refuse to be ejected or destroyed. Sometimes such thoughts and notions are likened to weeds in the garden of the mind. But they are worse than weeds. Weeds can only give rise to others of the same sort, and possibly occupy space to the exclusion of useful plants. But harmful, weak, and erroneous ideas do not remain apart: they mix with all your thoughts, as impurities mix with food or drink, spoiling the whole. The ideas in our mind are closely interwoven and even intermixed, and the materials of our thinking cannot be too carefully chosen. This is serious talk, but it may be found to contain a hint for thoughtful boys and girls.

THE TIME OF CHOICE. ALL over the world there are able men and women studying and observing, and recording what they learn. They study the subjects that interest them, and it has been found that the taste for one kind of knowledge or another is likely to be formed just at the age when the boy or girl is upon the threshold of manhood or womanhood. The world is then new and full of wonders. Impressions are then most vivid, deepest, and most lasting. This is more easily understood by an example. So let us suppose that a boy in his teens, say between thirteen and sixteen, meets for the first time a very delightful sailor-uncle—one who has sailed the seas with a love for salt-water and an understanding of the charm to be found in travel and far countries; one who has also the gift of putting scenes into words, of telling his adventures and experiences.

The days spent with such a companion may decide the boy's career. With a taste for art, he might become a marine-painter; with a love for adventure, he might enter the navy; with a taste for natural science, he might study the sea and its creatures; or with a love for business, the uncle's talk might turn the boy into a merchant. But whatever the result upon that particular boy, it has been found that impressions made at that age are the most likely to influence one's career.

Is it not a fair conclusion that the choice of good reading is most important at the same age?

"HARD READING." THE best writers—those whose work it is "to touch the heart, to kindle the imagination, to ennoble the mind," those authors who "set to music the pageantry and the pathos of human life, and keep alive in the soul the holy enthusiasm of devotion to the ideal" (as William Winter says)—are not always the easiest to read. Yet a young reader who gives up beaten because he may have to read a page or a paragraph twice in order to get its full sense is not very plucky.

A new thought is always harder to take in than an old one; and it is because great writers give you new thoughts that they refuse to be read by lazy-minded folks. It is a good plan to select some standard book that is hard to understand, and then conquer it. This is for the mind what wrestling is for the body—it makes mental muscle and gives alertness.

IN SCHOOL. IN connection with your studies, you will often find there are books that will make the studies more interesting and easier to learn. Ask your teachers to tell you of such books. School-books usually cover so much ground in a brief space that they must leave out all the "stories" and anecdotes. School histories, for example, must necessarily be rather dull; but in connection with them are whole libraries of exciting, delightful, amusing stories. Your teachers know of these, and will gladly tell you of them; or write to us and we will tell you.

THE LETTER-BOX.

ENGLEWOOD, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken ST. NICHOLAS now for three or four years, and I think it is the very best magazine printed.

I must tell you about the funny time I had with our cats. We had a little black kitten, and her name was "Portia." She stayed with us for some time, but one day she ran away, and we have seen nothing of her since. One day after Portia had gone, I saw sitting on our porch a black cat. Mother was in town that day, so I went to the door and asked her in. She came. I gave her something to eat, and she spent the night. The next morning she went. A few days ago a dear little gray-and-white kitten came walking up the hill. When she got to our house she stopped. I called to her, and she came in. She was dear. I got mother to let her stay, and I put a ribbon round her neck. The next morning, when the cook let her out, she went away. Well, on the day before yesterday, a funny little black-and-white kitten came around. She has stayed so far; that is, she comes to supper and spends the night, eats her breakfast and goes away, only to return to supper again. Is it not funny?

I am your loving and devoted reader,
ELISABETH L. WHITTEMORE.

WALLULA, WASH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You are very interesting. I think if it were not for you I would have a hard time keeping myself company. When I get tired of reading I go out and play at my farm. I fenced it with a rail fence. I made little houses on it.

Every evening some jack-rabbits come into our asparagus-patch. I cannot think of anything more. I will end my letter now. Your interested reader,
JAMES L. RILEY (age 9).

COLORADO SPRINGS, COL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You were a Christmas present to me last Christmas, and I like you ever and ever so much. You are the best magazine in the world. My brother took you for a few years before you had the League. I have never seen a letter from Colorado Springs in the Letter-box. I am eleven years old and my brother is seventeen. I have a dog named "Fluff," who is very cute. I must stop now.

From your very interested reader,
DOROTHY GARDINER.

P.S. I have a camera, and hope to take some pictures for the League this summer.

KULA, MANILA.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been taking you for about two years, and I like you very much. I live on the side of a mountain called Haleakala, and mother has a farm here, and we have a lot of horses and cows and calves.

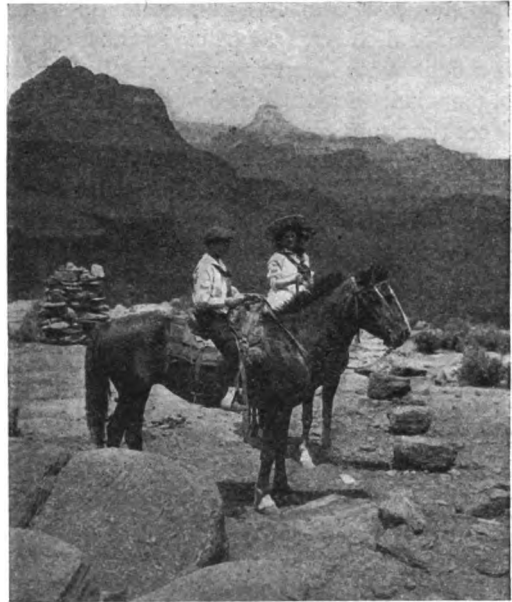
My mother has two fine horses called "Thelma" and "Jubilee," and I have a nice horse called "Chestnut," and my brother has a horse "Hapahaole." We go up the mountain for the calves on our horses, and sometimes we go for long rides. Your interested reader,
ALEXA G. VON TEMPSKY (age 9).

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This vacation my brother Frederick and I, with my mother and father, took a trip to the Grand Cañon of the Arizona.

The cañon is a mile deep and about thirteen across, and the coloring of the rocks is beautiful.

One morning, about nine o'clock, Fred and I, with our lunch and guide, started down the Bright Angel Trail on ponies.



HELEN AND FRED ON THEIR PONIES.

About half-past twelve we came to some tents among trees, which, from the hotel at the top, look something like tombstones. After resting awhile we went on until we came to a large area of flat ground which is called the plateau. There we stopped to eat our lunch. We could see the river seven hundred feet beneath, and the top of the cañon nearly a mile above. The river, which is quite wide, looked like a small stream, and the seven hundred feet about fifty.

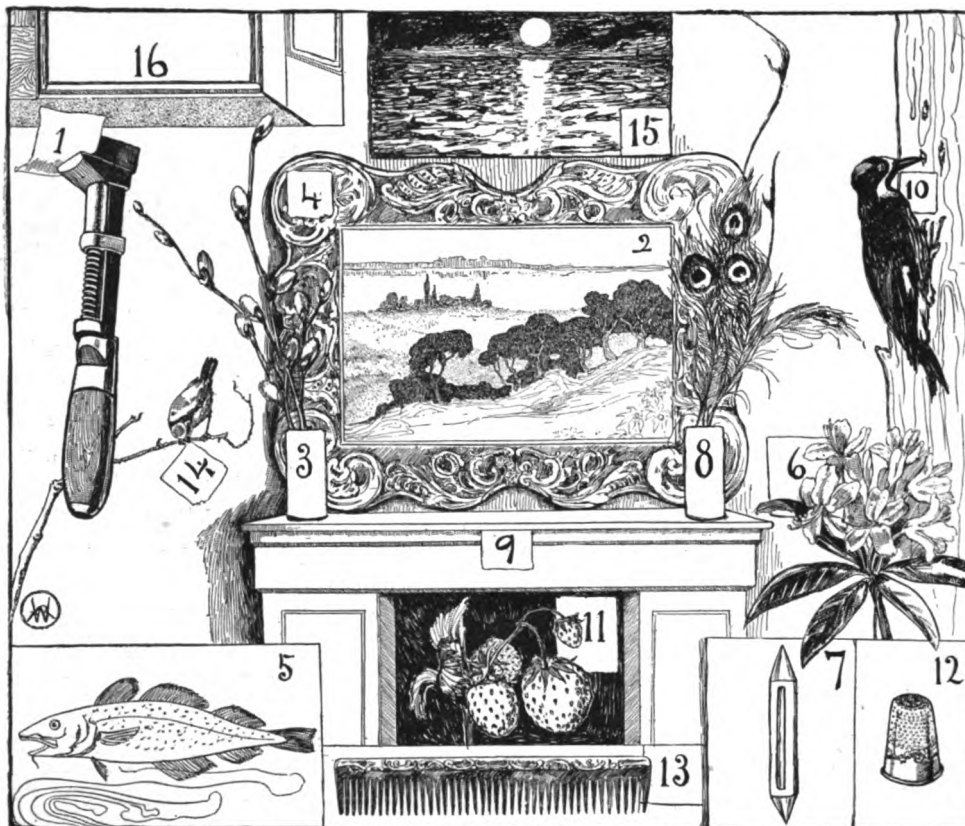
I thought perhaps some of the children who read ST. NICHOLAS will some day take this trip, and they must not miss going down the trail.

I inclose a picture of Fred and myself, taken on the plateau on the ponies "Alex" and "Tom."

Yours sincerely,
HELEN E. HIGH.

Interesting letters, which lack of space prevents our printing, have been received from Mary D. Edmunds, Helen C. Long, Sara Ballen, Nannie Edmunds, Esther Davis, Louise Bird, Mary C. Hurry, Theodore E. Sprague, Annette Bettelheim, Charlotte B. Williams, Lesley Pearson, Katharyn Arthur, Hugh McLennan, and Henry L. Duggan.

ILLUSTRATED NUMERICAL ENIGMA.



THIS differs from the ordinary numerical enigma in that the words forming it are pictured instead of described. When the sixteen objects have been rightly guessed, and the letters set down in the order given, the hundred and twenty-one letters will form a quotation appropriate to the season, from one of our best-loved poets.

Picture No. 1: 5-11-61-67-44-39-103-19-17-76-43-63.

No. 2: 91-83-57-96-33-10-66-24-9.

No. 3: 24-36-74-7-34-110-25-107-82-20-59-93.

No. 4: 88-119-75-31-6.

No. 5: 10-102-117-48-46-84-8.

No. 6: 26-45-50-73-30-87-54-95-92-115-120-76-21.

No. 7: 47-1-36-51-112-82-99.

No. 8: 18-2-94-40-98-86-41-23.

No. 9: 12-42-104-85-108-13-55-89-80-3-32.

No. 10: 121-60-35-69-55-116-3-67-80-101.

No. 11: 52-22-115-38-70-118-90-26-101-111-6-56.

No. 12: 97-79-89-5-100-82-68.

No. 13: 29-71-31-81.

No. 14: 15-49-12-78-27-62.

No. 15: 37-72-58-95-109-16-106-65-114.

No. 16: 53-113-119-64-14-105-4-91-77.

No. 28 is served at five o'clock.

A. R. W. and F. H. W.

ENDLESS CHAIN.

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. To form the second word take the last two

letters of the first word, to form the third word take the last two letters of the second word, and so on.

1. A juicy fruit. 2. Mild. 3. Extent of anything from end to end. 4. To beat soundly. 5. To shake with cold. 6. A valuable fur. 7. The drink of the gods. 8. A fleet of armed ships. 9. A girl. 10. To pass away. 11. To look for. 12. To alter.

MARGARET ABBOTT.

ZIGZAG.

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

WHEN the following words have been rightly guessed, and written one below another, take the first letter of the first word, the second letter of the second word, the first of the third, the second of the fourth, and so on. These letters will spell a familiar word.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. An inn. 2. To flourish. 3. A season. 4. Yearly. 5. To light. 6. Mien. 7. The sound made by a turkey. 8. A ring. 9. A modest flower. 10. To separate. 11. Heed. 12. Terrified.

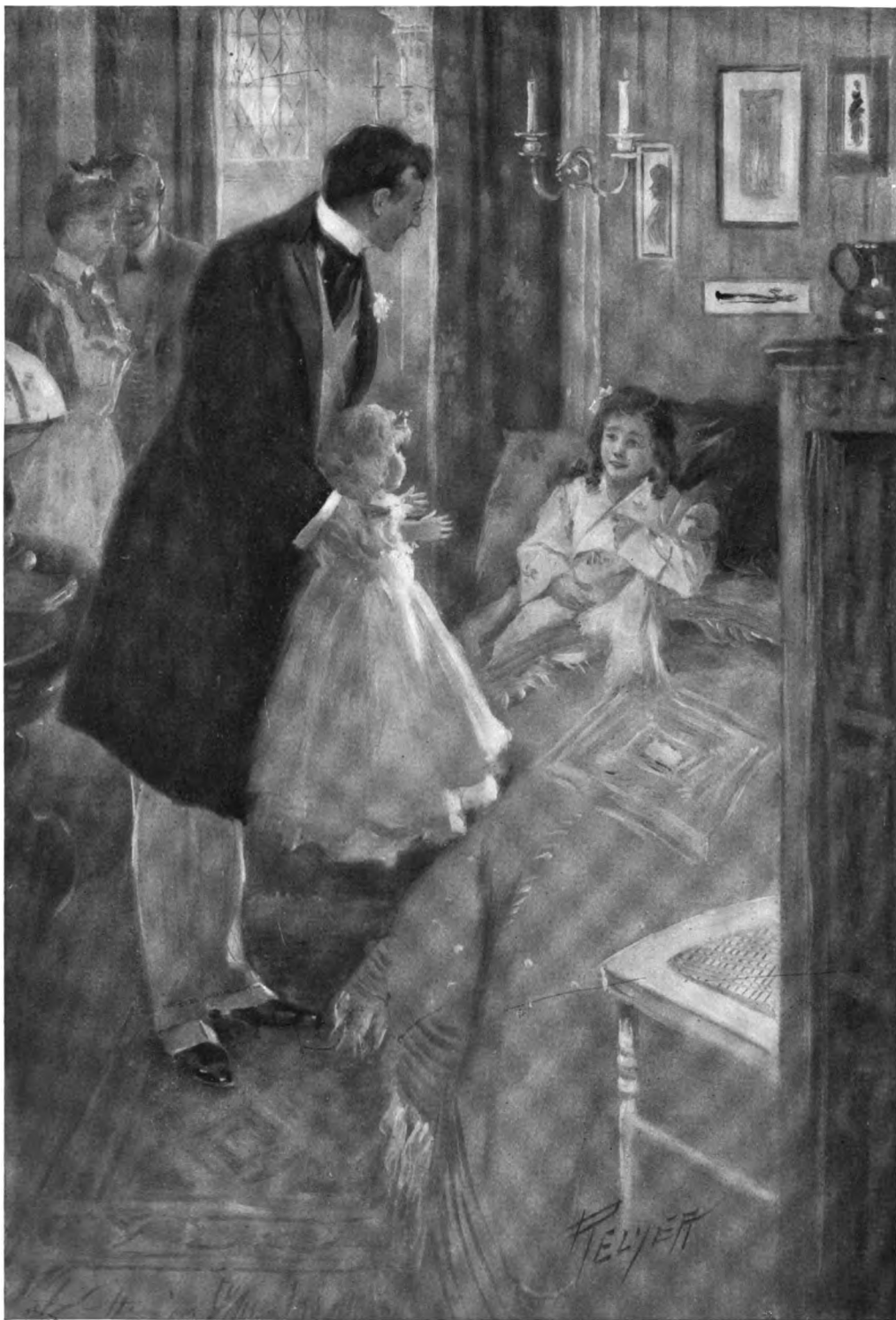
MARJORIE HOLMES.

MATHEMATICAL PUZZLE.

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

ADD together: one fourth of four, one, five hundred, five hundred, fifty, one third of ten, one seventh of billion, zero, and ten, and you will find the sum in the St. NICHOLAS Magazine.

SAMUEL WOHLGEMUTH.



"THE BACHELOR INTRODUCED HER TO THE DOLL."

(*"The Bachelor's Doll,"* page 107.)

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XXXI.

DECEMBER, 1903.

NO. 2.

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OLD Santa sat in his easy-chair,
And his furrowed face wore a look of care;

“It ’s just a shame!”

He was heard to exclaim,

“I can stand it no longer, I declare!

For nineteen hundred years or so

I ’ve done my best, as folks well know,

To make the children happy and gay

All over the world on Christmas day —

To give them just what they wanted or needed;

And I thought till now I had always succeeded.

But, alas! I have not,” the old man said,

As he mournfully shook his hoary head.

“Perhaps it ’s because I ’m growing old;

But by my messengers I ’ve been told

Some children don’t like the gifts I bring!

That they even find fault,— ah, there ’s the sting! —

And, worse than that,”— here his voice sank low

And his trembling old form shook with woe,—

“They say — and it ’s this that makes me cross —

That they don’t believe in a Santa Claus!

I should like to know,

If that be so,

Who has filled their stockings each Christmas eve

With just the gifts they hoped to receive!

But such base and rude
 Ingratitude
 Makes kindness seem of no avail.
 I 'll put my business up for sale
 At public auction; for I consider
 It 's wise to sell out to the highest bidder."

Next day a big red flag waved o'er
 The lintel of Santa Claus' door;
 Bell-ringers went out,
 Who tramped about
 And proclaimed aloud to the gathering crowd
 That the sale would be held at half-past four.



The people ran to their doors to see
 What in the world the commotion could be.
 They stood aghast
 As the criers passed,
 Proclaiming Santa Claus' decree.
 With voices strong,
 In a dull singsong,
 The criers cried as they went along:
 "Hear ye, I say!
 Auction to-day!
 Hear, all ye people along the highway!
 Hark to the call;
 Come one, come all!

Come to the auction at Santa Claus Hall.
 There will be sold
 Goods new and old;
 Come with your silver and come with your gold."

Wondering, the people all flocked to the
 sale;
 And the auctioneer,
 With jovial cheer,
 Took up the startling tale.
 "Friends," he announced, "I offer you
 Marvelous bargains at this vendue.
 I shall sacrifice
 At a nominal price
 A well-established business route,
 Stock and fixtures and all to boot.
 In that direction observe, if you please,
 An immense, thick grove of Christmas trees;
 While yonder forest, as you may know,
 Yields bushels of holly and mistletoe;

"Then there is a lumber-yard piled high
 With thousands of Yule logs, fine and dry;
 And there 's no use
 To try to produce
 Such a turkey or chicken or duck or goose
 As is found in the poultry-yard hard by.

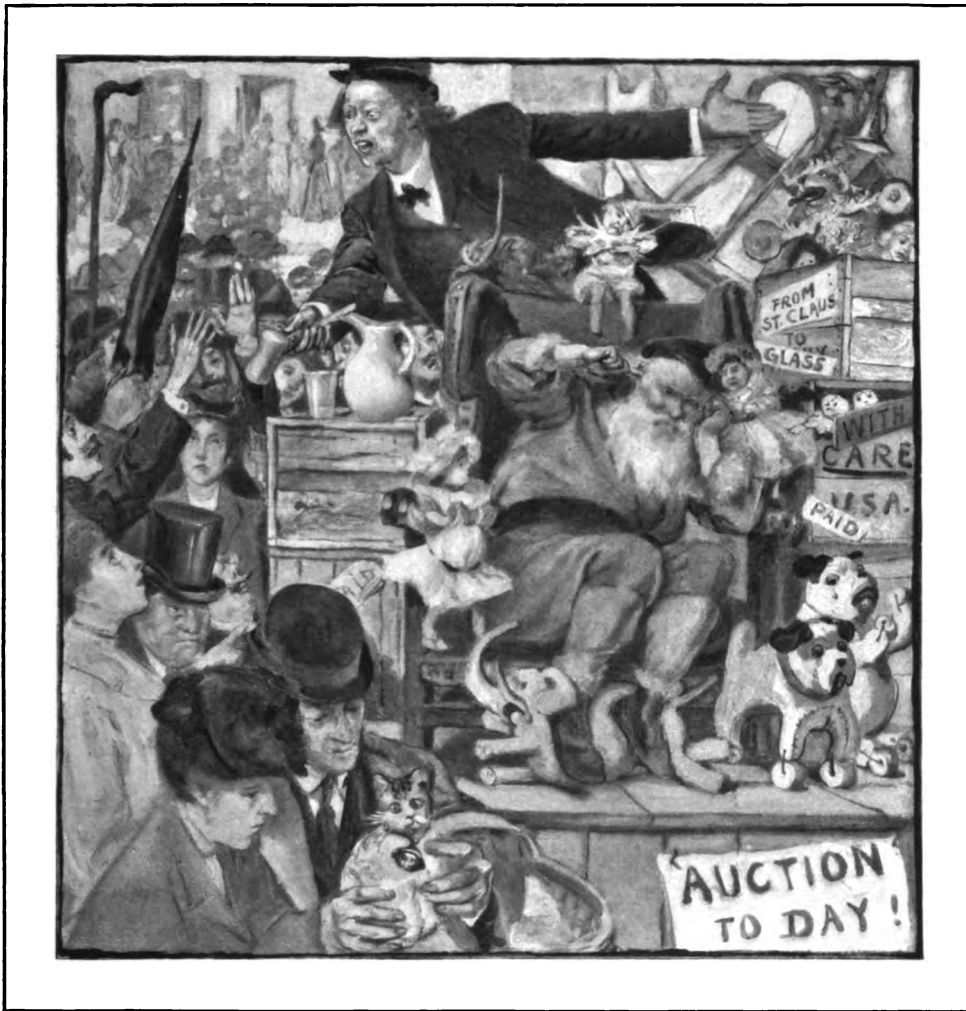
"There 's a factory in which all sorts of toys
 Are made for good little girls and boys;
 And a paint-shop, too,
 Where they paint tops blue,
 Or a long strong sled
 Is painted red,
 Or pink cheeks put on a wax doll's head.

"There 's a candy kitchen, where white-
 capped cooks
 Fling ropes of taffy o'er big bright hooks;
 They make lemon-sticks
 And chocolate bricks,
 Butter-scotch, caramels, jujubes, pralines;
 Peanut-bar, marshmallows, fudge, nougates.

"There 's another great kitchen, where more
 cooks make
 Mince-pies, plum-puddings, and frosted cake.
 There 's a press which prints carols and
 catches and glees
 To sing at Christmas jubilees.

"Then out in the barn there's a beautiful sleigh,
And eight prancing reindeer, high-stepping
and gay;
But time would fail
To go into detail

Then something happened!
A rushing sound,
As if a cyclone had burst its bound —
Such a racket and uproar and hubbub and noise
As can only be made by irate girls and boys;



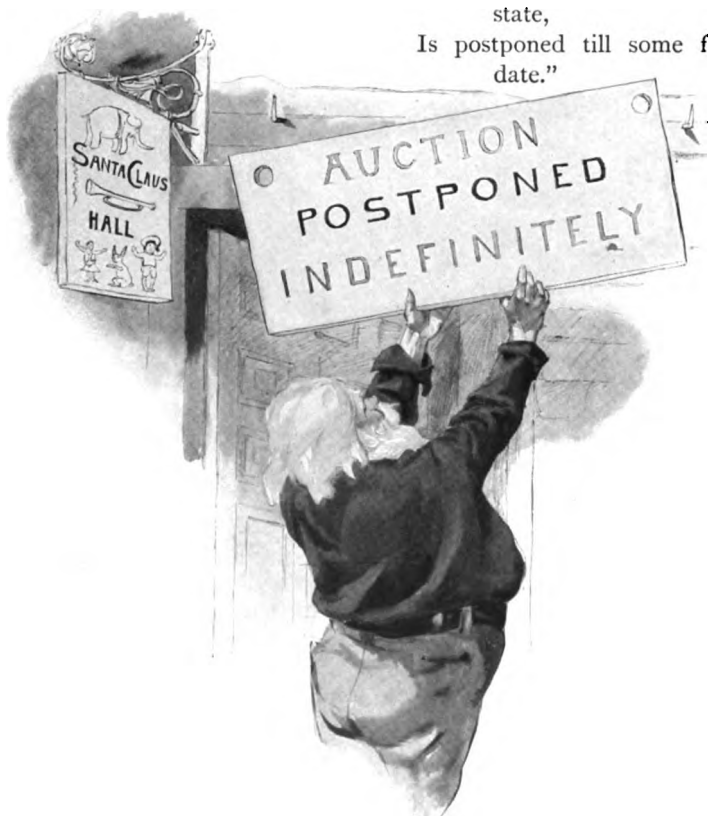
Of all the parts of this wonderful sale.
And all in one lot
It's for sale on the spot,
And as to the price I care not a jot.
So what am I bid?
For I must get rid
Of every toy and candy and carol —
Of the whole complete outfit, lock, stock,
and barrel!"

And with clamorous clatter and deafening
din
A myriad children came scampering in.
To Santa Claus' side
They flew and they cried,
"Oh, stop this vendue!
That tale is n't true!
We don't want another; we want only
you!"



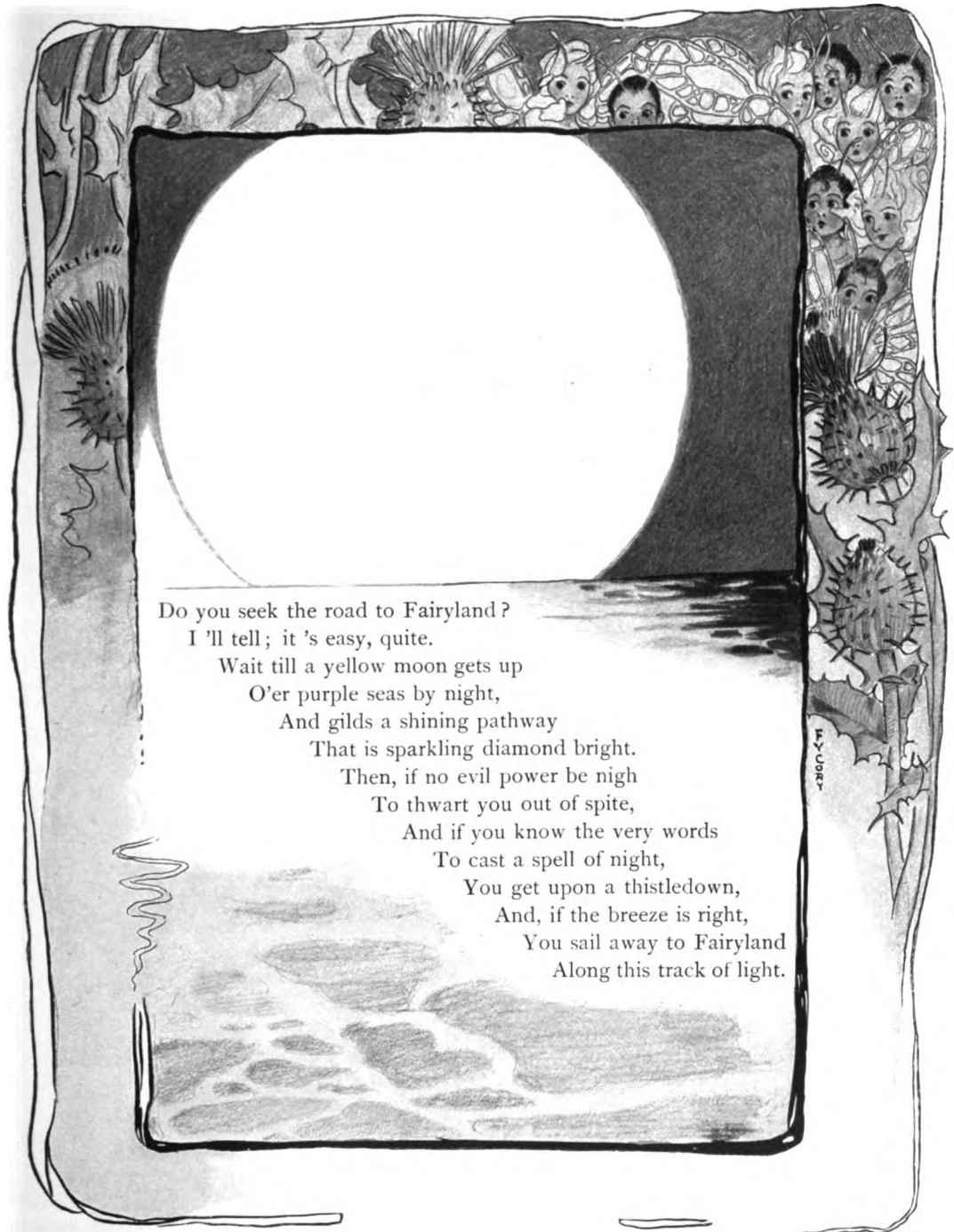
They pulled down the red flag, and the poor
 auctioneer
 Just fled for his life in a tumult of fear.
 While Santa Claus smiled
 At each furious child,

And said soothingly, "There, there, don't
 worry, my dear."
 Then he turned to the crowd,
 And said, very loud :
 "This auction, I 'll now take occasion to
 state,
 Is postponed till some future indefinite
 date."



THE ROAD TO FAIRYLAND.

BY ERNEST THOMPSON SETON.



Do you seek the road to Fairyland?
I'll tell; it's easy, quite.
Wait till a yellow moon gets up
O'er purple seas by night,
And gilds a shining pathway
That is sparkling diamond bright.
Then, if no evil power be nigh
To thwart you out of spite,
And if you know the very words
To cast a spell of night,
You get upon a thistledown,
And, if the breeze is right,
You sail away to Fairyland
Along this track of light.



The Bachelor's Doll

By Temple Bailey.

SHE was certainly a most bewitching doll. All the little girls who passed by the great shop-window stopped and admired, until it came to be a common thing to see a throng of small feminine adorers clustered close to the glass, discussing the charms of the big bisque baby.

Now and then a boy stopped, too, hanging on the edge of the crowd, and marching off with head in the air if another boy came in sight.

But the doll's greatest conquest was the Bachelor. Department stores were things outside of his usual experience, but Christmas brought certain obligations, and so, once a year, he mingled with the crowds in the busy shopping district. Thus it came about that he saw the doll. He towered high above the heads of the little girls, so he could behold all the glory of the long white infant's gown, the embroidered coat strewn with pink rosebuds, the lace cap, the arms held out beseechingly to the passers-by, and the blue eyes with the fringed lashes, that reminded the Bachelor of some one else.

"Is n't she sweet!" rose the chorus of shrill voices.

The Bachelor did not really believe there could be a daintier doll. He had never seen one, at any rate. So he went straight to the toy department and ordered the doll sent home.

When the long box came, the Bachelor carried it to his sitting-room and opened it. "Dandy," the Bachelor's cat, sat on the divan and watched the unpacking.

"Now what do you think of that, Dandy?" asked the Bachelor, as he held up the wonder-

ful baby with the wavy yellow hair, the outstretched arms, and the china-blue eyes.

Just then some one knocked. The Bachelor threw the end of a Navajo blanket over the doll.

"Will you have your dinner served now, sir?" asked Truxton, the Bachelor's valet.

"Yes; bring it up," was the reply. So the man brought the tray with the steaming dishes.

"You need n't wait, Truxton," said the Bachelor, as the man lighted a red lamp in the middle of the table. "I will ring when I need you." The Bachelor was dining very simply that evening.

Then Truxton departed, and the Bachelor uncovered the doll.

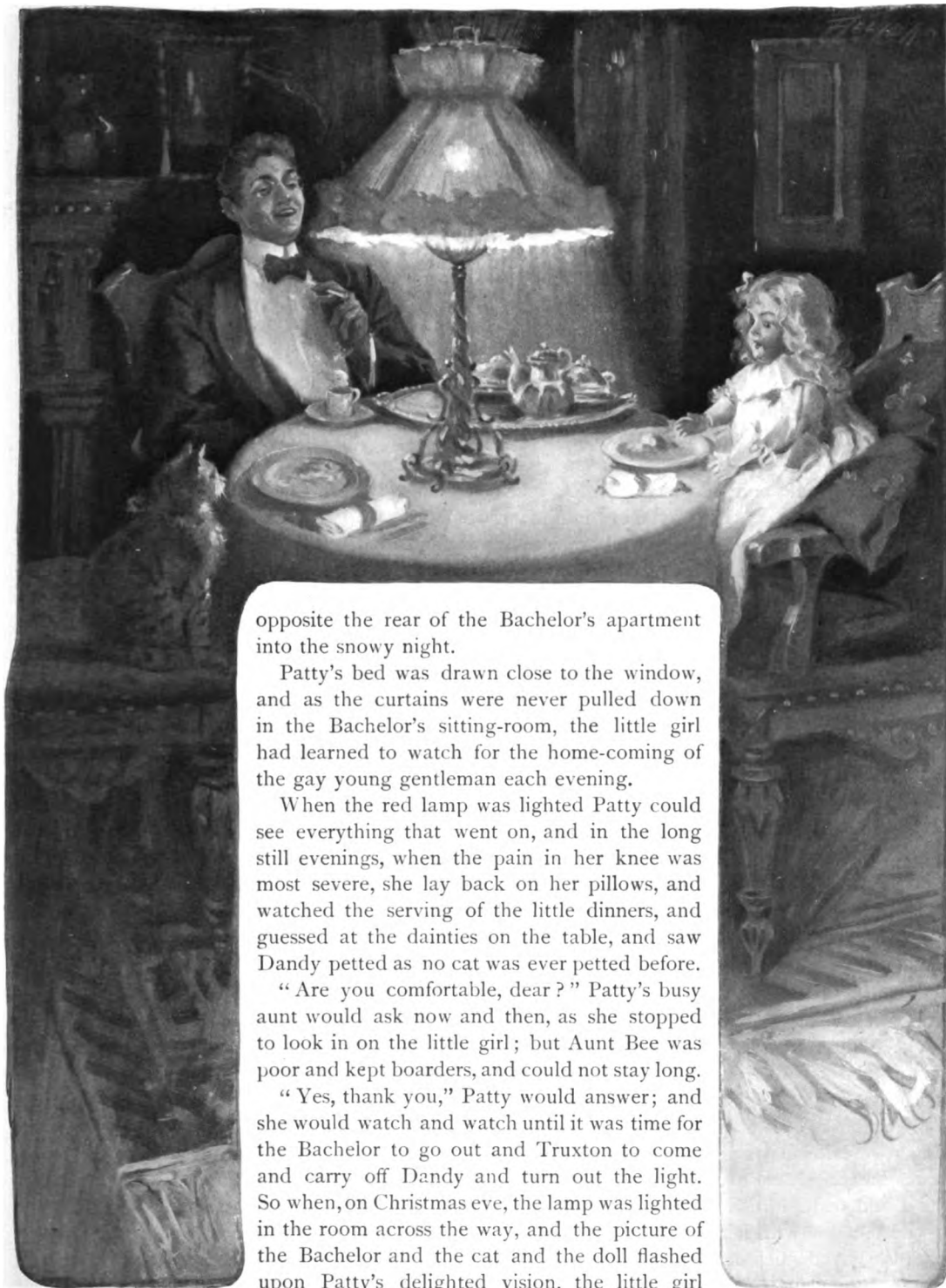
He piled the cushions up in a chair, so that when she was placed on top of them her arms lay on the table. Dandy was accommodated in like manner on the other side, and then the Bachelor, who was not old, but was very fond of fun, lay back in his chair and laughed.

"There is nothing like having a sociable time," he said. "And, by Jove, she is a pretty little thing!" Then he sighed a little as he thought of the other pair of blue eyes, for love of which he was still a bachelor.

"She must have a name, Dandy. What do you think — of — of — of 'Bessie'?" he asked, and laid a bit of the fish on Dandy's plate. Dandy gave a soft "purr-up" of approval, and then ate his fish in a gentlemanly manner.

"All right, Bessie it shall be"; and with his gay laugh the Bachelor reached across the table and shook hands with the blue-eyed doll, and called her by name.

And that was the picture that Patty saw as she gazed from the window of the tall tenement



opposite the rear of the Bachelor's apartment into the snowy night.

Patty's bed was drawn close to the window, and as the curtains were never pulled down in the Bachelor's sitting-room, the little girl had learned to watch for the home-coming of the gay young gentleman each evening.

When the red lamp was lighted Patty could see everything that went on, and in the long still evenings, when the pain in her knee was most severe, she lay back on her pillows, and watched the serving of the little dinners, and guessed at the dainties on the table, and saw Dandy petted as no cat was ever petted before.

"Are you comfortable, dear?" Patty's busy aunt would ask now and then, as she stopped to look in on the little girl; but Aunt Bee was poor and kept boarders, and could not stay long.

"Yes, thank you," Patty would answer; and she would watch and watch until it was time for the Bachelor to go out and Truxton to come and carry off Dandy and turn out the light. So when, on Christmas eve, the lamp was lighted in the room across the way, and the picture of the Bachelor and the cat and the doll flashed upon Patty's delighted vision, the little girl raised herself painfully on her pillows and gazed

eagerly at the unusual scene. The doll seated at the table interested her most.

"It's a baby, Peggy Lou," she breathed.
"It's a baby—a real live baby."

Peggy Lou was made of a towel, and was therefore rather flat-faced, but she was Patty's best beloved. All the joys and griefs of the little girl's life were whispered into her linen ears.

Patty hugged her close. "No; it is n't, either," she said again. "Why, Peggy Lou, Peggy Lou, it's a *doll*—a beautiful, golden-haired baby doll! If we were there, Peggy Lou," went on the little girl, in her soft voice, "we would hug her tight, would n't we, Peggy Lou?"

She leaned on her elbow again, her face pressed against the cold glass.

"Are n't they having a good time, Peggy Lou?" she said wistfully. "They're eating chicken, I think, and that nice man has given the baby some cream out of the cream-pitcher. I think he likes to 'pretend,' too, and maybe he is lonesome, and wishes it was a real little girl to have Christmas with," continued wise little Patty.

When he was ready for his dessert, the Bachelor removed the doll from the chair and carefully set her under the table, where it was hidden by the ample folds of the table-cloth. Then he rang for Truxton, who soon entered with a heaping plate of something pink on the tray.

"Ice-cream, Peggy Lou," gasped the little watcher, and her feverish throat was dry with longing. "Would n't that taste good?"

"Patty," said a voice at the door, "here is a bit of rice-pudding left from dinner. 'T is n't much, child, but I thought you might like it."

"Oh, yes; thank you, Aunt Bee," said Patty, gratefully, as she reached out in the dark and took it.

"We'll pretend we are at the party over there," she said to Peggy Lou, when the door had closed, "and that this is pink ice-cream."

Dinner was over at the other house, and the Bachelor laid the doll back in her box and went away. Then Truxton came and picked up Dandy and turned off the light, and Patty was left alone with her pain and her thoughts and the darkness. But she whispered to Peggy Lou of the wonderful doll over the way, and fell asleep with a smile on her little white face.

The next day was Christmas. Patty's aunt gave her a new red flannel wrapper, and one of the boarders sent her a small box of candy. Patty gave Peggy Lou the ribbon that came on the candy-box, and divided the candy with the servant who came up and straightened her room. The servant wished her a "Merry Christmas," and kissed her as she went out. The little girl's arm clung to her neck. "I wish you could stay with me, Hattie," she said; but she did not complain when Hattie released herself gently and went down to get dinner for the boarders.

Then began another long, lonely day for the little girl. She played with Peggy Lou, and wished that evening would come so that she could see the gay company opposite. But suppose the Bachelor had given the doll away! Of course he had—men did n't keep dolls. She pressed her white face against the glass, trying to pierce the dimness of the room across the way. Thus it happened that the Bachelor, coming to the window with the doll in his arms that he might get a better view of her beauties, saw the thin, pale face of the child, and beside it the flat countenance of her strange towel companion.

The eyes of the child were fixed longingly on the beauty in the Bachelor's arms.

The Bachelor nodded to her. "My dear Bessie," he said to the smiling *bisque* baby, "there is the kind of mother you ought to have."

Then, with another nod to Patty, he turned back into the room.

"I suppose, Dandy, that if I were like the Christmas gentlemen in books," he said, "I would send Bessie darling straight over there to that poor youngster." He smoked thoughtfully for a while, the doll lying on his knees. She was his one bit of Christmas. He had bought her as a boyish whim, but she had brought memories of a time when Christmas trees and turkey and candy made up one grand and glorious celebration. There had always been a little girl there named Bessie, and she had held in her arms just such a doll as this; and now Bessie was grown-up, and her blue eyes were more beautiful than ever, but she was hard-hearted now—for the Bachelor loved her, and she would n't say "yes."

He drew a quick breath. "No," he said to the doll; "I am selfish, and I want you." So he covered her up again with the blanket, lest Truxton should come in and think him silly.

But he was n't comfortable; the little white face haunted him. Finally he rang his bell.

"Do you know, Truxton," he asked, when the man came, "who that child is over there?"

Truxton went to the window and looked out.

"Little lame girl, sir. My wife tells me that the poor little thing fell and injured her knee one day last summer; and now she can't go out."

"Hum — too bad!" said the Bachelor, and Truxton went away.

All the morning the doll lay in the long white box, while the Bachelor yawned and read the magazines; then lunch was served, and he took a nap, from which he was wakened by a ring at his telephone.

He rolled off the divan and picked up the receiver.

"Hello!" he said indifferently. Then his face changed. All the gloomy restlessness went out of it, and his voice thrilled with joy.

"That you, Bessie? 'Will I come to dinner?' Oh, will I! Bessie, you're an angel. When did you get here? 'At your aunt's'? A Merry Christmas, sweetheart! You don't mind my calling you that, do you — not on Christmas day? Why, of course you don't. I'll say it again. Merry Christmas, sweetheart. Good-bye, good-b — What's that? 'Bring my doll with me'? What doll? What do you know about a doll? Well, I did n't suppose anybody saw me, but I don't care if *you* did. No, dear; I won't bring my doll, thank you, for I think I have a better use for it. I don't wonder you thought I looked forlorn and lonely, but that was n't the real reason for my buying the doll. If you must know, it was because it had eyes that made me think of some one I once — Hello, there, Central! Hello! Don't cut me off! Hello! hello!" But she was gone.

The Bachelor turned away from the telephone transfigured. He rang for Truxton.

"Truxton," he said, as he flung off his dressing-gown, "I am dining out."

Truxton's face fell, but he was too well trained

to show disappointment. "You'll miss a fine dinner, sir," he said.

"It won't be wasted, though," replied the Bachelor.

"I have a plan, Truxton," he went on eagerly. "Won't you and Mary run across the street and see if that little girl can't be carried over here, and then you can serve the dinner to her. They do such things in story-books, don't they? And I declare I feel like a story-book man. Truxton," said the Bachelor, in a special burst of confidence, "I feel as if I were a prince in a fairy tale, for the princess has come."

"Miss Bessie, sir?" said Truxton, with a smile breaking down the gravity of his old face.

"Yes, Miss Bessie; and I am a happy man. It is really like a fairy tale, Truxton. And she shall be my fairy princess, if I have to carry her off."

So Truxton and his wife, Mary, who did the work of a housemaid in the Bachelor's quarters, went over to the boarding-house, while the Bachelor piled up the cushions on the big divan, and found an old pink silk Japanese robe, and laid the big doll on the Navajo blanket, and hummed a little song as he rubbed Dandy's head.

Soon Truxton and Mary came back with a big bundle of blankets, which being unrolled revealed a small excited child in the very center, with a flat-faced doll in her arms.

"Put this around her, Truxton," said the Bachelor, and the pink silk gown was slipped over the red flannel one; then Patty was propped up on the cushions, with the Navajo blanket over her feet, and the Bachelor introduced her to the doll.

"She is yours," he said, and the blond, fluffy head was tucked close to the little girl's chin.

"Oh, o-oh!" she said softly; but she could n't finish, it was all so overwhelming.

The Bachelor had tears in his eyes. "You selfish pig," he was saying to himself. "Why didn't you do this before?"

But while the new doll lay on one arm of her new mistress, Peggy Lou lay on the other. For was not Peggy Lou the faithful companion of her adversity, and even for blue-eyed bisque babies Peggy Lou should not be laid aside.

"You see," explained the Bachelor to Patty,

gaily, "this is a fairy tale. I am the fairy prince, and — and — and — here is the fairy godmother who has helped me to win my princess!" he exclaimed, affectionately patting Bessie on the head. "She brought *you* to me, too," he added, "and now she is yours to command. How 's that?"

And Patty clapped her hands and thought that was the best of all, that Bessie should be the fairy godmother.

"I shall not be here to dinner," went on the Bachelor; "but you are to have Dandy and Bessie and your Peggy Lou doll for guests. That will make just four, and Truxton shall tell you now just what you are going to have, so that you can give your orders if everything is not all right."

"First, there 's blue-points, sir," said the beaming Truxton.

Patty turned inquiring eyes on the Bachelor.

"Oysters," translated that young man.

"And consommé royal."

"Chicken soup," said the Bachelor.

"And fillet of salmon."

"Fish," said the Bachelor.

"And turkey and salad and fresh strawberry ice-cream and coffee."

"Leave off the coffee," said the Bachelor, "and get some more sweets — candies, you know, and some of those fancy crackers that pull open with a snap and have tissue-paper things inside."

"Yes, sir," said Truxton.

"And remember," said the Bachelor to Patty, "that what you don't see you are to ask for. You know you have a fairy godmother now," he added with a twinkle in his eye.

"I know," said Patty, gravely, although she was not quite sure that she *did* know. She thought that there never was such a delightful man. She had always "pretended" things and big people laughed at her; but here was a grown-up man who could "make believe" just as she did.

When Truxton had gone out, the Bachelor stood and looked down at Patty. There was something very touching in her little drawn face; so he knelt by the divan and put his arm

around her thin figure. Then he asked gently about her knee.

Patty told him all about it. "The doctors said I might be cured, but it would cost an awful lot, for I should have to go away to a place they told Aunt Bee about. And of course she could n't afford to send me," she added patiently.

The Bachelor smoothed her hair.

"But you forget that you have a fairy godmother!" he said, drawing from his pocket a long pencil and placing it in Bessie's rigid fingers. "There! Just wave her wand, and next week the pumpkin coach will come and take you and the fairy prince to the place where the doctors want to send you, and when you come back you will be well — I mean it, little girl," he declared, as Patty looked incredulous.

Then Patty just put her arms around the Bachelor's neck and hid her face in his coat collar, and cried and cried for happiness; and when the Bachelor went away to dress, he stopped in the dark hall and wiped his eyes.

Truxton came in to set the table, and Patty watched him lay covers for four. At every place he put five forks, besides all the spoons and knives; and there was a bunch of red carnations at Patty's place, and one for Bessie, and one for Peggy Lou; but Dandy had a button-hole bunch. And when everything was ready, Mary piled the cushions up high in the big chair at the head of the table, and placed Patty among them so that she was perfectly comfortable, and she felt very grand in her pink silk robe. Dandy sat at the foot, and on each side were Bessie and Peggy Lou.

Just as Truxton served the oysters on their beds of ice, the Bachelor came in, looking very handsome in his evening clothes.

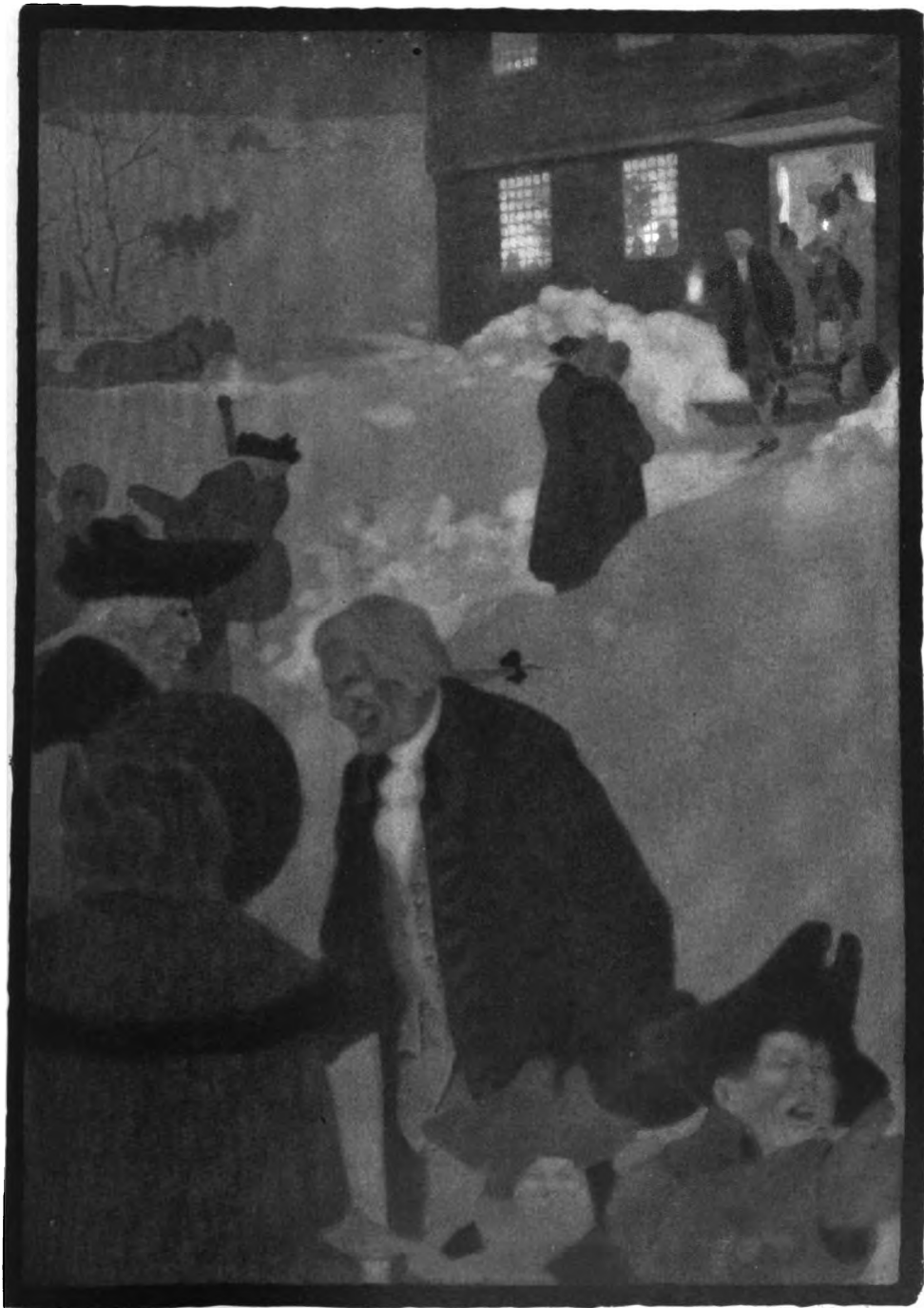
"Good-by, fairy godmother," he said. Then he leaned down close to Patty's ear.

"I am going to see the fairy princess," he whispered.

"Really?" whispered Patty, with shining eyes.

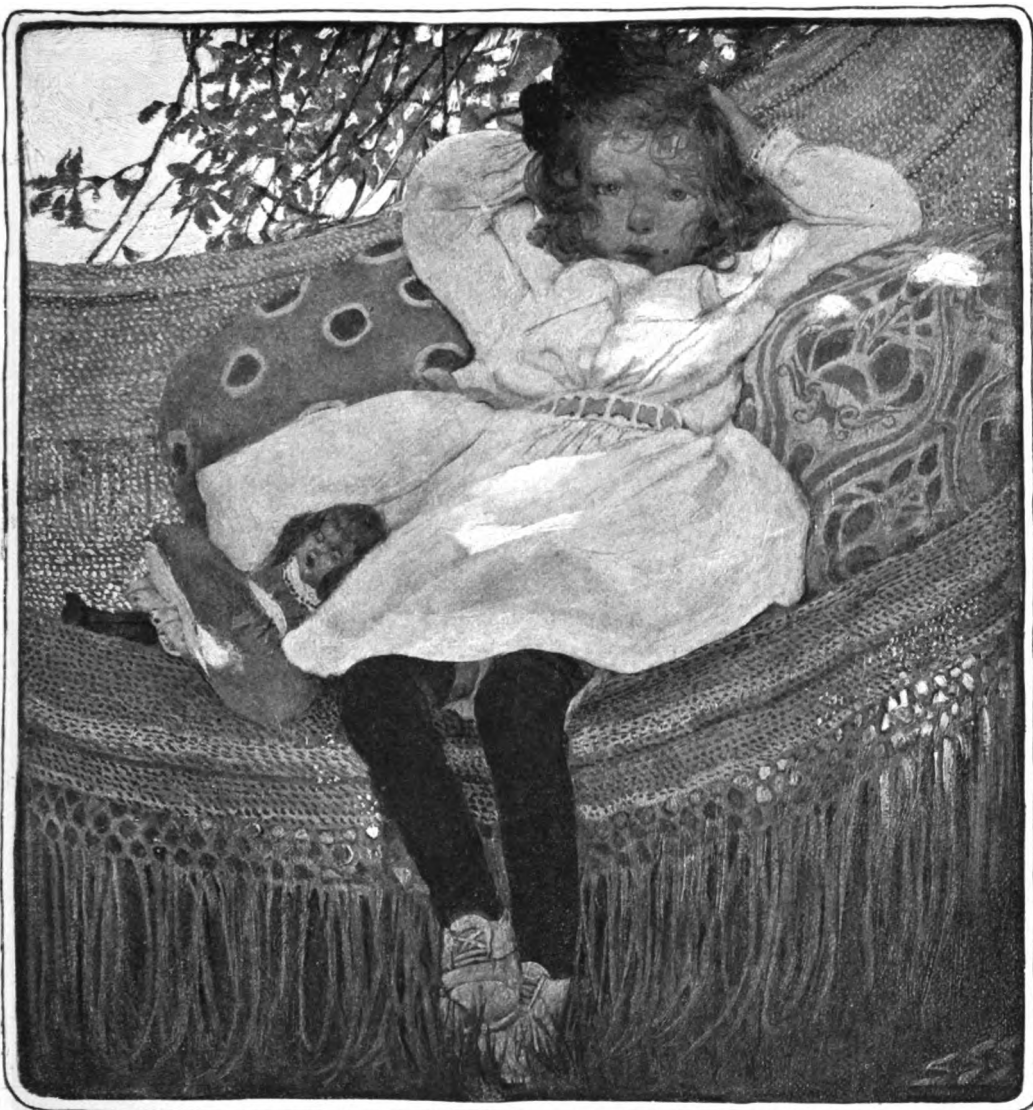
"And when you are well, and I am married," cried the Bachelor, as he picked up his hat, "we will all live happy ever after!"

And they really and truly did.



A CHRISTMAS EVENING PARTY IN Y^R OLDEN TIME.





I love the world when the sun shines
Down on the quiet ground,
When I hear the grass-bugs
chirp at my feet
And the end of a distant sound.



I love the world when the wind blows.
When it tosses my hair about.
When my hat blows off,
And my ribbons crack,
And I laugh and run and shout.



I love the world when the rain falls.
When the streets are all mud and
When I need my umbrella ooze.
and mackintosh,
And my shiny, new overshoes.



I love all of the days
Of the beautiful world,
Every day every hour and minute.
I could go on living forever and never
Grow weary of any-thing in it.





BY GEORGE M. R. TWOSE.

ONCE upon a time, according to the greatest of poets, there lived, in the days of romance and in the city of Venice, a lovely lady named Portia.

Portia was a beautiful blonde, whose sunny locks of red-gold hair hung on her temples like a golden fleece. The name Portia, moreover, means fortune-lady (just as "opportunity" means fortunate occasion), and, to justify her name, the lady had not only red-gold hair, but red gold of another kind also. This fortune had been left her by her father, who was a very wise man. He is really one of the most interesting characters of the story, for you will notice that, though he was dead, and none of the people except Portia had known him, yet he is also one of the most powerful personages in the story. Invisible, he arranges everything; and he, fearing that an undeserving man might become possessed of his daughter and of her money, had directed in his will that all who came as suitors should undergo a certain trial as a test of their sincerity. This was the test:

He caused to be made three chests or caskets — one of gold, one of silver, and one of lead; and in one of them, nobody knew which, was a picture of Portia. Those who came wooing had each one guess, and the first suitor who guessed rightly in which casket lay the picture, was to marry Portia. But before any one was permitted to choose he had to promise three things:

1. Never to tell which casket he had chosen.
2. If he guessed wrongly, never to marry any one else.
3. If he failed, to go away immediately.

In spite of these hard conditions, many suitors came from the four corners of the world. Rich marquises from France, haughty princes from Spain and swarthy ones from Morocco, dukes from Germany, barons from England, and many fine gentlemen of Venice came to seek this fortune-lady — each with a gay cavalcade of retainers and servants, blazoned before and behind with the coat of arms of their master.

Now all these suitors were men who had only heard of Portia, but who traveled to Venice seeking her, and were willing to submit to the hard conditions of her father's will without having even seen her. From what they had heard of the radiant lady, of her worth and beauty, they had formed an idea or ideal of her in their minds;

and this ideal was so beautiful that, for its sake, they were willing to risk much. The thought that each suitor had formed of the fortune-lady was different from the others' ideals of her, and was as good as that particular prince or nobleman was capable of thinking. (For some people can think higher than others, just as some people can throw farther.) Some, as her father had feared, thought of her wealth only, and her image, in their minds, was attractive more for the shimmer of her gold than for that of her hair. Others, again, thought more of this sunshine round her head than of that of the warmth and brightness of her nature. Each had his own ideal of her. In some suitors the ideal was low, just as their characters were low, and they were not so willing to submit to conditions. But others were reigning princes of wide lands, and were of higher rank than Portia — rulers they, with crowns and scepters. Far away from their own land and from the midst of their courts her invisible attraction had drawn them, though they had never seen her. From what men had said of the beautiful Venetian lady, they had imagined what she was like, and she became in their thoughts so beautiful that they set forth for the sake of the ideal lady to find the real lady. The affection of such men was truly for the worth of Portia herself as well as for her riches, and they were prepared to undergo the trial designed by Portia's father.

Portia, on her side, had to carry out her father's wishes and marry the suitor who was successful, whether she wished to or not; and "so," as she said to Nerissa, her waiting-maid, "is the will of a living daughter curbed by the will of a dead father. Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse none?" To which Nerissa replied: "Your father was ever virtuous; and holy men at their death have good inspirations; therefore the lottery that he hath devised in these three chests of gold, silver, and lead (whereof who chooseth his meaning chooseth you) will no doubt never be chosen by any rightly but one who you shall rightly love."

Portia was n't so sure, but she hoped so, for she was really in love with a young Venetian named Bassanio whom she had seen. Still she dutifully determined to carry out her father's wishes, and received courteously each suitor who came proudly and hopefully along to make his choice (though secretly she hoped each would choose the wrong casket).

And rapidly enough the suitors came.

Now Portia's father knew that when each suitor came to make his choice he would select the casket he liked best, whether he liked it for good reasons or otherwise. You can generally tell by what people like whether they are nice people or not. So he arranged that the right casket would only be chosen for some very good reason. One of the first to choose was the



THE PRINCE OF ARRAGON.

Prince of Arragon, and though, like every one else, he seemed doubtful which casket to choose, he at last took the one most in keeping with his own character, as Portia's father had fore-

seen. First he read the inscriptions on the caskets. On the leaden one was a positive warning:

Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.

This did not seem attractive to his Highness, who thought to himself that lead would have to look much nicer before *he* would hazard much for it. On the golden box was the promise:

Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire.

Now many men would have chosen that one, because they would have been attracted by the



THE PRINCE OF MOROCCO.

gold, and that was what Portia's father thought. Gold is what many men desire, and sometimes they think so highly of it that it takes the place of all other good things; for they suppose that, having one, all the others are possible. The Prince of Arragon was not so thoughtless as that. He knew it was unwise to choose only by show, and that there are things that look

very nice outside (peppers, for instance) which are not nice inside at all. So, because the gold casket was so fine outside, he did not think it *must* be fine inside. The silver casket said:

Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.

Portia's father knew it would take a more thoughtful man to choose the silver casket than the gold—some one who would think of other things besides appearances. But he knew that any one who is willing to take only what he deserves either does not desire the very best (for very few of us think we really *deserve* the very best, though we would like to have it), or else he assumes desert—that is, thinks he is worthy of it without having worked to make himself so. The wise old gentleman, therefore, arranged that any one who chose the silver casket should not get the very best, because, though any one who chose it might be thinking of very nice things, he would not be thinking of the very finest things. That was the mistake of the poor Prince of Arragon. He assumed desert, and he really did deserve Portia if she had been only as fine as he thought she was. The difficulty was he did not think of her in the very best possible way, and she was really finer than his ideal. (He, I think, was something like the people who say they are very fond of music, and are content with not learning about it.) So, in spite of his sincerity and earnestness and thoughtfulness, he never attained his ideal, for inside the silver casket, instead of a picture of Portia, was the picture of a half-witted man (Arragon, you see, was half wise, not wholly wise), and with it a scroll which said:

Some there be that shadows kiss;
Some have but a shadow's bliss.

Arragon's ideal of Portia was just what the shadow is to the real thing. Portia's father was very learned about men and their ideas, and you see it was no easy matter to choose aright.

Another of the suitors who came proudly

along, with high hopes and a glitter of retinue, was the Prince of Morocco.

He was very fine in expression (but not so thoughtful as Arragon), and did not wish to try the caskets at all. He desired to prove his worth by some brave deed, something really

from his point of view, but it was not very deep thought. The lead he would have nothing to do with; the silver seemed much more attractive: but when he came to the gold there was no hesitation in his mind that this precious metal, which was so fine and fair to see, was the only one fit to enshrine lovely Portia's picture. It was really a very gentlemanly way to think; but it is a mistake to please the eye rather than the heart, and to imagine that what seems very evident must be true (as if the sun moved round the earth, for instance). It *was* a mistake, for inside the golden casket was a death's-head, with a scroll which said:

All that glisters is not gold;
Often have you heard that told.
Many a man his life hath sold
But my outside to behold.
Gilded tombs do worms infold.
Had you been as wise as bold,
Young in limbs, in judgment old,
Your answer had not been inscrolled.
Fare you well; your suit is cold.

So the bold, stupid Prince of Morocco, who chose right away the thing that looked best to him, felt that through ill fortune he had missed what one less worthy might attain, and he departed, loyal to his promise, but with too grieved a heart to take a tedious leave of the fair lady whom he had hoped to make his wife. Thus Arragon and Morocco with their ideals passed by, and Portia wondered how many more would choose the

caskets of gold and silver before the right man came for her to wed.

When the next suitor appeared, however, it became more exciting, for he was no other than that young gentleman of Venice, Bassanio, to whom Portia was well inclined. But though she liked him very much, she dutifully and sorrowfully determined to abide by her father's will, and Bassanio, like all the other suitors, had to risk the choice of the caskets. This time, however, instead of being afraid that the suitor would choose rightly, Portia had a dread that he might choose wrongly, so it was very interesting. Bassanio, in choosing, did not reason as the other two had. He knew that things which seem good are



BASSANIO.

dangerous, to show how great his love was. However, it was not physical bravery only, but bravery of spirit also, that Portia's father had desired in his daughter's husband, so Portia told this dashing prince that there was only one test, and that was the one devised. Then Morocco, who was really very manly and good-natured, but not very deep, set his wits to work on the riddle. One can see that since he desired "to outbrave the heart most daring on the earth," he was one of the people who like to do plain, straightforward things they understand rather than think about things which are not very clear. So, naturally, the way he thought about the caskets was very clear and straightforward

not always so; that outward show is not all, and that ornament is deceptive: so the gaudy gold was put on one side. The silver as less rare was also refused. But the lead,— which seemed rather to threaten,— which it took courage to select and a knowledge that “common” things have great beauty within them as well as great usefulness—he knew that if he selected his casket for these deeper reasons rather than for its appearance, he stood just as good a chance as if he chose by outward beauty. So that was what he did: he chose by the inside instead of by the outside. He selected the leaden casket, and inside he found, to his great joy, Portia’s picture and a scroll which said:

You that choose not by the view,
 Chance as fair and choose as true!
 Since the fortune falls to you,
 Be content and seek no new.
 If you will be well pleas’d with this
 And hold your fortune for your bliss,
 Turn you where your lady is
 And claim her with a loving kiss.

So Bassanio won Portia because he chose with courage and looked not only with his eye but with his mind. And that is the story of Portia the fortune-lady and the three caskets, from which one may learn many things.

There is, however, another story in the world about another radiant being and three other caskets, but this one is so true a tale that men have always *lived* it. I will tell you about it as I have told you Portia’s story, only I cannot begin with “once upon a time,” for this is a story of always.

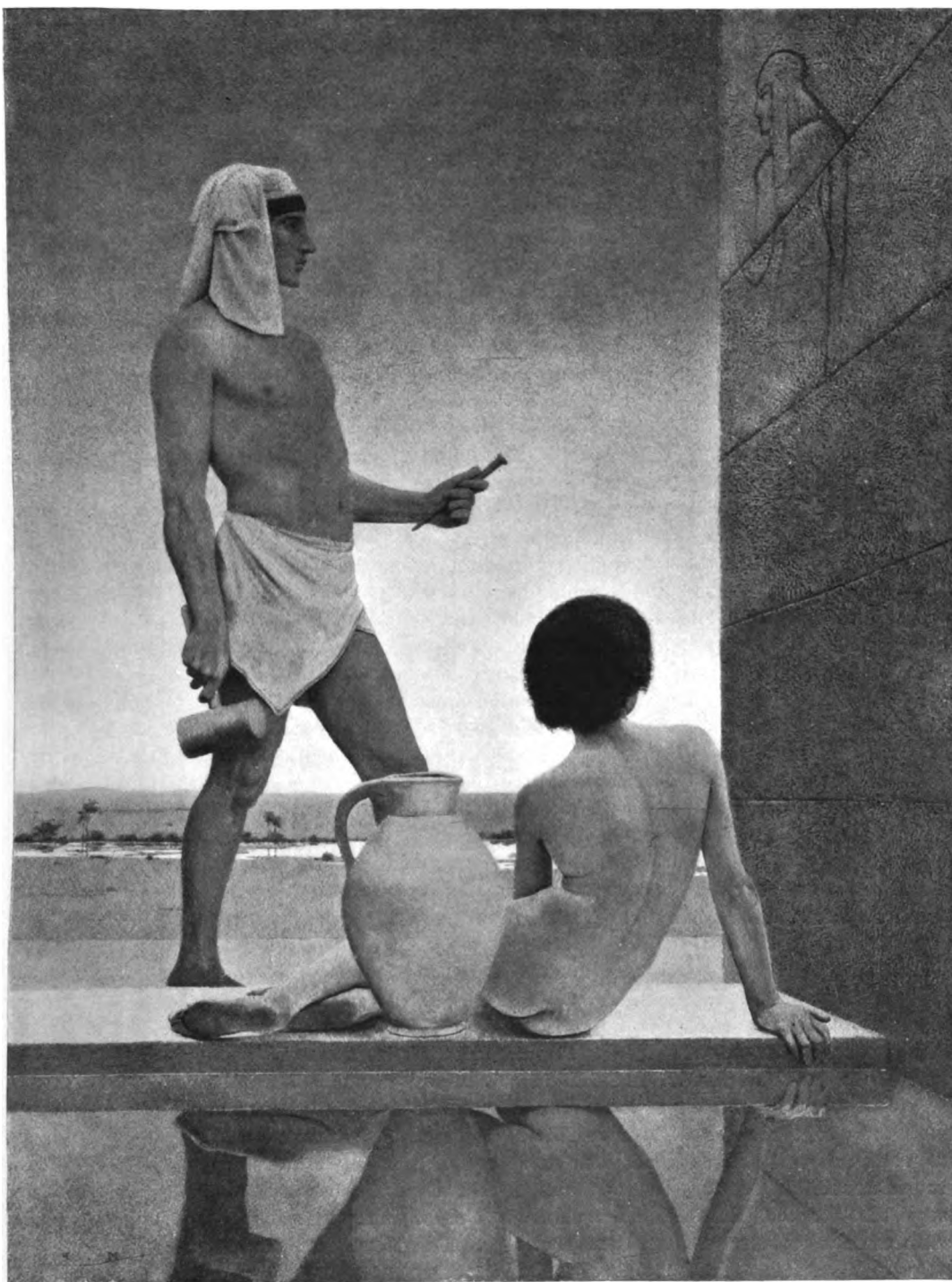
All the time, then, let us say, there has existed another beautiful being, whom we will call Vera, the true lady, just as Shakspeare named his Portia the fortune-lady. Vera has always existed, and, like Portia’s suitors, men have never seen her. But just as Arragon and Morocco and all the princes and nobles from what they heard of Portia formed a beautiful ideal of her, and traveled far to find her and were willing to do many things for her sake, so men from what they have heard of Vera have imagined her in their minds and for the sake of their ideals of her have done the deeds of love.

There was nothing so exact about Vera as

there was about Portia. No one knew where she was to be found; but over the blue sea and the lovely earth, in the loneliness of mountain-tops, and in crowded city bazaars, men have pressed after Vera, so strong was her influence and the longing people had for her. Still, none ever found her, but all, for the sake of what they imagined her to be, for the sake of their ideals, have loved her to some degree, and as she still remained invisible and they despaired of ever really finding her, these ideals became more precious and more real.

Those stories are nicest, I think, that tell about three wishes, or three princesses, or three somethings; so I will tell about Vera and three princes, how each sought her, and what each did for her sake. For, just as Portia’s suitors had to consent to hard conditions to prove their sincerity, so all those who seek Vera have to consent to much harder ones. Many have endured suffering and all sorts of loss, but they have endured it to the end. Some have even died; but when they died they held out their arms as if they saw Vera coming to them to reward their devotion. Not one of the princes of whom I shall tell you was able to win Vera, as Portia was won, through any choice of a casket containing her picture; but, on the other hand, each prince, representing many men’s hearts and hands, *made* a magnificent casket that embodied his ideal of her. And these caskets differed greatly from one another, according to the various builders’ ideals of Vera. Portia was a beautiful Venetian blonde with red-gold hair; but men could only *imagine* how Vera looked. Some picture her as dark, with long wind-tossed hair and mournful eyes. Others imagine her as fair, with blue eyes and all the fresh and dewy brightness of an early summer’s day. The ideal of some is a fierce and savage maiden, while some see her bending over them with a great protecting love. Portia and her red-gold locks and her red-gold fortune and her caskets three have passed away; but Vera, of beauty and power, still lives, and the caskets and the statues that the suitors made in her honor are still to be seen. Perhaps some day you to whom I am telling this tale will see them.

The first suitor who made a casket to enshrine his ideal of Vera was one whom we will call



Drawn by Maxfield Parrish.

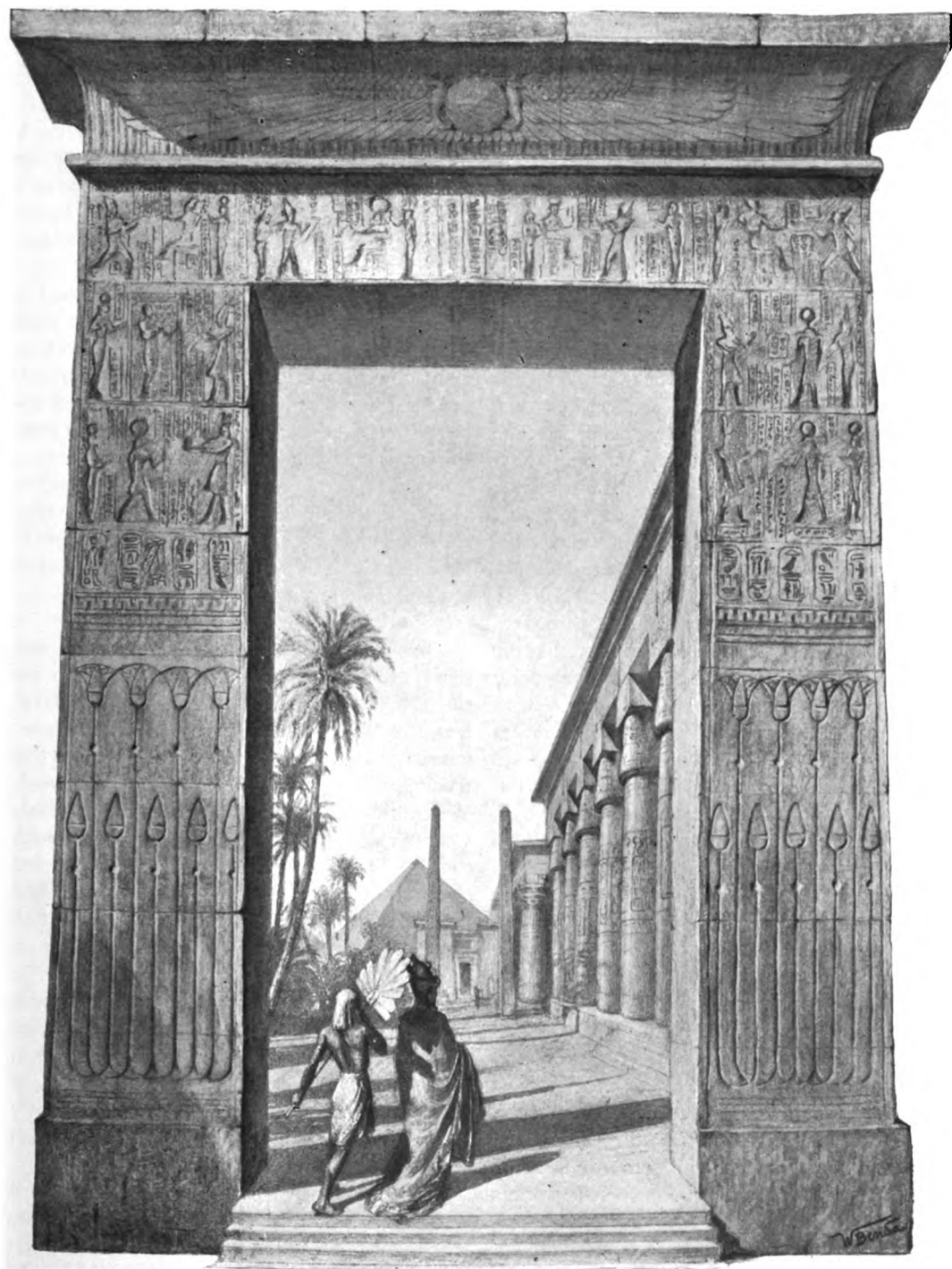
"EGYPT KNEW THAT HE WOULD HAVE TO WORK AND WAIT BEFORE HE
WAS WORTHY OF HIS IDEAL." (SEE PAGE 122.)

the Prince of Egypt, who lived and loved many thousands of years ago. He was a very worthy and lovable prince, too. He was very quiet and very earnest, and you could always depend upon him. The ideal that he had formed was a very beautiful one. When he saw that he could not find Vera anywhere in any particular place, he serenely imagined her as being everywhere, and she was thus the whole world. He said, "She is whatever is, or has been, and her veil no mortal has ever lifted"—which was his way of saying no one had ever seen her. The day was her waking and the night her sleep; the breeze was her voice, the sun her eye, the flowers her jewels, and for the prince she was behind everything. Then he had this delightful thought: "When I die, I, too, shall see *behind* everything [for that is what men have always hoped], and *then* shall I find Vera." That was very joyful, and meanwhile he did not think that anything would be of very much importance until he died and found her. This idea made his whole life very happy, this certainty that some day he would see her, and all his life he looked forward with that steady, level gaze and serene, contemplative way he had. Then, in order to do her honor, he made a magnificent casket. It was made of stone, and carved all over it were pictures of Vera, and verses and petitions to Vera, and the thoughts of the prince about her. It was very high and very long, and built with patience as well as stone, and earnestness was the cement he used, and very wide and steadfast were its gates. It was all made of the biggest and heaviest stones he could find, for he wanted it to last a long time, and this was the reason. You see, just as in the fairy tales, where, when the prince marries the princess, they always live happily together ever afterward, so the Prince of Egypt imagined that when he found Vera, she would be his princess and *they* would live happily together forever afterward. He was continually thinking of this happy endless time, and it seemed so long and so happy that the few years he had to live on earth before it began were quite short in comparison. When he made his casket, therefore, he did not wish it to last only for the few years wherein he was so lonely, but for the "ever afterward" when he was to be with Vera. That was

why he made it so strong. The strength of his casket was a sign of the strength of his faith, and in that he was sublime. There was just one queer little thing in connection with him, and that was, he did not quite understand the difference between body and spirit, and he thought that after he died he would require things to eat and wear and to use. In that one point he was like Arragon: he was n't wholly wise; but in others he was better, because he was the more thoughtful of the two; and while Arragon thought he was worthy of Portia right away, Egypt knew that he would have to work and wait before he was worthy of his ideal. There is one trouble with this story: you don't know the very end; but I think, if the truth were known, Egypt found Vera somewhere—over the edge of the world.

The next suitor to seek for Vera and make a casket for her we will call the Prince of Greece, and a very different fellow he was from his brother of Egypt. I always like to think of Egypt as a soft dark summer night that is so peaceful and quiet—just one big thing; while Greece resembled the bright glancing beauty of an early summer morning—all color and sparkle and with lots of things in it. I regret to say that when he was young he used to quarrel and fight violently with all the other boys round, and he was always thinking how to get ahead of them, and looking out that they did not get ahead of him. On this account he became very quick-witted and clear-headed in a certain sort of way; for if you are playing a dangerous game like that, it is always a very good plan to understand very, very clearly how to play it, or else it is—well, dangerous. It was n't a nice way to play, for he became rather sly and crafty, and thought about himself too much. However, he learned to run well, and to jump and wrestle, and had a strong, graceful body. Then, as he grew up, he traveled a great deal, and saw much that interested him, and met many different people, too, and talked over their ideas; and he always retained his boyhood's habit of thinking clearly and understanding all that interested him.

This is a very good thing: to understand clearly all that interests you; but you must still be interested in things you don't quite under-



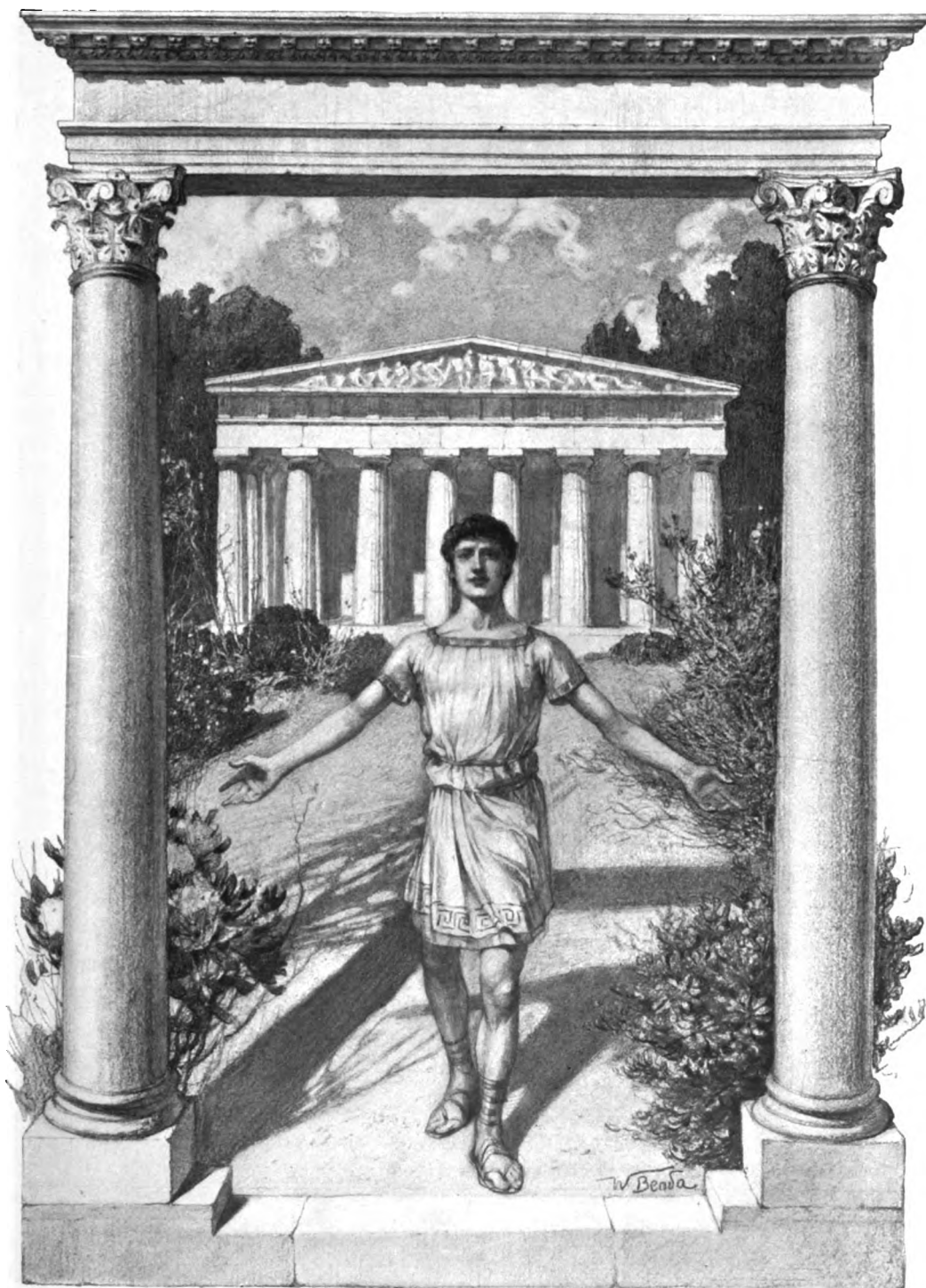
"AND VERY WIDE AND STEADFAST WERE ITS GATES."

stand. We all know how much we should lose if we should give up learning the things that appear a little mysterious at first. That was what the Greek did. He did not like mysteries, and so he lost a great deal that would have made him more attractive. Nevertheless, he was a beautiful prince, with bright eyes and curly hair, fond of running and leaping, and interested in everything round him. He had not the patience and modesty and steadfastness of the Prince of Egypt, and he was having such a good time in the present that he did n't care to bother about the future (something like boys, I think, who hate to be asked what they are going to be when they grow up). In time he, too, heard about Vera, and, like all men, imagined her and sought her; but when he could not find her in any particular place, he soon thought of her as being *in* everything. Not *behind* everything,—that was too far away, too vague, and one of the things you can't think about quite clearly,—but *in* everything: the trees, the fountain, the sea, the river, the clouds—everything that gave a color and a pleasure to his life. Then, with his exceeding clearness of thought, he imagined her as stepping from the trees, looking through the fountain spray, and rising from the sea; and the vision was so vivid that it was almost the same as if the ideal were real and he had indeed found Vera—as he thought she was, not as she really is. For he did not think of her in the very best way, you see, but only in a way that he was able readily to understand. His ideal, therefore, was a being like himself, only brighter and more beautiful and powerful and always young, but having faults such as he had, and the same hopes and fears. He did not think of a Vera so far above him as to be vague and uncertain, and he did not trouble about a future with her that was uncertain. He lived in the midst of bright, interesting things. So he imagined one more beautiful thing, and added it to his life. I don't think he was as gentlemanly as Morocco, because he was n't either willing to trouble about a mystery or to do brave things. And I think the difference between Greece wanting his happiness right away and only interested in the things round him, and Egypt waiting and longing for this all his life, with his serene gaze looking far away across thousands of years, is very great.

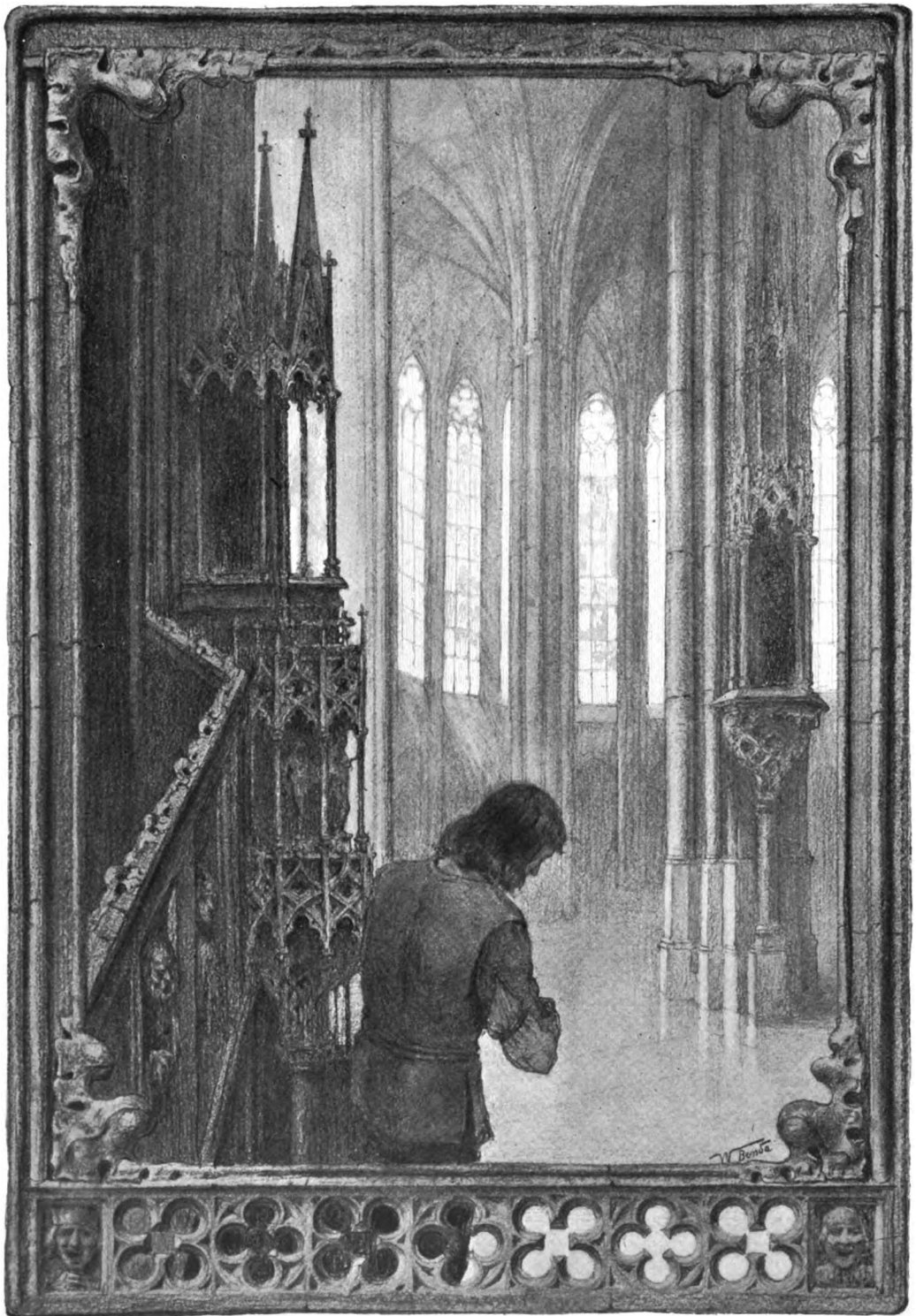
Greece made his casket in the same way as he thought. Under the fair blue sky it rose, slender, stately, graceful, of wonderful proportion and with delicate lights and shadows. Gleaming marble, dull rich gold, bright vermilion, and dark bronze all helped to make it pleasing to the *eye*, and for such we love it; but it had none of the beautiful trust and faith in it that made the casket of Egypt pleasing to the *mind*. It was like Morocco's golden casket, with its beauty all outside.

Now comes the extremely interesting choice—that of the “youngest brother.” He came to be so great and so powerful afterward, and to rule so many countries, that I hardly know what to call him. I think the “Gothic Prince” will perhaps be the best. Anyhow, at the time that the Greek Prince was making his casket the Gothic Prince was a little boy, but so weak and white that the vigorous, athletic Greek looked at him with amazement and scorn. But the Gothic Prince looked back again with a spirit so strong and so pure shining through his eyes that it made up for all his slight form. And he needed all his spirit, for he grew up through persecution and scorn. People found out he did n't like the same things they did, and at first they laughed at him, then they hated him, and then they persecuted him, and it took all his endurance to live through it. But in spite of all he conquered. Watchful and earnest he grew from a little weakly child into a slender, stately youth with the fire of courage and the clearness of truth shining through the wonderful eyes that had never flinched from attack or threat. He had not the wonderful muscular grace of body that belonged to the Prince of Greece, because he did not care so much about it; but his strength was “as the strength of ten because his heart was pure.” He had all the lovable qualities of spirit and mind, and a broad white forehead above the clear, deep eyes, which saw inwardly as well as outwardly, and a mouth that could smile very sweetly and tenderly.

The reason why he was so disliked at first was because his ideal of Vera was different from that of all others. Even the wisest and oldest men said it was absurd when this child looked at the Greek casket and the Greek ideal and said that, beautiful and poetical as each was, it



"GLEAMING MARBLE, DULL RICH GOLD, BRIGHT VERMILION, AND DARK BRONZE
ALL HELPED TO MAKE IT PLEASING TO THE EYE."



"THE OUTSIDE WORLD WAS NOTHING."

was not the highest possible. The fact is that the Gothic Prince did not think much about Vera's appearance at all. He thought of her as being far above himself in goodness, just as we think of people whom we like, when we don't think only of their looks but of what they are in character—of their "niceness." So it was not of Vera's looks that he thought, but of her goodness, her spirit; he formed an ideal, and in his love for her beautiful spirit he endeavored to be worthy of her by trying to be good also. This was a very much higher ideal than that of the beautiful Greek Prince. His ideal of Vera was so personal, of some one so like himself, that, though Vera to him was very beautiful and very clear, for that very reason she became less fine instead of his becoming finer; for the Greek's Vera walked and thought on his own level; he did not have to raise his eyes. The Gothic Prince fixed those reverent eyes of his on an ideal so high that it was almost beyond the reach of his thought, and it required all his aspiration to attain it.

When you think of the three princes and the three suitors they seem very much alike. For Egypt, who looked behind things, is like Arragon, who looked a little below the surface and chose the silver. They were both of them thoughtful and both fine, as they both had very high ideals. Then, Greece seems very like Morocco—both very fond of action, both loving bright, beautiful surfaces, and each thinking that what seems so clear must be true. Then, Bassanio and our youngest prince, both brave of spirit, both putting aside outward show and looking inwardly, are alike also. And just as the beauty of Bassanio's casket was inside, so was that of the Gothic Prince. It was Vera's spirit he idealized, and with his spirit he loved her. So when he built his casket, it was of the inside he thought first, and less of the outside, and everything in it helped to strengthen his nature and raise it and make him finer and better. The casket of the Greek Prince was intended to be seen from the outside, and depended upon the sky and light for its beauty of shadow and glow. The casket of the Gothic Prince was meant to be seen mostly from the inside, and the outside world was nothing; everything tended to enable him to concentrate

his thought on Vera and her beautiful spirit, and, like Bassanio, he attained her. He made the discovery that Vera really responded to his thought, and that, with thinking so much about the beauty of her spirit, her spirit had become a part of his own, and reflected in his nature were the beauties of hers. And then, his happiness was in continual thought of her, which meant continual companionship. Now see the difference. For the Egyptian Prince, Vera was behind everything; for the Greek Prince, she was in everything; and for the Gothic Prince, she was in his own heart—still invisible, but present.

Now of course this is a story with a meaning—or what is called a parable. You have long ago guessed that, and perhaps you have discovered the meaning. I told you in the beginning this was a true story, and so it is. It is the story of three great ideals, as expressed in architecture: the old Egyptian ideal; the ideal of Greece, or paganism; and the Christian ideal. Vera is truth, or represents what men believed to be the truth of everything, and the caskets are the temples and cathedrals. Men have had different ideals of what is the truth, and the difference in their ideals has been shown in the architecture of the temples they have builded. For the Egyptian, happiness lay beyond this life—for him To-day was nothing, and the strength of his building is the sign of it. For the Greek, To-day was everything, nothing lay beyond, and all favors he hoped for, he hoped for in this life; so in the form of his temple are all the light, grace, and bright beauty with which he decked his life. But the dim interior of the cathedral reflects the command which the Christian received to look within his own heart.

Now you puzzle all this out and you will have learned something. An ideal is a fine thing to have—indeed, older folks say that no lasting thing of importance can be accomplished without one. If you have a high ideal you do good things, but if you have a low ideal you do ignoble things. You are able to choose which you will have, for you *must* have one of some kind, and some day you will make or help to make a casket for an ideal of your own.



BY HENRY JOHNSTONE.

OH, Friday night 's the queen of nights, because
it ushers in

The Feast of good St. Saturday, when studying
is a sin,

When studying is a sin, boys, and we may go
to play

Not only in the afternoon, but all the livelong
day.

St. Saturday — so legends say — lived in the
ages when

The use of leisure still was known and current
among men ;

Full seldom and full slow he toiled, and even
as he wrought

He 'd sit him down and rest awhile, immersed in
pious thought.

He loved to fold his good old arms, to cross his
good old knees,

And in a famous elbow-chair for hours he 'd
take his ease ;

He had a word for old and young, and when
the village boys

Came out to play, he 'd smile on them and never
mind the noise.

So when his time came, honest man, the neigh-
bors all declared

That one of keener intellect could better have
been spared ;

By young and old his loss was mourned in cot-
tage and in hall,

For if he 'd done them little good, he 'd done no
harm at all.

In time they made a saint of him, and issued a
decree —

Since he had loved his ease so well, and been
so glad to see

The children frolic round him and to smile
upon their play —

That school boys for his sake should have a
weekly holiday.

They gave his name unto the day, that as the
years roll by

His memory might still be green ; and that 's
the reason why

We speak his name with gratitude, and oftener
by far

Than that of any other saint in all the cal-
endar.

Then, lads and lassies, great and small, give
ear to what I say —

Refrain from work on Saturdays as strictly as
you may ;

So shall the saint your patron be and prosper
all you do —

And when examinations come he 'll see you
safely through.



A CHINESE ARMY THAT CHEERED FOR YALE.

BY RALPH D. PAINE.

AFTER Peking had been captured by the allied armies, and peace restored to the battered and besieged legations, the city became a peaceful but monotonous residence for the foreign troops ordered to remain in exile through the following winter. As one of the war correspondents fated to share this long term of occupation, I made myself as comfortable as possible, and became a full-fledged housekeeper with a staff of six servants in a paper-walled mansion. The tangled streets and alleys around the house fairly overflowed with busy, chattering men and women by day and night, and there were so many small children playing under foot that they interfered with the streams of traffic.

There is freezing weather in North China through the winter months, and the houses are seldom heated, so that the children were kept warm by bundling them up in layers of little wadded blue coats, the colder the weather the more numerous the coats. Sometimes they were like little blue balls of cotton and fur, from which came piping shouts and laughter, no matter how much they were shoved and jostled out of the way. There was none of the "taciturn Chinese" of the travel-books in these streets, where noise reigned without cessation.

The children were quick to imitate the ways of the wonderful foreign soldiers, and their games in the streets soon took a military turn. The band of infant marauders who made their headquarters in front of my gateway organized an army of its own, with a tumult like a flock of sparrows. The first time I met this alarming company at drill, it seemed as if I had run into a microscopic Boxer outbreak. The ages of officers and privates averaged somewhat short of six years, all boys, for they had scorned to allow their little sisters to enlist. A row of shaved heads and sprouting pigtailed the size of a lead-pencil was bobbing excitedly at the roadside, and the blue cotton puff-balls were sufficiently

alike to make the army look as if it had been uniformed for the occasion.

Each pair of chubby brown fists grasped a bit of stick, and when I rode by, the soldiers presented arms as solemnly as if on dress-parade. I faced my horse about and saluted with the utmost gravity. The soldiers lost their dignity, and broke ranks with shouts of "Bean lao yet! Bean lao yet!" This was my name as turned into Chinese by my friends of the neighborhood, and signified plain "Mister" without any honorary titles.

The next time the army turned out for review, I was given warning; for when I reined my horse into the alley in which the troops manœuvered, scouts posted at strategic points ran away, shouting, "Bean lao yet!" The company toddled and tumbled out of side alleys and courtyards, and was lined up, "guns" in hand, when I passed, and the salute was returned with all the dignity I could summon. I had a pocket full of copper "cash," and scattered them on the heads of the troops. This act won instant promotion, for the greetings were changed into excited yells of "Bean da rin! Bean da rin!" I had become the "most honorable and exalted one," at a cost of three American cents.

For many weeks the infant troops of the alleys never failed to turn out and salute my passing. And when not on active service in the ranks, the officers and privates found joy in bothering the two Chinese policemen who shuffled wearily through the alley or leaned against walls, too lazy to keep in motion. The children were not afraid of the three-foot swords and the gongs, and jerked their pigtailed and ran away whenever the funny policemen were napping.

The army became useful to me, one day in January, because of an event which had nothing to do with soldiers or with China. A bundle of American papers nearly two months old brought the tidings that Yale had scored a

brilliant football victory over Harvard, with one of the finest elevens that ever fought for the blue. It was thrilling news to me, even though it was so long delayed, and as an old Yale University athlete I naturally wished to organize some sort of a celebration. But the task was a difficult one in Peking. I had run across two Yale men among the foreign armies of occupation, one a lieutenant of the Ninth Infantry of General Chaffee's column, the other a Japanese officer on the staff of General Yamaguchi. Their camps were five miles apart, but I ordered a pony saddled, and started out to find my comrades who had once lived beneath the New Haven elms.

Alas! after riding a dozen miles, I was unable to find either, and returned home disconsolate. It was a sad disappointment to have to celebrate such a victory in solitary fashion. As I turned into the alley that ran past my gateway, the ever-faithful infantile army rushed to parade and salute "Bean da rin." Here was my celebration, ready and waiting. I beckoned the troops into my courtyard, and they followed, trying not to show their alarm. It was a new experience in their military career, and they did not quite know what the friendly "foreign devil" was going to do with them. Three or four anxious mothers followed timidly,

but were reassured when one of my servants brought out a tray of American canned peaches and some cakes. The army shouted and saluted spasmodically. They had never dreamed of anything so wonderful in the commissary line as these canned peaches.

Then — and I confess it without shame — I used the best part of that afternoon in teaching those jolly puff-balls the nine 'rahs of the Yale cheer. They had no idea of what all the fuss was about, but it was only another crazy notion of the lunatic foreigner, whom nobody pretended to understand, anyhow. So they yelled until their wadded little selves fairly bounced off the pavement and their black eyes snapped with excitement.

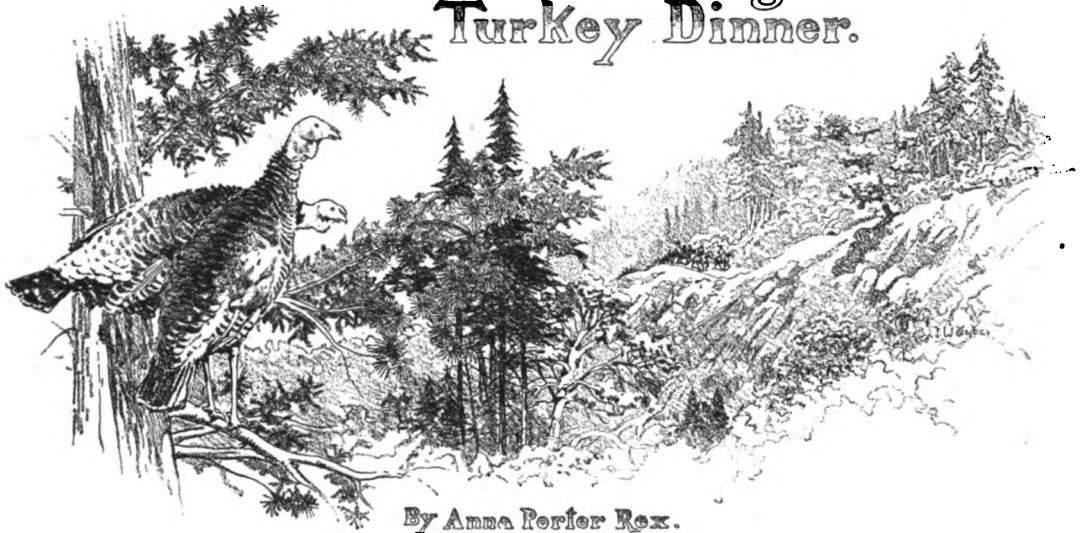
A long session of coaching produced encouraging results, for when I gave the signal, a score of piping voices screamed with frantic enthusiasm:

"Lah, lah, lah! Lah, lah, lah! Lah, lah, lah! Ylale, Ylale, Ylale! — Bean da rin!"

The football victory ten thousand miles away was duly celebrated in this fashion, and orthodox Yale cheers were shouted for the first time within the walls of the "Chinese City" of Peking. But I wondered, now and then, what the army and its parents could have thought the mysterious ceremony was all about.



President Washington's Turkey Dinner.



By Anna Porter Rex.

GREAT was the excitement in the little village of Bedford, Pennsylvania, on October 19, 1794; for everybody knew that General Washington might be expected to arrive before night-fall, and would probably remain several days, planning the campaign against the moonshiners.

For these were the days of the Whisky Insurrection, when the illegal distillers in western Pennsylvania had become so numerous and so daring as to organize a large armed force, bidding defiance to the revenue officers and small bodies of troops sent out against them. Repeated warnings from the government had only stimulated them to a more determined resistance, until the lawlessness assumed such proportions that President Washington, then in his second term, called out the militia of New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia to quell the insurgents.

Generals Morgan and South commanded the Virginia and Maryland troops, which constituted the "left wing," their rendezvous being at Cumberland; the New Jersey and Pennsylvania troops, commanded by Governors Mifflin and Howell, constituted the "right wing," with their rendezvous at Carlisle; and General Lee, commander-in-chief of the expedition, had his headquarters at Bedford. President Washington, accompanied by General Knox, Secretary

of War, and by General Alexander Hamilton, Secretary of the Treasury, with an appropriate escort, were then visiting the encampments in turn, traversing the great military road which had been built in 1758 through Pennsylvania to Fort Pitt.

The following extracts are from Washington's diary, written during his visit to Bedford, which, short as it was, enriched the annals of the little town with several interesting stories of his courtly courtesy:

BEDFORD, PA., October 19, 1794.

In company with General Lee, whom I requested to attend me, that all arrangements for the army's crossing the mountains in two columns might be made, and accompanied by the Adjutant General, we set out about 8 o'clock for Bedford from Cumberland and making one halt at the distance of 12 miles, reached it a little after 4 o'clock in the afternoon, being met a little out of the encampment by Governor Mifflin, Governor Howell, and several officers of distinction. Quarters were provided for me at the house of Mr. David Espy, Prothonotary of the County of Bedford, to which I was carried and lodged very comfortably.

MONDAY, October 20, 1794.

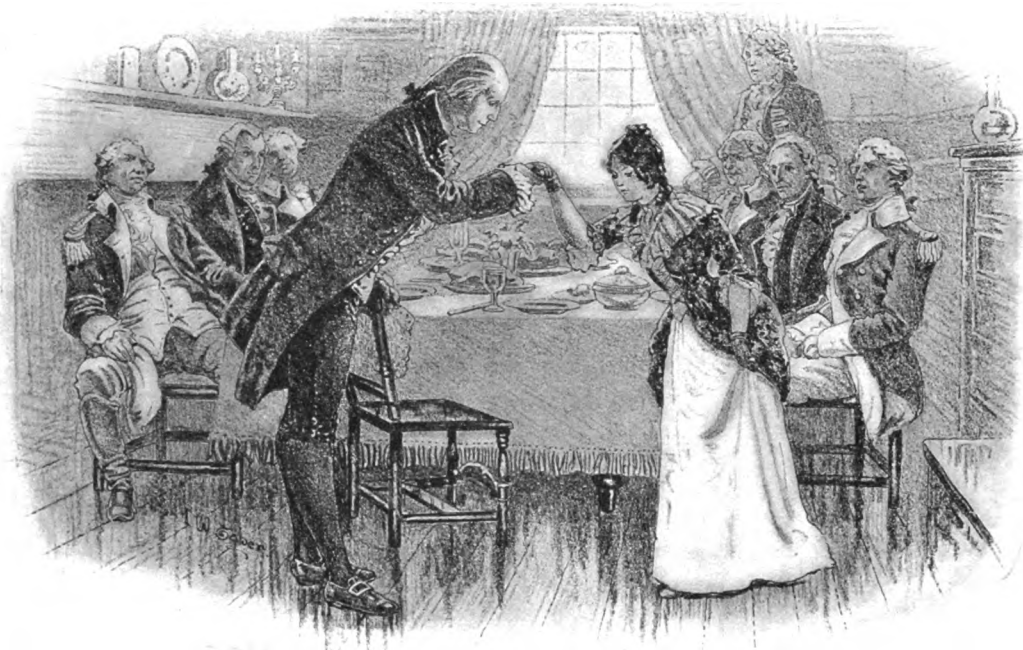
I called the Quarter-Master General, Adjutant General, Contractor and others of the Staff Department, and ordered the armies to be put in motion on the twenty-third, and having made every arrangement that occurred as necessary, I prepared for my return to Philadelphia in order to meet Congress and attend to the civil duties of my office.



"IN A TWINKLING MRS. McDERMETT WAS LEFT STARING AT AN EMPTY DISH." (SEE PAGE 135.)

No mention is here made by the general of the feast prepared for him and his staff on that eventful Monday; nor of the wonderful turkey, which, on its way to the table, assumed an animation as unexpected as that of the "four-and-twenty blackbirds," and fled away on foot. Yet this happened just as truly as any historical fact recorded of our famous first President.

flown straight to the hunter's lure! And nobly had the marksman met his enthusiastic desire to render up his life for Washington: no stray shot would be found among the tender meat to disconcert his Excellency. Could the turkey himself have selected the one in all that region best qualified to contribute to the glory of his taking-off, undoubtedly Mrs. McDermett would have



"ARISING FROM HIS PLACE, HE TOOK HER HAND AND GALLANTLY KISSED IT." (SEE PAGE 135.)

The stone dwelling on the corner of the village square in Bedford was then occupied by William McDermett, a Scotchman, and his English wife. He was the pioneer among steel manufacturers in this country, and his wife was a woman of birth, breeding, and quite unusual education, who had left wealth and ease to follow the fortunes of the man she loved. Very varied fortunes they were; but of all the strange tales of her experiences with which she delighted her children and grandchildren, the one oftenest demanded was this true story of President Washington's turkey. Such a turkey!—one that by good luck and good management had arrived at the very acme of perfection exactly at this most auspicious time. With what a mighty spread of pinions had he

been his choice. Therefore we may feel confident that, when General Washington and his staff sat down to dinner, it was with well justified complacency that their host prepared to carve the *pièce de résistance* when it should be placed before him.

Between the kitchen and the dining-room was a passage lighted by one window, about the height of a man's shoulder, and an alleyway ran along this side of the house. The window was open, and through it for hours had been wafted a mingling of delicious odors as the preparations for the dinner progressed.

Just at the moment when the hostess was carrying the turkey through this narrow passage, prepared to make a triumphal entry into the dining-room, a soldier's arm was thrust through

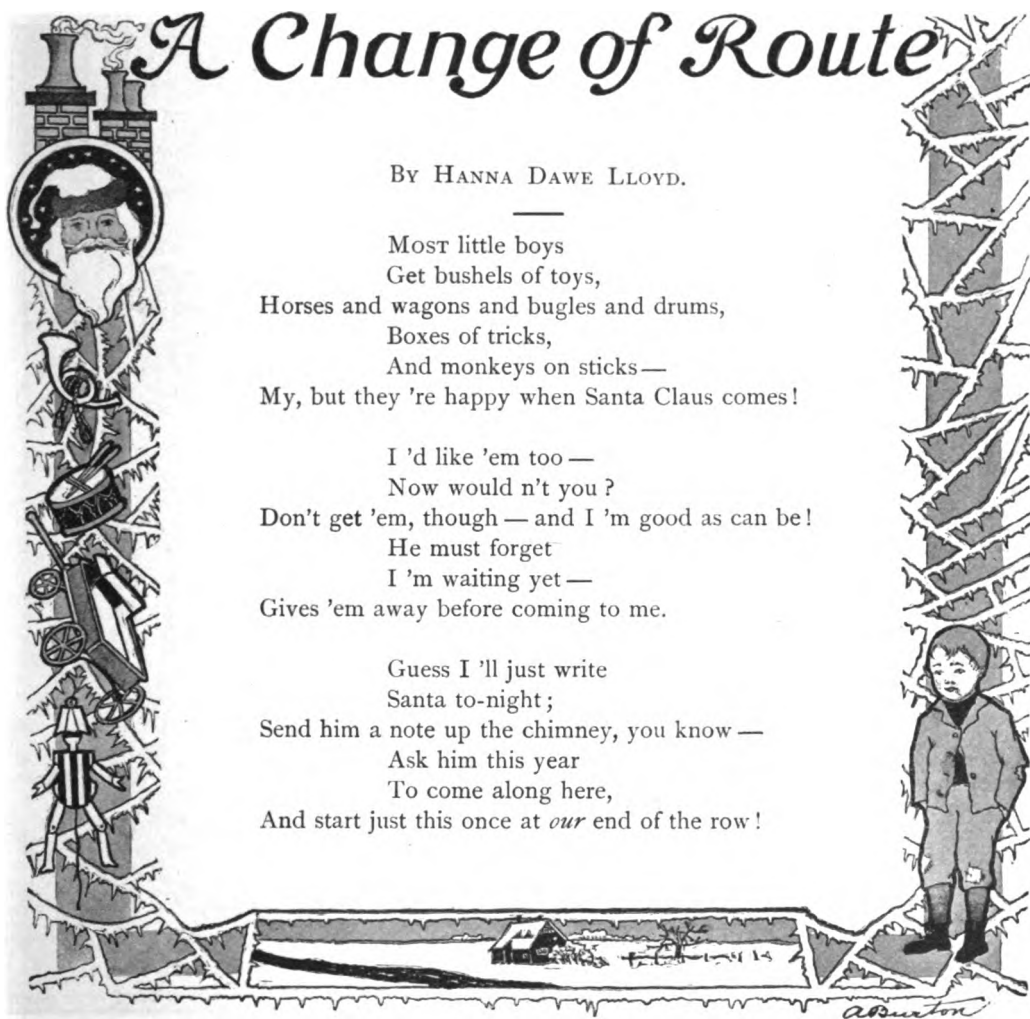
the window, a hand seized the bird by the legs, and in a twinkling Mrs. McDermett was left staring at an empty dish, while flying feet beat the road as the hungry thief made off with his prize.

Poor Mrs. McDermett, thus robbed of her turkey and her triumph at the very crowning moment of success, after a pause of helpless consternation, marched bravely forward to face her husband's chagrin, her guests' disappointment, and Washington's — ah! what would President Washington think or say?

Putting down the empty platter before the astounded host, amid the quizzical surprise of

the staff-officers, she told her story of the soldier-thief, and then, overcome with mortification, turned with a sob to apologize to Washington. Arising from his place, he took her hand and gallantly kissed it, saying: "Think no more of it, my dear madam," with a motion toward the well furnished table; "surely I can say with your countryman, Sir Philip Sidney, 'His need is greater than mine.'"

It is no wonder that in after years Mrs. McDermett avowed that to be thus consoled by General Washington was well worth all the chagrin and embarrassment that had been caused by the sudden loss of the turkey.



A Change of Route

BY HANNA DAWE LLOYD.

Most little boys
Get bushels of toys,
Horses and wagons and bugles and drums,
Boxes of tricks,
And monkeys on sticks —
My, but they 're happy when Santa Claus comes!

I 'd like 'em too —
Now would n't you?
Don't get 'em, though — and I 'm good as can be!
He must forget
I 'm waiting yet —
Gives 'em away before coming to me.

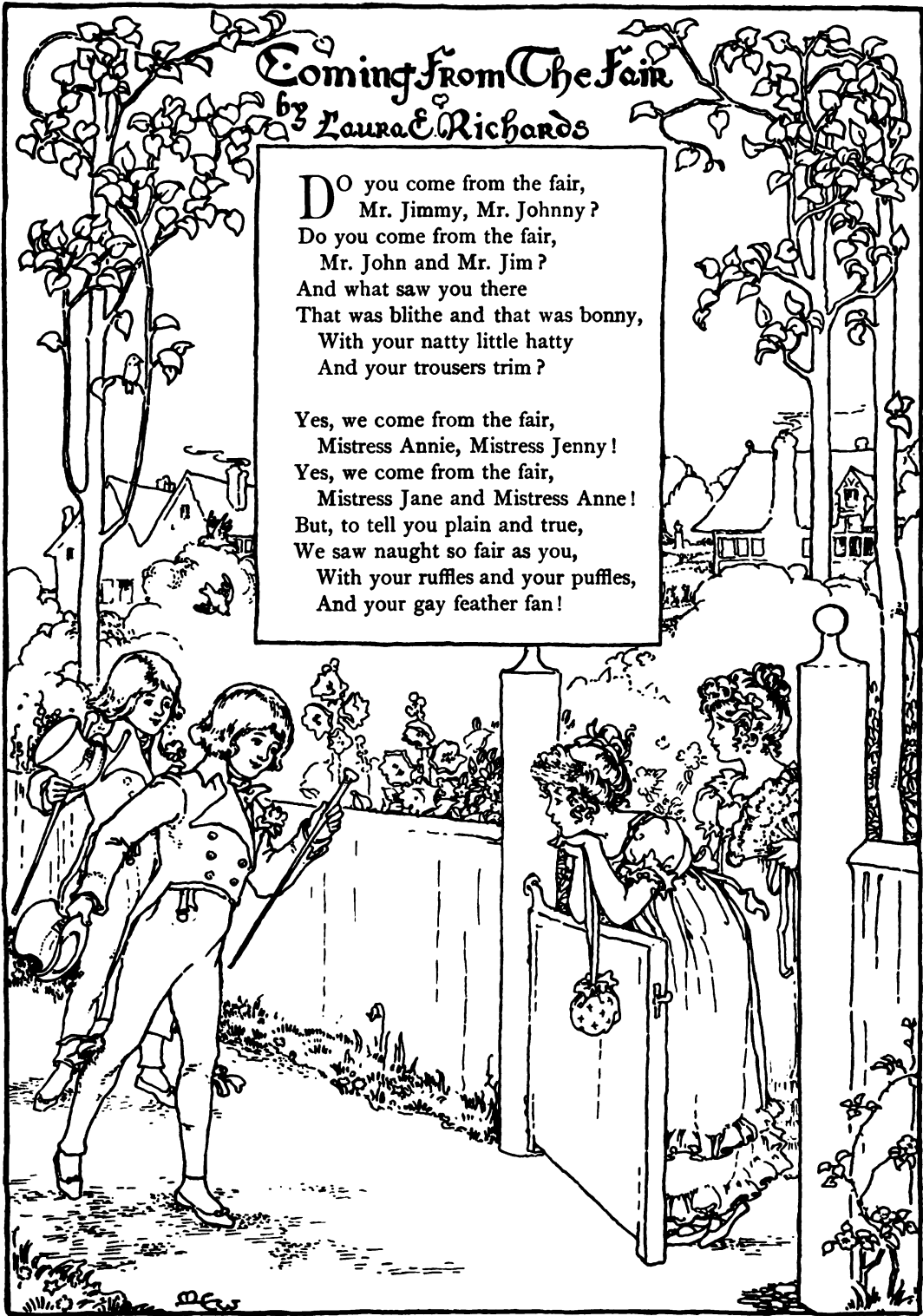
Guess I 'll just write
Santa to-night;
Send him a note up the chimney, you know —
Ask him this year
To come along here,
And start just this once at *our* end of the row!

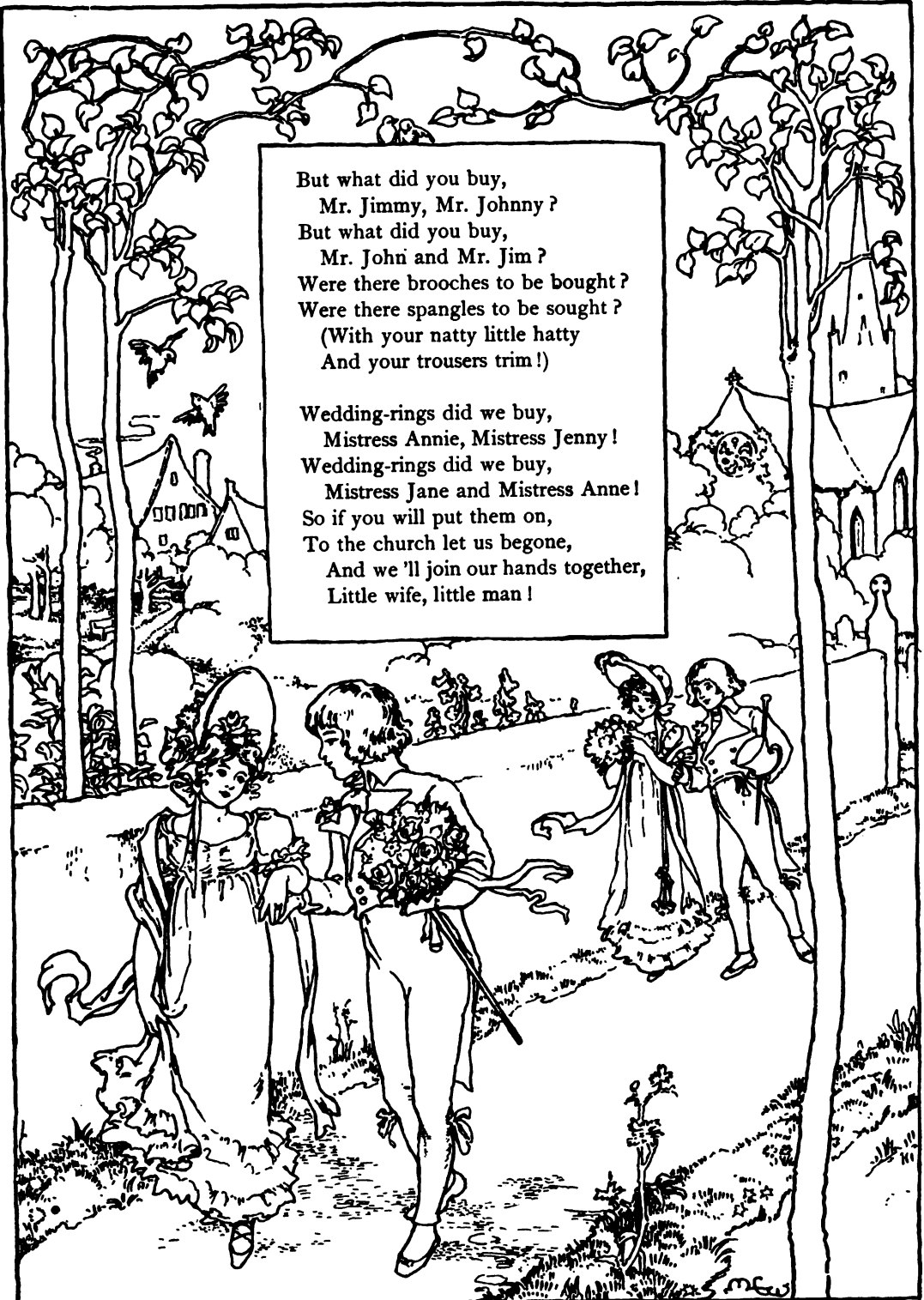
Coming from The Fair

by Laura E Richards

DO you come from the fair,
Mr. Jimmy, Mr. Johnny?
Do you come from the fair,
Mr. John and Mr. Jim?
And what saw you there
That was blithe and that was bonny,
With your natty little hatty
And your trousers trim?

Yes, we come from the fair,
Mistress Annie, Mistress Jenny!
Yes, we come from the fair,
Mistress Jane and Mistress Anne!
But, to tell you plain and true,
We saw naught so fair as you,
With your ruffles and your puffles,
And your gay feather fan!



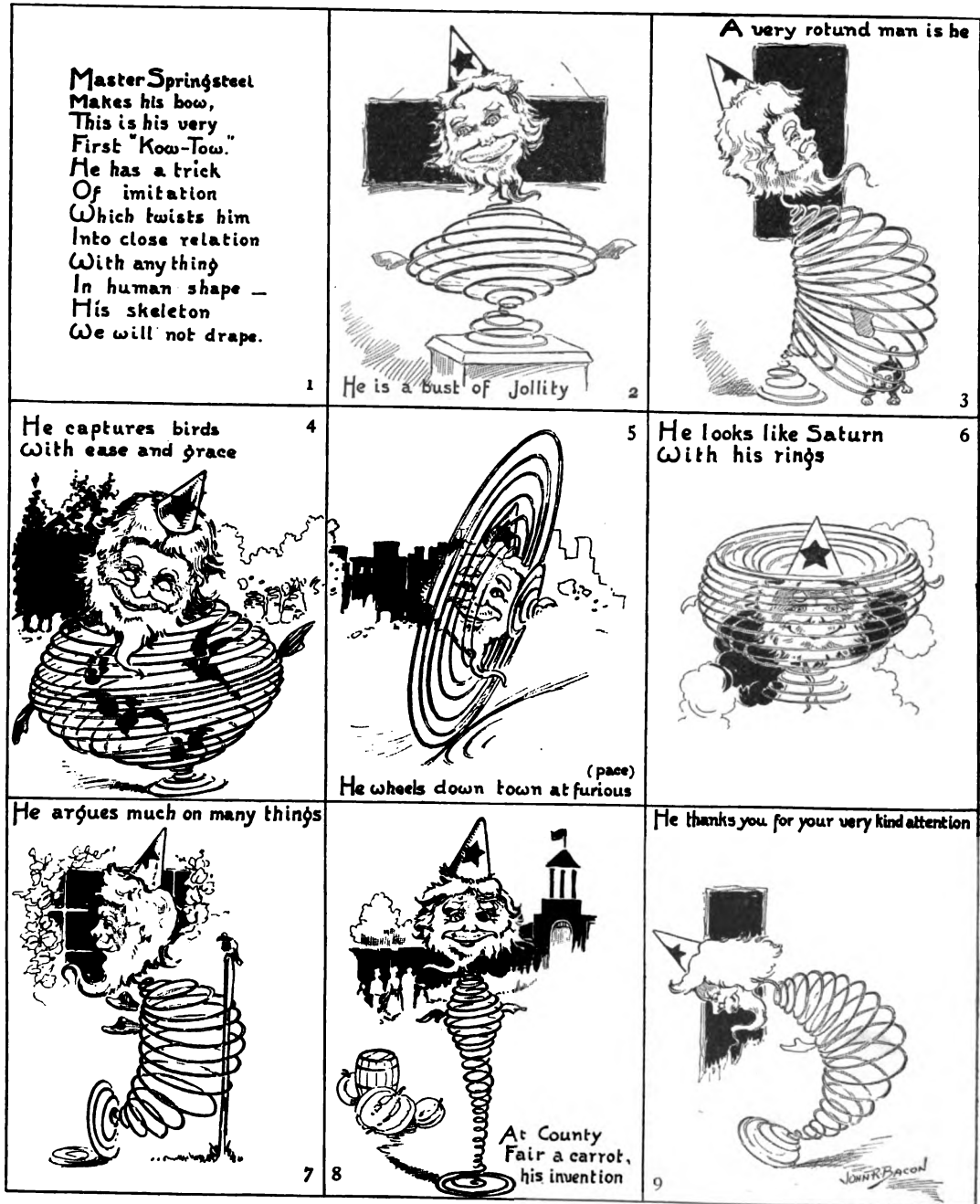


But what did you buy,
Mr. Jimmy, Mr. Johnny?
But what did you buy,
Mr. John and Mr. Jim?
Were there brooches to be bought?
Were there spangles to be sought?
(With your natty little hatty
And your trousers trim!)

Wedding-rings did we buy,
Mistress Annie, Mistress Jenny!
Wedding-rings did we buy,
Mistress Jane and Mistress Anne!
So if you will put them on,
To the church let us begone,
And we'll join our hands together,
Little wife, little man!

MASTER SPRINGSTEEL.

BY JOHN R. BACON.



A COMEDY IN WAX.

BY B. L. FARJEON.

CHAPTER V.

A SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.

THEY were now standing before the scene of the arrest of Guy Fawkes, and, as before, Mme. Tussaud entered the tableau from behind, and touched the figure of the conspirator with her cane. Queen Mary, who was standing by Lucy's side, uttered a scream of terror as Guy Fawkes instantly began to struggle violently with the waxen effigies of the men who held him.

"The woman is a witch!" she cried. "See, see! Nay, but 't is a man after my own heart. How valiantly he resists the ruffians who hold him! Ah, me! I, too, have been a prisoner struggling for freedom. Bravely done! By my troth, he hath overcome them all!"

In fact, the wax figures were not capable of resistance, and Guy Fawkes had thrown them without difficulty, though he made huge parade of his prowess. Then, crying out, "Ha! there is yet time to fire the gunpowder!" he turned sharply, and perceiving Mme. Tussaud, burst suddenly into a hoarse chuckle.

"Guy!" exclaimed Mme. Tussaud, severely, "I am displeased with you. This is the third time you have behaved in this fashion when I touched you with my cane. When *will* you learn that these poor fellows are merely dummies? One of these days you will do them an injury, and put me to a great deal of unnecessary expense."

"Nay, Mistress Tussaud, you overblame me," protested Guy Fawkes, in a husky whisper. "Each time that I awake and find myself in the grasp of these minions, how can I but believe that I am once more trapped outside the Parliament House, as I was on the 4th of November in the year 1605?"

"I dare say," retorted Mme. Tussaud, dryly, "but, all the same, I warn you to take more care in future. You are a turbulent fellow, Guy."

"I am a soldier of fortune, mistress, pray remember that," said Guy Fawkes, "and who pays me best may command me."

"Nothing of the sort," said Mme. Tussaud. "Please to remember that you are *my* exclusive property. Now just set those men on their feet again, and come along."

Lucy could not help feeling a little alarmed when the notorious conspirator joined them, and she trembled as, at a sign from Mme. Tussaud, she offered him her bag of chocolate creams. The eyes of Guy Fawkes gleamed as he helped himself. He would have seized the bag had not Mme. Tussaud prevented him.

"Little mistress," he said to Lucy, in a mysterious whisper, "hast thou an enemy thou art anxious to get rid of? For yon parcel of confections I will dispose of him in such a fashion that he will never trouble thee again. Say but the word, and I am at thy service."

"No, thank you, sir," said Lucy, in a shaking voice, for she did not wish even Lorimer Grimwee such a fate as that, and she shrank toward Mme. Tussaud, who took her hand and, bidding the others follow, said, as they proceeded to the upper room:

"Don't be alarmed, Lucy. I have Guy well under control, and there is no gunpowder in the place."

"Why does he speak in whispers all the time?" asked Lucy. "Has he a cold?"

"No, my dear; he does it from habit. It is part of a conspirator's trade."

Meanwhile Mary Queen of Scots was looking at Guy Fawkes out of the corner of her eye, and presently she drew closer to him and said in a low voice:

"Is it true that thou art a conspirator?"

"That is my profession, madame," whispered Guy Fawkes; "and assuredly I behold in the illustrious Queen of Scots one who has herself been engaged in conspiracies?"

"Nay, 't is a base slander!" said Mary,

loudly, looking askance at Mme. Tussaud. "For I am innocent of those vile plots of which I have been falsely accused!" Then, with her finger at her lips, she leaned toward him and murmured, "Hist, good Master Fawkes! We will speak together anon."

Guy Fawkes nodded craftily and rubbed his hands with satisfaction.

By this time they had reached the Grand Saloon, and Mary shuddered when she saw the dread form of the Executioner. She clung to Lucy as if for protection, and muttered:

"I misdoubt me. Is this a snare?"

"Don't be frightened at him," said Lucy; "he will not hurt you. And oh, dear queen, do not disobey the kind old lady! Your fate is in her hands, and she is so good, so good!"

"By my faith, thy words are strange," said Mary, "but I will trust thee. If there is a plot against me I count upon thy aid. This is a wondrous hall, and though the light is dim, I am more content here than below. We had no such hall in Holyrood."

"Your Majesty will pledge me your royal word," said Mme. Tussaud, approaching Mary, "to remain on this spot till I give you permission to move from it."

"Nay, that I will not," said Mary. "It is for me to command."

"Not in this establishment," said Mme. Tussaud, in a determined tone. "If you decline to give the promise I shall convey you back to your scaffold."

Impressed by the stern voice, Mary turned irresolutely to Lucy, who nodded earnestly and said in a wistful tone:

"Yes, you must, you must indeed, Queen Mary! She has the kindest heart in the world, and has the power to do all she says."

"The kindest heart in the world!" muttered Mary, with a cross look. "No, no; she is a witch. We were wont to burn them at the stake, or give them trial by water. Natheless we feared them.—Mistress, I pledge my word."

CHAPTER VI.

ALL ALIVE! ALL ALIVE, O!

THEN Mme. Tussaud proceeded with her plan. With astonishing ease she removed the wrapper from Henry VIII, and touched him

on the breast. Mary uttered a little cry of wonder and admiration as, with a mighty shake of his broad shoulders, he stepped from out the royal group.

"Mme. La Tussaud," he said in a hearty voice, as if continuing a conversation, "we were about to say that if thou wert younger—*much* younger—we should consider whether we would make thee our seventh. Thou art, alas! too old—"

"And you too fickle, Henry," said Mme. Tussaud, the familiar manner in which she addressed him denoting that she was no more in awe of him than of Queen Mary.

Henry laughed heartily at the retort, and Lucy thought she had never heard a laugh so jovial. The joke seemed to tickle him immensely.

"'T is agreed," he said. "We will not make a match of it. Gadzooks! A winsome little wench!" He chucked Lucy under the chin, and stroked his yellow beard complacently, his face beaming with good nature.

"Offer his Majesty a chocolate cream, Lucy," said Mme. Tussaud.

"Chocolate creams!" he cried eagerly. "Num, num! Thou art a very fairy. Nay, sweet demoiselle, one will not suffice. We will take the whole bag."

"No more than three, Harry," said Mme. Tussaud, who saw that Lucy was wavering. "It is as many as we can spare."

She counted them out in his mailed hand, and he, turning, saw Mary Queen of Scots.

"Beshrew me!" he exclaimed. "Whom have we here? 'T is long since we beheld a face so fair."

"'T is my cousin Elizabeth's father," said Mary, under her breath. "I have seen his portrait, painted by that famous master, Hans Holbein the Younger. It is—it is the great Henry himself! He approaches—he comes nearer! Be still, my fluttering heart!"

"Let me introduce you," said Mme. Tussaud. "Henry VIII—Mary Queen of Scots." An elaborate obeisance and a still more elaborate bow followed the introduction. "You will no doubt enjoy each other's acquaintance. And I have a great holiday entertainment in store for your Majesties if you follow my wishes."

"Say you so? It likes us well," observed the monarch. "We trust the lovely Mary hath a part in thy project."

"I promise you that," said Mme. Tussaud. "Perhaps you will be kind enough to remain with the Queen of Scots while I proceed with my affairs?"

"We desire nothing better," said Henry, "than to remain by beauty's side."

"Oh, sire!" simpered Queen Mary.

Mme. Tussaud beckoned to Lucy, and said confidentially as they walked away from the pair:

"Henry and I are very good friends, and so are most of the others we shall take with us to Marybud Lodge. I have occasionally to be rather severe, but I think I may say that I have established my authority over them—yes, even over Queen Elizabeth and Richard III. Queen Bess was most difficult to deal with, but I succeeded in managing her in the end. Here she is. If we find her a little stiff and proud at first, we must not forget that she was a great queen, and used to the habit of command."

Lucy could scarcely keep herself still as the magic cane touched the royal shoulder. Queen Elizabeth raised her head and gazed imperiously at Mme. Tussaud, but she did not otherwise move.

"If your Majesty pleases," said Mme. Tussaud, "we must not keep the company waiting."

"T is well," said Queen Elizabeth. "We take thy word for it. Look to it that thou dost not deceive us."

And then the great queen stepped majestically out of the royal circle in which she was, perhaps, the most illustrious figure. Lucy gazed upon her with awe, and it was only at the instigation of Mme. Tussaud that she timorously held out her bag of chocolate creams, and even then she drew back in fear, dreading that the act might be resented as an unwarrantable familiarity.

"Don't be shy, Lucy," said Mme. Tussaud.

Thus encouraged, Lucy, with a curtsy, offered half a dozen chocolate creams to Queen Elizabeth, who graciously accepted the gift. It was evident, however, from her manner that she did not approve of Henry VIII's attentions to Mary Queen of Scots.

"Our royal father," she observed, as she glanced at the pair, "should set a better example."

"Nay, Bess, do not frown," said Henry, in a jolly voice. "If our devotion to the fair offend thee, observe it not."

He turned again to Mary, whose laughter the next moment rang through the hall.

"Ah, here is Mme. Sainte Amaranthe," said Mme. Tussaud. "Good evening, Julie." She had touched the Sleeping Beauty with her magic cane.

"Good evening, madame," said the young beauty, languidly raising herself from her couch. "Have I overslept myself? I am somewhat fatigued after the impromptu ball at which you kindly presided last night."

"You should not be, Julie," said Mme. Tussaud, "for you sat out three successive dances with George Washington. I heard Anne of Cleves and Catherine Howard making remarks about it."

"Oh, I don't mind what people say," returned Mme. Sainte Amaranthe, shrugging her shoulders. "Washington's manners were most fascinating, and I had become mortally tired after the pedantic conversation of Geoffrey Chaucer and John Knox."

"Really?" said Mme. Tussaud, laughing. "But come, come! We are lingering too long. I want to introduce you to one of our great English monarchs, an ardent admirer of female beauty."

The young lady sprang to her feet with more vivacity than she had yet displayed, exclaiming, "And I have not made my toilette!" She began hurriedly to arrange her veil, her laces, and the long diamond chain which encircled her lovely neck.

"You will do very well as you are," said Mme. Tussaud. Your Majesty,"—they had now reached the royal group,—“allow me to introduce a friend of mine, Julie Sainte Amaranthe. We were girls together."

"Impossible, madame," said Henry VIII, gazing admiringly at the young beauty, and then with twinkling eyes at the Little Old Woman in Black. "By my halidom! thou taxest our credulity too far!" And with an air of great gallantry, he kissed the hand of the French lady, and paid her many pretty compliments.

"I love to listen to him," said Lucy to Mme. Tussaud, as they walked away. "Don't you think it is much prettier than the way we speak now?"

"It has its attractions," replied Mme. Tussaud, "and certainly the slang of the modern day is to be deplored. And bad habits are so catching. Even I find myself occasionally betrayed into using language that I should have blushed to use thirty or forty years ago. I am afraid we are less dignified and courteous than we used to be."

Having reached the group in which Houguia, the great tea-merchant, was placed, she touched him with her magic cane, and he immediately took from the folds of his thickly wadded dark blue robe a fan, with which he began to fan himself. Then he spoke:

"Put not thlee, four, five lumps of sugar in your tea. No can do so many lumps. Spoilee flaglance of the golden leaf." His eyes rested upon Lucy, who held out two chocolate creams, which instantly disappeared, as if by magic, up his sleeve. "Pletty child!" he said. "Bime-by glow up a beautiful lady with tiny feet."

"There's a compliment for you, Lucy," said Mme. Tussaud, and leading her to other parts of the show, introduced her in turn to Richards I and III, Cromwell, Loushkin the Russian giant, nearly nine feet high, Tom Thumb the American dwarf, and Charles II, to each of whom Lucy offered a couple of chocolate creams, Cromwell being the only one who declined to accept them. The disdain with which he surveyed the royal personages was not less marked than the displeasure which his appearance created. The only celebrity he regarded with any favor was the giant Loushkin.

"Give me a company of such men," he had the audacity to declare, "and I would sweep royalty from the face of the earth."

Charles II stepped forward and looked daggers at the Protector.

"Ha!" said Cromwell. "An I had laid hands on thee I would have served thee as I served thy father. The good work I did lives after me. Yea, verily!"

"Wretch!" cried Mary Queen of Scots.

"Peace!" roared Cromwell, turning to Mary. "Thou saucy malapert!"

"I take this quarrel on myself," said Richard Cœur de Lion, darting forward. "Dash it—that is, 'sdeath! I cannot get my glove off!"

"Here's a good blade for who will pay for it," hissed Guy Fawkes, his hand on his sword.

"Oh, there's going to be a fight," cried Mary, dancing up and down in glee; "there's going to be a fight—and all about me!"

"Affected creature!" murmured Mme. Sainte Amaranthe.

"Hooray for Guy Fawkes!" said General Tom Thumb. "Hello, Cromwell, how are you?"

"Out of my sight, manikin!" thundered Cromwell, and gave a start of agony, for Tom Thumb had run a pin into his leg.

"Stop—stop—stop!" cried Mme. Tussaud, pushing her way to the center of the group. "Another quarrelsome word, and I— Would you make me ashamed of my celebrities? It is perfectly scandalous that famous personages should behave so. And how is it possible for me to carry out my plans for the holiday excursion I am going to give you—"

"A holiday excursion!" they all cried, as though with one tongue.

"Yes. I want to take you all into the country for a few days—"

"Oh, you dear creature!" exclaimed Mary.

"A *fête champêtre*!" cried Mme. Sainte Amaranthe, delightedly.

"—to rescue a fair damsel in distress."

"By my troth!" exclaimed Henry VIII, "this is something after my own heart."

"But how can it be done if you continue to wrangle? It is perhaps too much to expect you all to shake hands with one another, but you can at least keep the peace and pretend to be friends."

"Oh, yes," said Mary, ecstatically; "let's pretend. Oliver Cromwell, I apologize."

"Bosh! and in pretense so do I," said the Protector.

"In that case, colonel," said Tom Thumb, addressing Cromwell, "I will take the pin out of your leg." And he did so.

"Pretend in earnest, you know," said Mme. Tussaud. "Is harmony restored? Are you all friends?"

"We are—we are," they all replied, one and

all earnestly pretending, in order not to offend Mme. Tussaud, and thus endanger their chances of joining in the holiday excursion.

CHAPTER VII.

QUEEN ELIZABETH AND TOM THUMB FALL TO QUOTING SHAKSPERE.

THEN Mme. Tussaud, rapping her cane smartly on the floor to obtain silence, explained to her celebrities the purpose of the expedition they were about to undertake, and impressed upon them the necessity of obedience to her commands.

"I have made my plans, and I do not intend that they shall be upset," she said, in a tone of stern authority, "so let us have no nonsense. To show you that I know how to deal with rebellion, I may as well respectfully inform you, celebrities, that I take my executioner with me, and have entered into a contract with him at so much per head."

She pointed to the grim figure with the black mask on his face and his sharp ax ready. Some of the celebrities looked rather glum, but there was no mistaking the effect produced by this announcement. Even Richard III and Guy Fawkes entered no protest, and Queen Elizabeth was so elated at the prospect of an open-air holiday that she bestowed a gracious smile on Lucy.

"We must prepare to start," said Mme. Tussaud. "There is yet much to do before we leave, for the interests of my show must not be neglected. I expect there will be such a rush for admission to-morrow that the money-boxes will overflow with shillings."

"What, with us, the principal attractions, out of it?" cried Mary. She really meant, "with ME, the principal attraction, out of it," but, vain as she was, she hardly liked to go as far as that.

"Yes," answered Mme. Tussaud, "with you, the principal attractions, out of it. In the way of record attendances, bank-holidays will pale their ineffectual fires—"

"An incorrect quotation!" interrupted Queen Elizabeth, with astonishing vivacity. "In the singular, not the plural—fire, not fires. And *un*effectual, not *ine*ffectual.

'The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his unneffectual fire.'

It vexes us to the soul when our divine William is misquoted."

"Hooray for you, Queen Elizabeth!" said Tom Thumb. "In the names of Edwin Forrest and Edwin Booth, the American Eagle thanks the good Queen Bess; the Stars and Stripes salute her.

'Sound, drums and trumpets, boldly and cheerfully:
God and St. George! Richmond and victory!'

Begging your pardon, boss," continued the tiny man, seeing a scowl on the face of Richard III, "for throwing Richmond in your teeth; but history's history, and I don't want a better historian than the Swan of Avon. He's good enough for yours truly—yes, *sir*!"

"Varlet!" muttered Richard, "an I had thee in the Tower—" But the conclusion of the threat was not audible, and as much of it as Tom Thumb heard had little effect upon him, his little fat cheeks smiled so amiably.

"We accept thy homage, Tom of the Thumb," said Queen Elizabeth, "and if our royal cousin is displeased, we will say instead, quoting from our favorite poet, and venturing to alter two words in the original,

'Sound, drums and trumpets, and to Barnet all;
And more such nights as these to us befall.'

"Good! good!" said Tom Thumb, with nods of approval. "Queen Elizabeth, you're a daisy!"

"Hush, Tom! Now is every one ready?" asked Mme. Tussaud.

"As ready as a borrower's cap," said Tom Thumb, answering for all, and quoting from Shakspeare again.

"Thou hast not many inches," said Queen Elizabeth, smiling sweetly on him, "but thou art 'a marvelous proper man.' Where didst thou learn to become so familiar with the writings of our great Shakspeare?"

"The free and enlightened citizens of the U-nited States are chock-full of him, queen," replied Tom.

"Softly!" said Mme. Tussaud. "No more talking. Follow me."

With footsteps as noiseless as those of a

company of cats, they stole out of the hall, and were presently in the open air, crouching in silence within the rails, in obedience to the commands of the mistress of the show.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE LITTLE OLD WOMAN IN BLACK FILLS THE VACANT PLACES.

THE night was dark: there were no stars or moon visible; and it being now one o'clock in the morning, Marylebone Road was almost deserted.

"You have seen many strange things, Lucy," said Mme. Tussaud, in a low tone, "and have behaved bravely. You will see still stranger things before we start for Marybud Lodge; but no one will be hurt, and, whatever happens, you must not scream."

"I will not, ma'am," said Lucy. "It has all been very, very wonderful, but I am not the least bit frightened."

"You are a dear little heroine," said Mme. Tussaud, with a bright smile. "What I have to do now is to find my way to the Finchley Road, for the London streets are changed since I was last in them. Then it is straight on to Barnet, is it not?"

"Almost straight. As we go along I think I can show you."

"Very good, then. Celebrities, keep perfectly still, and do not open your lips unless I speak to you. Hush! A policeman!"

With measured steps the guardian of the night approached the gates of the exhibition. He paused, shook them to see that they were fast, and passed leisurely on.

"Safe!" sighed Mary Queen of Scots, who had been terrified by the approach of the man.

"Not a word, not a word," whispered Mme. Tussaud, "and do not stir."

She glided swiftly out into the street, and hailed the officer.

"Policeman!" she cried.

He stopped and faced her, but in the darkness could only see before him the figure of a little old woman.

"Can you tell me the way to the Finchley Road?" asked Mme. Tussaud.

"Take the second turning to the right," the

policeman answered, "into Baker Street, walk straight on, and ask again."

"I don't wish to ask again. Am I sure to come to it if I walk straight on?"

"Yes, if you can *keep* straight. When you come to the park gates, keep to the left, and you 'll come to Wellington Road, and that 'll lead you into Finchley Road." At this point the policeman's mind became suddenly illuminated with suspicion. "But here, I say—what brings you out at this time of night, and where did you spring from? I did n't see you as I came along. Did you come up through the pavement? And what 's that you are holding behind your back? None of your tricks with me—let 's have a look at it. Sharp, now!"

"It is only a cane," said Mme. Tussaud, producing it.

"Only a cane, eh? Where did you get it?" He pulled out his bull's-eye lantern and flashed it upon her face. And that was all he did, for Mme. Tussaud had touched him with her magic cane. Immovable he stood, without sense or feeling, holding his lantern in his outstretched hand.

"One!" said Mme. Tussaud, under her breath, and also stood quite still, for she heard a voice in the rear singing softly:

"I 've got a pal,
A reg'lar out-an'-outer;
She 's a dear good gal—
I 'll tell yer all about 'er.
It 's many years since fust we met—"

The singer, a jovial young costermonger returning home after a jolly evening spent with friends, stopped short and cried:

"'Allo! Ho, I say! 'Ere 's a lark! Wot 's the row, bobby?"

It was not destined that he should be informed. The magic cane had touched him, and he stood stock-still, with a vacant smile on his face.

"Two!" said Mme. Tussaud, hurrying back to her celebrities. "I need recruits, stalwart men, resolute and stout," she said hurriedly. Tom Thumb darted forward. "Not you, Tom; you could not perform the work. Cromwell for one; and, Loushkin, you come, too."



"‘A WINSOME LITTLE WENCH!’ SAID HENRY VIII, AS HE CHUCKED LUCY UNDER THE CHIN."

The giant and Cromwell followed Mme. Tussaud immediately, and, in obedience to her instructions, carried the inanimate forms of the policeman and the young man of the period into the building, she showing the way with the policeman's bull's-eye lantern, of which she had taken possession. Then she passed out of the gates again, taking her recruits with her. She kept them busy, for every minute or two they came back, bearing the forms of various human beings who had been deprived of sense and motion by the touch of the magic cane. Altogether thirteen substitutes were collected, and, under Mme. Tussaud's direction, were carried into the show and placed where the celebrities she had revived had previously sat or stood. When they were covered with the calico shrouds which had enveloped the abstracted celebrities, the hall presented precisely the same appearance as when the attendants had closed the exhibition for the night. There was, however, one exception. The place which had been occupied by Mme. Tussaud was not filled. At a casual glance this was not apparent, for she so arranged the cloth in which she had been inwrapped that it looked as if she were still within its folds.

Once during these comings and goings she noticed that Lucy's face was very white and that the little girl was trembling. She put her arm around Lucy's neck and kissed her, and whispered:

"There is no harm done, my dear. I have only sent them to sleep, as I did my night watchmen, and when I wake them up they will be as well as ever."

The last thing to do inside the building was to restore the night watchmen to their senses. This done, they resumed their march through the rooms in the most natural manner possible, without any suspicion that there had been any break in the performance of their duties; and when they cast their eyes around upon the muffled figures, they were quite satisfied that everything was as they had left it.

While attending to these various matters Mme. Tussaud had displayed the most astonishing activity and vivacity, and every time she passed in and out of the building, she addressed a few pleasant words to this celebrity, or a few

warning words to that, and succeeded in keeping up their spirits as effectually as she kept up her own.

"And now," she said in the end, addressing them collectively, "everything is ready for the start to Marybud Lodge."

"But how do we go?" asked Lucy. "What will the policemen say when they see us marching through the streets? And it is such a long distance!"

"Oh, if it is far we can never walk," cried the ladies. "Look at our thin shoes!"

"We shall ride," said Mme. Tussaud, smiling. "Loushkin will drive us. You, Lucy, will sit by his side and direct him, and I will sit next to you."

"Ride!" exclaimed Lucy. "In what? Oh, I know!" And all her pulses throbbed with delight. "You have found some large pumpkins."

"Come and see."

Her celebrities accompanied her to the outside pavement, and there in the road was a large, red, covered parcels-post van, with two stout horses standing perfectly still.

"This conveyance was coming along, and I annexed it," said Mme. Tussaud. "The man who drove it is now in my show. I judge from his uniform that he belongs to the government, and I will see that it is safely restored. It was necessary to annex the van, for I could not suffer my celebrities to walk eight or ten miles at this time of night — no, indeed!"

"Certainly not, certainly not," was the general acquiescence.

"Come, get in, all of you. You'll find it warm and comfortable inside."

"Take your places," shouted Tom Thumb.

"Step up on the box, Loushkin, and take the reins. Oliver Cromwell, oblige me by lifting our little heroine up. Thank you. If I ever hear any one accusing you of a want of politeness, I will set them right. Get inside, please."

"All aboard!" cried Tom Thumb. "There are no more passengers, marm. We've got the lot. I've checked 'em all off."

"Smart little man," said Mme. Tussaud.

She shut the door upon him and the others, locked it, pocketed the key, and nimbly mounted the box. Then she touched the horses with

her magic cane, and they instantly whisked their tails and moved briskly up the street.

"Just show them the whip, Loushkin. Are you comfortable, Lucy?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Then off we go," said the Little Old Woman.

And away they rattled in the direction of Barnet.

As they wended their way northward there were still fewer persons abroad than in the neighborhood of Marylebone Road, and, so far as the occupants of the box-seat could judge, they were not observed. In daylight it would, of course, have been otherwise. The appearance of a giant nearly nine feet in height, in the military uniform of a drum-major of the Imperial Preobrajensky Regiment of the Russian Guards, driving a post-office mail-cart, would certainly have attracted attention; but on this night only one man, a policeman who was turning out of Park Road, stopped to look after the vehicle. He was not in doubt about the conveyance or the horses, but about the Being on the box.

"Was it a image?" he asked himself, and paused till the cart was out of sight. He lifted his eyes to the tops of the trees, and for the first time in his life noticed how much higher they seemed to be by night than by day. "That is it," he soliloquized; "it was the tree-tops that made him look so tall. He might have been a shadder."

So the conveyance passed along unimpeded. Along the Wellington Road into Finchley Road, past the Swiss Cottage and the nice new shops with which the Parade beyond is lined, past the pretty villas which were being built all the way to Finchley, the horses trotted merrily, as though they were aware of the distinguished company they were carrying and were proud of their burden. Lucy's sharp eyes were on the lookout for familiar landmarks, and it was under her guidance that the journey was made. Strange to say, she did not feel tired or sleepy. The exciting events of the day and night had dispelled all sensations of fatigue, and she was as bright at two o'clock in the morning, sitting on the box between Loushkin and Mme. Tussaud, as if it were yet day. Odd as were the circumstances in which she found herself placed, she was very happy in the prospect held out by

Mme. Tussaud, and she kept whispering to herself: "It's all for dear Lydia's sake—all for my dear, darling sister."

Merrily rang the clatter of the hoofs on the road, and the horses champed their bits and shook their heads as if they were enjoying it; but they were not sorry when Loushkin pulled up to give them a drink from a water-trough by the roadside; and while they slaked their thirst, Mme. Tussaud got nimbly down from the box to see how her celebrities were getting along. Henry VIII was listening with great attention to a conversation between Mary Queen of Scots and Mme. Sainte Amaranthe upon the fashions of ladies' dress and what styles were most becoming to fair and dark complexions. Richard III's eyes were half closed, but he was only pretending to be asleep, and his brain was really teeming with plots; occasionally he muttered a few words to Guy Fawkes, who received his remarks with an air of mingled bravado and mystery, while Charles II was regarding them with an air of haughty disapproval. Cromwell and Richard I were discussing military affairs. Queen Elizabeth and Tom Thumb were quoting from Shakspere with great animation. Hougu was smiling blandly upon one and all; and the executioner sat bolt upright, his eyes glaring frightfully through his mask.

"How are you getting along, good people?" asked Mme. Tussaud, letting the light of the bull's-eye lamp travel from one to another.

"Bully!" said Tom Thumb, briskly. "If you find it cold outside, there's plenty of room for you and the little girl in here."

"We are quite comfortable on the box-seat, thank you, Tom. I trust your Majesty does not feel wearied."

"We are well bestowed," said Queen Elizabeth, with a gracious inclination of her head. "Thou hast given us an agreeable henchman. Raleigh himself was not a more accomplished courtier, and knew less of Sweet Will than Tom of the Thumb." She turned to the little man. "Who spake those words of our poet, Tom of the Thumb, which but now thou wast repeating?"

"They were from Suffolk's lines," answered Tom Thumb, "when he was playing false to Henry VI, in his interview with Lady Margaret. Don't you remember?"



"'THOU HAST NOT MANY INCHES,' SAID QUEEN ELIZABETH, 'BUT THOU ART
"A MARVELOUS PROPER MAN."'"

"Ha! those knavish ambassadors!" exclaimed Queen Elizabeth. "We have had experience of them. We recall the lines—they are in our poet's play of 'Henry VI.' But thy memory is prodigious, gallant Tom of the Thumb; marvelous is thy erudition. Fain would our eyes rest upon the wonderful country in which thou wert born and educated."

"In education it takes the cake, queen," said Tom Thumb, "and a visit from you would set all the bells ringing from Maine to California. You are as greatly honored there as in the cities and green lanes of England."

"From our green lanes, sweet and fragrant as they will ever be, we send it greeting. We recollect our sea-dog Sir Francis Drake, when we visited him upon his ship, the 'Golden Hind,' speaking in glowing terms of those wondrous western shores, upon some spot of which he unfurled our flag, calling the land New Albion. But let us not desert the pages of our Swan of Avon. Proceed with thy illustration."

Before the end of this dialogue, Mme. Tussard having remounted to the box-seat, the journey was resumed. The nearer they approached Barnet, the surer was Lucy of the road, and after a merry canter of three or four miles she cried excitedly:

"We shall be there very soon now. Oh, what will Lydia say when she sees us—and what will papa think? Mr. Loushkin, please take the road to the left. There—there is Marybud Lodge right before us. Stop, coachman, stop!"

The van was pulled up within half a dozen yards of a stone wall, about eight feet high, with a wooden door built in it. By the side of the door hung a rusty iron chain, and on it was a great iron knocker. There appeared to be no other means of entrance than this door.

Mme. Tussard alighted from the box-seat so quickly that she seemed to fly off it, and assisted Lucy down. Then she unlocked the door of the van and let out her celebrities, who stepped

to the ground with expressions of satisfaction at having reached their journey's end.

"Where dwells the fair Lydia?" said Henry VIII, in a loud, commanding voice. "We see no house. A murrain on the knaves! Is this the manner in which we are received? In silence? No welcome proffered? By my troth! an the entertainment within be not better than the entertainment without, there will be work for the headsman. 'Tis well he accompanied us, Mme. La Tussard."

"Let us talk sense, Henry," was the answer he received.

"Sense!" he roared. "Do we not talk sense? We are starving. An thou wilt proffer us a flagon and a pasty we will talk sense enow. What ho, within there! What ho! Is there no horn at the gate to summon the knaves?" He was about to hammer on the door when Mme. Tussard seized his arm.

"For shame, Harry, for shame! You will arouse the enemy and frustrate the plans I have so carefully prepared." She stamped her foot. "Understand me, Harry; I will not have it!"

"What is it, then, thou 'lt have, if thou 'lt not have that?" he demanded.

"Your counsel and advice, Hal, which you cannot give if you work yourself into a passion. Come, now, be sensible."

"As thou wilt," he said in a milder tone. "We were ever the slave of thy fickle sex. And what is 't that 's a-foot now?"

"We have to decide how to get into Marybud Lodge," said Mme. Tussard. "Lucy, is this the front entrance?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Is there no other?"

"There is the servants' door at the back."

"Does this stone wall stretch right round the Lodge?"

"Yes, ma'am, right round."

Mme. Tussard was not sorry to hear it. It insured privacy; prying neighbors could not watch and take note of their movements.

"Let us reconnoiter," she said softly.

(To be continued.)

THE BABY'S ADVENTUROUS DAY—AND MINE!

BY CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY.

THE family were enjoying an attack of tonsillitis. I think there were one hundred and fifty cases distributed throughout the hotel in which we were spending the summer, but we got more than our share of the disease, for the baby's mother, his two sisters, his big brother, and, most unfortunate of all, even his nurse had it. And they all had it practically at the same time, too.

He and I escaped; but I had *him*, and I don't know which was the more trying. At present I think the baby was—but then, I have never had the tonsillitis. I am his father. I did n't have a happy time during that epidemic, for so many people were ill in the hotel at the same time that there was no way of getting a trained nurse for my family, and I had to attend to them and to the baby also. We turned our apartments into an infirmary, with the exception of one room, in which the baby had to stay. He was n't a little baby; in fact, he was two and a half years old, solid and substantial for his age, and, though I do say it myself, he was an unusually active and intelligent child—how active I never quite realized before.

However, as it turned out, the first day of the tonsillitis visitation he had sprained his leg, or hurt it in some way, and was unable to walk. He had to be carried everywhere. In passing, for a month after this, whenever he got lazy and wanted to be "cawied," his thoughts would recur to the halcyon sprained-leg days when I was his porter, and the leg would suddenly pain him again! Well, at the time I thought this enforced "immobility" was a terrible hardship,—for me,—for he was a stout, well-built, heavy youngster, and it was quite a job to "tote" him around all day long except at my hourly visits to the sick members of the household for the purpose of administering nauseous medicine; but it had its advantages, as I afterward learned, for when he was put down anywhere he "stayed

put." He was very careful of that game leg of his; consequently I was entirely safe in leaving him. The next day it was better at intervals,—the leg, I mean, and so were the other patients,—but he still required a deal of carrying; and as he gained more freedom of motion, he did manage to get into some mischief. He was not up to his capacity, however. The third day he was well. The tonsillitis invalids were also able to take their own medicine without my help. As I had been kept in the house with that baby for two days, I thought it advisable for his health and my own comfort to get outdoors.

The hotel fronted on a beautiful little lake. At the foot of the bluff upon which it stood was a boat-house. Like all Adirondack boat-houses, a sloping platform ran from the boat-racks into and under the water. You put your boat on the platform, shove it off yourself, and spring in as it glides away, or you get in first and some one else does the shoving for you. The baby wanted to go fishing. He was n't an expert angler, never having caught anything, although he fished patiently with a pin hook and twine from the end of a switch.

His leg had become well with astonishing suddenness, and as he frisked down the path, clinging to my hand, he seemed as active as ever. I had dressed him—painfully, it must be admitted, being unused to a task of that kind—in his best suit of clothes. I put on this suit partly because it happened to be the first one in the bureau-drawer. I got the boat out with the assistance of the boatman, and was preparing to enter it, when the baby dropped a ball he was carrying. It rolled down the platform and slipped into the water. He darted after it. Somebody screamed as they saw him plunge forward. I looked up, made a step forward, and clutched him.

You can't imagine how slippery that platform was under water. I never dreamed that anything made of wood could be so sleek. I

lifted up the baby and made a frantic effort to keep my balance. In vain! Out went my feet, and down we both went sprawling. It seemed to me we did n't stop until we had shot twenty feet out into the lake. I kept tight hold of the baby, who was now yelling at the top of his voice. He kept up his screaming until he was soused under. Fortunately I am an expert swimmer, and I easily lifted him out of the

in the hotel was there. As we climbed out they roared, too—but with laughter. I could not see anything funny then. I shook the baby, I'll admit, but—merely to shake the water out of him, or off of him, of course.

"What are you crying about?" I asked desperately.

The cause of his weeping is clear to me now, but at the time it was inexplicable.

"What do you want?" I continued, as there was no abatement of his cries.

"I duss want to be excruded for fallin' in de water," he sobbed out at last.

I had to "excruge" him right then and there before he stopped screaming. Wet and bedraggled, we trailed across the road and up to our apartments. We had to change every stitch we had on. Having recovered from this impromptu bath, we started out on our original expedition, our first failure only making the baby more determined.

This time we entered the boat without any mishap. I rowed out into the lake, and the youngster cast his line and began. I had a book, the day was pleasant, and I sat reading, glancing at him occasionally to see that he did n't get into mis-



"I LIFTED HIM OUT OF THE WATER AND SWAM AROUND TO THE LANDING-PLACE."

water—at least his head—and swam around to the landing-place and scrambled ashore.

Then he began roaring again. He was n't the only one who roared either, for the boat-house was filled with people. It was usually empty at that hour of the morning, but on this particular day it seemed to me that everybody

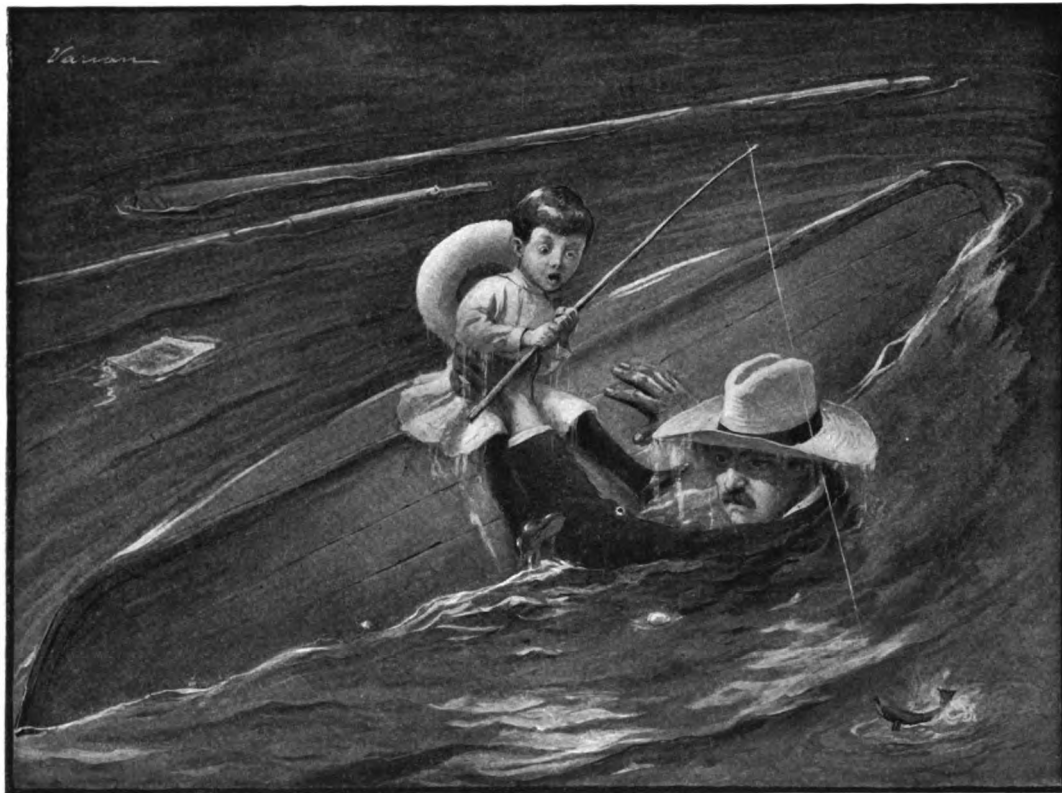
chief. He was quite content to fish there for hours without any result. He had the true spirit of Izaak Walton in him, I think, and when he was fishing was the only time in his life that he remained still and kept quiet, so I encouraged the pastime. The boat drifted slowly along, the absorbed angler watching his

hook. Suddenly I heard an excited scream from the stern-sheets. The small boy had risen and was dancing frantically up and down on the seat, holding his fishing-pole with both hands, yelling, "I dot a fis'! I dot a fis'!"

It was somewhat of a problem whether he had "dot a fis'" or the "fis'" had "dot" him; but before I could take in the fact that the line was

boat, tossed him upon the bottom of it, and then started to push the boat to the shore. The baby never let go of his prize, but kept on exclaiming: "I dot a fis'!"

Meanwhile some one from the shore rowed out and towed us in. We furnished a deal of amusement for the hotel that day. People apparently expected something to happen to us;



"THE BABY NEVER LET GO OF HIS PRIZE, BUT KEPT ON EXCLAIMING: 'I DOT A FIS'!'"

taut as a wire and the young angler was holding on desperately, he pitched wildly overboard. I made a hasty move to save him, and, by ill luck, overturned the cranky boat. I caught him by the leg just as he went down again, fearing lest the fish, which seemed as strong as a whale, might tow him across the lake.

As I said before, I was a good swimmer, even with my clothes on. This was the second time that day I had a chance to display my prowess in the water. The baby did n't cry this time. The true spirit of the sportsman was in him. He just shut his little teeth and hung on to that rod with two chubby little fists. I swam to the

for a larger crowd than before was at the boat-house as we landed. My thoughts were too deep for utterance, and all the baby did was to hold up his pole proudly and draw attention to the fish dangling from the end of it. That fish was about three inches long.

"I taught him; I taught dat fis'!" he said to the assemblage, his voice shrill with excitement. "I duss hooked him, an' I did n't let go, and my papa holded me up."

It was an effective speech, if I may judge by the results. I have thought since that he would make a capital comedian, if the chief function of a comedian is to make people laugh.

Well, we made another trip to our apartments and changed our clothes a second time. It was Monday, and two weeks' laundry had just gone. Our stock of clothes, therefore, was running rather low. I think my son seemed to have the faculty of getting more rumpled and mussed when I had him in charge than he ordinarily did when accompanied by his nurse. We got our dinner, and proceeded to go forth in search of more amusement.

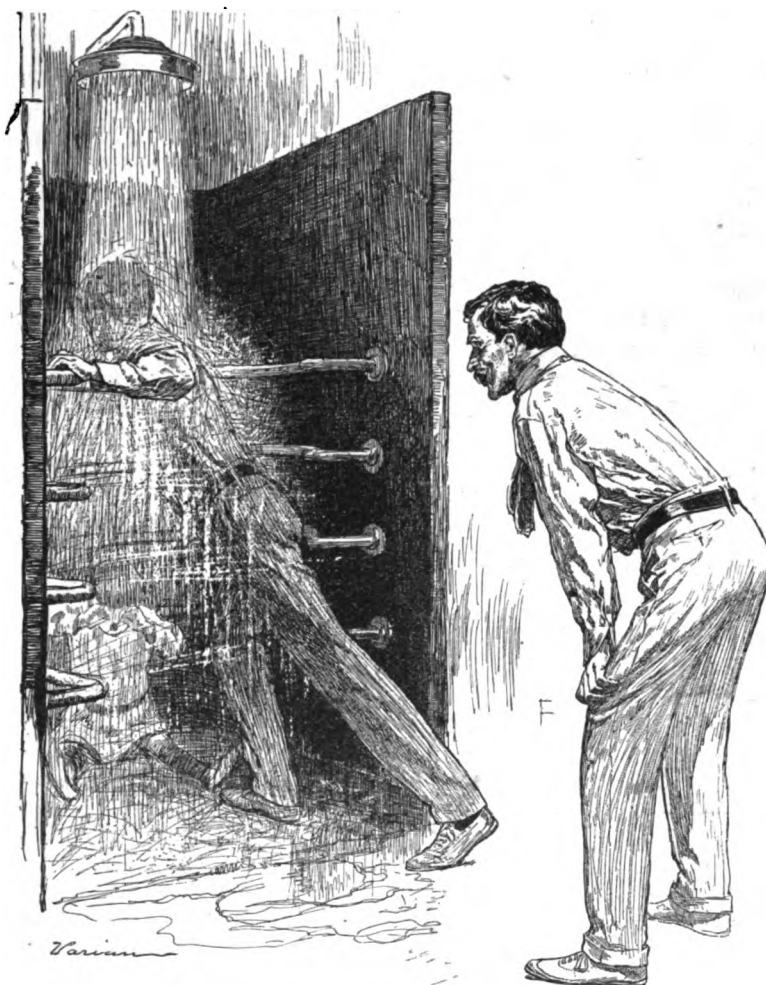
This time we walked. I had had enough of the water, for that day at least; so we strolled around the foot of the lake, toward the bowling-alley which was on the other side. I had an engagement with one of the guests for a bowling match that afternoon. The baby enjoyed going there. He had the free range of the place, so long as he kept off the alleys, and he usually had great fun playing with the little balls.

The only people bowling that afternoon were the man and myself. The other alleys were free. The baby played in these empty alleys, rolling the little balls around, and almost every time he rolled a ball he slipped and fell on the polished floor. So long, however, as he did not fall heavily enough to hurt himself, we paid no especial attention to him, but kept on with our game. Consequently we did n't notice his absence until we heard a fearful howl from the adjoining room.

We dashed into the room, which was used as a locker-room, beyond which lay the shower-baths. He was in the middle of the big square

shower—one of those things with many pipes which throw the water at you from all directions. It was so arranged that one swing of a lever opened every one of them. He had wandered in there and had pulled the lever. They were all going hard! That infant was seated on the floor in the middle of the shower, the water streaming upon him from every possible direction. It was lucky none of it was hot water, it being summer.

He may have been weeping,—of course we



"IN I PLUNGED BOLDLY AND TURNED OFF THE WATER." (SEE PAGE 154.)

could not tell water from tears under the circumstances,—but his lung power had not been diminished by his exploits of the day, and he was screaming lustily for help.

Really it was an extraordinarily funny sight,

and I am ashamed to say my friend and I laughed. As soon as we could recover ourselves a little, I directed that baby to come out. He was usually an obedient child, but either he did n't hear me or he was too scared to come forth; certainly he did n't heed my commands.

He sat there as solid as a pyramid, the water streaming down upon him. Threats, commands, appeals were alike useless. There was no help for it: I myself had to turn that water off and get him. The controlling lever was behind him. It was too far for me to reach in and turn it off; I had to go in. My laughter ceased rather suddenly, but my inconsiderate friend continued to see the humor of the situation with even more force than before. The way he laughed was exasperating!

Well, there was no use waiting any longer. In I plunged boldly, found the lever, turned off the water, took that infant, and started home. It was a triumphal march we made through the village, around the end of the lake, back to the hotel. I never knew until that day how many of the guests were accustomed to take walks through that woodland path. And they were so interested in us, too.

"What, again?"

"How many times does this make?"

"Well, you are certainly fond of the water!"

"Why don't you get a bathing-suit?"

"Or a rubber coat?"

"I declare" (this from some motherly old ladies), "it's a shame to treat a baby so!"

"He is n't fit to be trusted with a child, anyway."

"Where's the poor thing's mother?"

Such were some of the comments of those unfeeling people.

I took that young man up to our apartments for the third time that day, and this time put him to bed. He had n't said a word to me during our interesting walk home, and he did not until I was tucking him under the sheets, there to remain while some of his wardrobe was drying. Then, as I bent over him, looking as stern and inexorable and disgusted as a man could well look who had undergone such mishaps, he reached up his little arms, drew my head toward him, and whispered:

"Are you mad, papa? 'Cause if you're mad, I duss want to be excruded."

After that I had to "excrude" him again. My! but I was glad when night came.

The next day the nurse was able to assume her responsibilities once more, and I cheerfully relinquished that delectable infant into her keeping. I have a great respect for that nurse, she managed him so easily—a most remarkable young woman, indeed! I never appreciated what a necessary adjunct to the family happiness and safety she was. And I earnestly trust that if the family is again laid low by tonsillitis, its attacks will come "piecemeal" and leave free always at least *one* member more skilled than I to undertake the care of this very dear but very strenuous youngster.





Adventures of a Tin Soldier

By Charles Raymond Macaulay

LITTLE Johnny was two years older than his twin sisters, and Dicky was nearly three years older than his brother Johnny. So, even though it was Christmas eve, Dicky had been permitted to remain up for an hour after Johnny and the twins had gone to bed.

He had been sitting upon the chintz-covered ottoman by the side of his Uncle Joe in front of the wide and cheerful fireplace. Uncle Joe had been telling him some fine stories of Christmas-time and Santa Claus, of the glittering star in the desert and the three wise men. But now Uncle Joe was tired and was dozing. Dicky could tell by the gold watch-fob that was slowly rising and sinking on the surface of his uncle's white waistcoat. It was quiet — so very quiet that Dicky could hear the regular tick-tick, tick-tick of the tall clock in the corner and the contented purring of gentle old Tabby.

Dicky kept thinking of Uncle Joe's wonderful stories, and, as he went over them he began to feel delightfully feathery all inside of him — "just like a balloon," he thought.

"Gracious! Why, I *am* a balloon!" he suddenly exclaimed to himself, as he made a futile grab or two at the tufted top of the ottoman, and then began lazily to float toward the center of the library ceiling.

"Is n't it funny that Uncle Joe does n't wake up?" Dicky asked of himself, as he looked

down upon the comfortable figure in the great red leather-covered Morris chair.

Dicky smiled. "Well, anyhow," said he, by way of giving himself assurance, "I'll stop when I get to the ceiling. And I sha'n't bump myself, either, I'm going so nice and e-a-s-y."

Dicky was half right, at least. He did n't bump himself; but he *did n't* stop when he had reached the ceiling. He went right through it. Now please do not imagine that the ceiling broke like a piece of tissue-paper. Dicky simply drifted through it, quite as though it were a fog.

He felt himself rising more and more swiftly at every moment; but, before sailing through the next ceiling, Dicky had time to see his sweet baby sisters, with their chubby arms clasped about each other's dimpled necks, fast asleep in their crib, and brother Johnny cuddling down more closely into his warm blankets and quilts. After that he caught a glimpse of the garret, the pale moonlight that was streaming into it over a snow-covered window-ledge, and then — presto! he was out through the gabled roof, sailing smoothly beneath the star-powdered sky.

Though every bit of earth, the trees, roofs, and everything outdoors were mantled in snow, which sparkled in the moonlight like dust of diamonds, Dicky felt deliciously light and warm and comfortable.

It was lovely, beautiful; and "Is n't it just *grand!*" he exclaimed aloud, in a burst of genuine delight.

It all happened so very quickly that Dicky has never since been able to explain much about it. The only thing that he *is* sure of is that he was suddenly whisked into a wonder-

fully big place with a tremendously high ceiling—so very high, in fact, that, peer as he might, Dicky could n't begin to see to the top of it. Millions of brilliant lights went circling up and up, after the fashion of a huge twinkling corkscrew. The walls all around him glistened and shone like burnished silver.

"It looks something like polished ice," he mused, as he made as though to peep over the edge of the precipice, or shelf, or whatever it was that he had alighted upon. Dicky was surprised to find that his legs had grown curiously stiff, and that he was able to bend his body only from the waist. When he did manage to look over, he heard a peculiar squeak inside of him that sounded strangely like an un-oiled hinge. But, at all events, he satisfied himself that he *was* standing safely on a shelf, and not very far from the floor.

Again he looked around at the shining walls. "I wonder whether it *is* ice?" he queried to himself. He tried then to touch the smooth surface behind him, and the stiff, ludicrous, and altogether awkward manner in which he was obliged to bend his arm caused him no end of amusement.

"It 's just as if I was a—a—" Dicky hesitated for a brief space and looked down at himself. "Why!" he shouted, "that 's just what I am—I'm a tin soldier!"

Which is precisely what Dicky was: a tin soldier, all decked out in a brilliant uniform of scarlet and blue and gold. He discovered that he could turn his head in a complete circle, "like an owl I saw once at the Zoo," he thought. So in the mirror-like surface of the wall at his back he admired his trappings—the sword dangling at his side, the perfectly gorgeous plume nodding in his tilted cap.

From the moment that he landed upon the shelf, Dicky had been conscious of a helter-skelter rush and bustle all about him—a hurrying, scurrying of numberless flying feet, a subdued murmuring of countless voices, a turbulent sea of energy constantly ebbing and flowing from one end of the vast interior to the other. Droll, little-bodied men, with fresh, round, happy faces, were running swiftly to and fro between the shelves. He could see their white paper caps bobbing about beneath him all over

the floor. Often they would break into a chorus of song; and their short, blue-overalled legs would twinkle in and out in time to the curious music.

"Well," said Dicky to himself, "since I 'm



"WELL, ANYHOW," SAID HE, "I'LL STOP WHEN I GET TO THE CEILING."

here, I might as well see as much as I can." Whereupon, in a stiff, ungainly way, he clambered over the edge of the shelf, hung suspended there for a moment, and then dropped to the floor.

He alighted just behind a queer little man who was busily working away with a hammer and chisel. Dicky lost his balance and toppled over against the tiny workman's shoulder, who said, without pausing to look up, and in a laughable, singsong tone of voice: "You came pretty near falling on me—falling on me—falling on me!" And then, quite as though nothing unusual had occurred, he proceeded with his interrupted song, which ran something like this:

"I tinker him up and I tinker him down,
I tinker him round the corner;
I tinker a plum in his chubby fat thumb,
And call him my Little Jack Horner!"

"Please, sir, where am I?" queried Dicky, breathlessly, as soon as the little workman had finished singing the verse.

"I don't know who tinkered *you*," observed the little workman, glancing sidewise at Dicky, "but you're certainly a famously fine toy. Excellent phonograph you have inside of you, too. Excellent — *excel-lent*!"

Dicky protested: "But I'm a boy, *not* a toy."

"Haw-haw—ho-ho!" laughed the little workman, immoderately. "A verse in him as well. Not half bad, I'll declare! Not half bad. Let me—see; one too many feet in the first line, though."

"Now there's where you *are* mistaken," cried Dicky, triumphantly; "because you can see for yourself that I've only *two* feet."

"Haw-haw—ho-ho-O-O!" fairly shouted the little workman. "Better and better. Better *a-n-d* better! A question; a verse; reparatee. Good! G-r-e-a-t!"

He favored Dickey with a glance of genuine admiration, and then resumed his song:

"Then I stow him away in old Santa Claus' bag,
With a message of love and good cheer,
And a wish that my toy may bring Christmas joy,
And a jolly and happy New Year."

Dicky had noticed before that right in the center of the floor there was a circular space about five or six yards in diameter, where the streams of white-capped workmen came together and eddied around and around after the fashion of an animated whirlpool.

Immediately after the tiny tinker had finished his song he lifted up the mechanical Little Jack Horner, shouldered his way into one of the moving lines, and hurried with his toy toward the animated whirlpool, with Dicky following closely at his heels.

"I'm going to find out what they're doing," said he, determinedly; and then, "Why, it's a great big bag! And I declare if they're not dumping things into it as fast as they can. I wonder why it does n't get full and spill over

the top?" he continued to muse, and all the while he kept busily dodging about in order to escape the hurrying feet of the droll little workmen.

Just at that moment he bumped against something soft and yielding. In his haste to step aside and apologize (for Dicky, you must know, was an exceedingly polite little fellow), he made matters considerably worse by treading upon some one's toe.

"Oh, I *do* humbly beg your pardon!" he said earnestly.

"It was n't your fault, I'm sure," replied a sweet, silvery voice, "and you have n't hurt me at all."

When Dicky managed somehow to turn around, he saw a most charming face, crowned with a great quantity of golden hair, and a pair of captivating eyes looking frankly into his own. "I—I—er—" he stammered, and felt himself growing red. Then he made an awkward attempt to take off his cap, and was deeply chagrined to discover that it was glued fast to his head. Next he tried to bow, and, forgetting that he could only bend from his waist, he fell forward squarely upon his head in a fashion very much more ludicrous than dignified.



"PLEASE, SIR, WHERE AM I?" QUERIED DICKY.

"Did you hurt yourself, sir?" Dicky heard the sweet voice inquire.

"Oh, n-no!" returned Dicky, very much embarrassed. "I—I was only trying to bow, thank you."

"Please don't do it again," pleaded the pretty creature. "It *does* give one such a start."

"Thank you—that is—I sha'n't do it again, if you don't wish me to," promised Dicky, soberly, as he got firmly to his feet and stood at soldierly "attention." "I sha'n't forget again that I 'm a tin soldier, though," he added to himself.

Then followed a long pause, during which they both watched the little workmen piling things into the bag. Bass-drums, snare-drums, tin whistles, and swords; candy, building-blocks, alphabet and story books; dishes, dolls, and dancing dervishes; caps, jackets, and clothing of all descriptions; trussed-up turkeys, all ready for the oven, and generous packages of food—in fact, everything nice that one could possibly think of kept tumbling over the rim of the bag in an endless cataract.

"That bag appears not to have any bottom," thought Dicky, "for if it had it surely would have been running over long before this, it seems to me."

"Would n't it be ever so jolly," remarked the sweet creature at Dicky's side, "if we were to be put in last of all?"

Dicky had n't thought for a moment that *he* was going to be thrust into the bag; but, if it was to be, he thought it would be much more comfortable to ride on top, and he did n't hesitate long in saying so.

"Then, don't you see," pursued the sweet creature, "we could see everything as we rode along?"

"Rode along?" queried Dicky, wonderingly. "Why—wherever are we going to be taken?"

"I 'm sure I don't know. None of us knows. We 're only toys, you know, and Santa Claus puts us wherever he thinks we are most needed. I *do* so hope I shall find a kind little mistress. They 've given me such a beautiful complexion—I should hate to have it washed off with strong soap. They 've painted you up nicely, too, have n't they?"

"But I 'm not painted at all," Dicky stoutly protested. "I 'm a real boy."

"Why, were n't you made here in Santa Claus's workshop?" asked the sweet creature, in a tone of amazement.

"Of course not," Dicky answered. "I just landed here on a shelf about half an hour ago. I'll

wager Uncle Joe 'll be surprised when he finds out that I 've turned into a tin soldier! I wish *you* could meet Uncle Joe. I know you 'd like him."

"Perhaps I—"

But the sweet creature never finished the sentence, for just at that moment she and Dicky were caught up and put into the bag, which, by the way, had become full while they were talking. So there they were with their heads stick-



"HE FELL FORWARD UPON HIS HEAD."

ing well over the top, just as they had wished it might be.

No matter how old he lives to be, Dicky will never forget the scene that followed.

With a marvelous precision, the regiments of little workmen ranged themselves in tier upon tier along the wall. To such a great length did the uniformed lines stretch out that Dicky could n't begin to see the end of them. Then, from afar off, sounded the merry jingle of silver sleigh-bells, followed by the sharp crack of a whip, and in just another second Santa Claus himself, holding a handful of red reins above eight graceful, lithe, and beautiful reindeer, had drawn up with a grand flourish, alongside. Dicky noticed that all of the little workmen were standing with their right hands lifted to the tips of their paper caps. As the great bag was lifted to the back of the scarlet sleigh, they burst out into a mighty chorus of song, which could be heard long after the swiftly moving reindeer had whisked Santa Claus and his burden through the wide and lofty entrance.

"Might n't we be blown away?" Dicky heard the sweet creature whisper, as they felt the cold air on their faces. Whereupon, in order to quiet her fears, he took her hand and held it tightly during the whole evening's ride.

No sooner had he done so when the sleigh came to a sudden halt beside a tumble-down little cottage. Santa Claus threw the bag across his big shoulder, clambered quickly to the roof, and floated down the chimney.

By the dim firelight Dicky could see two curly little heads buried in their pillows. He found himself wishing that he and the sweet creature might remain there in the little cottage. "We could make them so happy in the morning," he thought. But Santa Claus selected from the great bag, clothing and nice new shoes and a turkey and several packages of food. After filling the tiny much darned stockings hanging from a shelf with striped stick candy and colored pop-corn, he floated up the chimney; and at the crack of his long whip, and with a great jingling of bells, they soared again high into the clear air.

Over country and villages and cities they flew, all the while whisking up and down chimneys with lightning-like rapidity.

Just as Dicky fancied that he saw the first rosy signal of dawn away off in the east, the sleigh halted beside a house that seemed ever so familiar. He had n't much time, however, to look at the outside of it before they were inside, and, sure enough! it *was* his own house. Yes, there was the very leather-covered Morris chair in which his Uncle Joe had sat when Dicky floated through the library ceiling!

Suddenly, then, he felt himself being grasped gently by the arm, and Santa Claus thrust him right into his brother Johnny's stocking. Dicky was quite frightened and stifled for a moment, it was so dark and close down there; but then

he grew altogether happy and contented when he heard a sweet voice saying:

"I 'm to stay here with you, my little tin soldier."

"Oh, dear, I am so sleepy," was all Dicky could say; and he was just about to sink into the most deliciously restful sleep when —

Yes! it *was* his brother Johnny who was shaking him by the arm; and right behind Johnny were his dear little twin sisters. Above them all appeared the smiling face of Uncle Joe.

"Hurry up, Dicky, man!" called out Uncle Joe, cheerily. "The idea of oversleeping on this of all mornings! A merry Christmas to you! And rush down into the library as quickly as you can. The tree 's waiting there for you."

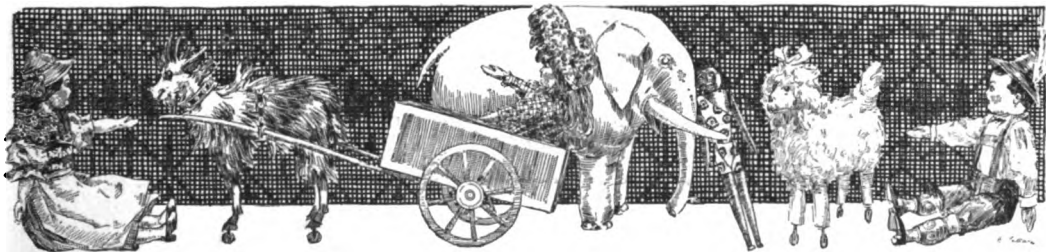
"An' juth look what I dot!" lisped one of the twins, as she lifted to the foot of Dicky's bed — whom do you think? Why, the sweet creature!

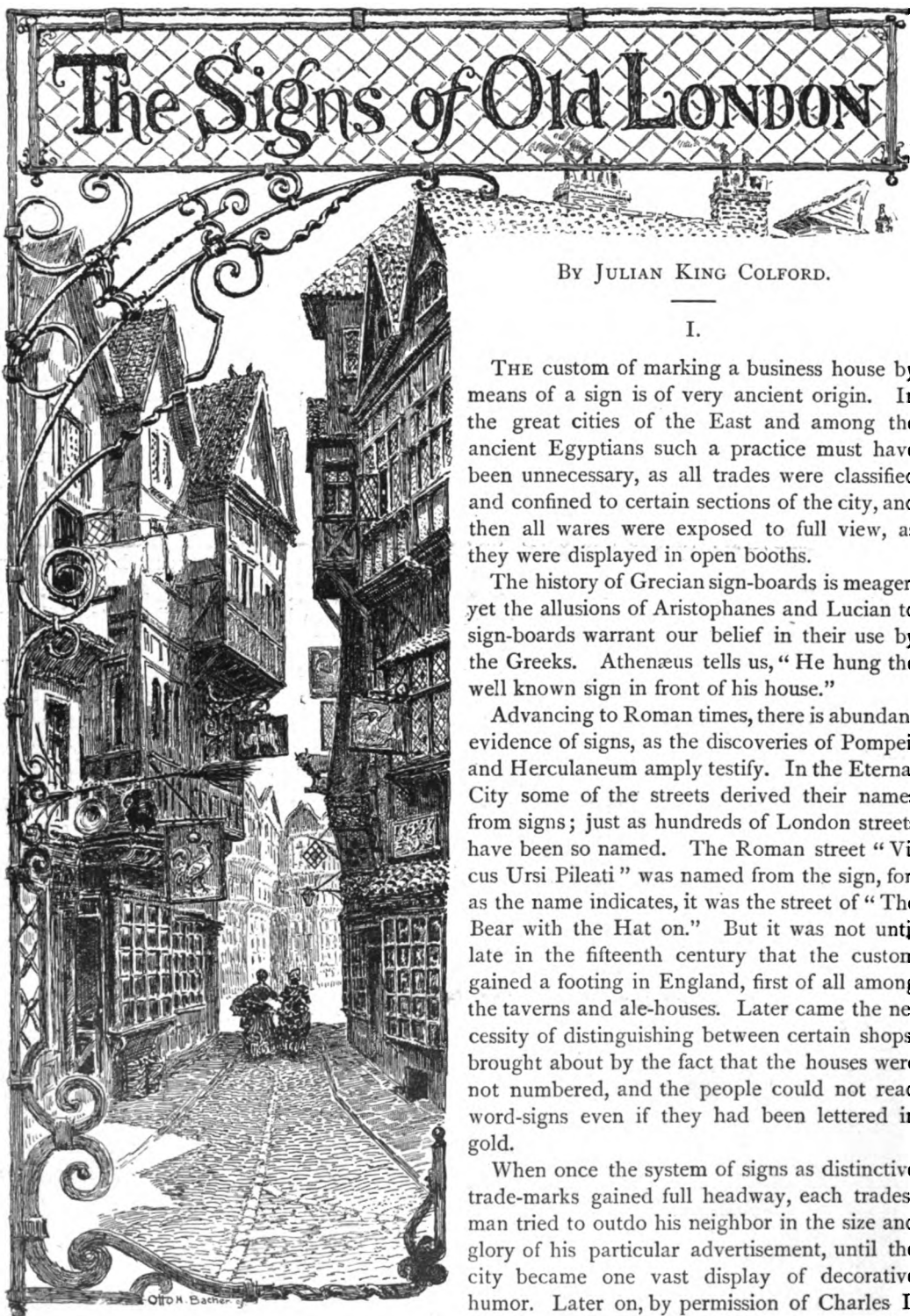
"Ith n't she pitty?" cooed Dicky's sister, softly.

"And look what I 've got," shouted Johnny, as he pulled forth a gaily painted tin soldier.

"Well, come on, children!" shouted Uncle Joe, from the library. Whereupon Dicky's sister lifted the sweet creature tenderly into her chubby arms, and Johnny hastily tucked his tin soldier in his jacket pocket, and down the family went to see the tree and the other presents that Santa Claus could not get into the stockings.

And, somehow, all that winter there was scarcely a day when Dicky went into the play-room that he did not take a look at the sweet creature and the little tin soldier.





A LONDON STREET IN THE TIME OF CHARLES I.

BY JULIAN KING COLFORD.

I.

THE custom of marking a business house by means of a sign is of very ancient origin. In the great cities of the East and among the ancient Egyptians such a practice must have been unnecessary, as all trades were classified and confined to certain sections of the city, and then all wares were exposed to full view, as they were displayed in open booths.

The history of Grecian sign-boards is meager, yet the allusions of Aristophanes and Lucian to sign-boards warrant our belief in their use by the Greeks. Athenæus tells us, "He hung the well known sign in front of his house."

Advancing to Roman times, there is abundant evidence of signs, as the discoveries of Pompeii and Herculaneum amply testify. In the Eternal City some of the streets derived their names from signs; just as hundreds of London streets have been so named. The Roman street "Vicus Ursi Pileati" was named from the sign, for, as the name indicates, it was the street of "The Bear with the Hat on." But it was not until late in the fifteenth century that the custom gained a footing in England, first of all among the taverns and ale-houses. Later came the necessity of distinguishing between certain shops, brought about by the fact that the houses were not numbered, and the people could not read word-signs even if they had been lettered in gold.

When once the system of signs as distinctive trade-marks gained full headway, each tradesman tried to outdo his neighbor in the size and glory of his particular advertisement, until the city became one vast display of decorative humor. Later on, by permission of Charles I, every house had its sign hanging from wooden

brackets or iron rods fixed into the walls of the house. The streets of old London were narrow, winding, and dark. The houses projected as they rose above the highway until people in the upper stories could almost shake hands across the street. These narrow places were filled with long-armed signs, ponderous in their weight of iron, ridiculous in conception, and fantastic in their dress of paint. In storm and wind they groaned and twisted on their rusty hinges, making the night hideous with noise, and becoming an absolute menace to the traveler on the street.

In 1762, after many people had been killed by the falling of the lumbering things, an act of Parliament compelled their removal, and ordered that signs be placed flat with the wall or, if of stone, be set into the structure.

The time has far gone when the streets of London were filled with Blue Boars, Black Swans, Red Lions, Flying Pigs, and Dogs in Armor, together with many creatures more extraordinary than any in the deserts of Africa. To study that history is to catch a vivid glimpse of the English shopkeepers at a time when they knew not their alphabet. Here we shall find, with Shakspeare, "many things of worthy memory."

In Cannon Street, set into the southern wall of the Church of St. Swithin's, may be seen the

"London Stone." It is to-day a rounded boulder protected by iron bars. From its situation in the center of the longest diameter of the city it formed the milliary, like that in the Forum in Rome, whence all the distances were measured. The exact time when the Romans



"THE DOG'S HEAD IN THE IRON POT."

set this stone from which all their roads radiated is lost in the mazes of antiquity. This is the stone that the rebel Jack Cade smote with his bloody sword when he had stormed Londr



THE GOLDEN GRASSHOPPER ON THE TOWER
OF THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.

Bridge; and Dryden also mentions the stone in his fable of "The Cook and the Fox." Stow gives a picturesque glimpse of the old denizens of the neighborhood passing by this stone in the reign of Henry VIII.

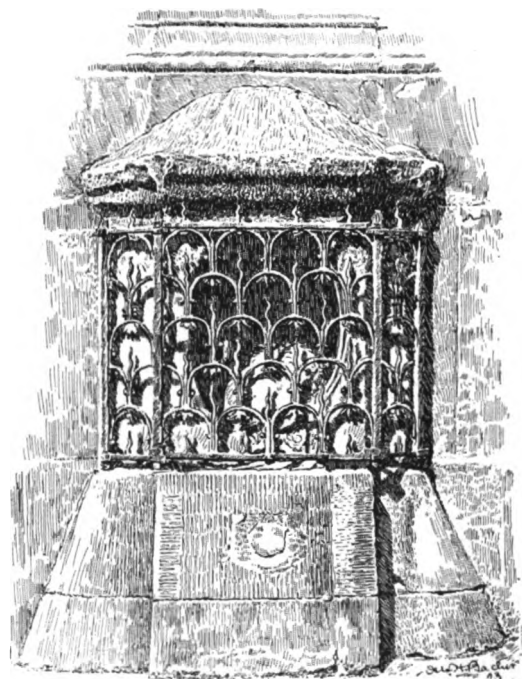
One of the most notable of old London signs, "The Dog's Head in the Iron Pot," had its beginning in the early years of the reign of that same bluff King Hal. It stands out, a lonely figure on Blackfriars Road at the corner of

Charlotte Street, the sign of a wholesale ironmonger's establishment. The dog is in the act of eating out of a three-legged iron pot which it has overturned.

There were also "The Black Dog" and "The Dog and Duck." "The White Greyhound" was the sign of John Harrison in St. Paul's Churchyard, a bookseller who published some of Shakspeare's early works.

The golden grasshopper on the tower of the Royal Exchange has been for nearly three and a half centuries a London landmark as familiar as the cross on St. Paul's or the dragon on Bow Church steeple.

Sir Thomas Gresham, a royal agent in three successive reigns, founded the Exchange in the reign of Elizabeth. He erected at his own expense a beautiful structure in the Flemish style of architecture, with shops on the first floor. A bell-tower, crowned by a huge grasshopper, stood on one side of the chief entrance. The bell in this tower summoned the merchants at twelve o'clock noon and six o'clock evening. During the Great Fire of 1666 the building was totally destroyed. The statues of kings and queens which ornamented the corridors were



LONDON STONE.

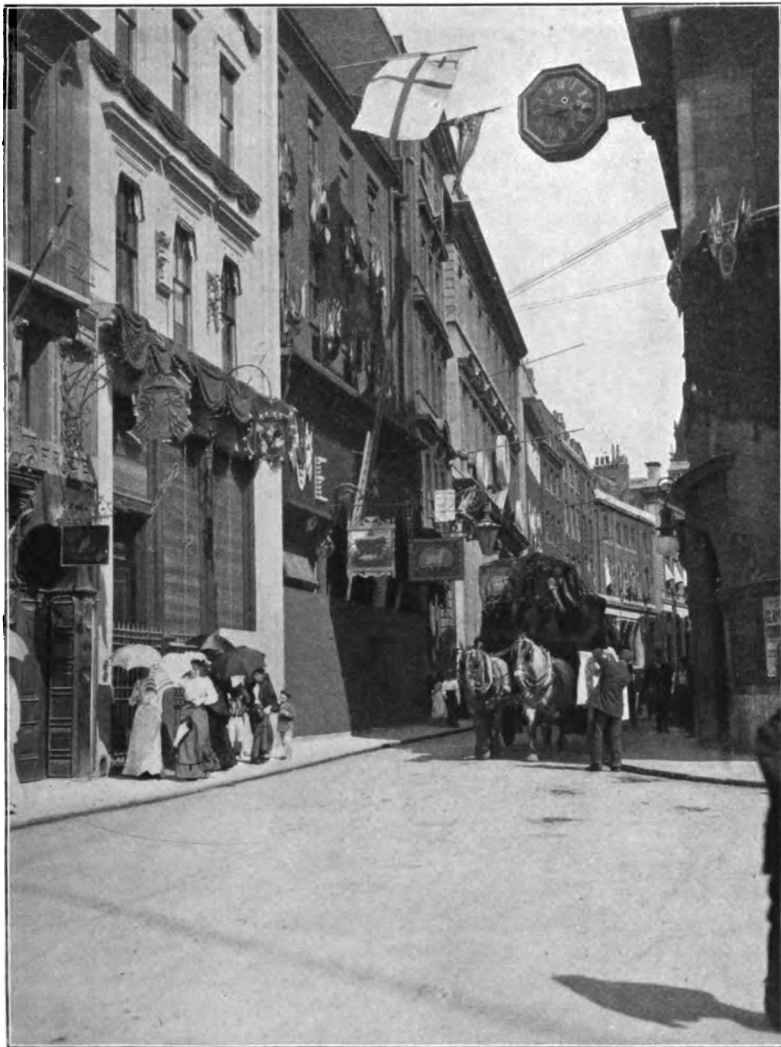
precipitated into the enormous cellars, and with them the tower and grasshopper.

Gresham was loyally loved by the metropolis, and his generous services were not forgotten. From the mountain of debris the grasshopper was rescued, and it was placed—a lofty vane of gilt brass—above the new dome supported by eight Corinthian columns, and to this hour swings to the points of the compass, perpetuating the sign and crest of the Gresham family. The old clock in this tower had four dials and chimed four times daily. On Sunday, "the 104th Psalm"; on Monday, "God Save the King"; on Tuesday, "Waterloo March"; on Wednesday, "There's nae luck about the hoose"; on Thursday, "See, the Conquering Hero Comes"; on Friday, "Life Let Us Cherish"; and on Saturday, "Foot-Guards' March." In 1838 fire again devastated the stately building, beginning soon after ten at night, and by the next morning the clock-tower alone was standing. It is significant that the last air played by the chimes before they went crashing through the tower roof, crushing the entrance arch below, was

"There's nae luck about the hoose"; then the eight bells ceased their clanging.

The grasshopper was unharmed, and to this day remains, eleven feet of shimmering metal looking down from its perch one hundred and eight feet above the busy streets.

There is a legend—containing how much truth no man dare say—that Thomas Gresham was brought from Holland and left a poor and hapless waif on the moors—left among clumps of heather and sage-brush to perish. A hunter, attracted by the shrill cry of a grasshopper, followed the sound and found the boy. Thus



LOMBARD STREET—REVIVING THE OLD SIGNS DURING THE CELEBRATION OF THE CORONATION OF KING EDWARD VII.

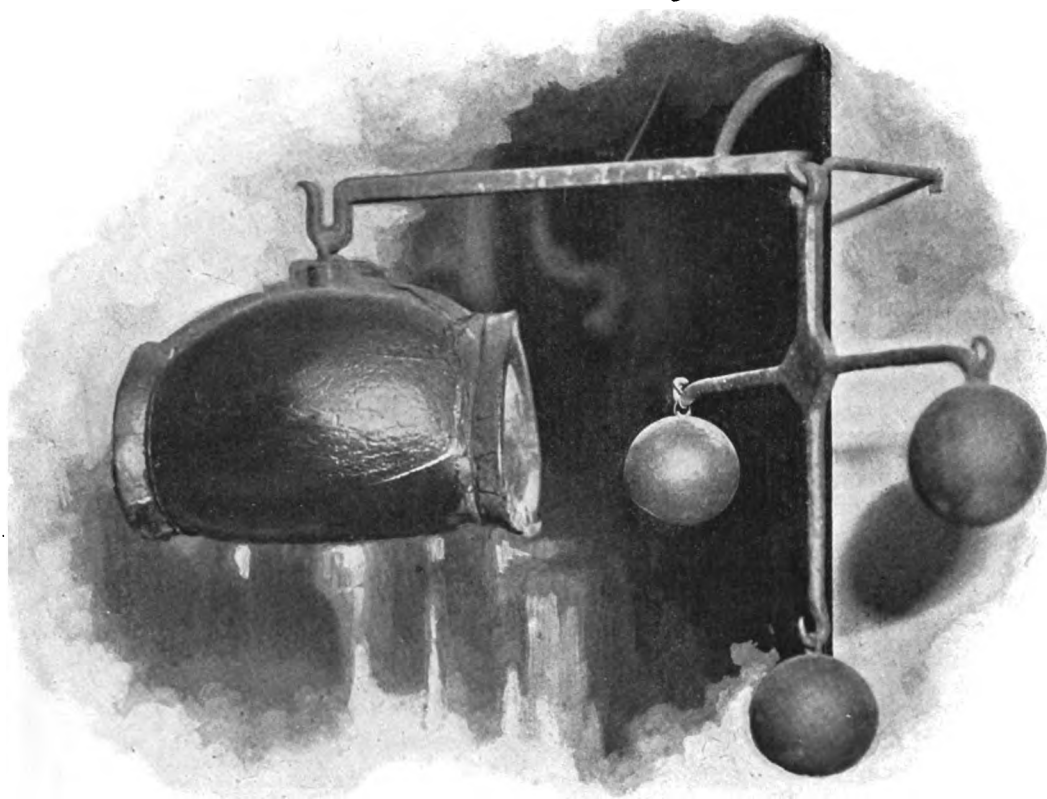
rescued, the lad, a comely fellow, was placed in school, grew up to be the counselor of kings and queens, and the founder of an exchange that holds a dominating power in the commerce of the habitable globe.

The fact is that the golden grasshopper of Sir

Thomas Gresham is of classic derivation, dating further back than the Roman era. It was the favorite ornament of the proud Athenians, who considered that the grasshopper cast a spell of enchantment, insuring riches and good fortune.

Lombard Street, noted in history as the great London street for bankers, derived its name from the Longobards, a race of rich bankers who settled there in the reign of Edward II, and whose badge, the three golden balls, taken

street were revived for the recent Coronation festivities, and Londoners of to-day were thus able to get an idea of how the crooked old place might have looked with its pendant signs, placed to guide a people who could not read — perhaps quite as sure a guide as the numbering of to-day. For what man or boy could not find the sign of "The Grasshopper," "The Phenix," "The Black Boy," "The White Ram," "The Bunch of Grapes," "The Car-



"THE LEATHERN BOTTLE."

AN OLD PAWNBROKER'S SIGN. (SEE PAGE 165.)

from the lower part of the arms of the Dukes of Medici, continues to this day to be the sign of pawnbrokers — money-lenders. The balls on the rich crest of the Medici were blue, and only during the last half-century have they, in the pawnbrokers' signs, been gilded. The position of the balls is popularly believed to indicate that there are two chances to one that what is brought there will not be redeemed.

The fifteenth-century signs of this famous old

dinal's Hat," "The Cat and the Fiddle," "The Anchor"?

"The Bull" is a favorite English sign. Some have supposed that this fact gave the Briton his nickname of "John Bull," though others ascribe it to his favorite roast, or say that it was derived from the ancient sport of bull-baiting. Thus bulls have figured on inn-boards as black, gray, pied, and even spangled.

On one of these historic inns in Holborn,



"THE BOAR'S HEAD."

the great black beast with curved neck paws as bravely as ever over the entrance to the old courtyard. Lovers of Dickens will recall that it was at "The Black Bull" in Holborn that Mrs. Gamp and Betsy Prig nursed Mrs. Lewsome. "Nussed together, turn and turn about, one off, one on." This riotous, proud-looking beast will soon find a place in the British Museum.

There is at Guildhall a relic of rarest interest—"The Boar's Head," the sign of an old tavern in Eastcheap. This time-honored thoroughfare is mentioned as a place of cooks; and this historic rendezvous earned and well maintained the proud title, "This is the chief tavern in London." The ancient sign carved in stone, with the initials "I. T." above the snout, and the date 1668, is now considered a priceless memento.

The very name "Boar's Head" conjures up the rollicking social life of those times. Here for generations the best wits and writers of London used to gather, and around the place scores of Shaksperian memories cluster. The original tavern stood at the point where Gracechurch Street, King William Street, Eastcheap, and Cannon Street converge, and on its site is now the statue of King William IV.

Among the exhibits in the Guildhall there will be seen, fastened to the same bar, a very old pawnbroker's sign and "The Leathern Bottle" or "Black Jack," the oldest sign of an ale-house. These leather bottles were sometimes lined with silver or other metal.

The three feathers of the Prince of Wales is a graceful and ancient piece of carving, resting in a common brick wall, high above the hurrying multitude that hourly pass through St. Paul's Churchyard. The heraldic origin of the feather badge has been traced back to the Black Prince. His crest was sometimes three feathers, sometimes one. They are placed separately on his tomb in Canterbury Cathedral.

Within the toss of a pebble, but miles away from it in spirit, is a sign that marks the highest ground in London—the sign of "The Boy and Panyer." The boy is seated on a pannier, or basket, holding what purports to be a bunch of grapes between his hand and foot, in token of plenty. Within an ornamental border below may be read the inscription:

"When ye have sought the citty round,
Yet still this is the highest ground.
August the 27, 1688."

This sign, though evidently placed in this narrow passage between Paternoster Row and Newgate Street after the Great Fire, doubtless represents an earlier sign. From "Liber Albus," which treats of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, we learn that the sale of bread in

those days was not allowed to take place in the houses of bakers themselves, but only in the king's markets. It was sold on the street in baskets, or panniers. From this it is likely that Panyer Alley was noted



"THE PRINCE OF WALES' FEATHERS."

as a standing-place for bakers' boys with their panniers. This poor little stone boy with his bunch of grapes and his bread is located in the east side of the alley, so built into the wall that it would not be possible to remove the image without destroying the wall. It is now boarded up.

Romance, heroism, genius, philanthropy gath-

ered about Gresham and his grasshopper; a like quartet of virtues and adornments, and many more, cluster about Sir Richard Whittington and his cat. The story and adventure of this brave, beautiful boy has enriched nursery lore and become the model for more legends than the traditional lives of the cat associated with his name.

A poor boy, orphaned, he trudged to London behind a market-wagon, having been told the streets were paved with gold. There he slept on the pavement, at last was taken in as a service-boy by a rich merchant, slept in a garret which was overrun with rats, earned a penny blacking boots, with which he bought a cat, which shared with him his miserable quarters, but not the fierce scoldings of the cook. The merchant was about to send a trading-ship to sea, when he called his servants and told them that if they possessed anything they might share with him the benefits of barter. Poor Dick had nothing but his cat; they scoffed at him, but the daughter of the merchant insisted that he send it. With tears, the lonely little fellow said good-by to Tab. The captain of the ship found the King of the Moroccos overrun with rats and mice, and sold the cat for priceless treasure. The goodly merchant gave it all to the boy, who afterward married his daughter Alice. The two together

left their stamp upon the great city. Whittington was three times Lord Mayor of London. He was the first to introduce drinking-fountains into London, the first to establish and build a public library. He founded a college. He rebuilt churches, and advanced large sums of money to Henry V.

Whittington was born in 1360 and died in March, 1423.

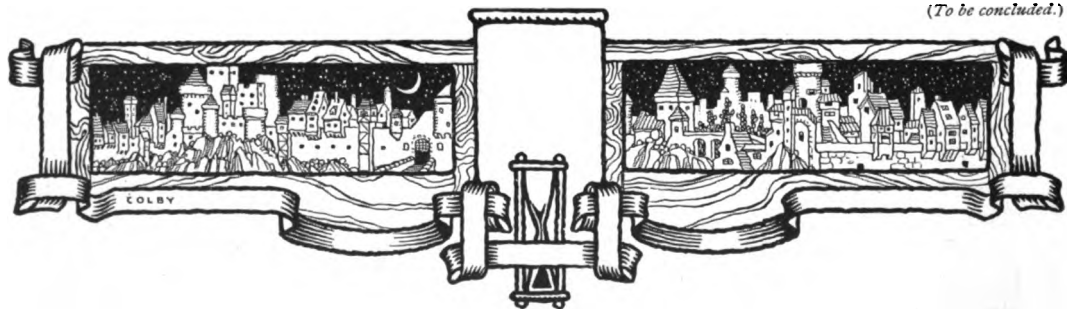
There are many old stories about Dick and his cat, but, with Dickens, I believe in the cat. It is to be seen on the roof of the house where Whittington lived, it is mentioned on his grave, and, beyond this, there is conclusive evidence in the stone bas-relief now in Guildhall. This stone carving was discovered, a few years ago, in the cellar of a house in Gloucester, the very house in which the Whittingtons lived as far back as 1460. The bas-relief represents a boy of nine years, with the hood of the period around his shoulders, the hair cut square across the forehead and long over the ears, the feet bare, and the lad is carrying a cat. The tablet evidently formed a portion of a larger

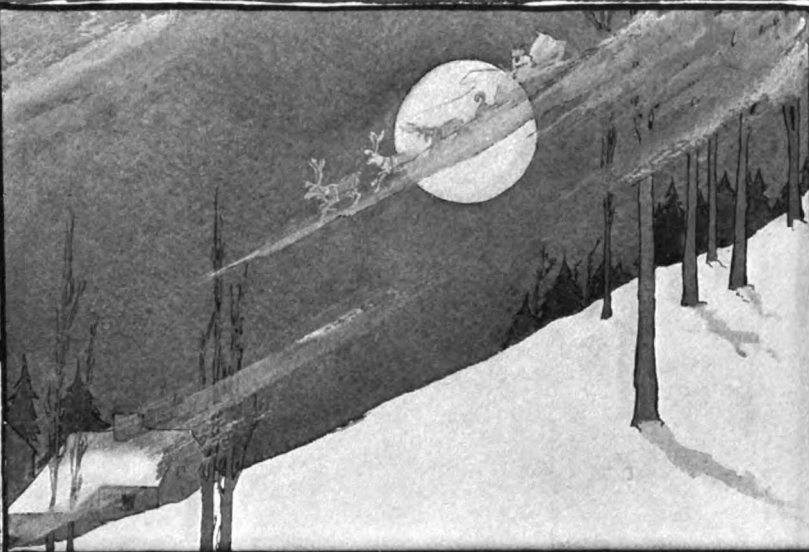


DICK WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT.

work, a tablet over either a door or a chimney-piece. By competent judges it has been pronounced to be the work of an artist of the fifteenth century, and seems to show that the Whittington family was not only acquainted with, but was proud of, the story of the cat.

(To be concluded.)





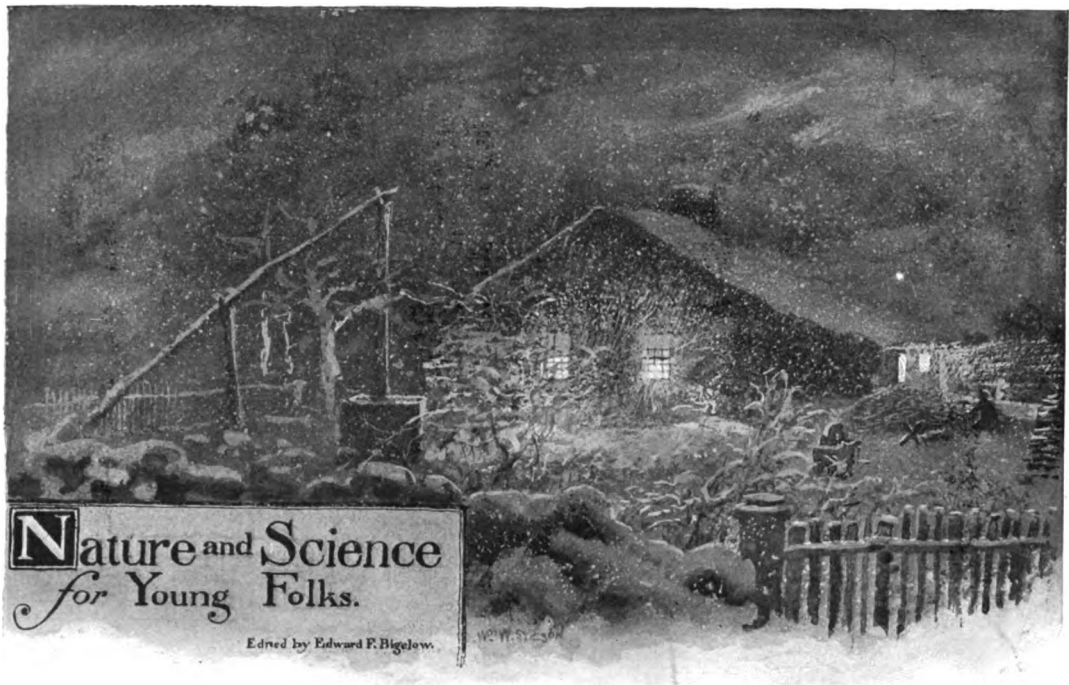
DECEMBER

A NONSENSE CALENDAR

WITH ringing, jingling, tinkling bells,
The dancing, prancing reindeer tells
That Christmas day is here again
With "Peace on earth, good will to men."
And when dear little sleepy-heads
Are bundled in their little beds,
They dream they hear the reindeer's hoofs
A-pattering on the snowy roofs.

They dream that Christmas day is here,
The gladdest day of all the year.
They dream their stockings overflow,
Crammed full of gifts from top to toe.
They dream of lighted Christmas trees,
Of Christmas frolic, games and glees,
Roast turkey and plum pudding too —
Then wake and find their dream is true.

Carolyn Wells.



Nature and Science for Young Folks.

Edited by Edward F. Bigelow.

"He giveth snow like wool," says the Psalmist, and I always fancy a corresponding sympathy beneath the sod at the welcome of the first warm snow—of pallid bulbs and aching roots in warm congratulation, and all the tribe of furry folk turning in its burrow to toast its benumbed paws at the grateful glow.—WILLIAM HAMILTON GIBSON.

"The lights shone cheerfully out the windows and the open door of the L."

THE FIRST SNOWFALL

A PART of every country boy's work is to keep the wood-box full. Night and morning he must fill the big one by the kitchen stove and the little one by the air-tight "Franklin" in

the sitting-room. But "once upon a time" there was a boy (I knew him) who thought that he had them both "full enough" before supper. Yet along about eight o'clock his Aunt Rachel went to the window. She breathed on the frosty pane, and looked through the bare spot, and said: "My! how it is snow-



"Santa Claus has made that spruce into a Christmas tree."

ing! This is none of your squalls, Howard. It is going to be deep, even if it is the first one of the season." And, with a twinkle in her kindly old eyes, "I think you ought to bring in a little more wood. And you'd better pile it up pretty high, too."

"I don't care much if it is going to be deep," said Howard to himself, as he hung the lantern on the wood-



"The cows are waiting to have the haystack opened."



"The happy birds are having a feast of seeds."

shed beam and loaded his arm with the newly split, fragrant sticks of hickory and birch. The lights shone cheerfully out the windows and the open door of the L.

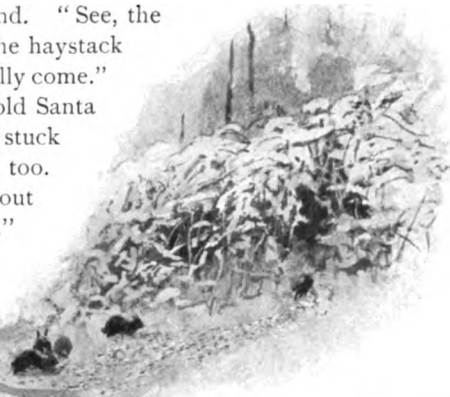
"I can stand it to bring all the wood I can pile back of the stovepipe, if there is only good sliding down our hill to-morrow, and I rather think there will be."

It was good the next day. There had been no wind, and the snow was smooth and even—oh, just perfect! no bare spots, it seemed, in all the world.

Was n't it beautiful when the sun shone on it? It made your eyes blink, it was so bright. The chores must be attended to in the forenoon, but after lunch was the play time.

Down the cart path, around the barn, across lots to the hill by the pond. "See, the cows are waiting to have the haystack opened. They think that winter has really come."

"Never mind the cows," said Melville. "See how old Santa Claus has made that spruce into a Christmas tree, and stuck all the ornaments on it, too. There is nothing slow about that old fellow." What wonders



"They are 'just having fun.'"

follow a first storm! Autumn goes by with a rush. Mid-winter arrives in a single night, and the face of nature wears another and different expression. The birds are even ahead of the boys.

Amid a bunch of withered goldenrod, under the fence, is an open spot where the snow has spread its white cloth, and the happy birds are having a feast of seeds. There is not a single creature to which the first snowfall brings anything but joy.

For the rabbits and the mice it turns a new page on which they write learned essays with paws and claws. Up and down, back and forth, in queer hieroglyphics, the writing runs. They are not always seeking food. Like the boys, they are "just having fun" with the first snowfall! And every boy knows how well he likes to do that. Go out on any day after a light fall of snow, and look at the tracks between stumps and brush-heaps.

Country boys make paths in the snow, but they are not the only path-makers. One can easily fancy that the squirrel, looking along his zigzag highway on the top rail, says: "What a task I have, to get over all these rails this morning!" or, "What fun I shall have



"The squirrel looking along his zigzag highway."



"As if a white blanket had been spread over all the ground and the brook."

when I come to that narrow ridge yonder! *Chuck-er-r-r-r—*" and away he goes. If it is a task, it is an easy one, and a light heart makes it easier.

Down through the woods the boys went.

Said Howard: "It looks as if a white blanket had been spread over all the ground and the brook."

"Yes," agreed Melville; "and it looks as if the wool that made the blanket were growing on the branches and twigs of the trees."



"The snow-crowned boulders in the hillside pasture resembled a flock of slumbering sheep."

The boy who remembers such experiences, and looks forward to others of a similar kind, has no words to express his enjoyment of it all. He is never alone at such times. The frolic of the afternoon was so delightful that these special boys whom I knew forgot even their supper-time, and thought of home only when twilight fell around them and the moon sailed up into the steely blue sky. Then, indeed, the snow looked like a blanket, and the snow-crowned boulders in the hillside pasture resembled a flock of slumbering sheep.

THE REMARKABLE EXPERIENCE OF THE BLUE JAYS.

THE alarm of the blue jays at the discovery of "a cat walking meekly along by the fence in the low shrubbery near and under the spruce-tree," as related on page 77 of *Nature and Science* for last month, reminds me of a story told by Mr. Frank M. Chapman in "The Century Magazine." Like all naturalists, Mr.

Chapman has a large amount of inquisitiveness, and he also has a very high opinion of the blue jays' mental powers—of their ability to think and to act under new experiences. He says of the jay:

He is indeed well coated with self-esteem who does not feel a sense of inferiority in the presence of a jay. He is such a shrewd, independent, and aggressive creature that one is inevitably led to the belief that he is more of a success as a bird than most men are as men.

In this particular case Mr. Chapman wished to know how the jays would treat a stuffed screech-owl tied in a tree near their nest. So he tied one about two feet from the nest. Soon came one jay screaming in alarm, and in a few minutes more its mate joined in the investigation. Then they went away to the woods, as if to talk the matter over and decide what to do. Mr. Chapman says:

I heard them uttering for the first time the low, conversational *eck, eck, eck* note of their kind. It is a note which I have never heard from a solitary jay, and is



"SOON ONE JAY CAME SCREAMING IN ALARM."



"THIS WAS A PECULIAR KIND OF OWL, DIFFERENT, DOUBTLESS, FROM ANY THE JAY HAD EVER BEFORE ENCOUNTERED."

therefore probably used for purposes of intercommunication. One frequently hears it from a party of jays when they are gathering chestnuts or acorns.

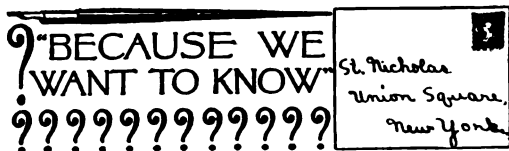
It was evidently a great "want to know" meeting. "What is the thing?" and "What shall we do?" were the questions.

For ten seconds or more the discussion, if discussion it was, continued, and at the end of this time a plan of battle had evidently been decided upon, which they lost no time in translating into action. They returned to the nest-tree, not now a screaming pair of excited, frenzied birds who in the control of an unheard-of experience had completely lost their heads, but two determined, silent creatures, with seemingly well-fixed purpose. The difference in their actions when the two visits to the nest were compared was in truth sufficiently impressive to warrant a belief in the birds' ability to grasp the situation intelligently.

Without a moment's hesitation one of the pair now selected a perch above the owl, paused only long enough to take aim, and then, with a flash of wings, sprang at its supposed enemy. What followed, the

camera, although set for a hundredth part of a second, failed definitely to record. The heart of the little pine seemed rent by the explosion of a blue jay. It was no feint, but a good honest blow delivered with all the bird's force of body and pinion, and the poor little owl was completely vanquished, upset, at the first onslaught. The jay had given a most convincing exhibition of the highest type of courage: it had mastered its fears and deliberately gone to battle. I felt like applauding.

But its troubles were not ended. This was a peculiar kind of owl, different, doubtless, from any that the jay had ever before encountered. It was conquered, but instead of flying away to some dark nook to nurse its wounds, it persisted in remaining on the field, retaining its grasp of the limb, not upright, however, but hanging upside down, as no owl was ever seen to do before, and, indeed, as only wired owls could. Such unheard-of behavior excited the jays even more than the owl's first appearance, and from near-by limbs they shrieked notes of defiance until, in mercy to their throats and my ears, I removed the cause of their alarm, bent the branches back to conceal their nest, and left them to discuss their remarkable experiences at their leisure.



RULE 1. State carefully all details pertaining to the matter about which you inquire or desire to tell others. For the identification of insects or plants, send the whole specimen. If the object is an insect, state where you found it, what it was doing, and on what plant it was feeding. If it is a plant, send it all, unless it is too large. In that case a branch with flower and leaves will answer. A single dried blossom or dead leaf may be recognized if the plant is a common one, but it is better to send the whole specimen.

RULE 2. Inclose stamped and self-addressed envelop if reply is desired by mail. We have space to publish very few such inquiries, and only those that are of general interest. Stamps must also accompany a request for the return of specimens. Write your address in full, with street and number when necessary, on your letter, on your envelop, and on the box containing the object.

RULE 3. Answers to questions from parents or teachers will be made only by mail, in stamped and self-addressed envelop. A letter "dictated" by a boy or a girl and written by a teacher or a parent cannot be published. A letter for publication giving information or stating observations must be composed and written by the boy or the girl whose name is signed to it. The writer's age must be given, and the whole indorsed by the parent or the teacher, who must thus guarantee its originality. Letters of inquiry need not be so indorsed, but should state the age of the writer.

AN ELEPHANT AFRAID OF A MOUSE.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have read that an elephant is afraid of a mouse, and that a mouse can kill an elephant if it runs often enough up and down his trunk. Will you please tell me whether it is so or not?

With best wishes,

RUTH M. VON DORN.

An elephant is usually afraid of any small animal to which it is unaccustomed. A dog or cat, and sometimes even a mouse, will cause him annoyance, especially if it runs between the animal's legs. The noise of a mouse running through the hay will often cause an elephant to become excited, but I have never known or heard of a mouse getting on an elephant's trunk.

The terrors of the mouse to a larger animal is an old story, and many foolish superstitions have arisen from it. In Gilbert White's "Natural History of Selborne," Letter LXX, written in 1776, tells of a shrew-ash:

Now a shrew-ash is an ash whose twigs or branches, when gently applied to the limbs of cattle, will immediately relieve the pains which a beast suffers from the running of a shrew-mouse over the part affected; for it is supposed that a shrew-mouse is of so baneful and deleterious a nature that wherever it creeps over a beast, be it horse, cow, or sheep, the suffering animal is afflicted with cruel anguish and threatened with the loss of the use of the limb.

PERFORATED BEANS.

NEWBURYPORT, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: These beans were in a desk drawer for several months. We kept finding these little insects around the house, but did not know where they came from until we found the beans in this condition. Can you tell me what the insects are?

Very truly yours,

ELIZABETH PILLING (age 8).

Herewith is a photograph of the contents of the box you sent. It shows the perforated beans, the microscopic bean "chips" (the fine powder on and around the beans), and the holes. The insects show as black spots in the bean powder. These little insects are known as bean-weevils (*Bruchus obsoletus*).

In all such chipping-out holes, whether by insects or woodpeckers, it is surprising that the diameter is so uniform and the sides so smooth. The insect or bird does the work as nicely as if the hole were cut with a revolving tool, like a drill, bit, or auger. As an excellent example of this, see the picture of the perforated wood, page 652, Nature and Science for May, 1903.



THE PERFORATED BEANS.

The black spots in the rough-appearing powdery chippings surrounding the beans are the insects that cut the holes. The beans, the chippings, and the insects were poured on white cardboard (that had been smeared with glue) and then photographed.

VERY TALL GOLDENROD.

ORANGE, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Around my home is a good deal of goldenrod. This afternoon we had a piece measuring seven feet three inches, and I should like to know if any of your readers ever saw a taller piece.

Your devoted reader,

ANNIE B. BRIGGS (age 13).

This is among the very tallest. Britton and Brown's "Illustrated Flora," in a long list of varieties of goldenrod, mentions only four as exceeding this. One of these is described as "one to seven and a half feet"; the other three are "two to eight feet." Eight feet seems to be the limit.

WOODCOCK AND SNIPE.

SAWKILL, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I would like to ask Nature and Science a question. What difference is there be-



THE WOODCOCK.

tween the birds called woodcocks and those called snipes? I have been told that snipe is only another name for a woodcock; indeed, all the farmers near here assure me of the fact (?): but still I am not satisfied. My belief is that the snipe is a different bird but of the same family or species. I think it has a longer bill and its body is not formed similar to that of the woodcock. Am I not right?

Yours very sincerely,

MABEL C. STARK (age 14).

There is quite a long list of birds known as snipe, but the one most commonly regarded as the snipe is the Wilson's snipe (*Gallinago delicata*).

There is only one American bird called woodcock; this (*Philohela minor*) is entirely distinct from the various snipe, yet is of similar appearance. From this resemblance, or snipe-like appearance, the woodcock is incorrectly named (or perhaps we ought to say nick-



THE WILSON'S SNIPE.

named) blind snipe, wall-eyed snipe, mud snipe, big-headed snipe, wood snipe, whistling snipe, etc.

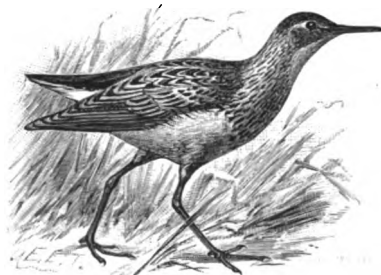
The various true snipe, the one woodcock (not really a snipe, but resembling them), and various sandpipers that also have long bills and bore in the mud, all belong to one family (*Scolopacidae*).

All these birds have somewhat similar appearance and habits. They frequent lowlands or plowed lands, such as corn-fields, where the soil is soft, so that they can use their long bills in probing for worms or insects, etc.

The Wilson's snipe is smaller, trimmer of figure, and a better flier than the woodcock.

Dr. A. K. Fisher says of the woodcock: "This much sought game-bird is in danger of extermination from the barbarous custom of hunting it in spring and summer just before and during the breeding season."

Of the pectoral sandpiper, a member of this snipe family, Frank Chapman says: "It frequents wet grassy meadows rather than beaches, and, although it flies in flocks, the birds scatter while feeding, and take wing one or more at a time. Thus they remind one of Wilson's Snipe."

THE PECTORAL SANDPIPER.
Sometimes called "grass-snipe."

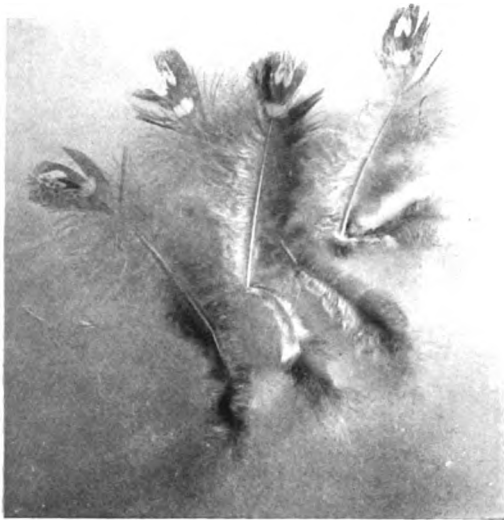
PARTRIDGE FEATHERS.

HONESDALE, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We had a partridge the other day, and I noticed that every feather is double. I will inclose a few to show you what I mean. Is that the case with all birds that remain in the north during the cold weather? It is nice to think of the birds being so well provided for during the winter, is it not?

Your friend,

ETHEL LEE.



THE DOUBLE PARTRIDGE FEATHERS.

The "double feather" has nothing to do with climate. It is found well developed in parts of the plumage of certain groups of birds, and is entirely lacking in others. Properly speaking, the smaller feather is a regular part of the complete feather, known as the "after-shaft." It is entirely lost in the feathers of the wing and tail, and in the body-plumage of many species, but in the grouse family it is well developed, and in the emu is as large as the main shaft.—WITMER STONE.

THE FASCINATION OF NATURE AND SCIENCE.

THE BOULDERS, WATCH HILL, R. I.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Any child liking fairy stories will like natural history, for under your own eyes are things more strange and wonderful than were ever told in a fairy tale, and these are true. When you read about the miracles performed in olden times, you think, "How strange!" but you do not stop to notice nature, who is as strange as miracles under your own eyes.

Do you ever wish you were a magician? Nature is a magician also. Go to her and you will see how everything is provided and cared for, and you will under-

stand how great a magician she is.

HELEN GREENE
(age 11).

WHELK EGGS AND THEIR CASES.

LAMBERTVILLE,
N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As we all believe that you know everything, will you not tell us about these queer shells? They were found on the beach at Atlantic City. I inclose just a few. They appear to come in long strings, as we have one string about ten inches long, and there are larger ones than that. They taper toward the end of the string. I am exceedingly anxious to see my letter answered in the Nature and Science department.

I am, your ever interested reader,

ELIZABETH A. GEST.



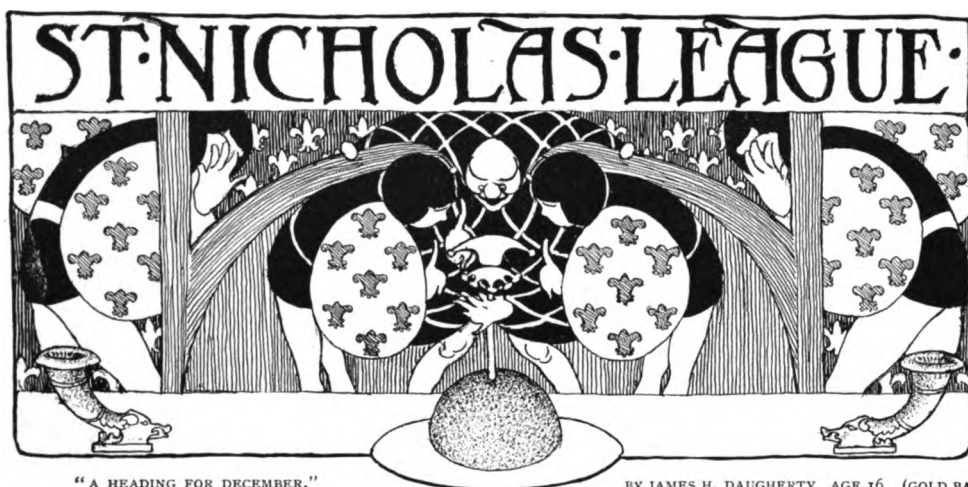
WHELK EGG-CASES.

The specimens you send are whelk egg-cases. The short string of cases with the square edges are of the whelk known to scientists as *Fulgur carica*; those in the longer string with sharp edges are of the

Fulgur canaliculata. The square-edged cases are especially attractive. By cutting nearly around the rim with a knife or scissors, one side may be lifted as if it were the cover of a tiny box. The tiny shells are packed, though rather loosely, but without any apparent order, in this box, making the whole appear somewhat like a dainty bonbon-box well filled.



ONE OF THE CASES OPENED, AND THE TINY SHELLS DROPPING OUT.



"A HEADING FOR DECEMBER."

BY JAMES H. DAUGHERTY, AGE 16. (GOLD BADGE.)

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS EVE.

BY AGNES CHURCHILL LACY (AGE 15).

(Cash Prize.)

<p>It was midnight on the hilltop, and the fire was dim and low, While the weary shepherds slumbered round the em- bers' dying glow, When a light shone round about them, brighter far than light of day, And they saw an angel standing in its pure and living ray. He was dressed in white apparel and his face was gravely sweet, And he spake unto them gently as they bowed them at his feet.</p> <p>"Fear ye not," for they were troubled; "news of peace and joy I bring: For to-night in David's city Christ is born, your Lord and King." As he spoke, adown the heavens, borne as on the ocean's swell, Angel forms came floating nearer, angel voices rose and fell: "Unto God the highest glory. Peace on earth. To men good will," Pealed the anthem, that triumphant echoes down the ages still.</p>	<p>As the angel-vision vanished and the song grew faint and far, Clear and radiant in the heavens steadfast shone the guiding star; Then they traveled on and onward till they reached the lonely shed Where the King of all the nations in a manger laid his head. And the night was hushed and holy, while the star shone over them, And the angel-song rang softly, "Christ is born in Bethlehem!"</p> <p>Nineteen hundred years have fled since the shep- herds heard that song, Since Judea's hills were brightened by the presence of that throng; But adown the distant ages, when the Christmas-time draws near, And our hearths and homes are brightened with the Christmas warmth and cheer,— When our hearts with love grow warmer as the light glows in a gem,— Softly steals the angels' message, "Christ is born in Bethlehem!"</p>
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AMONG all evenings in the year, and all the days, there is no other evening like Christmas eve, no other day like Christmas day. Whether the eve and the day be dark and stormy, or still and fair, does not matter. The difference is not in the weather or the season, but in that more subtle atmosphere which, from generation to generation through all the centuries, has been our inheritance from that first Christmas eve and day when a new-born Babe sent its wailing cry from the manger of Bethlehem.

The world looks different through this Christmas atmosphere. However festive or sad the occasion, however gay or gloomy the streets may be, whatever may be

our surroundings, the Christmas feeling is there. No one may say just wherein it lies. It is like an unseen halo that glorifies and makes holy every good thought and impulse, while it reveals in darker relief whatever is tragic, unworthy, or vicious. A great disaster on Christmas eve or day shocks us as it does at no other season; a great joy comes in that sweet raiment of gladness that only Christmas brings. Through nineteen centuries has this light lingered round the hearts of men, and through all those ages it has not grown dim. Year after year slips by and is added to the past. But with each Christmas eve and day our homes and our highways are once more filled with the old, sweet joy — the halo from that star which rose o'er Bethlehem.

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION NO. 48.

IN making awards, contributors' ages are considered.

Verse. Cash prize, **Agnes Churchill Lacy** (age 15), care of Tootle Lemon National Bank, St. Joseph, Mo. Gold badge, **Beulah H. Ridgeway** (age 14), 574 Carlton Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Silver badges, **Margaret Drew** (age 8), St. Anthony Park, Minn., and **Aline Murray** (age 15), Metuchen, N. J.

Prose. Gold badges, **Lester M. Beattie** (age 15), 120 E. Main St., Norwalk, Ohio, and **Lorena Mary McDermott** (age 12), St. Jo, Texas.

Silver badges, **Louise Lytle Kimball** (age 10), 5309 Westminster St., Pittsburg, Pa., and **Margaret B. Richardson** (age 11), 92 Bayard St., New Brunswick, N. J.

Drawing. Gold badges, **James H. Daugherty** (age 16), 2145 N St., N. W., Washington, D. C., and **Ralph G. Heard** (age 14), 27 Green St., Hudson, N. Y.

Silver badges, **Dorothy Ochtman** (age 11), Coscob, Conn., **Florence Ewing Wilkinson** (age 14), Kirkham Ave., Webster Grove, Mo., and **Katherine Bagaley** (age 9), Palmer, Fla.

Photography. Cash prize, **Kenneth Howie** (age 17), 48 Sedgwick St., Mount Ary, Philadelphia, Pa.

Gold badges, **Canema Bowers** (age 16), Montpelier, Vt., and **Marjorie C. Newell** (age 14), 9 Hovey St., Gloucester, Mass.

Silver badges, **Alice Garland** (age 14), 227 Newberry St., Boston, Mass., **Karl Dodge** (age 11), "The Osborne," 58th St. and 7th Ave., New York City, and **Hardenia R. Fletcher** (age 12), Accomac, Va.

Wild-animal and Bird Photography. First prize, "Deer," by **Ruth H. Caldwell** (age 14), 20 Ridgewood Place, Springfield, Mass. Second prize, "Auk," by **Ada G. Kendall** (age 14), 215 W. Park St., Portland, Ore. Third prize, "Sea-gull," by **George Davenport Hayward** (age 14), 165 Newberry St., Boston, Mass.

Puzzle-making. Gold badges, **Daisy James** (age 17), 4 Meadow Field, Dewsbury, Yorkshire, England, and **Marjorie Holmes** (age 14), 704 Palafox St., Pensacola, Fla.

Silver badges, **Ethel Paine** (age 13), 1401 Wood Ave., Colorado Springs, Col., and **Jean C. Freeman** (age 13), 1115 E. Capitol St., Washington, D. C.

Puzzle-answers. Gold badge, **Laura E. Jones** (age 15), 1845 Arlington Place, Chicago, Ill.

Silver badge, **Lillian G. Leete** (age 13), 64 Alexandrine Ave., W., Detroit, Mich.

MY FAVORITE EPISODE IN HISTORY.

BY LESTER M. BEATTIE (AGE 15).

(Gold Badge.)

ON a day late in November, 1620, a sailing-vessel bearing the name "Mayflower" was approaching land just off Cape Cod, on the coast of New England. The day was a cold, bleak, stormy one, the wind driving the waves high up on the shore. That part of the country was then destitute of civilization, and the one hundred men, women, and children on board the Mayflower were the first white people to settle there permanently. Having separated from the Church of England, to which the king had tried to compel their allegiance, they came to America, where they might enjoy religious liberty. They were pilgrims, going far away to make their home in a strange land.

A few weeks after they had landed, on December 21, some of the men of the company made their way westward from the cape, and found a fine harbor on the shore of the mainland; so at this place the Pilgrims



"HAPPINESS." BY KENNETH HOWIE, AGE 17. (CASH PRIZE.)

made their settlement, and called it Plymouth, in memory of the good old English town from which they had sailed.

During the first winter nearly half the colonists died; but when the Mayflower returned to England in the spring of 1621, not one Pilgrim went back. But they all gathered at the shore when the ship departed, and, as Longfellow says:

"Long in silence they watched the receding sail of the vessel,
Much endeared to them all as something living and human;
Then, as if filled with the Spirit, and wrapt in a vision prophetic,
Baring his hoary head, the excellent elder of Plymouth
Said, 'Let us pray!' and they prayed, and thanked the Lord and took courage."

The St. Nicholas League membership is free.
Any reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not,
will be sent a League badge and instruction leaflet on application.

It is this courage that is the most wonderful and commendable of all the good qualities of the Pilgrims. With hearts strong and true they so faithfully bore the hardships and sufferings of their lives that we honor them as much as any other people in American history. Even the Indians and the terrible winters could not drive them away: they remained; and the influence of their brave example has spread over our whole country. Plymouth Rock, on which the Pilgrim fathers landed, has been called the "stepping-stone of New England." But I think that a better name would be, the "corner-stone of the American republic."

MY FAVORITE EPI- SODE IN HISTORY.

BY LORENA MARY MCDERMOTT (AGE 12).

(Gold Badge.)

THE battle of the Alamo was fought March 6, 1836, in San Antonio, Texas, in an old stone mission built in the earlier Texas days.

This bloody battle was fought by a mere handful of the Texas garrison against the Mexicans, who had the advantage of them, both in men and armament. General



"HAPPINESS." BY CANEMA BOWERS, AGE 16. (GOLD BADGE.)



"HAPPINESS." BY KARL DODGE, AGE 11. (SILVER BADGE.)

Travis was in charge when he heard that Santa Anna, the "Napoleon of the West," as he proudly called himself, was coming to make the attack. Travis sent a message for aid, but reinforcements did not get there in time.

The noble general did not tell his men until the last hour, when he said: "We must die soon, and we have three ways of choosing the manner of our death. We can try to escape, and be slaughtered before we can get half through the enemy's ranks; we can surrender, and be shot; or we can stay here and fight. Every man may do as he pleases; but I, for one, would rather stay here and sell our lives as dearly as possible."

After he finished this speech, he drew a line across the floor, and said: "Those who are willing to stay and fight with me step across this line." All eagerly went to the other side except one man.

Soon after, Santa Anna and his army came. Some of his men wanted to fall back, but Santa Anna ordered every one to be shot who did so. There was a valiant fight on the Texas side, but at last they were overcome, and there was not one man of the brave band left standing to tell the story.

Those immortal Texas names, Travis, Bowie, Bonham, and Crockett, are dear to every liberty-loving Texan.

Texas is now one of the leading States, whose liberty was purchased by the blood of her brave sons, who fought valiantly for it until it was wrested from the grasp of her enemies. This is why all native Texans love the story of the Alamo.

THE SPIRIT OF THE CHRISTMAS-TIME.

BY BEULAH H. RIDGEWAY (AGE 14).

(Gold Badge.)

IN the heavens the stars are shining, while upon the earth below

Their bright glory is reflected on the pure new-fallen snow. Far away the chimes of church bells borne upon the frosty air

Peal a welcome to the people who have come to worship there;



"HAPPINESS." BY MARJORIE C. NEWELL, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE.)

While the spirit of the Christmas-time again and yet again,
Seems repeated in the anthem, "Peace on earth, good
will to men!"

Oh, that message by the angels given once so long ago
To the shepherds as they watched their flocks upon the
plains below

Comes down through all the centuries and makes the
whole world kin!

For the spirit of the Christmas-time each heart will
enter in;

And to all men alike it comes again and yet again;
It rings out in the anthem, "Peace on earth, good will
to men!"

And heavy hearts grow lighter and care-worn faces bright,
And troubles are forgotten in the glow of Christmas light;
For old and young, for rich and poor, it rings from
shore to shore;

It's come through all the ages to bring joy for ever-
more;

'T is the spirit of the Christmas-time again and yet
again;

We hear it in the anthem, "Peace on earth, good will
to men!"

League members should replace their lost or broken badges.
New ones are sent free. This offer does not include prize
badges.

MY FAVORITE EPISODE IN HISTORY.

BY LOUISE LYTLE KIMBALL (AGE 10).

(Silver Badge.)

FORT HENRY was built on the Ohio River, near Wheel-
ing. During the Revolutionary War some Indians
who were fighting on the English side attacked Fort
Henry and tried to take it. All the men outside were
killed. The women and children of the village had all

gone to the fort for safety. When the Indians made the fiercest attack there were only twelve men in the fort. They had made up their minds to save the lives of the women and children. Every man could shoot a rifle, and they had guns enough, but very little gunpowder, so they never fired unless they were sure of hitting some one. The Indians kept shooting all the time. After fighting a long time, the Indians went into the woods to rest. The white men found that they had used nearly all their gunpowder. They now began to wish for a keg of gunpowder they had left in a house outside. They knew that whoever went for it would be seen and fired at by the Indians. The colonel called his men together, and told them that he did not want to make any one go for it, but he would like to have some one offer to go.

Three or four young men offered to go. The colonel told them they must decide among themselves. But not one of them was willing to give up. Then a girl walked forward and said, "Let me go for the gunpowder." The young men were astonished. The colonel said, "No." And her friends asked her not to go.



"HAPPINESS." BY ALICE GARLAND, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE)



"DEER." BY RUTH H. CALDWELL, AGE 14. (FIRST PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")

"You have n't enough men in the fort now," she said, "and if I am killed you will be as brave and strong as before"; and she went. The gate was opened just wide enough for her to get out. When she got to the house, she poured the gunpowder into her apron, and started back. The Indians fired at her, but missed her. The gate was opened, and she got in. And when you think of the Revolutionary War, always remember that one of the best fighters in that war was Elizabeth Zane.

MY LAST CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

BY MARGARET DREW (AGE 8).

(*Silver Badge.*)

'T was Polly, my dolly, I dressed for the fair;
She has pretty blue eyes and light curly hair.
I took all the stitches so nice and so neat,
And when she was dressed she looked very sweet.
Thousands of people passed her by
When she was sitting there so high,
And said, "How pretty—that dolly!"
And 't was just my Polly!

THE STORY OF MOLLY PITCHER.

BY MARGARET B. RICHARDSON (AGE 11).

(*Silver Badge.*)

My favorite episode in history is the battle of Monmouth, where Molly Pitcher so distinguished herself. Molly was with her husband—a cannoneer—in the many battles he fought, for she scorned housework. She was with him in the battle of Monmouth, supplying him with water from a spring near by. He was fresh and cool, while others were parched with thirst that midsummer day of June 28, 1778, until he was killed by a ball shot from the English side. Then Molly showed her courage. She slipped into her husband's coat and put on his hat, and just as the men were going to roll the cannon away, Molly stepped up and said, "I will take my husband's place"; and before the astonished soldiers could stop her she had stepped to the cannon.

One would think that Molly would have been overcome with grief at her husband's death, but Molly had a soldier's spirit inside a woman's heart; so she loaded and fired the gun all through the rest of the day, to the great admiration of all the men.

The next day General Greene went to see Molly, and found her all stained with dirt and powder, as she had been the day of the battle. He led her to General Washington, who was very much pleased at her brave act; and though he did not generally give commissions to women, he did to Molly. He made her sergeant, and had her name put on the list of half-pay officers for life.

The French regiment on the American side invited Molly (or Captain Molly, as she was called) to review their troops. She did so, and as she walked up and down the line, with her hat in her hand, almost every man dropped a piece of money into it.

Molly did not live long after her last but most famous battle.

It is now one hundred and twenty-five years since this brave woman fought on the Monmouth battle-field; and one reason why this is my favorite episode in history is because the battle was fought very near our town.



"AUK." BY ADA G. KENDALL, AGE 14. (SECOND PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")

CHRISTMAS.

BY ALINE MURRAY (AGE 15).

(*Silver Badge.*)

THE snow lies deep on the moorlands,
The night sinks gently down,
While the chill wind's sad vibrations
Shake the forest bare and brown;
But although the night is dreary,
There 's a glory in the skies;
For, behold, the little Christ-child
In a manger lowly lies.

Oh, wild winds, carry the
story,
And spread the tidings
afar
That the birth of the King
of Glory
Is heralded by a star!

Oh, angels, with exultation
Sing loud your praises
sweet

While the wise men haste
from distant lands

To worship at his feet!
For he was by angels wel-
comed,

And by prophets long
foretold,

So they travel far through the gloomy night
To offer him myrrh and gold.



"SEA-GULL." BY GEORGE DAVENPORT HAYWARD, AGE 14.
(THIRD PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")

the dim lantern's rays dis-
closed a young woman rest-
ing on fragrant hay amidst
the gently breathing oxen,
with a baby on her arm,
and that baby was the
Prince of Peace.

The great light which
flooded the dark, silent hill
where the shepherds guard-
ed their flock at the same
moment that the Christ
came into the world, as a
little child, to seek and
save, was symbolic of the
greater light which then
flooded the whole world

MY FAVORITE EPISODE IN HISTORY.

BY MURIEL BACHELER (AGE 12).

BEFORE describing my favorite episode, I will speak of some of the circumstances preceding it. It was a period of great mental and spiritual darkness in all nations. The poorer classes of men were trodden down and shamefully oppressed by rich tyrants. The religions of that time were many and varied. Yet there was not one true faith, one comforting, life-giving belief, existing. Sin and cruelty there were on every hand.

In a certain small village, one night was unusually peaceful for those tumultuous times. All the world seemed waiting in an expectant hush. The moon shone with a beautiful luster everywhere, yet shone with peculiar brightness on a humble shed. Peace without, but greater peace within, this lowly cattle-shed. For here



"HAPPINESS." BY HARDENIA R. FLETCHER, AGE 12.
(SILVER BADGE.)

and changed gloomy night into dawn. That dawn has been growing brighter and brighter till, eventually, it will become brilliant day.

I have not chosen, as my favorite episode in history, a famous battle, or the discovery of new, strange lands, greatly as such events shape the world's future. Instead, I have chosen the birth of a little child, because ultimately the battles and discoveries shall sink into oblivion, while this glad episode of Christmas day will be rapturously told by every tongue.

BOBBIE'S CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

BY ELLIOT QUINCY ADAMS (AGE 15).

"WHAT! not any snow on Christmas day?"

Poor little Bobbie said.

He expected a sled all painted gay,

And he wanted to try that sled.

The week before Christmas brought no snow,

For the air, though cold, was clear,

And the mist that rose when the sun was low

With the stars would disappear.

On Christmas eve in his little cot,

By the night-lamp burning dim,

He dreamed 'mongst the presents that Santa brought

Was a snowfall white for him.

The others their stockings had emptied with glee

When he woke from his dream at last;

A glimpse through the window—how glad was he!

It was snowing thick and fast!



"HAPPINESS IN ASIA MINOR." BY EDITH C. HOUSTON, AGE 14.

DOT'S FAVORITE EPISODE IN HISTORY.

BY DOROTHY FERRIER (AGE 11).

"EDITH," said Helen to her sister, who was reading, "what is your favorite episode in history?"

"Well," said Edith, "I don't know that I ever thought of it." But here they were interrupted by their little sister Dot:

"What does episode mean?"

"Episode means an event," answered Edith.

"Well, then, my favorite is the War of the Roses."

"Why, when did you ever hear of the War of the Roses?" asked Edith, taking Dot in her lap.

"I heard Helen talking about it to one of her school friends, and I think it must have been lovely to have seen them fighting with roses, don't you, Edith?"

At this her two sisters laughed heartily, but Edith hastened to explain: "They did n't fight with roses, Dot; they used guns."

"Why did they call it the War of the Roses, then?" she asked, getting more interested. "Tell me all about it."

"Well," said Edith, "the war was in England, and it was not a war between different countries; it was a civil war."

"But I don't know what a civil war is," said Dot.

"It's a war where, instead of two countries fighting each other, the people of one country quarrel and divide, and engage in war among themselves."

"War is a very terrible thing, so many men get killed and wounded. And civil war is the worst kind, be-



"A HEADING FOR DECEMBER." BY MELTON R. OWEN, AGE 16.

cause the people that should be loving and fighting for each other are fighting against each other. Sometimes it is different, and civil wars are to keep the country together or banish some evil. But in the War of the Roses they were just selfishly fighting for the throne.

"The two sides were York and Lancaster, and instead of taking the flag of the country, as they do in wars between different countries, they each took a rose, which is the emblem of England."

"The Yorkists took a white rose and the Lancasters a red rose."

"That is the reason they called it the 'War of the Roses.'"

"How long ago was it, Edith?" inquired Dot.

"Four hundred and fifty years ago," said Edith. "I will tell you more about it some other day, and then perhaps you will change your mind about your favorite episode."

AT CHRISTMAS.

BY PHILIP STARK (AGE 13).

I HEAR the sound of Christmas bells
That chime so sweet and clear;
The old familiar carols greet
The closing of the year.

The wild sweet chimes seem to repeat
Again and yet again
The words that tell of faith and trust,
Of peace, good will to men.

Each year the olden melody
Rings out from belfries high,
And soon a peaceful quiet reigns
Beneath the starlit sky.

Long years ago a twinkling star
Shone brighter far than day;
It guided them—the wise men brave—
To where the Christ-child lay.



"A HOME SKETCH." BY JESSIE J. WHITCOMB, AGE 17.

A lowly manger for a crib
Where slept the infant
King;
While o'er his head a halo
shone—
Oh, happy angels, sing!

Ring on, glad bells
of Christmas-
time!
Proclaim to all
again:
"Glory to God in
the highest,
And peace, good
will to men!"



window, and seeing the group of hated "lobster-backs," inquired:

"What do ye, thieves, waking honest people this time of night?"

"Call us not thieves, for we came for your brave

"A HEADING FOR DECEMBER." BY RUTH E. CROMBIE, AGE 15.

husband," they sneeringly retorted. Then she replied:

"He tarried but a moment, and is gone."

Upon hearing this bit of news the soldiers departed, but presently returned and demanded to search the house.

They came upon Newman, and dragging him out, made him dress and took him before General Gage.

But he was afterward released, and soon entered a Massachusetts regiment and the Continental Army.

Such was the deed of Robert Newman, unknown hero.

The house in which he lived is still standing, but is converted into a bake-shop; and the church window through which he escaped is now closed up by a painting of John Adams.

MY FAVORITE EPISODE IN HISTORY.

BY FREDERICK CROSS (AGE 15).

EVERY American has heard of Paul Revere, and every American has read the stirring lines of Longfellow's poem:

"He said to his friend, 'If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church tower as a signal light.'"

But who was this friend? Few people know of *him*. He was one of the unknown heroes of the Revolutionary War! His name was Robert Newman, and he lived in a corner house a few rods away from the Old North Church.

On the evening of the 18th of April, in 1775, he wandered here and there until dark, watching all movements the British troops made.

When he had been convinced that they were going by boat to the Charlestown shore, he hastened to the church, unlocked the door, entered, and locked it behind him.

Taking his lanterns, he mounted the stairs, climbed the ladder to the belfry, hung the lights, and started down.

When about half-way down he heard the "red-coats" beating on the door with the butts of their muskets and shouting loudly for admittance.

They had seen the lanterns, knew that some one was signaling, and were going to catch that "rebel."

Newman, knowing full well the danger of falling into their hands, ran down the rest of the flight, hastened through the church aisles, and jumped through a back window just as the door fell.

After alighting, the signaler dodged through shrubbery and alleys, and, reaching his home unmolested, barred the door and crept into bed.

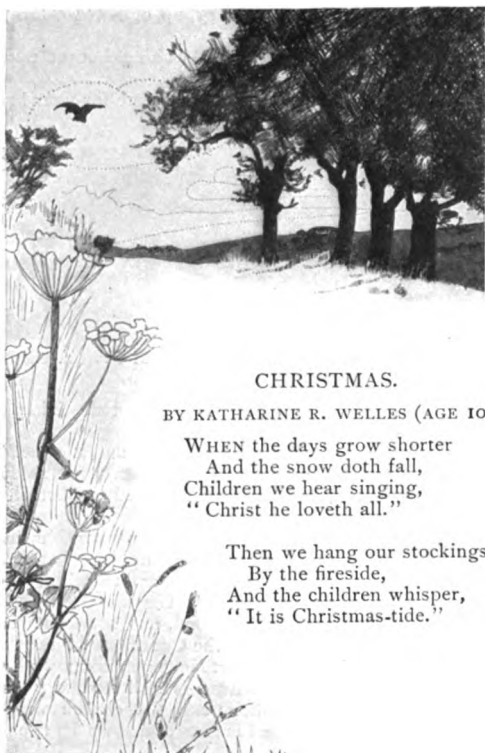
The British, after knocking the doors in and finding no one, supposed it was Newman (for he was known as a signaler), started for his house, and arriving there, began to beat upon the door.

His wife, hearing the noise, put her head out the

Every reader of ST. NICHOLAS should be a member of the St. Nicholas League, and every member of the League should belong to a chapter.



"HAPPINESS." BY GROVER T. CORNING, AGE 17.



CHRISTMAS.

BY KATHARINE R. WELLES (AGE 10).

WHEN the days grow shorter
And the snow doth fall,
Children we hear singing,
"Christ he loveth all."

Then we hang our stockings
By the fireside,
And the children whisper,
"It is Christmas-tide."

"THE HOME OF BIRD AND BEE."
BY MARY ISABEL WOOD, AGE 17.

MY FAVORITE EPISODE IN HISTORY.

BY ALICE BRAUNLICH (AGE 15).

WHEN the Carthaginians, with the aid of the Spartan Xanthippus, defeated the Romans in one of the battles of the first Punic war, Regulus, consul and commander of the Roman forces, was taken prisoner and brought to Carthage.

Here he was kept for two years, pining in captivity.

At last the tide of battle turned; the Romans were victorious. The enemy, disheartened by the loss of many of their possessions, sent Regulus back to his home to make peace. He was promised his liberty if he should be successful.

Regulus went to the gates of Rome as commanded, but refused to enter, saying:

"I am no longer a Roman citizen. I am but the barbarians' slave, and the Senate may not give audience to strangers within the walls."

His wife and his two sons came out to meet him, rejoicing that he had at last returned home. Imagine how sorry they were when they learned under what circumstances he had come!

He met the Senate outside the walls of Rome. After the Carthaginian ambassadors had spoken,

his turn came. "Conscript fathers," he said, "being a slave to the Carthaginians, I come, on the part of my masters, to treat with you concerning peace." When asked his opinion, he advised the Romans to continue the war, and not even to exchange prisoners; for the Carthaginian generals, he said, who were in the possession of the Romans, were healthy and strong, while he himself was worn out by long imprisonment.

Even the stern Romans were surprised to hear a man argue thus against himself, and were unwilling that Regulus should be put into the power of the Carthaginians. The chief priest declared that, since the oath had been forced upon Regulus, he was not by duty bound to keep it. However, the latter was determined to return to imprisonment, to suffer the punishments which the Carthaginians would inflict, and which he knew would end in his death.

What need to comment upon the brave deed of Regulus? The story speaks for itself. The man who will die for his country is great; but the man who, like Regulus, will endure captivity, torture, as well as death, for his fatherland—that man is a true patriot.

CHRISTMAS-TIME.

BY HAROLD R. NORRIS (AGE 10).

IN the merry Christmas season,
With the children flocking nigh,
While the bells are ringing sweetly
Far above us in the sky,

"He is coming! He is coming!"

Cry the children, every one.

"Here comes Santa! Here comes Santa!
Now for dolls and toys and fun."

And the saint, with cheeks of crimson,
While his furs are dingy brown,
Comes with bags of toys and presents—
Through the chimney he comes down.

CHRISTMAS-TIME.

BY GEORGE W. CRONYN (AGE 15).

With Accompanying Picture.

SOME rave and sing of "sweetest spring,"
Of "breeze and bird and bee,"

Of "glancing showers" and
"dancing flowers"—
But Christmas-time 's for me.

Some moan and sigh for "summer sky,"

For "roses and sweet pea,"
For "shady trees" and "playful breeze"—
But Christmas-time 's for me.

Some like the fall, the blackbird's call,
And hail Jack Frost with glee,
And "pumpkin-pie" and "autumn sky"—
But Christmas-time 's for me.

For then comes the cold, when
the year grows old,
And the earth is sad to see
In her funeral gown of white and brown—
But Christmas-time 's for me.



NEW LEAGUE CHAPTERS.

Now is the time to form chapters, as Entertainment Competition No. 3 will be announced very soon.

No. 673. "Busy Bees." Edith Helles, President; Helena McMullin, Secretary; six members. Address, 2631 Brighton Ave., Los Angeles, California.

No. 674. Margaret Brown, President; Helen Tripp, Secretary; three members. Address, 307 Main St., Phoenixville, Pa.

No. 675. "Kris Kringle." Minnie Chase, President; Elsie Philip, Secretary; sixteen members. Address, Bluehill, Me.

No. 676. "Pioneers." Hjalmer Nicander, President; Edward White, Secretary; six members. Address, 64 Asylum St., New Haven, Conn.

No. 677. "Girls' Southern Band." Catherine Pindar, President; three members. Address, 411 Ashley St., Valdosta, Ga.

No. 678. Vivian Dowdell, President; Beula Hines, Secretary; ten members. Address, Preston, Minn.

No. 679. "Happy Quartette." Claire Eckersley, President; Madge Denison, Secretary; four members. Address, Box 38, Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ont., Canada.

No. 680. "The Trio." Sallie Barnwell, President; Nettie Barnwell, Secretary; three members. Address, Hendersonville, N. C.

No. 681. "V. I. C." Marguerite Spratt, Secretary; seven members. Address, 555 6th Ave., Helena, Mont.

No. 682. "Goldenrod." Dorothy Kuhns, President; Anna Berryhill, Secretary; four members. Address, 550 Portland Ave., St. Paul, Minn.

No. 683. "Sherwood Foresters." Mollie Saxton, President; Florence Greenhalgh, Secretary; five members. Address, Denc-hurst, 12 Baker St., Nottingham, England.

LEAGUE NOTES.

Katherine A. Page, Teaneck Road, Englewood, N. J., would like to hear again from the League member who wrote to her last summer. She has lost the letter and forgotten the address.

The St. Nicholas League does not find that it has space enough for an exchange column. We are very sorry, therefore, to be obliged to omit the many notices of stamps, post-cards, etc., offered in exchange.

LEAGUE LETTERS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have received my beautiful gold badge, after some little delay caused by my being out of town, and want to thank you not only for it, but for the long months of work that at last has been successful. I am glad that my badge did not come when first I commenced to work for it—nearly three years ago, just after I earned the silver one; for I know that the many disappointments, though they were hard, helped me on to do the work that has resulted in my owning this beautiful pin. I thank you, how much it is impossible to say.

Ever your most devoted reader and League member,

ELLEN DUNWOODY.

HILLTOP FARM, LITTLE-
TON, N. H.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I take the ST. NICHOLAS and like it very much.

I am eleven years old and I have just made up a little verse which I inclose:

EVENING SONG.

At evening when the sun is low
The hermit-thrush's song is
heard;

I wish my little song might go
As far and high as that dear
bird.

I hope I can write something
good enough for the League next
time. Sincerely yours,

ELIZABETH ADAMS.

JAMESTOWN, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The badge is beautiful and I am delighted with it; all my friends are, too.

The first I knew of my winning the prize was when I read of it in the morning paper, and I can tell you I was surprised; I hardly knew whether to laugh or cry.



"A HEADING FOR DECEMBER." BY RALPH G. HEARD,
AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE.)

The only trouble is that the pin is so nice I hate to wear it for fear of losing it.

I hope sometime to win a gold badge, but at present am content with my silver one. Your loving reader, ALLEINE LANGFORD.

Other interesting letters have been received from Phoebe Hunter,

Daisy James, Vivien Dowdell, Dorothy G. Thayers, Mary D. Bergen, Karl M. Mann, Melton R. Owen, Pauline K. Angell, Alma Jean Wing, Isabel M. Clark, Sidonia Deutsch, Edwin E. Bolte, Herbert Steiner, Marion E. Lane, Lillian Jackson, Helen Gynell Rogers, B. Hasselman, John Griffin Penny-packer, Marie Harari, Virginia Jones, Irene E. Dearnley, Catherine Pindar, Alan Gregg, Emilie A. Ide, Mildred S. Huntington, Lewis Seymour, Katharine H. Stout, Florence C. Ingalls, Anna Culver, Ruth Bartlett, Amelia S. Ferguson, Ruth Helen Brierley, William N. Coupland, Douglas Trowbridge, Elizabeth B. G. Fowler, Alice Lorraine Andrews, Charles Josef Carey, Fred Graf, Edith M. Andrews, Philip Stark, Rebecca Chilcott, Bessie Marshall, H. Constance Campbell, Jean Herbert, Eugenie B. Baker, Susan Molleson, Gertrude H. Henry, Flora H. Boggs, Grace Hawthorne Bliss, Tula Latzke, Grace Leadingham, Mabel Fletcher, Dorothy H. Kuhns, Winifred A. Shaw, Mary Cromer, Louise K. Cowdrey, Frances Renshaw Latzke, J. C. Prewitt, Susan W. Wilbur, Warren Haynes, William P. Anderson, E. Daniels, Shirley Willis, Fred W. Hasevick, Ruth P. Brown, Helen Scobey, B. Blake, and Kenneth Howie.



"A HOME SKETCH." BY FLORENCE EWING WILKINSON. (AGE 14.)

THE ROLL OF HONOR.

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been published had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to honorable mention and encouragement.



December

VERSE 1.

Clara Shanafelt
Ruth Gardiner
Susan Warren Wilbur
A. Eleanor Clifton
L. Beatrice Todd
Irma Jessie Diescher
Louisa F. Spear
Brewer Goodsell
Jessie Freeman Foster
Harriet Gage
A. Elizabeth Goldberg
Ruth Reeder
Marguerite Stuart
Harriet Evelyn Works
Horace Hotchkiss
Hobly
Emily Rose Burt
Conrad P. Aiken
Lillian E. Van Wert
Mary Yeula Wescott
Marjorie Macy
Margaret C. Richey
Helen Greene
Harriet Fox
Seward C. Simons
Marian Elizabeth Case
Frances Cobb Minor
Dorothy Lenroot
Alison Winslow
Mary Blossom Bloss
Margaret Merriam
Sherwood
Helen Drew
Frances Paine
Louis Stix Weiss
Eva Levy

VERSE 2.

Marguerite Borden
Marjory C. Todd
Mildred Palmer
Helen Spear
Miriam C. Gould
Katherine Kurz
Dorothy Stevens
Mabel Guernsey
Bessie Salyer
Ellen Dorothy Bach
Laura Wells
Irma Castle Hanford
Eunice M. Schoff
Helen D. Bailey
Ruth Havenner Darden
Lucie C. Jones
Catherine Montgomery
Elizabeth Clarke
Mary Van Wormer
Clara P. Pond
Helen D. Bell
Helen E. Eberle
Lillie McConnell
Florence Gage Hatton
Christine Graham
Ruth T. Abbott
Carolyn Coit Stevens

DRAWINGS 1.

Melville Coleman Levey
May Wilson Ball
Ruth M. Keran
Elise Urquhart
Jacob Salzman
Mildred Curran-Smith
Emily B. Melcher
Helen E. Jacoby
Nancy Barnhart
Julia S. Lovejoy
Bessie B. Styron
Ruth Felt
Lucy Elizabeth B. Mackenzie
Marjorie L. Gilmour
Meade Bolton
Gladys Ralston Britton
Lettie F. Maxwell
Margery Fulton
Greta T. Frik
Cordner H. Smith
Margaret Dobson
Francis Keeline
Elizabeth Stockton
Harold Helm
William L. Brown
Bessie Townley Griffith
Rita Wood
Isadore Douglas
Marguerite Eastman
Nancy Huntly
Philip M. Ustick
Margaret Tyler
Gladys Nelson
Mary Clarke
Georgina Wood
A. Brooks Lister
Isabella Howland
Edwina Hall

DRAWINGS 2.

Annie Genge
Aimee Vervalen
W. I. Masters
Mary Clarke
Mary Selina Tebault
Alice Josephine Goss
Joseph B. Mazzano
M. Alice Clark
Margaret R. Leland
Helen de Veer
Beatrice Andrews
Joseph McGurk
Mary U. Woodman

Saidee E. Kennedy
Margaret Wright
Clarice E. Smith
Henry Altman
Grace Lois Mailhouse
Walter Swindell Davis
Helen Bague
Ethel Messervy
Gladys L'E. Moore
Jane Meldrim
Harriette Barney Burt
Mary L. Crosby
H. M. Conklin
Elsa Falk

"A HEADING FOR DECEMBER." BY MARGARET MCKEON, AGE 13.

Helen Emerson
Sydney B. Childs
Caroline Latzke
Zena Parker
Margery Bradshaw
Eugenie B. Baker
Frances R. Newcomb
Elizabeth Tappan
Ella Preston
Elizabeth A. Gest
Margaret Cate
Henry Olen
Florence Short
Florence Gardiner
Gretchen Walther
Katie Nina Miller
E. R. Saunders
Eunice McGilvra
Roger K. Lane
Margaret W. Peck
Madeleine Sweet
Isabel Howell
Frances E. Pennock
Jessie H. Hewitt
Marcia Hoyt
Anita Moffett
Eleanor G. Finch
Clinton Brown
Julia Ford Fieberger
Helen S. Eggleston

Francis A. Chapin
Mildred Eastey
Anne Heap Cleaves
Marjorie Gabain
Elizabeth Coolidge
Christina B. Fisher
Lois Williams
Mary E. B. Jones
Susette Long
Katharine Thompson
Dorothy B. Wilkinson
Katherine D. Barbour
Herman Goebel
Ruth P. Brown
Clara Goods
F. Hosford
Edith Thompson
Robert H. Gibson
Alice Perkins
Charles M. Jones
Dorothy T. Hollister
Marian J. Sherwood
Mary Daniel Gordon
Katherine Gibson
Dorothy Hamilton
Emily W. Browne
Ernest J. Clare
Joan Spencer-Smith
Margaret Spencer-Smith

PHOTOGRAPHS 1.

H. O. Phillips
Amy Eliot Mayo
Eno Hamm
John E. Woodruff
Hilda Proctor
Dorothy Richardson
Charles M. Foulke, Jr.
Heyliger de Windt
Lilla B. Kirby
Marion K. Cobb
Margaret Strasser
Edwin Shoemaker
John H. Hills
M. A. Arpesani
Holden C. Harlow
W. F. Harold Braun
Gertrude W. Smith
Judith Wilkes
John H. Shepley
Helen A. Almy
Catherine Delano
Helen F. Carter
Warren H. Smith
Olive A. Granger
Hilda C. Foster

S. R. Jelliffe
George B. Walbridge
Clara Beth Haven
Loring C. Carpenter
J. Arthur Richardson
Marion S. Almy
Lawrence Palmer
L. Evelyn Deering
Morrison N. Stiles
Margaret C. Houston
Arthur Jennings White
Marjorie Parks
James Monaghan, Jr.
Adelaide Gills
Constance Freeman
Claud S. Hyman
Margaret King
Bessie May Miller
Reynold A. Spaeth
Dorothy Wormser
Emma B. Atherstone

PHOTOGRAPHS 2.

Arthur M. McClure
Fannie H. Bickford
Martha G. Schreyer
Elene H. Bensel
Mary F. Jackson
Theoda F. Bush
Charles H. Abbott
Belle Warner Stork
Florence Hoyte
Ruth Helen Brierley
Carolyn C. Bailey
T. Sam Parsons
E. Bunting Moore
Bessie Ballard
Priscilla Mitchell Seely
Jean Forgans
Roswell M. Curtis
Gertrude V. Trumplette
R. J. Chany
Katharine L. Marvin
Katharine Wadsworth
Isabella Puffer
A. Leonard Jacobi
Charles McKnight
Florence C. Ingalls
Mary P. Damane
Dorothy W. Stanton
Anna M. McKechnie
Morris Douglas
Barbara Horton
Rae H. Ackerson
Louise Tate

Elizabeth P. Dougherty
Henry Reginald Carey
Wardee Cheek
Susan J. Sweetser
Frederick Eckstein
Sylvia Knowles
Charlotte Sperree
Margaret Garthwaite
Betty Lockett
Jessie Dunning
Nancy Coleman
Eleanor Anderson
Dorothy Gray Brooks
Charlie W. Brown
Ruth Garland
W. Caldwell Webb
Rose Heller
Philip A. Barton
Ebel Bailey
Irving Chapman
Kate S. Tillett
H. Leroy Tirrell
Emma Atherstone
Wendell F. Power
Launcelot J. Gamble
Rudolph Willard
Marie Davenport Russell

PROSE 1.

Julia B. Chapin
Mary Thornton
J. Herbert Hodgins
Cula Latzke
Edith Muriel Andrews
Mary Frank Kimball
Nellie Caspary
Florence Lenore Wilbur
Laura Wells
Muriel M. K. E. Douglas
Frances M. F. Randolph
Gladys M. Cornish
Francis E. Gardner
Elizabeth Helm
Alice C. Phillips
Mary Scales Miller
Florence R. T. Smith
Francis Shriver
Anne Cushing
Virginia Livingston Hunt
H. Constance Campbell
Mary E. Cromer
Elizabeth Yardley
Frederick S. Gest
Bessie Bunzel
Constance Badger
David B. Campbell
John Rice Miner
Hilda Ryan
Bennie Hasselman
Margaret Marsh
Shirley Willis
Rollin L. Tilton
Charles P. Howard
Dorothy Russell
Edmund Wilson
Irene Weil
Leonard Swain
Lawrence H. Chenoweth
William P. Anderson
Dorothy Cuthbert LeDuc
Sarah Brown
Edna Bennett
Nannie C. Barr
Florence Stinchcomb
Hazel V. Boyd
Florence K. Hanawalt
Franklin Rowland Backus
Mildred L. Smith
Dorothy Culver
Erna Klinzing
Mary Smith
Charles Steinway



"A HOME SKETCH."

Katharine Lawrence Putnam
Archibald Campbell
Ada M. Keigwin
Dorothy McKee
Victor N. Loweree
Sidney Edward Dickinson

BY DOROTHY OCHTMAN. (SILVER BADGE.)

Hazel C. Cockroft
Eleanor F. Twining
Ruth P. Teele
Leila A. Haven
Fannie M. Stern
Chalmers Hall
Allen W. Reid
Alice K. Bushnell

Marjorie Browning
Harold Andrews
Phebe Hart-Smith
Philip P. Cole
Charles Ellison, Jr.
Eleanor Kinsey
Fredericka Going
J. H. Knapp, Jr.



"A HOME SKETCH." BY KATHERINE BAGALKY, AGE 9. (SILVER BADGE.)

Eugene V. Connell
Nancy Moore

PROSE 2.

Bert Durden
Eleanor Jewett
Anna Marguerite Neuburger
Edward V. White
Jessie E. Wilcox
Isabella Tilford
Rita Wanning
Louise K. Bull
Robert A. Kilduffe
Luther Dana Fernald
Philip J. Wicksee
Adele Joline Connelly
Alan Cameron McDonald
Evelyn O. Foster
Katharine C. Hood
Alfred Andrews
Paul Mariett
Lewis King Underhill
Della Harmon Varrell
Robert Powell Cotter
Edward Stafford
Elsie F. Weil
Maud E. Dilliard
Elise Lord Bradford
Dorothea Gay
Edith Blain
Marion E. Lane
I. Hortense La Porte
Julia E. Willkie
Mary P. Parsons
Heta Lee Gilmer

Willia Nelson
Ruth Fulton
Fern L. Patten
Helen Froeligh
Signe Swanstrom
Helen A. Scribner
Hadassah Backus
Florence O'Donnell
Louis Bronson Le Duc
Oscar D. Stevenson
Eleanor Hisey
Russell S. Reynolds
Constance Caroline Wilbur
Lester F. Babcock
Alia Lewis
Jessie Pringle Palmer
Helen Hoag
Laura Laurensen Byrne
Marjorie H. Sawyer
Katharine J. Bailey
Helen A. Lee
Anne Kress
Jeanie Slight
James J. Porter
Marguerite Brewster Hill
Oswald D. Reich
Mary Thompson
Alberta E. Alexander
Lawrence Eddy
Phoebe Hunter

PUZZLES 1.

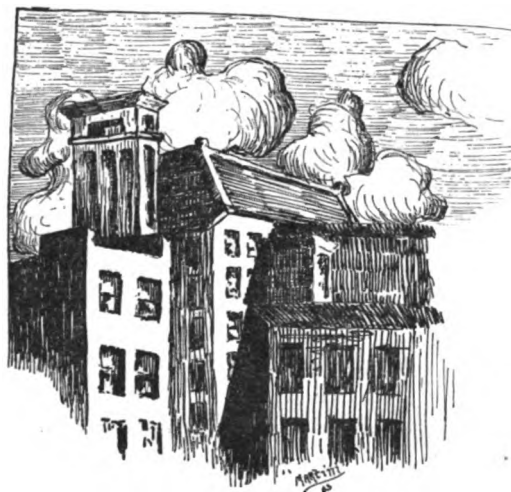
Elizabeth Keen
L. Arnold Post

E. Adelaide Hahn
Mack Hays
William R. M. Very
Mabel C. Stark
Margaret Abbott
Wilmot S. Close
Christine Graham
James Brewster
William Ellis Keysor
Jennie S. Milliken
E. K. Harris
Laura E. Lent
Madge Oakley
Anna H. Taylor
Bonnie Anrell
Agnes Miller Lowe

PUZZLES 2.

Marion Jacqueline Overton
Eleanor Marvin
Lester Jay Reynolds
Oscar C. Lautz
Martin Janowitz
Rachel Rhoades
Medora Addison
Ruth Moss
William Munford Barker
Marion E. Larrabee
George T. Heintz
Agnes R. Lane
Charles Heintz
Arthur McAuslan
Dorothy C. Cooper
Daisy James
Gertrude Souther

gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize*, League gold badge.



"A HOME SKETCH IN NEW YORK CITY." BY HERBERT MARTIN, AGE 15.

RULES.

EVERY contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied*, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back*. Write or draw on *one side of the paper only*. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only.

Address all communications:

The St. Nicholas League,
Union Sq., New York.

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 51.

A Special Cash Prize. To any League member who has won a gold badge for any of the above-named achievements, and shall again win first place, *a cash prize of five dollars will be awarded, instead of another gold badge.*

Competition No. 51 will close **December 20** (for foreign members December 25). The awards will be announced and prize contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for March.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines, and may be illustrated, if desired, with not more than two drawings or photographs by the author, and to relate in some manner to "Forgiveness."



"A TAILPIECE FOR DECEMBER." BY ELIZABETH BACON HUTCHINGS, AGE 14.

BOOKS AND READING.

A CORRECTION. In the October number the time to send in lists of books about the sea was stated to end on *September 25*, which was an error. In view of this mistake, the time will be extended to December 15.

THE PRIZE AWARD. EVIDENTLY the idea of spending a vacation in a favorite book proved attractive, for there were many competitors, and the work of all was surprisingly good. The young writers were remarkably successful in catching what is called the "atmosphere" of the books chosen, and in giving the touches of character. So good were the papers submitted that the awarding of only three prizes leaves unrewarded some exceedingly creditable work, work *very* nearly as fine as that of these three prize-winners:

First Prize, \$5.00, EUNICE FULLER (15), 170 Prospect St., Providence, R. I.

Second Prize, \$3.00, GLADYS RALSTON BRITTON (17), The Audubon, 39th St., New York City.

Third Prize, \$2.00, RUTH BARRATT YOUNG (15), Kirkwood, Mo.

The three subjects chosen by these writers, respectively, were: "My Visit to the Peterkins" ("Peterkin Papers"), "A Visit to Owd Bob of Kenmuir" ("Bob, Son of Battle"), and "Boating with the Marches," ("Little Women"). The first-prize story is printed below.

Closely following these winning stories came the work of the following competitors, who specially deserve

HONORABLE MENTION.

Emily Rose Burt (15).	Virginia Coryell Cra-
Marguerite Child (16).	ven (16).
Alfred P. Merryman	Mabel Fletcher (16).
(12).	H. Louise Chamber-
Margaret M. Lene-	lain (13).
han (13).	Ruth Allaire (16).
Olive H. Lovett (15).	Beatrice Walmsley
Helen L. Slack (15).	(16).
Florence Clement	Doris Francklyn (16).
(11).	Edwina O'Brien (12).

As to the books selected, they varied so that it is hardly possible to group them. "Little Women" was the most favored, "Alice in Wonderland" coming next. "David Copperfield" and "Little Lord Fauntleroy" were chosen by two competitors each. The little "Peterkin Paper" follows:

MY VISIT TO THE PETERKINS.

BY EUNICE FULLER.

I HAD come to visit the Peterkins, and was surprised to find no one at the train, as the lady from Philadelphia had written that Agamemnon would be there. As I approached the house, I saw the family standing in a line, Mr. Peterkin at the head, and the little boys, in their india-rubber boots, at the foot. After they had greeted me, they all cried: "Where is Agamemnon?"

"I have n't seen him!" said I.

"He must be lost!" said Elizabeth Eliza.

Mrs. Peterkin feared he was killed. She had always declared it was dangerous to walk in the street nowadays, for one never could tell about the cars, and any moment a horse might rush out at one, and she had always been afraid of trains and stations anyway.

The little boys proposed to go to find him, each taking a different direction. Mrs. Peterkin was afraid that in that way they would all be lost. Solomon John said that in such cases men always had a rendezvous. Elizabeth Eliza, however, thought one of the little boys might forget the time of meeting, and not be on hand at the right hour; then all the others would think he was lost, and go to search for him, and valuable time would be wasted.

"Yes," said Mr. Peterkin; "we must think of something else."

At last Solomon John hit upon a plan. He said that in ancient times, when Theseus went into a labyrinth, he carried an end of string while some one outside held the other end, and when he wished to come out he followed the string. He suggested that Mrs. Peterkin should hold the ends of several strings, while the little boys should take the other ends. In this way no one could get lost.

"That," said Mr. Peterkin, "comes of going to school."

Elizabeth Eliza, however, who had begun geometry at school, proposed that, using Mrs.

Peterkin as a center and the strings as radii, they should walk about in a circle, and thus traverse a good portion of the neighborhood. Mrs. Peterkin was sure that she should feel dizzy if so many people went around her. Solomon John was afraid this method would occasion climbing fences. But Elizabeth Eliza said Mrs. Peterkin would soon get used to the motion, and the little boys declared that from a high fence they might see Agamemnon in the distance.

So Mrs. Peterkin, with firmly closed eyes, seated herself on the door-step, and the little boys began to carry out Elizabeth Eliza's plan. Suddenly Mrs. Peterkin opened her eyes with a start. One of the strings had snapped! In her fright she dropped the other strings, which fast disappeared from sight. The family grew apprehensive. The little boys would surely be lost! What was to be done?

At this moment I spied Agamemnon coming around the corner, followed by all three little boys. Mrs. Peterkin almost fainted with joy. "At last," she cried, "we are again united as a family!"

A BOOK CORNER.

THERE is something more in a wood than the trees that make it, and there is more in books grouped together than their mere addition would account for. The very same volumes would be put together by different persons in a different way, and the result of one arrangement would be a library, and the other might give—only a mass of books. It is well for young owners of books to give up to them some comfortable corner of a favorite room, so as to make a "favorite place for reading" during the winter evenings. Make it so attractive that whenever you want to settle down in it you will find it occupied by your mother, aunt, or little sister; and then cultivate your moral nature by quietly withdrawing to the next most comfortable place.

SLOW READING.

IF you were to travel across an interesting land, would you prefer to go through on a limited express, or to walk through, with plenty of time for side excursions and sight-seeing? And yet—Surely the moral is obvious. Some young readers find in a good book about a dozen times as much treasure as others carry away from it; and you are fortunate if you are like a young girl who said: "I can't read a good book fast.

I can't understand it if I read it fast." She is likely to become well read in spite of herself. How many generations of men have been at work upon Shakspeare, Dante, and Homer, without any danger of exhausting the mine of wealth these offer! And the Bible!—it is as exhaustless as eternity. No one ever will come to the end of the riches in that great library of every species of literature. Every wise man who has ever made a list of the greatest books in the world has put the Bible first. It is said that young people are reading the Bible less than they once did; if it be true, it is sure they are employing their reading hours to less advantage. Do all of you know the beautiful little "reading editions" now being published?

GROWING UP. FROM that very good

book we may quote the saying concerning the "putting away of childish things"; such, for instance, as those books for young readers that die with one reading—utterly squeezed dry. It is wise to keep trying books that you may think a little too old for you. Possibly you are reading below your capacity, and that is not desirable. Ask older people to recommend books to you—but choose your older advisers with your best judgment.

ABOUT Christmas-time the wise child lets his taste in books be known. This is not a proverb from the Persian, but good sense from Yankeeland.

ARRANGEMENT OF BOOKS.

HAVE you ever tried putting together the books that suit special moods? The amusing books, the stories of adventure, the home stories being grouped so that when you feel like reading some particular sort, you may at a glance see all your treasures that appeal to that momentary interest? It is not a bad plan. But the possibilities of arrangement are endless, and we all have our favorite plans. I wonder if there is any book-lover who can refrain from putting in one row his most attractive bindings?—the gay, gilded leather covers that make a little court of nobilities? If there is any reader who can refrain from this harmless pageantry, he must be the owner of an unusually logical mind, or else lacks the soul of order.

THE LETTER-BOX.

BALTIMORE, MD.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I would like to tell your readers about a club to which I belong, which gives me the great pleasure of helping some poor children to have a Merry Christmas.

It is called the "Junior Empty Stocking Club," and the girls and boys meet once each week, from October until Christmas, to dress dolls, fill marble-bags, string necklaces, etc. We meet at the home of our young president—"Our Dorothy," as we call her.

Last year we dressed fifteen hundred little dolls for the girls, and supplied horns and marbles for the boys.

There is a Senior Club, composed of older people, to whom we report. They are kept busy collecting stockings and all the necessary good things to put in them, and have them ready for distribution on the 18th at the Grand Opera House.

When we have finished dressing the dolls—just as stylishly and daintily and richly as possible—they are collected and grouped in the big parlors of our president's house, and the parents and friends of the members are asked to examine our work. The dolls always look so attractive, and the rooms seem to be filled with immense flower-beds and bushes, with pretty dolls as flowers. They are afterward packed in hampers and sent to the Opera House to await careful distribution with the stockings.

The Senior Club has a large committee to search the city and give the poorest children, from four to twelve years of age, admission badges and car-fare. (This latter is donated by the Electric Railway Company.)

The day previous to the distribution, the Senior members meet on the big stage, where barrels of candy and barrels of apples, bags of nuts, boxes of oranges, stacks of handkerchiefs, etc., are waiting to be divided and placed into the black stockings, two thousand pairs of which are in immense piles. This is what each stocking contained last year: its mate rolled up in the toe; a pocketbook with five new pennies; a good linen handkerchief; bag of candy; nuts; an orange; an apple.

When *all* are filled and securely tied, they are placed in hampers, ready for good Santa the following day. When those two thousand children are gathered in the Opera House, it is a sight that makes us think how contented *we* should be.

They are first entertained by the chaplain of the club, who is the good friend of every boy and girl he meets.

Moving pictures and a drill by the Juniors next hold their attention. Then a comedian appears and asks them to assist him to sing some popular melodies, and they will sing and sing, until their voices seem to raise the roof.

When the curtain rises again all is dark. Suddenly a big star shines up in the air; smaller ones appear, and then all the lights shine, and a glorious Christmas tree, twenty-five feet high, is greeted with happy childish cheers.

All about the stage are banks of stockings, horns, and such a lot of dolls, etc. In the meantime Santa Claus appears and speaks to the children, telling them to march up on the stage and each will be given a stocking—"if they're good."

The music commences, and the march across the stage begins. We are allowed to give out the dolls, and the

Junior boys the horns and marbles, while good St. Nicholas places a well-filled stocking in each happy hand.

When it is all over, we wish our friends a Merry Christmas, and I know we children, for the past five years that we have done this work, have been happier for having put some brightness in the lives of our poorer neighbors. I always like to think of the little girls going to sleep with the dolls in their arms.

Lovingly your friend,

MAY RICHARDSON.

GLoucester, MASS.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought I would write and tell you how fond of you I am. My father gave you to me for Christmas two years ago, and I like the stories and sketches very much. I am a little girl eleven years old, and I travel around with my father, who is captain of a trading vessel. We have been at Gibraltar, where there are so many British soldiers. It is a very interesting old town. But I like America best of all the countries I have been to, and I was very glad to land at Gloucester, which papa says is one of the greatest fishing ports in the world. Good-by! From your devoted little reader,

ANGELICA BUTTS DE BLOIS (age 11).

ST. LOUIS, Mo.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thank you very much for giving me the cash prize in the League competition. It certainly was a surprise, for I did not even dream of getting it.

Even my little baby sister, four years old, wants to send a picture to ST. NICHOLAS, and rigs up a box for a camera to take one. My parents always say their children have been half raised on ST. NICHOLAS, and I am thankful for it, for nothing on earth is better.

Your faithful reader,

HUGO GRAF.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are five New Yorkers on our way to California to spend the winter with our mother, who is ill, and we are stopping here for two days. We spent our summer in the Tyrol, and it was lovely. The Swiss lakes are beautiful, and there were so many English children to play with. We each had a lovely little donkey to ride, and there were a good many goats. Then we went to France and Germany, and afterward to England, where we stayed at a real English country house, near Oxford, which belonged to our great-grandmother. They have many automobiles or motor-cars there. We have taken you since 1896 and like you very much. You traveled through Europe with us, and now you are going to California. We are all going to sign this.

Lovingly yours,

JOHN BEEKMAN BARRY (14).

ELIZABETH LORING BARRY (13).

DOUGLASS PALMER BARRY (9).

DOROTHEA PAULINE BARRY (9).

ANGELA MURIEL BARRY (6).



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.

CHARADE. Extenuate (x-ten-u-8).

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Blast. 2. Lance. 3. Annex. 4. Scent. 5. Texts.

CONCEALED DIAGONAL. Election. **CROSS-WORDS:** 1. Entrance. 2. Slippers. 3. Elegance. 4. Pitching. 5. Inaction. 6. Parisian. 7. Governor. 8. American.

TWO ZIGZAGS I. 1. Corn. 2. Dove. 3. Rock. 4. Anon. 5. Sack. 6. Lone. 7. Nose. 8. Ague. From 1 to 2, Corn-song. 11. 1. Flaw. 2. Ache. 3. Levi. 4. Mite. 5. Coat. 6. Lair. 7. Tale. 8. Pare. From 3 to 4, Whittier.

MATHEMATICAL PUZZLE. R-I-D-D-L-E B-O-X.

ILLUSTRATED NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

He comes! He comes! The Frost Spirit comes!

You may trace his footsteps now

On the naked woods and the blasted fields
And the brown hill's withered brow. J. G. WHITTIER.

ENDLESS CHAIN. 1. Orange. 2. Gentle. 3. Length. 4. Thrash. 5. Shiver. 6. Ermine. 7. Nectar. 8. Armada. 9. Damsel. 10. Elapse. 11. Search. 12. Change.

ZIGZAG. Thanksgiving. **CROSS-WORDS:** 1. Tavern. 2. Thrive. 3. Autumn. 4. Annual. 5. Kindle. 6. Aspect. 7. Gobble. 8. Circle. 9. Violet. 10. Divide. 11. Notice. 12. Aghast.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER were received, before September 15th, from Joe Carlada — "Allil and Adi" — "Johnny Bear" — "Chuck" — Laura E. Jones.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER were received, before September 15th, from Alfred Satterthwaite, 4 — Harold L. Godwin, 3 — M. Davis, 1 — J. Charleston, 1 — Amelia S. Ferguson, 6 — Helen de Haven, 7 — Wilmet S. Close, 5 — Lillian G. Leete, 8 — Margaret C. Wilby, 9 — A. Canfield, 1.

DIAGONAL.

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another in the order here given, the diagonal (beginning with the upper left-hand letter and ending with the lower right-hand letter) will spell a December festival.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. An assembly. 2. Tending to promote health. 3. A beautiful blue mineral. 4. Withdraws definitely from a high office. 5. Additional. 6. To find out for a certainty. 7. A plum-like fruit, very harsh and astringent until it has been exposed to frost. 8. The principal church in a diocese. 9. A full collection of implements.

MARJORIE HOLMES.

TRIPLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

My *firsts* are in butcher, but not in kill;
My *seconds*, in note, but not in bill;
My *thirds* are in gallon, but not in quart;
My *fourths* are in long, but not in short;
My *fifths* are in rain, and also in hail;
My *sixths* are in thunder, but not in gale;
My *sevenths*, in almond, but not in nut;
My *wholes*, three countries of Europe.

DAISY JAMES.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

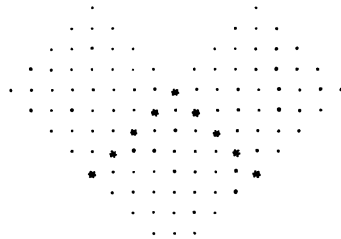
I AM composed of eighty-one letters, and I form a quotation from one of Scott's poems.

My 76-61-54-73-47-19-21-58 is an old name for Christmas. My 59-42-30-69-77 are juicy fruits. My 72-66-67-15-80-10-31-60-57 is an ancient heathen emblem used at Christmas. My 24-44-9-12-81-71 are songs of joy. My 52-70-40-23-3-22-50 is a beverage formerly much used in England at Christmas. My 7-79-65-34-16 is merriment. My 5-14-35-20 is an ancient Norse deity. My 37-26-6-36-2-75 is the coldest season of the year.

My 56-17-43-28 is part of a ship. My 25-13-4-33 is expectancy. My 64-49-32-68 is the handle of a sword. My 18-46-27-55 is to determine. My 11 is a point of the compass. My 29-8-41-1 mean a couple. My 63-74-53-45-78 is the summit. My 48-38-39-62-51 is to swing in a circle.

ETHEL PAINE.

CONNECTED DIAMONDS.



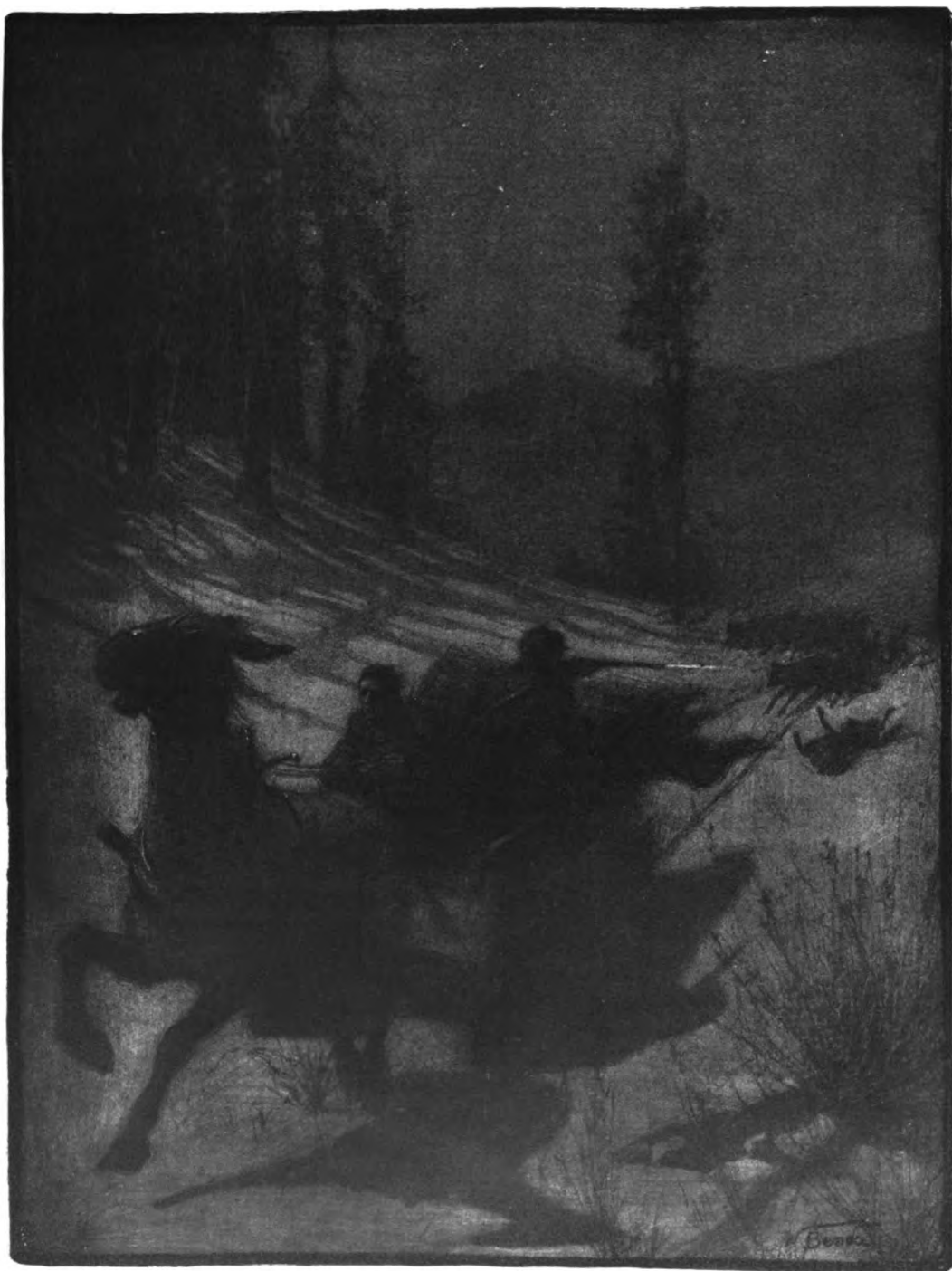
THESE diamonds are only to be read *across*. The long middle word, however, may be read either across or up and down.

I. UPPER LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In strong. 2. A cooking utensil. 3. A poet. 4. To associate with. 5. A flower named for a beautiful youth who became enamoured of his own image. 6. A vegetable. 7. A bowl. 8. The whole amount. 9. In strong.

II. UPPER RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In strong. 2. A weapon of war. 3. A musical instrument. 4. A masculine name. 5. A large, showy flower. 6. A feminine name. 7. Birds of prey. 8. A large body of water. 9. In strong.

III. LOWER DIAMOND: 1. In strong. 2. To stuff. 3. The next after the eighth. 4. Pastures. 5. A small shore game-bird. 6. A fruit. 7. A scholar. 8. To perceive. 9. In strong.

DAISY JAMES (League Member).



"RAISING MY GUN, I SENT SHOT AFTER SHOT INTO THE HOWLING, SURGING PACK."
(*"Chased by Wolves,"* page 214.)

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XXXI.

JANUARY, 1904.

No. 3.

AN OFFICER OF THE COURT.

BY ELLIOTT FLOWER.

JUST where "Jimmie Dandy" got that name probably never will be known. There is a tradition in the ward to the effect that an admiring stranger once asserted that the boy was a "Jim Dandy," and, as "Jim" seemed rather a harsh name for so small an urchin, his companions made it "Jimmie." At any rate, to all intents and purposes, Jimmie Dandy was his name—the only name to which he answered. Even his mother had finally accepted it, although it in no way corresponded with the name by which she was known. It was easier to do this than it was to hold to the real name, and Jimmie's mother was more inclined to reduce than to increase the hardships of life.

In a sense, the name certainly was appropriate. Jimmie Dandy was bright and resourceful. He had the elements of leadership, and it was due to his surroundings rather than to his nature that this leadership took an unfortunate turn. There was nothing innately bad about Jimmie, but there was about his surroundings. His only playground was the street, and the associations of a slum street are far from good. There were some of the boys in the neighborhood who went to the Juvenile Court, and returned under surveillance. They were not exactly watched, but the probation officer made periodical visits at irregular intervals to their homes to see how they were getting along.

In these surroundings Jimmie thrived and prospered, according to his opportunities. In other words, he was foremost in mischief of all kinds. He had had the truant officers after him several times, and he had been known to play tricks on the policeman on the beat. Then, too, he had been accused of pilfering in a small way, and, at the head of his "gang," he became a terror to small shopkeepers. The good-natured policeman warned him once or twice, but Jimmie had acquired the overweening confidence of power—the power to lead and control "the gang."

So it happened that one morning he found himself in the Juvenile Court, and his mother was there also, whining and pleading. Jimmie regarded her—alas!—with some contempt. *He* would n't whine or plead—not he. The law had caught him, and he would simply make the best of it. To put it in words that had become familiar to him, he would "take his medicine like a man."

The judge seemed to share the boy's disrespect of the mother's behavior. He was almost impatient with her.

"Please, judge, your honor," she begged, "he's a good boy, only a little wild. Don't be hard on him, judge. Listen to a poor mother, judge, an' don't be hard on him."

"If you would give him a little more strict

attention yourself, he might be a good boy," said the judge.

"Judge, your honor, I 'm a poor woman!" wailed the mother.

"I know all about it," asserted the judge. "Everything possible was done before bringing the boy here, but you refused to assist the truant officer in any way. In fact, you told her to mind her own business."

"But, judge, your honor —"

"Stand back, please!" interrupted the judge.

There are mothers and mothers, and the judge of a Juvenile Court becomes familiar with all kinds. The one who resents all efforts to help her child, who thwarts the truant and other officers in every possible way, and then comes whining into court, is the one with whom he has the least sympathy, although he may understand perfectly that her neglect is due to ignorance rather than lack of interest.

The judge beckoned to the truant officer—a woman—at whose suggestion the boy had been brought into court.

"Don't listen to her!" cried the mother. "She 's tryin' to give the boy a bad name."

"Be quiet!" said the judge.

Then the story was told. The boy had been drifting from bad to worse, until it seemed advisable to send him to the Parental School. He had played truant repeatedly; his petty pilferings had made life a burden to the corner grocer; he had run amuck with his "gang," to the great distress of Italian fruit-peddlers; he had thrown stones with considerable resulting damage: in fact, without committing any serious offense, he had been guilty of a large number of minor ones, and, unless checked in time, there was every likelihood that he would enter upon a career of crime and disgrace.

"But I don't think he 's a bad boy," added the truant officer. "If he had proper influences I think he would be all right."

"Listen to that, now!" broke in the mother; "an' me doin' all I can for him! Oh, judge, your honor—"

"If you don't keep still," threatened the judge, "I shall have to have you removed from the room."

"How can I keep still, judge, your honor, when poor little Jimmie Dandy—"

"Bailiff!" cried the judge, motioning to the woman.

"I 'll be still, judge, your honor," she hastily interposed, "only I can't help tellin' your honor—"

The bailiff put his hand on her shoulder, and she was silenced for a time.

"Harry," said the judge, in a kindly tone, turning to the boy.

"I 'm Jimmie Dandy," put in the boy.

"I understood your name to be Harry Bagley," remarked the judge, in surprise.

"T ain't right," asserted the boy. "I 'm Jimmie Dandy. There ain't nobody in de ward dat don't know dat."

"His nickname," explained the truant officer, "but even his mother calls him by it."

"Oh!" said the judge. "Well, then, Jimmie, I 'm uncertain just what to do with you. You 're a bright boy, and I know you could be a good one, but I 'm not at all sure that you will be. Perhaps the Parental School would be a good place for you, and yet—"

"Look here, jedge," interrupted Jimmie. "Don't send me to no school. If I ain't bad enough to lock up, lemme go."

Jimmie's pride was touched at this suggestion of a school instead of imprisonment of some kind, even though at the Parental School he would be practically a prisoner. The purpose of the school was to provide for boys who could not be controlled at home, and it could be entered only through the Juvenile Court. But the aim of the judge was to secure the best results with the least possible severity. If he could gain the desired end without sending a boy to the Parental School or the State Industrial School or any other institution provided for the wayward, why, so much the better.

"Suppose, Jimmie," he said thoughtfully, "I put you in charge of a probation officer."

"Naw," said Jimmie, indignantly. "I don't want none of them fellers botherin' me. I ain't a kid. I kin look out fer myself. Why, jedge, I 'm boss of de gang."

"Oh!" mused the judge. "You 're boss of the gang?"

"Dat 's wot I am, jedge," asserted Jimmie, with a proud shake of the head. "De gang knows dey got to do jest what I tells 'em to."

"Then why don't you make a better gang of it, Jimmie?" asked the judge.

"Don't mind him, judge, your honor," put in the mother, thinking the boy was admitting too much. "He don't know what he's sayin'."

"Bailiff!" said the judge, and the bailiff again approached the woman.

"You're leadin' him on!" she cried, "an' him the only boy I've got! Oh, to think of a

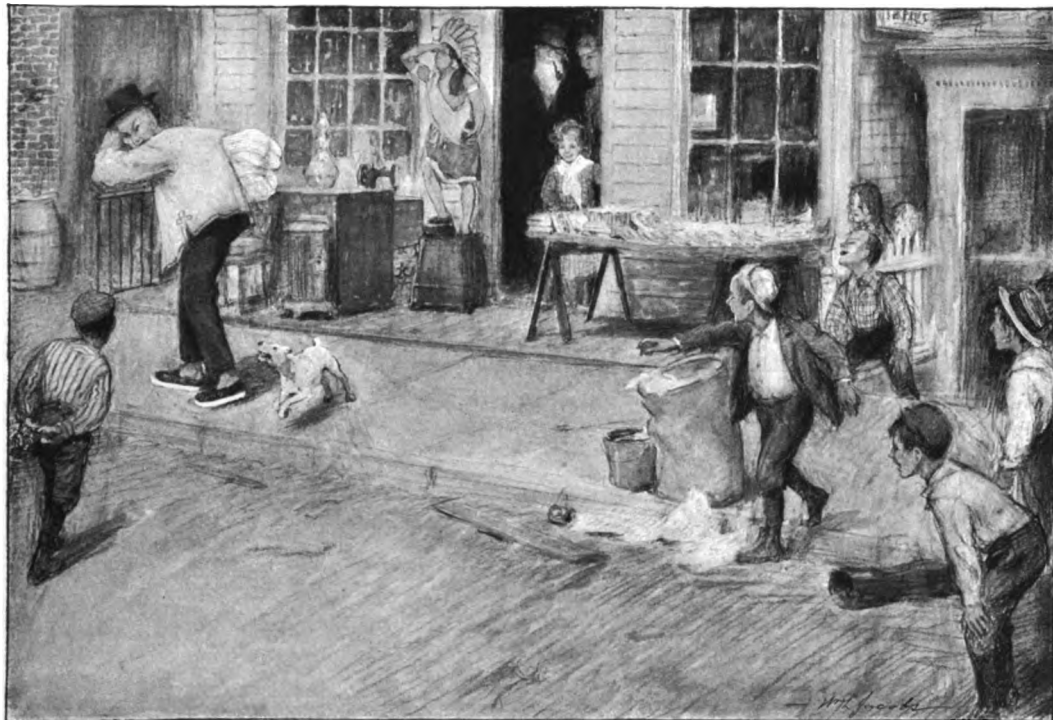
"Sure!" answered Jimmie, promptly.

"Will you do it?"

"Sure!" answered Jimmie again. "But say, judge, are you makin' me an officer of de court?"

The judge smiled and nodded.

"That's just what I'm doing, Jimmie," he said. "I want you to look out for those boys, and I want you to come in here and report to



"HIS ONLY PLAYGROUND WAS THE STREET, AND THE ASSOCIATIONS OF A SLUM STREET ARE FAR FROM GOOD."

lot of big men tryin' to come it over a little boy! I'll tell him what to say. Jimmie—"

But the bailiff had her by the arm, and she again subsided.

"Jimmie," said the judge, turning to the boy, "if I thought you'd help me, I'd send you back home."

"*Me help you!*" exclaimed the boy.

"Yes," said the judge, without even a smile. "I've heard a good deal about the boys in that neighborhood, and you can do more with them than I can. I don't want them brought in here, Jimmie, and they will be if there is n't a change pretty soon. Don't you think you can manage somehow to keep them away?"

me every Friday afternoon. I want to know how you're getting along and how the others are getting along."

"I ain't no spy," protested Jimmie.

"I don't want you to be one," said the judge.

"I want to know most of all about yourself and how you're succeeding with the other boys, for you're the leader, Jimmie."

"Jedge," said the boy, impulsively extending his hand, "it's a go. Put it there!"

The judge had to lean pretty far over his desk to reach the grimy hand extended to him, but he grasped it and the compact was sealed.

Then he added, sternly but kindly: "But, re-

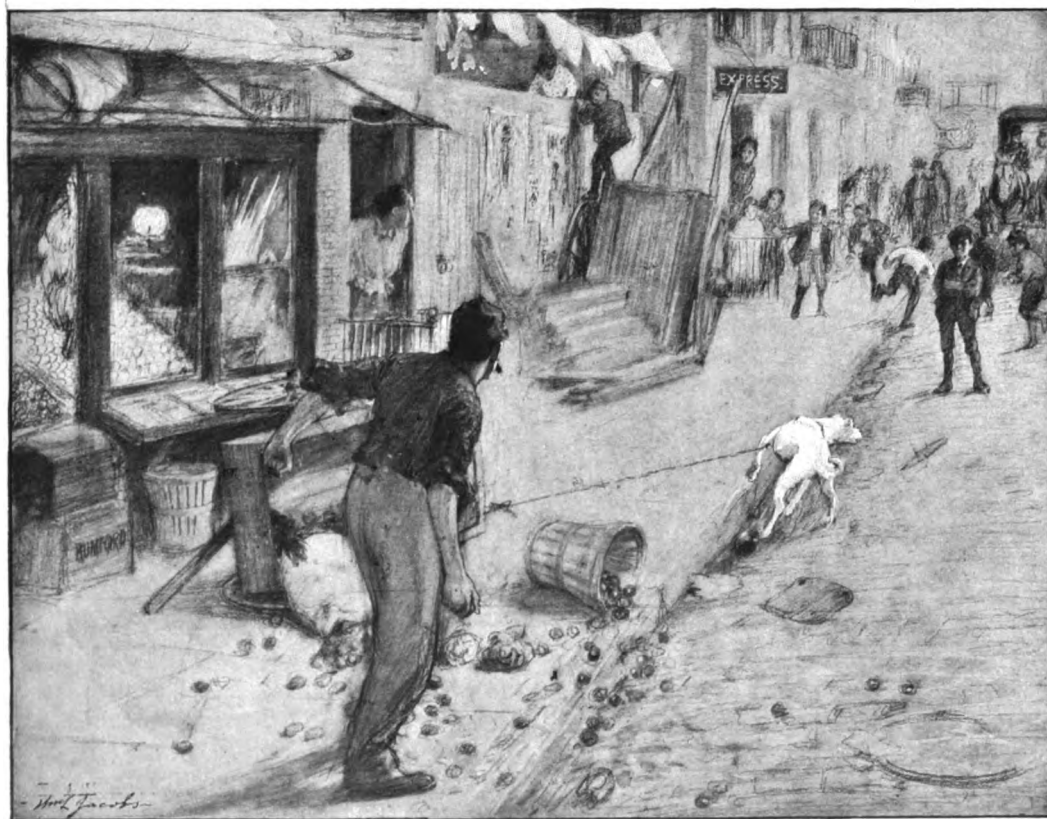
member, you must be an example as well as a commander. If you undertake this responsible post, you must n't do yourself what you won't let the other boys do."

The judge, as a matter of fact, was merely adopting a very common expedient. Jimmie was not the only boy who was reporting regularly to the court, but in no other case had the matter been put exactly in this light. The others were reporting solely to show that they were on their good behavior; so was Jimmie, but Jimmie did n't know it. Very likely he

the dignity of a new and important official position. His visit to the Juvenile Court had been most gratifying in its results, and had given him a new interest in life. Instead of being regarded as an offender, he had been put on the same plane with the judge, so that he and the judge were now engaged in the same work.

"Don't talk to me about de jedge," said Jimmie later that day. "He's all right. Me an' him understands each other."

Then he told his astounded comrades how the judge had asked his assistance.



ONE OF THE INCIDENTS WHICH JIMMIE HAD TO REPORT TO THE JUDGE.

would have resented it if he had thought this was only one method of attempting his reformation without sending him to an institution. But a sympathetic and resourceful judge, in charge of such a court, soon learns how to handle those brought before him, and he abandons all general rules. "What is best for the boy?" is the important question to be answered.

Jimmie went back to his companions with all

"Aw, you 're kiddin', Jimmie," insisted one of the boys.

"You 'll find out if I 'm kiddin'," retorted Jimmie, "if you go to tippin' over dat Dago's stand any more. De jedge an' me is goin' to stop dat sort of thing, an' we ain't like men dat can't do it."

The other members of "the gang" were impressed, but they were somewhat puzzled. They

could not tell just where it would lead or just how serious it would be in its immediate effects.

"Can't we have no fun any more, Jimmie?" was one of the first questions that was quite naturally put to the leader.

"Sure," said Jimmie; "but some things is goin' to be cut out."

Now the reformation of a crowd of urchins is not a task to be lightly undertaken, even by their leader, and a stranger in the neighborhood would have seen much in their actions with which to find fault. But to the residents there was a great improvement. Jimmie's ideas as to right and wrong were somewhat hazy, and the dividing-line was not distinctly drawn. Nor, in some minor ways, was he always successful in controlling the others, but he did his best, and he regularly reported progress to the judge. He did this seriously and solemnly, and the judge was wise enough to accept the reports with due gravity, realizing that he was getting a hold on the boy that would be impossible in any other way.

"Jedge," said Jimmie, in making one of his weekly reports, "dat gang ain't no cinch to handle."

"I'm informed, Jimmie," returned the judge, "that there is less trouble there than ever before."

"Sure," admitted Jimmie; "but de job you give me ain't no cinch, jedge, an' it keeps me hustlin'. Y' see, de gang 's so used to smashin' things dat it 's hard to break away, an' sometimes dey slips up. De Dago was up ag'in' it Monday."

"What do you mean, Jimmie?"

"They upset his cart an' swiped de banan'."

"Do you know who did it, Jimmie?"

"Sure."

"Well," said the judge, thoughtfully, "you tell him I want to see him. I think perhaps if I talk to him a little it may do some good."

"No use, jedge," returned the boy. "Dat's all fixed now. I licked him good an' plenty fer it."

The judge explained that, even as an officer of the court, Jimmie was not authorized to inflict punishment on offenders, and Jimmie promised not to do it again.

"But, jedge," he expostulated, "dat 's a tough gang to handle any other way."

"No doubt," admitted the judge; "but perhaps I could do it."

"You kin try," assented Jimmie, dubiously; and a week later, when he made his report, he brought another urchin with him. The latter seemed disposed to run if opportunity offered, but Jimmie gave him no chance.

"What 's the matter, Jimmie?" asked the judge.

"He says I ain't an officer of de court," explained Jimmie, "an' you won't let me lick him; so I brought him here. An' he says," added the boy, while the judge was considering what to say, "dat no one don't have to come to court when I say so — dat I 'm a bluff."

The judge looked thoughtful. This idea might be carried too far, but there was no doubt that so far a great deal of good had been accomplished. On the whole it seemed best to continue.

"When Jimmie tells you to come to me," said the judge, addressing the other urchin, "you come, or I 'll send some one after you."

That settled the question of Jimmie's official standing. He was the most important boy in the whole district, but he was wise enough not to presume too much on his position. Perhaps the suggestion of the judge that "We don't want to be too hard on them, Jimmie," had something to do with this moderation in the exercise of his trust. At any rate, it was conceded by others that he had reached the very pinnacle of worldly success, and all desired to emulate him. In order that some might shine in his reflected glory, Jimmie appointed two or three assistants, although of course none but himself had the honor of reporting directly to the judge.

But problems beset this minor juvenile court that were hard to solve, and occasionally they were passed along to the higher authority. Thus Jimmie once appeared with a sadly troubled face, and, to the inquiry as to how everything was getting along, he answered: "It 's all right, jedge. De gang 's behavin' fine. But, jedge —"

"Well?"

"'T ain't wrong to throw mud at a Chiny-man, is it? De gang says dat 's de only fun

left. Course we don't never bother white folks no more; but Chinymen an' dogs is diff'rent."

"Well," returned the judge, soberly, "I don't believe I 'd bother even Chinamen and dogs. They have a right to live in peace, you know."

"Is dat right, jedge?" asked Jimmie, in plaintive surprise.

"Certainly. The law gives them that right."

"Well," said Jimmie, resignedly, but with a satisfied judicial air, "if it 's de law, dat settles it."

It cannot be denied that it required infinite patience to handle Jimmie, for his idea of his own importance was such that he had no hesitation in taking up as much of the court's time as his fancy might dictate; but, with one exception, he always reported on Fridays, when the judge was sitting in the Juvenile Court. The exception, however, proved that he felt it his right and his duty to seek the judge anywhere in an emergency. He appeared before him one day when he was engaged in hearing an important civil suit, and, when a bailiff tried to stop him, he explained that he was an officer of the court, and then promptly dodged under the bailiff's arm. The lawyer who was talking stopped, and every one looked at the boy.

"What is it, Jimmie?" asked the judge.

"Dey got a new cop on de beat, jedge," explained Jimmie, "an' he 's got it in fer me, 'cause I was playin' ball in de street when somebody busted a winder. I did n't do it, jedge, but I sassed him, an' he 's goin' to pinch me de first chance he gits, an' den how kin I report to you? He 's too fresh, jedge—a reg'lar fly cop—an' he 's worryin' de gang bad. Dey 'll be worse'n ever if he don't let 'em alone."

"What do you want me to do?" asked the judge.

"Why, jedge, I t'ought you 'd give one of dose 'junctions to make him let me alone."

The lawyers laughed, but the judge's frown quickly checked them. He took a pen and wrote:

This boy is in my charge. If he does anything wrong, report it to me, but do not arrest him.

This he signed and handed to Jimmie.

"I think that will fix things," he said. Then, turning to the lawyers, still without a trace of a smile: "You may proceed, gentlemen."

After the adjournment of court one of the lawyers hunted up the judge in chambers. The seriousness with which both parties had enacted their parts during the little scene had impressed him.

"Who is that boy?" he asked.

"One of my most valuable assistants," answered the judge. "He has pretty nearly reformed a neighborhood."

Then he told the story.

When Jimmie made his next regular report, the judge kept him until court adjourned, and then took him to his private room.

"Jimmie," he said, "there is a man who wants you."

"Wants *me*!" exclaimed Jimmie.

"Yes; he wants you in his business."

"Don't you need me in yours?" demanded Jimmie.

"Well, he can give you a better chance than I can," explained the judge, "so I will try to get along without you; he wants to send you away to school."

Jimmie looked dubious.

"Dat Parental School?" he asked.

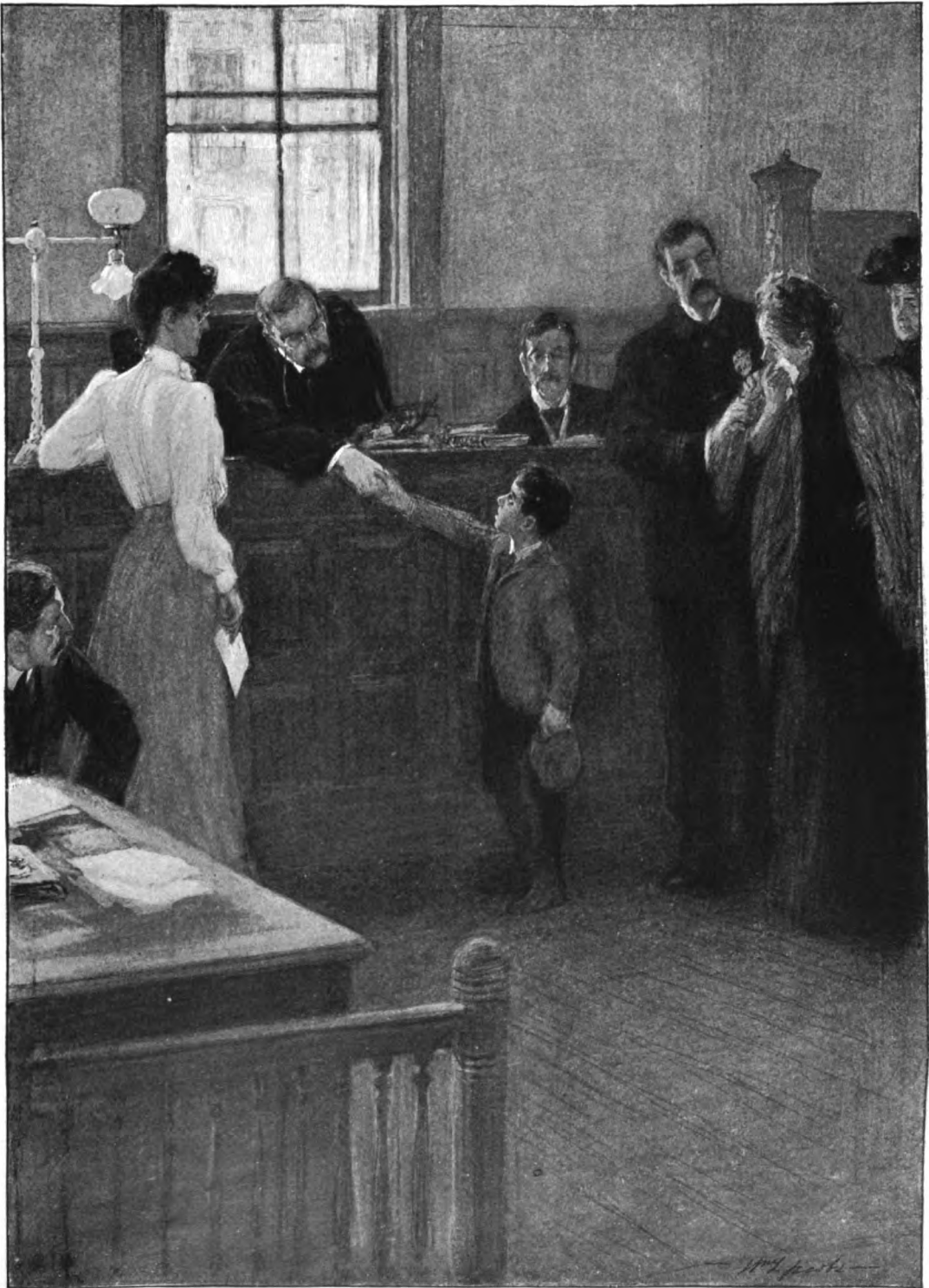
"No; not that kind of a school at all. He 's a friend of one of the lawyers you saw here the other day, and he 's looking for bright boys, but they 're of no use to him unless they know something. He wants you in his business, Jimmie; but he does n't think you 'll ever become fitted for it where you are now. If you 'll go, he 'll send you away to school for a time, and give you a chance to become as big a man as he is when you get through. And that 's saying a good deal. Now I 've told him that I know you well, and that you 'll do whatever you say you 'll do. Is that right, Jimmie?"

"Sure," answered the boy. "I always played square with you, did n't I, jedge?"

"Yes, indeed," answered the judge, "and that 's why I know you will with him. This is your chance to become a man. Will you take it, Jimmie?"

"Jedge," said the boy, after a pause, "I 'd like to see de guy dat 's makin' de bluff first."

"I 'll send you to him," returned the judge, with dignity, and he hastily wrote a note of explanation. "By the way, Jimmie," he added, "how did you come out with that new policeman?"



"'JUDGE,' SAID THE BOY, IMPULSIVELY EXTENDING HIS HAND, 'IT 'S A GO!'"

"Oh, he 's all right," answered the boy. "Dat 'junction did de business, an' we 're good friends now. He 's been helpin' me."

The matter was settled when Jimmie returned to the judge. He was pleased with his patron, and his patron, previously interested through the reports he had received, found much of promise in the boy.

"He suits me," Jimmie announced. "He ain't none of yer kid-glove kind. He 's business from de ground up, an' when I says, 'It 's a go,' we shook hands jest like you an' me did, jedge. Oh, he 's all right. He ain't workin' no charity dodge. He wants me, an', jedge, I want him. We 're goin' to be a great team some o' these days."

"I believe you will be," said the judge, earnestly.

"Sure we will," asserted Jimmie; "an' he 's goin' to look after me mudder a bit, so she won't feel too cut up 'bout me goin' away. An' I 'm goin' to report to him reg'lar how I 'm doin', so he kin know how near I am to bein' ready to help him out. He 's holdin' a job fer me right now, an' he 'll hold it till I kin take it; but I got to hustle some. We got it all fixed right an' proper. But, jedge!"

"Well?"

"How 'bout de gang? Dey 'll go to de bad sure when I quit. What you goin' to do fer 'em?"

"I think, Jimmie, that I 'll have to appoint another officer of the court," said the judge, reflectively.

"Who?"

"I 'll leave that to you, Jimmie; but I want you to pick out the very worst member of the

gang. When you have decided who that is, tell him to come and see me next Friday afternoon. I really must have an officer of the court in that district."

"Sure you must," assented Jimmie, "an' I 'll send you a corker. So long, jedge. Me 'n' you 's been good friends, an' I guess we 've helped each other some."

"I hope we have, Jimmie."

The judge remained buried in thought for some time after the boy had left.

"The boy is all right," he said at last, musingly. "He will make a fine man, I verily believe."

And does the story end with the familiar "all lived happy ever after"?—with Harry Bagley, once "Jimmie Dandy," now not only a respectable citizen but a lawyer of distinction, and with his mother riding in her own carriage, and so forth, and so forth?

Not a bit of it.

The boy's mother, although a wiser and a happier woman than she was, still frets often enough that "poor Jimmie is studyin' too hard and killin' himself with books."

As for the lad himself, it is too soon to tell what will be the sequel to the judge's experiment, for all that is here recorded happened only a year ago. Perhaps the full story of our young hero's success or failure may yet be told in ST. NICHOLAS.

For the present, let us hope that Harry Bagley's school career will fulfil the judge's faith in him when he appointed "Jimmie Dandy" an officer of the court.



THE SIGNS OF OLD LONDON.

BY JULIAN KING COLFORD.

II.



"THE CHAINED BEAR."

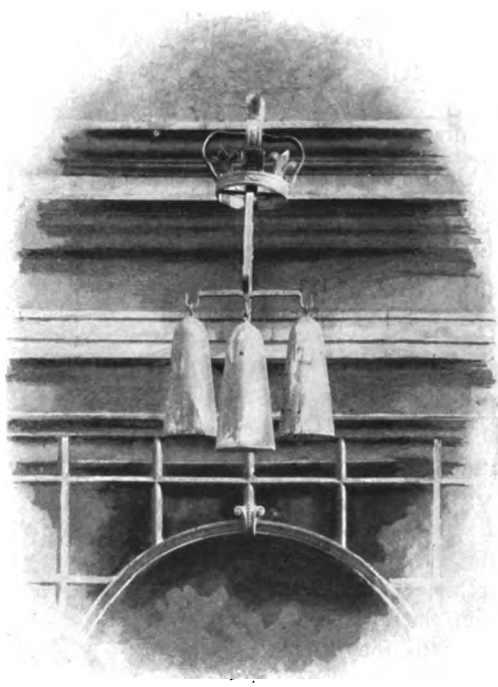
THE seventeenth century was just beginning when tea was introduced into Europe by the Dutch. Not until the half-century mark had been reached did it find its way to England; even then its use was confined to the wealthier classes, as the prices ranged from six to ten pounds (thirty to fifty dollars) a pound. Pepys, in his great diary, records his first "cup of tea" September 25, 1660. In 1669 the East India Company began the importation of tea. Duty was imposed upon the tea shipped to America in 1767. I have never cared much for the calendar; but these dates, as well as this trade, loom up in the history of mankind. It was a time when out of tea they made most momentous history. The young colonies rebelled at the principle of taxation without representation, and the spirit of rebellion put its best foot forward in December, 1773, when it repelled British tea and taxes by hurling into Boston harbor some 340 chests of tea, and the war of the Revolution was on.

The historic house which exported to America those celebrated chests of tea was founded in 1650. While the contest gave America her independence and set aside the rule of George III, it did not overthrow the business of the oldest tea house in Great Britain. The business is carried on to-day in the same old place as in Revolutionary times. Its sign — the sign of "The Crown and Three Sugar Loaves" — has survived the stress of age and storm and fire. The Great Fire of London swept within half a block of the shop, but the old sign itself reigns to-day. Through the generous hospitality of the management I was permitted to photograph it.

"How are the mighty fallen," however, is a

phrase you will recall if you walk from "The Crown and Three Sugar Loaves" across the Thames to Newcomen Street, where may be seen a wonderful piece of heraldic carving set forth as the royal arms of King George III. This splendid piece of chiseling was taken from the Southwark end of Old London Bridge, which was pulled down in consequence of an act of Parliament passed for the destruction of the buildings on London Bridge and the widening of the roadway. These arms are now used as the sign of a public house. The sculpture bears the initial of George III and the date 1760.

Many of the old London signs show the cere-



"THE CROWN AND THREE SUGAR LOAVES."
A SIGN PECULIARLY INTERESTING TO AMERICANS.

monial head-dress of a bishop of the church. One of the most beautiful miter signs in Lon-



"THE ROYAL ARMS OF GEORGE III," FORMERLY ON OLD LONDON BRIDGE.

don, also the most ancient,—reputed by the best authorities to be the very oldest fourteenth-century relic in the metropolis,—is to be seen set into the brick wall of a public house in Mitre Court, a narrow alley just off from Hatton Gardens. It bears the date 1546. It should be 1346, some miscreant having changed the three to a five. The miter is carved in bold relief, and the work is marvelously well done.

This public house was erected on the site where once stood the town residence of the Bishops of Ely. The remains of the house, with the ground attached to it, were conveyed to the crown in 1772. The site was afterward sold to an architect named Cole, who leveled everything to the ground save the chapel, dedicated to Saint Etheldreda, which still stands hard by. The

rural glories of this spot may be inferred from accounts which have come down to us from the

middle of the sixteenth century. Queen Elizabeth rented a portion of Ely House and gardens to her Lord Chancellor, Sir Christopher Hatton. The rent was a red rose, ten loads of hay, and ten pounds a year.

From "The Mitre" let us go to "The Moon"—or rather "The Half-Moon." On the Southwark side of the Thames, in what is called the Borough, in company with other narrow and winding streets, streets laden with still remaining houses and hovels forever glorified by Dickens, may be seen the sign of The Half-Moon Inn. The sign is located about four feet from the ground, and has on it the initials "I. T. E.," supposed to be those of the landlord who rebuilt the house in 1690, the year after the great Southwark fire in the preceding September. One of the features of London life in those days was the Southwark Fair. In his celebrated picture of this fair, Hogarth introduces the sign of "The Half-Moon"—perhaps the only old sign in London to-day that remains in its original position, devoted to the use for which it was designed.

The history of "The Bear" signs of London would make quite a contribution to zoölogical



THE SIGN OF "THE MITRE," ON A PUBLIC HOUSE ERRECTED ON THE SITE OF THE OLD TOWN RESIDENCE OF THE BISHOPS OF ELY.

lore. There are black, white, brown, and red bears; bear inns and bear quays; loose bears



"THE HALF-MOON."

and chained bears. A chained bear, located nearly in its original position, is to be seen on lower Thames Street. The sign belonged, there is little doubt, to "The Bear-Quay," the site of which is now occupied by the Custom-house. This quay a hundred years ago was used for the landing and shipment of wheat.

Interest increases as we stroll along into Fleet Street, for we are treading the paths hal-
lowed by the footsteps of Johnson, Shakspeare, Lamb, Goldsmith, Dickens, and Tennyson. In Fleet Street, near the site of the old Temple Bar, once stood the old Cock Tavern, now moved across the way. This famous hostelry was established prior to 1635. A redoubtable cock struts with becoming gallantry above the tavern door. This bird is said to have been carved by no less a hand than that of the celebrated Grinling Gibbons. The Great Fire of London halted at Temple Bar, and "The Cock," surviving, looked down upon the waste of ruins. That the tavern was of some importance is proved by its carved fireplace, which certainly dates from the time of James I.

Tennyson, in his "Will Waterproof's Lyric," immortalizes the Cock Tavern. He sings:

"Oh plump head waiter at The Cock,
To which I most resort";

and with many pathetic memories the bard, recalling the sunshiny hours spent at this famous hostelry, exhorts the reader in these lines:

"Go, therefore, thou! thy betters went
Long since, and came no more;
With peals of genial clamour sent
From many a tavern-door,
With twisted quirks and happy hits,
From misty men of letters;
The tavern-hours of mighty wits —
Thine elders and thy betters."

That king of birds, the eagle, had also his many admirers among the carvers of old London signs. There are indeed many eagles, and some makers of sign-boards were not content until they had placed two heads on the neck of one bird. The eagle was used as a sign over the shops of booksellers. There was "The Black Spread Eagle" in St. Paul's Churchyard in 1659. Stow mentions a great storm in 1506 that blew down the eagle of brass from the spire of St. Paul's Church, and, in falling, the same eagle broke and battered the Black Eagle that

"THE COCK." THE SIGN OVER A PUBLIC HOUSE
IMMORTALIZED BY TENNYSON.

hung for a sign in St. Paul's Churchyard. The spread eagle here given is carved in stone, and has on it the initials "R. M." and the date

1669. There is much evidence to support the belief that this sign was placed, after the Great Fire, on the house in Bread Street where John Milton, the poet, was born on the ninth of December, 1608.

It is not to make any unfair comparison that I mention "The Goose" last among the bird signs. There existed long before the Great Fire, in St. Paul's Churchyard, a very popular music house called "The Mitre." Here concerts were held, and the music at these performances had at least the merit of volume and joyousness. But the Great Fire laid the building in ruins and banished the music. When the place

was rebuilt, the new tenant, wishing to ridicule the character of the former business, chose as his sign a goose stroking the bars of a gridiron with her foot, and wrote below, "The Swan and Harp." At "The Goose and Gridiron" Sir



"THE GOOSE AND GRIDIRON."
("THE SWAN AND HARP.")



"THE BLACK SPREAD EAGLE."

Christopher Wren presided over the St. Paul's Lodge of Freemasons for over eighteen years,

and he presented to the lodge the trowel and mallet with which he laid the first stone of the cathedral. The goose is still preserved with her unmusical "harp" in Guildhall.

The English are a music-loving nation, and they love to hear music even when going about their daily occupations, and so it is that the spires and towers of her mighty cathedrals are hung full of glorious bells. So fond of bell-ringing is "Merrie England" that Handel once said the bell is her national instrument. It is not strange, therefore, that we find this instrument frequently adopted as a public sign. From early in the seventeenth century Bell

Inns were numerous in London. In Knight-rider Street there was an old inn the walls of which were prefaced with a giant bell carved in bold relief; the keystone had the initials "M T A." and the date 1668. This fine specimen is now in Guildhall. But a little step away, in Carter Lane, there was another Bell Inn, which has the proud distinction of being the hostelry from which Richard Quynay wrote, in 1598, to his "loving good friend and countreyman, Mr Will^m Shakespeare," the only letter addressed to the Bard of Avon now known to exist. The letter is preserved in Stratford, the home of the world's greatest poet. Not far away, again, there is a modern Bell Tavern, a place where it is said that Dickens loved to go when making notes for "David Copperfield."

One of the most ancient and reputable wholesale druggists in the city, while rebuilding on his old site, dug out of the foundations of the ancient house an old sign of "The Bell and Dragon." It had lain there for more than two hundred years, having been used on a prior

building before the disasters of the Great Fire, and had fallen through into the general ruins. The peculiarity of the situation is that the firm had adopted "The Bell and Dragon" as their trade-mark before the discovery of this fire-touched relic. This splendid old stone bas-relief is jealously preserved, and occupies a prominent place in the entrance of the Holborn branch of the firm.

In 1467 an English punster was put to death for his ill-chosen wit. One Walter Walters, who



"THE BELL AND DRAGON."

5910, Vol. I, fol. 193, and this at a time when Addison was writing the "Spectator":

Mersers in those dayes war Genirall Marchantes and traded in all sortes of Rich Goodes, besides those of scelckes [silks] as they do nou at this day; but they brought into England fine Leninn thered [linen thread] gurdeles [girdles] finely worked from Collin [Cologne]. Collin, the City which then at that time of day florished muche and afforded rayre commodetes and these merchâts that vsually traded to that cyte set vp their signes ouer ther dores of their Houses the three kings of Collin, with the Armes of that cyte, which was the Three CROUENS of the former kings in memorye of them, and by those signes the people knew in what wares they deld in.



THE SIGN OF "THE BELL."

kept "The Crown" in Cheapside, innocently said that he would make his son "heir to the Crown," which so much displeased King Edward IV that he ordered the man put to death for high treason. Yet many an inn has proudly boasted this heraldic sign. The origin of the three crowns—a fine example taken from Lambeth Hill, dated 1667, and now in Guildhall—is of interest. The account of it is in very curious old spelling. Let me quote a part of it from the Harleian Manuscripts, No.



"THE ANCHOR," FROM ST. CLEMENT'S INN.

This passage accounts also for the sign of "The Three Kings," a sign representing the three Eastern Magi who came to do homage to the Infant Saviour. The figures are represented standing in similar attitudes; they have scepters in their right hands, and the left hand is laid across the breast.

There is, too, a beautiful stone bas-relief of an anchor now in Guildhall. It bears the date of 1669. There is no reliable information concerning its original position. We have this to rely upon, that the anchor was never set up as an advertisement of the shipping trade, but used as an emblem. Some of the old printers were fond of it. It was carved in stone over the gate of St. Clement's Inn, and as an emblem of true faith is associated with St. Clement, who, according to tradition, was cast into the Thames with an anchor about his neck, by order of the Emperor Trajan, on account of his firm adherence to Christianity. Fitly, therefore, an anchor forms the vane of the Church of St. Clement Danes, in the Strand; and the anchor design also appears on various parts of the building.

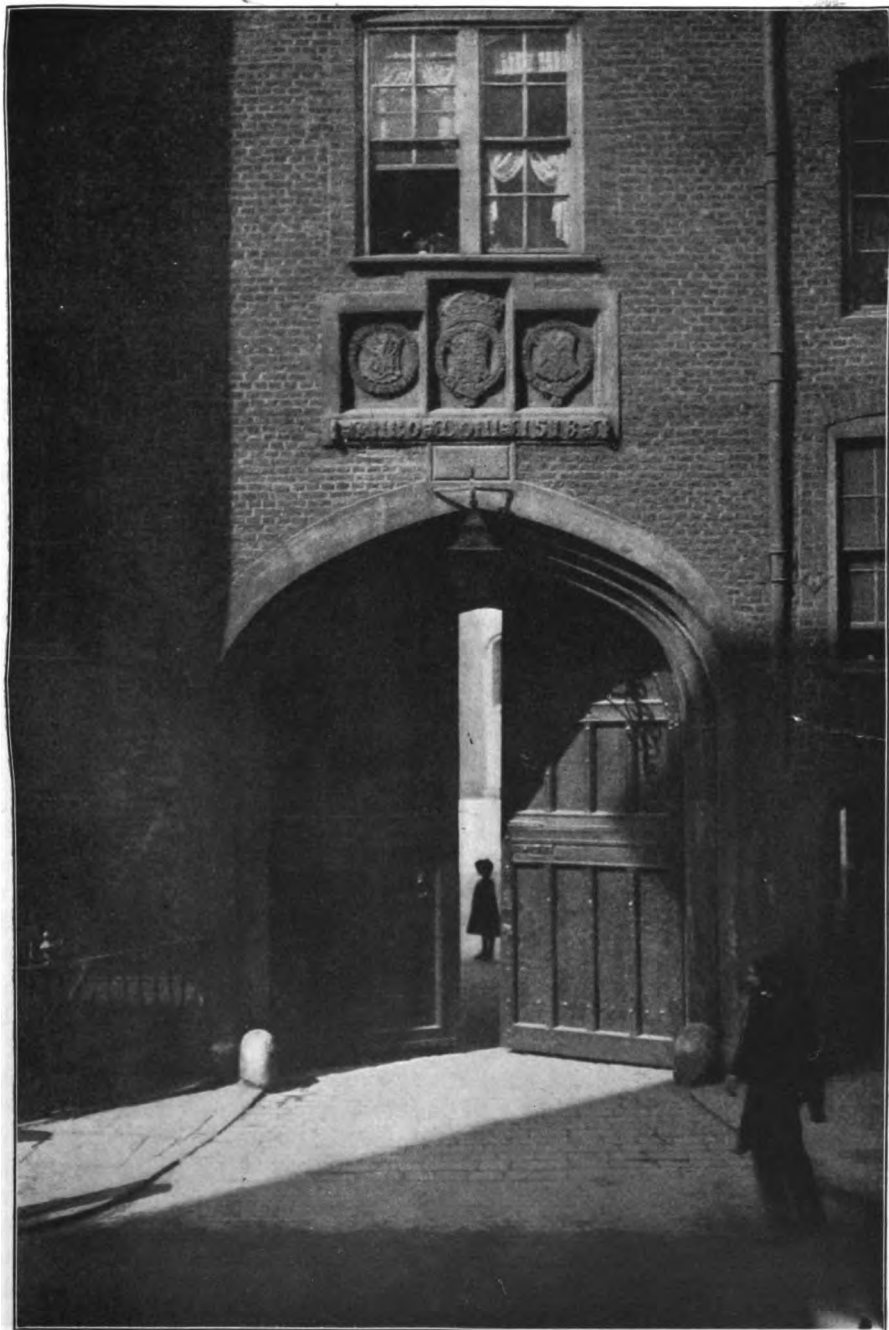
No lover of old signs should fail to see, also, the interesting arms of the Inns of Court. The gate-house of Lincoln's Inn, with its fine set of shields, built in the time of Elizabeth, has been described as "an admirable relic of the Tudor age." It is built of the small red bricks peculiar to the period, and the old gates, as sound as when their solid oaken timbers were brought by Sir Thomas Lovell, K.G., from Henley-on-Thames, have been regularly closed at night ever since the year 1564. They were open at the hour when I got the sun above the house-tops to photograph the crest — but the obliging lodge-keeper partially closed them that I might get their historic outlines. The Earl of Lincoln gave his name to this system of law courts, reaching back three and a half centuries, with its list of illustrious names, such as Sir Thomas More, Sir Matthew Hale, Lord Thurlow, Lord Mansfield, and Lord Erskine. In these chambers Thurlow and Cromwell met. The Inns of Court are four in number, viz: the Inner Temple, the Middle Temple, Lincoln's Inn, and Gray's Inn. They are called Inns of *Court* because when they were established they were held in the *Aula Regia*, or court of the king's palace.

Passing, then, to the Temple, home of the Knights Templars, recruiting-place for the Crusades, final resting-place of the mighty dead, a sanctuary for the mighty living, and last of all a supreme place of

justice, we reach a spot hallowed by nearly a thousand years of sacred history.



"THE THREE CROWNS" AND "THE THREE KINGS."



LINCOLN'S INN GATE, FACING CHANCERY LANE.

The order of Knights Templars, established by Baldwin, King of Jerusalem, in 1118, found a home on the banks of the Thames in 1128, when the Pope abolished the proud order.

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Through King Edward II it came into the hands of the Earl of Lancaster, who in turn let it to the students and professors of common law. The colony gradually became organized

into a collegiate body. It was in the Temple gardens that Shakspeare laid one of the scenes of his "King Henry VI." Near the great round church of the Temple, finest of its kind in all England, is the grave of Oliver Goldsmith, author of "The Vicar of Wakefield."

The old Templar arms was a plain red cross on a shield, with a lamb bearing the banner, surmounted by a red cross. During the reign of Elizabeth a man by the name of Leigh persuaded the authorities of the Inner Temple to abandon the old Templar arms and adopt "The Flying Horse," and so this sign rides over many Temple gateways and doorways.



A SLAB BEARING THE TEMPLE ARMS OF "THE FLYING HORSE."

On Fleet Street is a fine gate-house to the Middle Temple, built in 1684 from the designs of Sir Christopher Wren. It has sculptured on it the Templar arms, the Lamb and Flag. Behind these gateways and ancient heralds may be found a mighty masonry. Were its walls endowed with speech, how great would be the tale! Here Shakspeare played "Twelfth Night" before Queen Elizabeth. And it was here that Johnson, Lamb, Goldsmith, Blackstone, Pope, Sir Walter Raleigh, Edmund Burke, Sheridan, Cowper, and a host of poets, lawmakers, and men of letters and genius, held converse and quickened the best thought of the world.

THE SNOW HOUSES OF THE SEAL AND OF THE BEAR.

BY JAMES C. BEARD.

I. THE SEAL.

ALTHOUGH the seal spends its life in and under the water, it is an air-breathing animal and cannot live for any great length of time without air. As winter spreads sheets of ice over the fast-freezing arctic sea, the seal breaks a hole in the ice over the water where it lives. This hole it is very careful to keep open all winter long, breaking away each new crust as it forms, so that, no matter how thick the ice becomes, the animal always finds there a breathing-place and a passage to the surface of the ice above, where it can get fresh air and take a nap, for it does not sleep in the water. Then again, although the seal can exist for a time out of the water, it has to seek its food in the sea; so that without both land (or ice) and water it

could not survive the arctic winter. How, after once leaving its breathing-hole in search of the fish upon which it feeds, the seal can find its way in the dark under the ice, a yard in thickness, and spreading over many miles, back again to its hole, no one knows; but it is not the less certain that when it needs air it swims as straight to its breathing-place as a bird would fly through the air to its nest.

When the seal is about to build her house, she first makes the breathing-hole larger, and then, by means of her strong claws and flippers or fore paws, scoops out the snow, taking it down with her through the ice until she has made a dome-like apartment of the same shape, though not the same size, as that built by the Eskimo. Unlike the huts built by man, however, it cannot be seen from without, for above it stretches

the long slope of untrodden snow, and the baby seal for whose comfort the house was built, and its mother, are safe from any foes that cannot find where the house is by the sense of smell.

The house, however, is sometimes discovered by the great polar bear, who, when his nose has told him that he is upon the top of the seal house, leaps in the air and, bringing his feet together, comes down with all his great weight, breaking through the roof and catching the baby seal before it can get away. Hooking one of his sharp claws into its little flipper, the bear then does a very cruel thing. He lets the cub down the breathing-hole so as to lead the anxious mother to come to it as it struggles in the water. When she does so, he slowly draws it up again, and, as she follows it, strikes and secures her with the claws of his other foot.

Very few of these seal houses are found out, however, either by men or beasts of prey; and they last until the feeble arctic summer partly melts the snow that covered and concealed them. Of course by this time the baby seal has grown large and strong enough to take care of itself, and lives a great way from its place of birth.

II. THE POLAR BEAR.

NOT only are baby seals and baby Eskimo born in snow houses, but also baby bears. Toward the end of the year the old mother white bear looks about over the ice-fields and snow-covered country to find a home for her little ones. Unlike the seal, she does not need to seek food, for, strange as it may appear, after retiring for the winter, three months will pass before she again requires food. Previous to building her house, she has eaten enormously and become very sleek and fat, and does not need anything more in the way of food for a long time. Having found a windy corner among the rocks where the storm is drifting the soft new snow, she digs her way into it until it covers her.

When this is done, she settles down and remains quiet. Outside, the drifts are heaped up higher and higher and she is buried deeper and



THE HOUSE OF THE SEAL.



THE HOUSE OF THE POLAR BEAR.

deeper under the snow. Here she remains the long winter through, and here the little bears are born and live with their mother until summer comes to unlock their door of frozen snow, and to send them with their half-famished parent to look for food. As the old bear lies in the snow, her warm

breath and the vapor from her body slowly melt quite a hollow place about her; a cave or home in the drift is thus formed, with perhaps only a very small opening to the air above.

Sometimes, however, the dogs of the Eskimo find this hole in the snow, and their loud yelping gives their masters warning that a bear or a seal is beneath the frozen crust. The Eskimo break away the snow, reach down, and spear the sleeping mother and carry off her and her cubs on their sledges to their huts, where the flesh will be eaten, the hide made into garments, and the bones into knives, needles, runners for sledges, and other useful things.

CHASED BY WOLVES.

(A True Story of an Adventure in the Mountains of Colorado.)

BY J. H. ROCKWELL.



I WAS seated in my office on the fifth floor of one of the large business blocks in Chicago, late in June, a few years ago. The heat was intolerable, and I found myself thinking of the green fields of the open country, and the cool, refreshing shade of a certain grove of redwoods I had found some three years before while visiting my friend Richard Armstrong on his ranch in northwestern Colorado.

It has often happened that whenever I have been thinking intently of any one I am sure in some way to hear from him; and so I was not greatly surprised, when the postman tossed half a dozen letters on my desk, to find among them one from my old friend Armstrong. He had been in the West for some fifteen years, and I had twice visited him on his ranch. He had married just before leaving for the West, and now had two children, one a girl of twelve, the other a boy of five. It was an ideal family, and their home, as I recalled it, one of the most delightful spots in the whole Wonsitz Valley. Memories of my friend and his home came to my mind as I picked up the letter and opened it. It was a cordial invitation to join Armstrong in a trip to the mountains, where he and his family were to spend the remainder of the summer in hunting and fishing.

Nothing could have suited me better. My business affairs would easily take care of themselves for a month or two, and the heat of the city was daily becoming more and more oppressive. There was no reason why I should not go. So I wrote at once that I would come, and three days later I left to follow my letter

into the region of the Little Snake River and the sylvan retreats of the Elk Head Mountain.

The trip out, although uneventful, was a most delightful one, and I reached Windsor late in the evening of the fourth day, feeling absolutely fresher than when I left Chicago. Dick was at the hotel waiting for me, and as I climbed down from the driver's seat of the stage that had brought me from Glenwood, Dick's welcome came like a breeze from the hills.

The drive to the ranch was a trifle more than twelve miles over a road as hard and smooth as asphalt, although the land on either side was thoroughly irrigated and rank with the growing alfalfa, and we made the distance in less than an hour and a half. Mrs. Armstrong and the children were still up, waiting for us, and it was long past midnight before we finally separated for bed.

Early the next day preparations were begun for our stay in the mountains. A log cabin had been built for our accommodation, and we were to take up its furnishings besides fishing-tackle and guns and such other outing equipment as might be needed. These we loaded into a large farm-wagon, while the provisions and necessary clothing for the expedition were packed in the camp-cart and assigned to "Billy," the big mule, for transportation.

Poor old Billy! We little suspected at the time how much we should owe to him before we were back at the ranch again!

The first day's drive took us some thirty miles to the Baker ranch, almost at the foot of the mountains, where we stopped for the night, completing our trip the next day.

For a distance of four or five miles the road wound up the mountain-side, and, although steep and somewhat narrow, was comparatively smooth. We followed this road to its end, which was in a sort of plateau, miles in extent, and heavily timbered. Beyond this point the

road was entirely of our own making; but as there was little or no underbrush and the ascent gradual, we were not long in reaching our camping-place, and a better could not have been found anywhere in the whole range. The cabin which Dick had built was a most picturesque affair indeed, standing at the edge of a small clearing, deep in grass that sloped down gently to a good-sized mountain stream that came sliding and gurgling from miles above us, cool and sweet and clear as crystal.

It did not take long to get things in shape for living, so that within a day or two we had pretty well settled down to a thorough enjoyment of the summer's outing.

There was not much hunting. We were rather far up for that, although we occasionally saw a big wolf skulking in the undergrowth; but the fishing was superb, and we made long excursions up the mountain, and along the stream that ran by the camp.

The end of September finally came, and the nights were getting to be somewhat chilly and we began to talk of breaking camp; but day after day and week after week went by, and still no preparations were made for leaving.

One day as we were returning from a long tramp up the mountain, Dick called my attention to a widely extended reach of hemlock forest lying for twenty miles along the sloping ground below us.

"It is certainly very fine," I said.

"Yes, and, what's more to the point, it is very valuable, and I have bought every acre of it."

"Bought it!" I exclaimed. "And what in the name of reason will you do with it?"

"Do with it? Within the next twelve months I'll have right there one of the biggest shingle-mills planted anywhere west of the Mississippi River.

Work on the mill had little more than begun when the snow began to fall in earnest. It was now late in October.

In the meantime I had busied myself in cutting some runners out of a plank I had found at the mill, and had made a sleigh, rough and unsightly, to be sure, but strong and large enough to hold Mrs. Armstrong and myself and the two children; for, as snow had already begun to fall,

a sleigh would be more easily managed, I knew, than a cart, especially if the storm increased and the roads drifted, which seemed probable. Altogether it was high time that we returned to civilization.

Sure enough, the storm continued to increase in fury, and for three days the snow came sifting down through the pine boughs, fine as flour, and the wind blew almost a hurricane.

Meanwhile it had grown intensely cold; we did not mind that much, however, as there was plenty of fuel and the house had been snugly built; but there was danger of being blockaded, perhaps for months, and we were anxious to get down while we could. Still it was days before the air cleared of the snow that came on the wind like small dust, and we found it possible to start.

Dick went on ahead early in the morning to blaze out a way for us through the woods to the open road, and was to go on at once to the Baker place, waiting there until we came up. When I brought old Billy around to hitch him to the sleigh, he regarded the newfangled vehicle with violent disfavor; he had been used to the heavy shafts of the camp-cart, that came straight along his sides, while these came slanting up from somewhere about his heels, being fastened by pieces of stout leather to the top of the low runners, and he did not like it. But he was easily quieted, and I soon had the children and their mother comfortably stowed away in the sleigh among the bed-quilts and rugs we had brought up from the ranch. There was no room for any of our belongings except the two rifles Dick and I had used, and some clothing.

For the first few miles we made exceedingly slow progress—indeed, we were hardly able to get on at all, the snow was so deep; but when we reached the graded road, where the wind had had a fairer sweep and there was less snow, old Billy took us along at a good pace, though not fast enough to make up much of the time we had lost while coming down from the cabin through the heavy drifts.

It was already growing dark when we had made but little more than half the distance down the mountain; still, if the sky cleared, as it promised to do, we should soon have the full moon directly in front of us, and within half an

hour we should be out of the woods into a sort of scrub growth — the pines, however, still grew above us some little distance back, but closely following the turns and angles of the road. At this point the descent became much sharper and the road much more crooked, until it reached the level of the valley at Baker's. We had fairly emerged into this more open country, and were within three miles, perhaps, of the steepest, crookedest grade on the road. The sky had only partly cleared, and the light was very uncertain. I had just turned to speak to Mrs. Armstrong and see how the children were doing, when old Billy, who had been acting queerly for some time, suddenly gave a lunge toward the outer side of the road that came very nearly throwing me to the ground and sending the sleigh straight down the side of the mountain. Involuntarily I tightened my grip on the lines, and barely saved myself from going out. At the same moment there came from somewhere out of the pines, far up the mountain, a single long-drawn howl, followed a moment later by another and then another, until from every side came the high, quavering notes of the big mountain wolves.

For a moment I was utterly stupefied. The possibility of such a danger as this had never, in the faintest way, occurred to me, and the suddenness and horror of the situation were simply appalling. The frantic plunging of the now thoroughly stampeded mule soon brought me to myself, and to a sense of the danger of our being capsized and thrown to the wolves without so much as the shadow of a chance for our lives. By exerting all my strength on the lines, and speaking soothingly to the half-crazed animal, I succeeded in quieting him in a measure. I directed Mrs. Armstrong — who was behaving most courageously — to get out the two rifles from the bottom of the sleigh; for I was determined to fight to the very last to bring us, in some way, safely through our terrible danger.

In the meantime the wolves, in twos and threes, could be seen coming out of the woods and out of the scrub — noiselessly now, but with an eagerness and swiftness in their pursuit that showed only too plainly our utter helplessness against them. Poor old Billy was already

showing the effects of the hard day he had come through, and I knew it would be impossible to continue the unequal race more than a few minutes longer, and then the only thing between us and an awful death — a death revolting and terrible beyond thought — was the two rifles with their fourteen cartridges: a pitiable defense against more than thirty half-famished mountain wolves, that were now so near we could hear the patter and rustle of their feet along the hard snow, and see their long red tongues hanging from their snapping mouths.

I took up one of the guns, passed the lines to Mrs. Armstrong, and, turning just as one of the great brutes made a spring for the sleigh, shot it squarely through the head. Instantly the whole pack was a whirling, snarling, fighting mass about the carcass. But our respite was of short duration, for in less time than it takes to tell it the wolves were in full chase again.

As I glanced ahead and saw that the steep grade — the last sharp descent into the valley just below — was right before us, there flashed through my mind one desperate possibility of escape, and I acted on it without a moment's hesitation. Raising my gun, I sent shot after shot into the howling, surging pack, so near now that the flash of the powder almost singed their hair; and waiting only long enough to see that the shots had taken effect, and that the wolves had dropped back a little, I took out my pocket-knife and, stooping over the front of the sleigh, cut the leather straps that held the shafts in place, and snatching the lines, pulled the mule sharply to one side.

For a single moment the sleigh hung on the verge of the grade as it swerved a little from the pull I had given the lines, and then we went shooting down the steep incline like the wind, saved from those savage beasts by a narrow margin.

When we last saw Billy he was bravely fighting his way through a very ferocious circle of enemies.

As for ourselves that was a fearful ride; we even succeeded in rounding a particularly sharp curve with one runner of the sleigh hanging over an abyss of more than a hundred feet. But we got down without the slightest injury,

and found Dick, with half the people of the little town at Baker's, waiting for us in the street, from where they had been anxiously watching for some time, and wondering why we were

We stopped just long enough to relate our adventure to the people who had witnessed our strange descent, and then, waking the children, —for they had slept through it all,— Dick



"WHEN WE LAST SAW BILLY HE WAS BRAVELY FIGHTING HIS WAY THROUGH A VERY FEROCIOUS CIRCLE OF ENEMIES."

coming down in such a fashion, none of them having suspected for a moment the real cause, although the fact that the mountains were full of wolves was well known to all of them.

Dick had become uneasy at our delay and had come over from the ranch to look for us; and as the moon was shining and the ground covered with snow, we could be seen distinctly for a long distance as we came down the side of the mountain above the village.

hurried us away to the ranch, where supper was waiting for us, and where we might have a chance to recover a little our badly shattered nerves.

The next day found us still at Dick's place, none the worse from our frightful adventure of the day before; and the day following I left for home, bronzed and greatly benefited by my long vacation, and not forgetful of my deep indebtedness to old Billy, the mule.

O Santa San



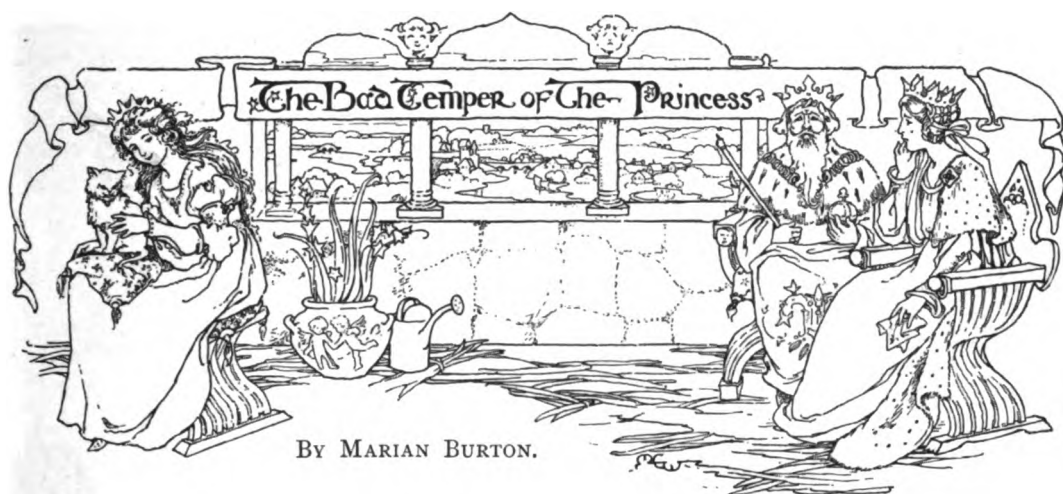
By *Aldis Dunbar*

WHAT if he strayed to far Japan,—
The dear old saint,— and there began
For all their girls and boys to plan,
Without a pause?

For, drive his reindeer low or high,
No open chimney could he spy,
No empty stockings hanging nigh!
He would grow homesick by and by,
With ample cause.

For should they catch that puzzled man,
They 'd surely paint him on a fan
And label it "O Santa San" —
Our Santa Claus!





BY MARIAN BURTON.

ONCE upon a time, in a dainty little kingdom all parks and rivers and cottages and flowers, there lived a jolly, red-faced king named Rudolpho. Every one of his subjects loved him, the surrounding kings were his loyal friends, and the neighboring kingdoms were on the best of terms with him. Indeed, they had a happy way, these old kings, of exchanging thrones for a week now and then, just as some preachers nowadays exchange pulpits—to prove, I suppose, how very good their own is, after all. This king about whom I am telling you was fat, of course, and looked very like our good friend Santa Claus.

Yet, strange as it may seem, with all these blessings,—a rich kingdom, faithful subjects, and a loving wife,—this good king was not happy. There was one cloud, a very pretty silver-edged cloud, but yet a cloud, which hung just in front of the sun of his happiness and cast a great big shadow.

The king had a daughter, the Princess Madge, his only child; and though she was obedient in everything else, she just would n't, *would n't*, marry. Now the king was very anxious for her to marry and settle down on the throne, because he was growing old. Every morning for three weeks, just before breakfast, he had had three separate twinges of pain. The queen said it was because of his rheumatism, but he knew better; he was sure that it was old age, and it made him very eager to have

the kingdom in the hands of the new son-in-law king before he died.

Of course there were plenty of princes and dukes and barons and lords who would gladly have wedded the pretty princess for her own sweet sake alone, to say nothing of the prospect of being king some day, but she would n't have one of them. There was not a man in the kingdom nor in any of the surrounding kingdoms who suited her capricious fancy. Princes of haughty mien, princes of gentle manner, handsome princes, ugly princes, tall princes, short princes, fat princes, lean princes, had been introduced at the court, had been encouraged by the king and queen, and had sought to gain her favor. She had been showered with gifts of rare flowers and precious stones, and had received thousands of little letters smelling of perfume; but from prince, from jewels, and from written vows of love she turned away with the same cheerful determination.

A princess is a lonely little body, you know, and custom was so rigid in the time of the Princess Madge that she had no one to talk to excepting Pussy Willow, the royal kitten. She had no brother, no sister, no cousin, and no dearest friend. She did n't even have a chance to speak freely to her own father and mother. It is true, she took breakfast with them every morning at eleven in the great breakfast-room, but the butlers and waiters and pages and flunkies were always standing about, with their

ears pricked up and their eyes bulging out, so that no one dared whisper a secret or have even the jolliest little family quarrel. It is true her royal mama came at precisely ten o'clock to kiss her good night every evening, but there

about him!" Whereupon Pussy shook her head till her gold-bell necklace tinkled loudly, then she yawned a little and began to wash her face. She looked very wise as she sat there stroking her whiskers and thumping



Came at precisely ten o'clock to kiss her goodnight

were always a dozen maids and ladies-in-waiting, and it was impossible to have a real good talk. But Pussy Willow was her constant companion, and to Pussy she told everything. That friendly cat was the only living thing in the whole kingdom that really knew that the princess intended to marry sometime. That was what worried the king and queen so much; Madge made them believe that she would never marry any one, never, *never*, NEVER, but would live alone to the end of her days and leave the kingdom to any one who wished for it.

"Pussy, I would n't tell a story to the king and queen for the world, but is n't it fun to see them take on so? If I really thought that papa was ill and likely to die, I would be as good as gold; but those little pains of his are only rheumatism, I am sure, so I don't mind teasing him just a little. You know, Pussy, that when my ideal comes—oh, you need n't look up and blink in such surprise, for I really have an ideal, and I will tell you all

thoughtfully on the floor with her bunchy tail. After thinking thus seriously for a few minutes, she suddenly began a sympathetic little purr-song which seemed to say:

"Go on, little mistress; I am all ready to listen, and I'll not tell a soul." Then Princess Madge continued:

"I don't care whether he is prince or pauper, high or low, handsome or plain; but he must in any case be contented. You know what contented means, Pussy—satisfied with what he has until he deserves and can get something better. If he is like that he will always be unselfish and happy. Oh, yes, and I shall be happy, too. Now I am going to write a letter to papa and tell him that I will marry if he will find me a contented man."

Quick as thought, the princess opened her rosewood and gold desk, drew out some paper with her crest on it and a jeweled pen, and wrote daintily and carefully. It took her a very long time, Pussy Willow thought.

"Now, kitty, listen; I will read it to you:

"To his Majesty the King, from her Royal Highness, the Princess Madge.

"DEAR OLD PAPA: I have at last decided to be married if you can find a man to suit me. Now read, my dear papa, and remember that this decision is final. I will marry the first contented man you can find, no matter who he is. Read this little poem; it is my guiding star at this very serious time:

"There is a jewel which no Indian mine can buy,
No chemic art can counterfeit.
It makes men rich in greatest poverty,
Makes water wine, turns wooden cups to gold.
Seldom it comes, to few from heaven sent,
That much in little, all in naught — *content*."

"What I have written, I have written.

"Your own

MADGE.

"That sounds very well, does n't it, Pussy? I am going to fold it so, and so, then cut off a strand of my hair — see, Pussy, it is nearly a yard long, and it will go around and around this letter and tie in a great golden knot. When the king sees that he will know it is very important. Now I will go to the door and tell the page to run with this to papa, and then — oh, I wonder what he will say!"

She ran to the door, spoke a few words to the page who stood just outside, then returned to the great cushioned chair by the window. Pussy climbed into her lap. They both winked a few times and blinked a few times and then fell fast asleep.

II.

HALF an hour later the king, with his crown comfortably pushed back on his head, and a smile very much all over his ruddy face, burst into the queen's sitting-room. He held a tangle of golden hair in one hand and a sheet of blue note-paper in the other.

"My dear, my dear, what do you think has happened? Here, written by her own hand, the hand of the Princess Madge, are the happy words which drive away all our fears. She will marry, my dear, she will marry; and listen: she cares not what may be his rank or age or condition — he must be a *contented* man, that is all. Oh, what a child, what a child!"

"Oh, Rudolpho, my love, is it true? Why, why, I am so happy! Is it really true? Do give me my fan. Yes, thank you. Fan me, dear; a little faster. It quite took my breath

away. Just to think of that! Now go at once and issue a royal edict summoning every contented man in this kingdom and in all the surrounding kingdoms to a grand feast here in the palace. After the feast we will hold a trial, and the Princess Madge shall be the judge."

Away rushed the king, the pages-in-waiting outside the door vainly trying to catch the end of his fluttering robe.

The next day a cavalcade of heralds set out from the palace gates, bearing posters which were hung in the market-place of every village for leagues about. In blue letters on a gold ground were these words:

Ho, ye! Hear, ye! Ho, ye!

On the twenty-third day of the month now present, every *contented* man throughout the universe is summoned to the court of King Rudolpho for a feast and a trial for the hand of the Princess Madge. He among you all who is absolutely contented shall have the princess's hand in marriage, together with half the kingdom. Every man will be tried by the princess herself. Every man who falls short and stands not the test shall never again enter King Rudolpho's court.

My hand + My seal +.

RUDOLPHO, *Rex*.

The day dawned, brilliant and glorious. How the contented men jostled each other, and frowned at each other, and scolded each other as they thronged through the palace gates! They all gathered in the banquet-hall, where a wonderful feast was spread — a roasted ox, with wild boar and lamb and turkey and peacock, and a hundred kinds of fruit, and fifty kinds of ice-water; but as a dinner-party it was not a success. Conversation was dull, each man glowered at his neighbor, and all seemed eager to finish the feast and begin the trial.

Finally it was over, and five hundred and fifty contented men assembled in the royal court-room. The king and queen were seated on their thrones, but the princess was nowhere to be seen. There was a moment of breathless waiting — then suddenly a door at the side of the court-room opened and the Princess Madge, carrying Pussy Willow, entered and was followed by her train-bearers and maids of honor. She wore a wonderful gown all white and gold down the front, with the foamiest of sea-foam green trains hanging from her shoulders away out behind her. Slowly, majestically, she

The Princess Midge Enters



Margaret Ely Webb

walked across the room, and stopped before a table on which lay a golden gavel. A quick tap of the gavel silenced the little murmur that had arisen at her entrance. The king glanced at the queen, and they both smiled with pride in their stately daughter. The princess tapped again and began:

"Princes, baronets, honorables, commons of this kingdom and our neighboring kingdoms, I bid you welcome. You have come to sue for my hand and my fortune. I know full well, my noble men, that if I asked it you would gladly give me some great proof of your bravery and goodness—but I ask you to take no risk and make no sacrifice. I merely wish to know whether I can find in any of you that secret of all true courage and happiness—contentment. Now let every man of you who is contented, *thoroughly contented*, rise. Remember, there are no degrees in contentment: it is absolute."

The black-robed throng arose—some eagerly, some impatiently, some disdainfully, some few slowly and thoughtfully, but they all stood and waited in utter silence.

"As I put the test question, if there is any one who cannot answer it, let him go quietly out through yonder door and never again show his discontented face in this court. You say you are contented—happy, unselfish, and satisfied with what the gods have given you. Answer me this! Why, then, do you scowl and jostle one another? Why do you want to marry any one—least of all, a princess with half the riches of a great kingdom as a dowry, to spoil your happiness? Greedy fortune-hunters! Do you call that contentment?"

The contented men stood a moment in baffled silence, then turned, one and all, and slowly marched out of the room. As the door closed upon the last one of the disappointed suitors, the princess picked up her pretty kitten and, turning to her father and mother, said:

"Would you have me marry one of *those*? Why, they are n't half so contented as a common, every-day pussy-cat. Good-by!" And she laughed a merry laugh, threw a kiss at the astonished king and queen, and ran from the room.

The king looked at the queen in melancholy disappointment; the queen started from her

throne to call back her wilful child; but the door at the left was flung open with a bang, and the crier announced the prime minister and the members of the royal bench. The work of the day was at hand.

III.

AT luncheon one day many months after the dismissal of the discontented suitors, the prime minister entered the dining-room and announced to the king that a man had been found within the palace gates without a royal permit, and had been immediately put in the dungeon. He was a handsome fellow, the prime minister said, but very poorly clad. He made no resistance when he was taken prisoner, but earnestly requested that his trial might come off as soon as possible, as he rather wanted to make a sketch of the palace and gardens, and he could n't see very well from the slit in the top of the dungeon; but he begged them not to put themselves nor the king to any inconvenience, as he could just as well remain where he was and write poems.

"In sooth, your Majesty," said the prime minister, in conclusion, "from all we have heard and seen, it seemeth that at last we have found a contented man."

As soon as the king finished his royal repast he disguised himself in the long cloak and hat of a soldier and went with the prime minister and the turnkey to catch a glimpse of the prisoner. As they approached the dungeon they heard a rich bass voice singing:

"Let the world slide, let the world go!
A fig for care, and a fig for woe.
If I must stay, why, I can't go,
And love makes equal the high and low."

The king drew nearer, stooped, and peeped through the keyhole. Just opposite the door, on a three-legged stool, sat the prisoner. His head was thrown back and he was looking at the sky through the bars in the top of his cell. The song had ceased and he was talking softly to himself. The king, in a whisper, told the prime minister to bring the princess and have her remain hidden just outside the door. Then he motioned to the turn-



key to throw back the bolts, and he entered the dungeon alone.

"Why are you talking to yourself, man?" he asked. The man answered:

"Because, soldier, I like to talk to a sensible man, and I like to hear a sensible man talk."

"Ha, ha!" laughed the king. "Pretty good, pret-ty good! They tell me that all things please you. Is it true?"

"I think I can safely say yes, soldier."

"But why are you so poorly clad?"

"The care of fine clothes is too much of a

burden—I have long ago refused to be fashion's slave. By the way, that cloak of yours is n't especially elaborate, soldier." The king ignored the remark.

"But where are your friends?"

"Of those that I have had, the good are dead, and happier so than here; the evil ones have left me and are befriending some one else, for which I say, 'Joy go with them.'"

"And is there nothing that you want?"

As the king asked this question he looked at the man in a peculiarly eager way, nor did the answer disappoint him.

"I have all of the necessities of life and many of the luxuries. I am perfectly content. I know I have neither land nor money, but is not the whole world mine? Can even the king himself take from me my delight in the green trees and the greener fields, in that dainty little cloud flecking heaven's blue up yonder like a bit of foam on a sunlit sea? Oh, no! I am rich enough, for all nature is mine—"

"And I am yours," said a sweet young voice. The man looked up in surprise, and there before him, holding out her pretty hands toward him, stood the Princess Madge, who had slipped into the cell unnoticed by either the prisoner or her father. She seemed more beautiful than the green trees and the fields and the sky and the clouds all put together.

The man sprang to his feet, clasped the little hands in his, and said:

"I know not what you mean, sweet lady, when you say that you are mine; but oh, you are passing beautiful!"

"Papa," called the princess, "this is quite dreadful. Quick, take off that ugly soldier's coat and tell him who we are and all about it!"

The king, starting as if from a dream, threw off the rough coat and hat and stepped forth into the beam of sunlight, resplendent in gold and ermine.

"Thou dost not know me, my man? I am the king. Hast thou not read our last proclamation?"

"No, your Majesty; I never do read proclamations."

"Then thou didst not know that the hand of the princess is offered to the first contented man who enters the palace?"

"No, your Majesty; I knew it not."

"Then know it now, and know, too, that thou art the man. To thee, my son, I give my daughter in marriage, together with one half my kingdom. No, no—not a word. She is thine. Thou deservest her. May you be happy!"

The prisoner, almost dumb with astonishment, almost dazed with joy, knelt and kissed the princess's white hands, then looked into her eyes and said:

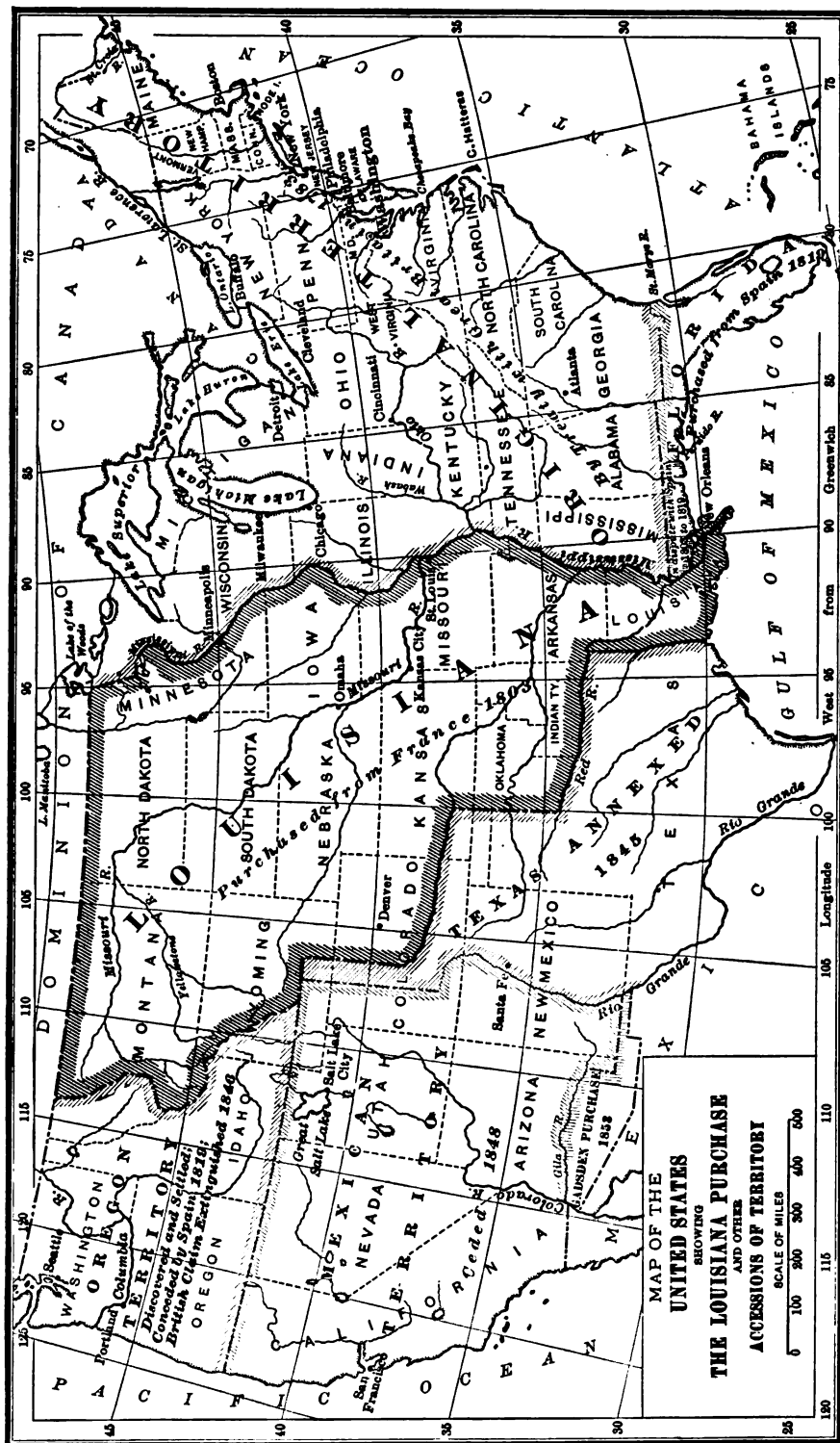
"Ah, well it is for me that I saw you not until now, for I should have been miserably discontented until you were mine!"

REMEMBER—THE 'LITTLE MEMBER!

By HENRY JOHNSTONE.

You may keep your feet from slipping
And your hands from evil deeds,
But to guard your tongue from tripping,
What unceasing care it needs!
Be you old or be you young,
Oh, beware,
Take good care
Of the tittle-tattle, telltale tongue!

You may feel inclined to quarrel
With the doctrine that I preach,
But the soundness of the moral
Sad experience will teach:
Be it said or be it sung
Everywhere,
Oh, beware
Of the tittle-tattle, telltale tongue!



[See Letter-box, p. 886.]

HOW WE BOUGHT LOUISIANA.

BY HELEN LOCKWOOD COFFIN.

It is a hard matter to tell just how much power a little thing has, because little things have the habit of growing. That was the trouble that France and England and Spain and all the other big nations had with America at first. The thirteen colonies occupied so small and unimportant a strip of land that few people thought they would ever amount to much. How could such insignificance ever bother old England, for instance, big and powerful as she was? To England's great loss she soon learned her error in underestimating the importance or strength of her colonies.

France watched the giant and the pygmy fighting together, and learned several lessons while she was watching. For one thing, she found out that the little American colonies were going to grow, and so she said to herself: "I will be a sort of back-stop to them. These Americans are going to be foolish over this bit of success, and think that just because they have won the Revolution they can do anything they wish to do. They'll think they can spread out all over this country and grow to be as big as England herself; and of course anybody can see that that is impossible. I'll just put up a net along the Mississippi River, and prevent them crossing over it. That will be the only way to keep them within bounds."

And so France held the Mississippi, and from there back to the Rocky Mountains, and whenever the United States citizen desired to go west of the Mississippi, France said: "No, dear child. Stay within your own yard and play, like a good little boy," or something to that effect.

Now the United States citizen did n't like this at all; he had pushed his way with much trouble and expense and hard work through bands of Indians and through forests and over rivers and mountains, into Wisconsin and Illinois, and he wished to go farther. And, besides, he wanted to have the right to sail up and down

the Mississippi, and so save himself the trouble of walking over the land and cutting out his own roads as he went. So when France said, "No, dear," and told him to "be a good little boy and not tease," the United States citizen very naturally rebelled.

Mr. Jefferson was President of the United States at that time, and he was a man who hated war of any description. He certainly did not wish to fight with his own countrymen, and he as certainly did not wish to fight with any other nation, so he searched around for some sort of a compromise. He thought that if America could own even one port on this useful river and had the right of Mississippi navigation, the matter would be settled with satisfaction to all parties. So he sent James Monroe over to Paris to join our minister, Mr. Livingston, and see if the two of them together could not persuade France to sell them the island of New Orleans, on which was the city of the same name.

Now Napoleon was the ruler of France, and he was dreaming dreams and seeing visions in which France was the most important power in America, because she owned this wonderful Mississippi River and all this "Louisiana" which stretched back from the river to the Rockies. He already held forts along the river, and he was planning to strengthen these and build some new ones. But you know what happens to the plans of mice and men sometimes. Napoleon was depending upon his army to help him out on these plans, but his armies in San Domingo were swept away by war and sickness, so that on the day he had set for them to move up into Louisiana not a man was able to go. At the same time Napoleon had on hand another scheme against England, which was even more important than his plans for America, and which demanded men and money. Besides this, he was shrewd enough to know that he could not hold this far-away territory

for any long time against England, which had so many more ships than France. He suddenly changed his mind about his American possessions, and nearly sent Mr. Monroe and Mr. Livingston into a state of collapse by offering to sell them not only New Orleans but also the whole Province of Louisiana.

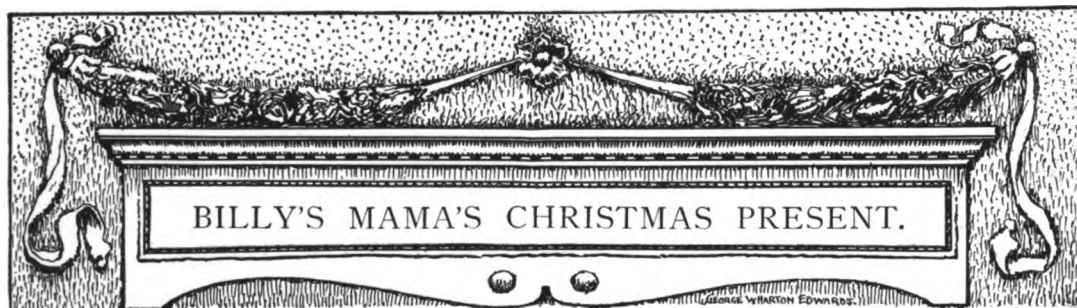
There was no time to write to President Jefferson and ask his advice, and this was before the days of the cable; so Monroe and Livingston took the matter into their own hands, and signed the contract which transferred the Louisiana territory to the United States for a consideration of \$15,000,000. They were severely criticized by many of their own countrymen, and they had some doubts of their own about the wisdom of their action. You see, nobody knew then that corn and wheat would grow so abundantly in this territory, or that beyond the Mississippi there were such stretches of glorious pasture-lands, or that underneath its mountainous regions were such mines of gold, silver, and copper. Americans saw only the commercial possibilities of the river, and all

they wanted was the right of navigating it and the permission to explore the unknown country to the westward.

But Jefferson and Monroe and Livingston builded better than they knew. All this happened a hundred years ago; and to-day that old Louisiana territory is, in natural resources, the wealthiest part of the whole United States. Without that territory in our possession we should have no Colorado and no Wyoming, no Dakotas, or Nebraska, or Minnesota, or Montana, or Missouri, or Iowa, or Kansas, or Arkansas, or Louisiana, or Oklahoma, or Indian Territory; and, naturally, no Fair at St. Louis next year.

If Columbus had never discovered America, you know, we could never have had a World's Fair in Chicago ten years ago; and if Mr. Monroe and Mr. Livingston had never purchased Louisiana, we could have no Louisiana Purchase Exposition.

For all these reasons we owe our most sincere and hearty thanks to the patriotic and farsighted men who were concerned in buying this territory for the United States.



"MAMA," said Billy, "what do you want for Christmas?"

"Dear me!" said Billy's mama, "I don't know of a single thing that I want."

"But you must say you want things," said Billy. "You *must*—it's a sort of game. It does n't matter whether you really want the things or not."

"Oh, I did n't understand," said mama, entering into the game. "Well, then, let me see. I should like a diamond pin."

"And what else?" said Billy. "You must want more."

"I want a long sealskin ulster."

"Say something else—say lots of things."

"I want a new carriage and a lace collar and some curtains for baby's room."

"Mama," said Billy, coming close to her side and speaking very earnestly, "don't you want a card like that one I painted this morning?"

"Oh, dear, yes," said mama, quickly, "I



" 'MAMA,' SAID BILLY, 'WHAT DO YOU WANT FOR CHRISTMAS?'"

should love to have a beautiful card like those you paint!"

Billy went to the window and looked out at the snow and the sparrows hopping on the walk that ran down to the street.

After a minute or two he came to mama's side again. "Mama," he said very solemnly,

"I won't say which, 'cause I don't want to spoil your surprise; but one of those things you told me you want you're *surely* going to get for Christmas."

Mama leaned over and kissed his bright little face, and said softly: "I do wonder which it will be!"

Anne Warner.

THE LITTLE BOY.

BY ALICE GERTRUDE FIELD.

"OH, Jim!" called Dorothy, hanging over the banisters. "Is that you?" (As if there was anybody *but* Jim who came in with a slam and a double-shuffle and a whistle!)

"Nope," said Jim; "I 'm Great-grandaunt Maria," and he double-shuffled again.

"There 's a telegram on the hall table for uncle. It came just after he left and I did n't like to open it. Would you?" She was coming downstairs now.

"Yes," said Jim, with his most lordly air; "I would, but *you* should n't." Why should he

a few days. Jim's mother was Dorothy's aunt, and that is how he and Dorothy were cousins.

Unfolding the yellow slip, he glanced over its contents; then whistled long and shrill. "Great jumping Jehoshaphat! It's from Mr. Brandon; he 's coming to stay overnight."

"Who 's he?" Dorothy asked. "A friend of uncle's?"

"Yea, verily,—Mr. Brandon! Don't you know *him*? Giles K. Brandon!" Jim gave the "K" with an impressive emphasis that carried understanding to Dorothy's brain. For a minute she stared at him with panting lips, then whirled, dropped on her knees, and fell to rummaging in the lower shelf of the bookcase.

In a moment she found what she sought, and springing up, waved a book wildly in the air, and stuck it under his nose with the laconic query, "*Him*?"

Jim withdrew his nose until he had room to read on the book's cover: "Essays. Giles K. Brandon." "The same," he said. "Why do you keep him on the lower shelf? It seems a strange place."

Dorothy giggled. "But I was reading him."

"Yes?" encouragingly.

"Don't be so silly — I was reading, and uncle came along and began to tease me about something, and I laid the book down there in a hurry and chased after uncle when he ran out of the room. I had forgotten all about it. Now tell me quick. I did n't know uncle knew him. What a pity he chose to-day of all times! You must telegraph him right away not to come."

"Not I! Why, I want to meet him!"

"So do I; but we can't have him here with only us to entertain him."

"Then let him entertain *us*. I don't doubt," added this shrewd boy, "that he'll enjoy it quite as well. Anyway, he's coming. And we *can't* head him off, for he does n't give any address. He's just passing through, I suppose, and thought he'd stop off and see father."



"I 'LL JUST GLANCE THROUGH THESE WHILE I 'M DRIVING."

not feel lordly? Was he not the senior member of the family for two days? The family just at present consisted of his cousin and himself, for Jim's father and mother and Dorothy's father had made up a party and gone off for

Dorothy gasped. A wild look came into her eyes. She started to run in three different directions, and changed her mind each time, whereupon James took her firmly by the arm, saying decisively: "Now, Dorothy, there's no necessity for cleaning the preserve-cupboard, and I won't have it. He'll never know in the world."

"'T was n't the preserve-cupboard, Jim; it's that shelf in the guest-room closet. Put anything on it and it tumbles right down on your head; it needs another brace."

"Well, I 'm sure he is n't coming with a Saratoga trunk to store all his clothes in our closets. And think what larks for us two to be entertaining the great Giles K. Brandon!"

"If we can," said Dot, doubtfully.

"Of course we can! I know just how to begin"; and he walked down the hall to the telephone, called up his tutor, and composedly canceled the afternoon's appointment for his Greek lesson.

"And now, Dot," he said briskly, as he hung up the receiver, "what shall we play with Giles K. while he's here?"

"Oh, dear! What time does he come?"

"The train gets into the city at half-past three. I'll drive down and meet him. Taking it easy, we'd get here about four-thirty."

"Jim! That would be three hours before dinner. I can't have him on my hands all *that* time. Can't you amuse him in the city through the afternoon?"

"I suppose I might."

"What a pity you can't take him to the club!"

"M-m" — Jim reflected, then brightened, and added: "I don't know but I will!"

"Jim Saybrooke, you'd never dare!"

"I don't know why not."

"But you're not a member!"

"Well, father is, and all the uncles. I shall be, probably, as soon as I'm —"

"Old enough!" said Dot.

"Eligible," continued Jim, with dignity. "It's the proper place to take him, of course. Father would, and I'm substituting for him. I'm sure the members will be grateful to me for introducing 'em to Giles K. Brandon."

"Oh, I never heard of such — assurance! Just suppose that they should turn you out?"

"Nonsense! How would they look bundling a distinguished literary gentleman and the son, grandson, and nephew of a lot of their members out of doors? I'm glad you suggested it, Dot. I think Mr. Brandon will enjoy seeing the club; and then," he added carelessly, "I'd just as lief see it myself."

"I don't doubt you would." She sighed in mingled apprehension and admiration for his daring. "It's after two now. Sha'n't I order the horses?"

"Do, while I skip upstairs and get ready."

"Well, dear — dear — dear — dear! Where *shall* I begin?" And as Jim disappeared around the turn of the stairs his cousin was beginning to look wild again.

When he came down, the sleigh was at the door, and Dorothy was feverishly dusting what appeared to his masculine eye a perfectly immaculate room. "Jim," she exclaimed, "how will you know him?"

"Oh, that'll be easy," he said with assurance, though the question had not once occurred to him. "Here!" He swept up a handful of magazines from the library table. "I'll just glance through these while I'm driving down to the city, and I shall undoubtedly find him in the advertisements. Good-by, Dot. Put on that reddy-pinky silk thing you look so pretty in, and don't forget to have clean towels in his room," at which caution Dorothy gave a superior lifting of the eyebrows.

While the busy hostess scurried about her rooms, the young host was speeding cityward to the music of jingling sleigh-bells. One hand kept a guiding touch on the lines, while the other hastily flapped over the magazine leaves; and Jim grew hot with nervousness as in one magazine after another he hunted up the advertisement of Mr. Brandon's new book, only to find that its author's face was not pictured. At last he gave up, and threw the magazines under the seat in disgust. "Oh, well," he thought, "I know how he looks: something over forty, about medium height, and thin, with dark hair and a long, droopy, dark mustache. I think I've heard father describe him. If I keep an eye on the drawing-room car I can't miss him."

Accordingly, as the New York train came puffing into the station, Jim stood on the plat-

form, all attention, and so absorbed in surveying the persons coming down the steps of the parlor-car that he didn't notice a stout, florid, smooth-shaven gentleman who emerged from the smoker and looked about as if searching for a familiar face. When his eye lit upon Jim he

individual who distracted his attention from the great Giles K. Brandon: and then, too, his five feet seven was not accustomed to that style of address. In another instant he had grasped the situation, and also the fact that the merry gray eyes of the stranger were some inches below

his own. "Why, so it is!" Jim cried with hearty emphasis, gripping the offered hands.

Then they said "Ha, ha, ha!" in concert, and were fast friends from that moment.

"So I'm not to see the big boy?" Mr. Brandon said, as they walked along the platform together. "Now I call that mean of you, Jem Saybrooke, to cheat me out of him that way! Your name is Jem Saybrooke, of course, little boy?"

"Jim," amended the "little boy."

"Jim, to be sure. That's better. Is this your sleigh, little boy?"

"It is. Hop right in, little boy, yourself," said Jim, with grave mouth and dancing eyes, and with a sly look down at his guest to see if he would resent the liberty of having the tables turned on him, or of being called the little boy.

"Well, he *is* bigger than you," insisted Mr.

Brandon, tucking the fur robe comfortably around him, and measuring Jim with his eye.

"Of course he is!"

"Big as ever, is he?"

"Indeed he is: biggest man I know."

"That's right, little boy."

You see, the famous Giles K. Brandon was by no means a stiff person, one with whom it



"'HULLO!' HE SHOUTED CORDIALLY. 'SO THIS IS THE LITTLE BOY!'"

evidently thought he had found it, for he walked straight toward the boy, set down his suit-case with a thump, and extended both hands.

"Hullo!" he shouted cordially. "So this is the *little boy*!"

For a second Jim was completely bewildered by the sudden appearance of this meddlesome

was necessary to mind one's *p's* and *q's*; and this was a great relief, as Jim had naturally feared that in the company of so distinguished an essayist and critic he must be "extra particular" in his own speech.

Accordingly, with a mind care-free and a tongue wagging in its own natural way, he drove his guest about the city, pointing out to him, with inimitable "Jim-comments," various architectural freaks which were not ordinarily classed as show sights of the town. Then on to the club, where he had the good fortune to find several gentlemen who nodded to him, but who were not quite intimate enough to shout, "Well, youngster, how did *you* get in?" With a nice discrimination, he selected and introduced those members who were friends of his father's, or who, as he thought, would be specially interested in or interested by the great Giles K. Having presented these individuals, he dropped modestly out of the conversation; and this, too, was fortunate, for he could not easily have answered all of the gentlemen's questions.

It was about five o'clock when they left the club. And out in the crisp air again Jim's spirits rose amazingly, for he had felt a bit apprehensive about that experience, though he would n't have had Dorothy guess it for worlds. The sleigh flew jingling up the homeward road, while the air rang with their jovial voices, and, almost an hour before dinner-time, they sped up the drive between the big trees, the house windows, brightly lighted, shining invitation and welcome.

Dorothy, in the "reddy-pinky thing," with a pompadour that might have graced the queen's drawing-room, met them in the hall, and her look of horror and astonishment when he presented the guest as "the *little* boy" caused Jim's soul fairly to "chortle" within him.

After a few minutes' chat before the hall fire, the gentlemen started upstairs, Jim calling over his shoulder: "Oh, I say, Dot, we met Dr. Everett down the road a bit, and stopped to speak to him. It seems Mr. Brandon knows him very well."

"Really?" returned Dorothy, with polite interest, as became a hostess. "Was n't that nice? Why did n't you ask him to dinner?"

"I did," said Jim, and he nearly choked trying to swallow his amusement at the swiftness with which his cousin's expression of amiability changed to one of dire displeasure.

Half an hour later the two gentlemen, in dinner garb, walked into the library, to find the hostess posed in a low chair before the fire, pretending to read the evening paper. (Jim knew it was a pose, but Mr. Brandon mistook it for grace.) The boy wore his dinner-coat with an acquired ease designed to conceal the fact that this was but its third wearing, and of the two he appeared the more distinguished. But when the Rev. Dr. Everett — tall, broad-shouldered, and gray-haired — arrived, the palm went to him, Jim looking sweet and young and rosy by comparison. (This Dorothy told him later, to his consequent indignation.)

Dinner was great fun, more so for Jim than for Dorothy, on whom her responsibilities sat rather heavily. The waitress was noiseless and quick, the dinner appetizing, the centerpiece of pink roses fairly regal, and the very best glass and silver, china and damask made a brave show. Jim said afterward that he did n't have a minute's peace throughout the course that Dorothy had daringly ordered to be served on his mother's Royal Worcester, but he behaved with as great *sang-froid* as if his new first shaving-mug were of Sèvres.

Toward the end of the meal Jim saw his opportunity to suggest a plan that had occurred to him as being rather good. Both Mr. Brandon and Dr. Everett, he had learned, were enthusiastic whist-players: why not invite in two whist cronies of his father's, and thus keep the guest entertained through the evening? But this suggestion met with slight response from the "little boy," who said, in substance, that he could play whist any time, and the people *he* wanted to meet were the friends of his host and hostess — if they could put up with an old fellow like him.

"Put up with you!" echoed Jim. "Why, they'd be complimented nearly out of their wits!" Which speech Dorothy frowned upon as gushing, not to mention inelegant; but it had a genuine ring that seemed rather to please the noted writer than otherwise.

After dinner, therefore, having first produced



"HALF AN HOUR LATER THE TWO GENTLEMEN, IN DINNER GARB, WALKED INTO THE LIBRARY."

a box of his father's best cigars, Jim sought the telephone in the hall. Barney Dudley, his own particular chum, and Maude Stuart, his cousin's, were invited to "come over and meet Mr. Brandon, who's staying with us." Barney was absent-minded that evening, and his blunt query of "Who in thunder's he?" was almost as difficult to answer as Maude's excited "What shall I wear?" To both these demands he diplomatically replied, "Ask your mother"; and Dorothy, overhearing, wondered where Jim had picked up that sweet filial docility.

On his return to the library, Mr. Brandon turned to the young man with the suspicion of a twinkle in his eye. "Capital cigars, these of yours, little boy," he commented. "I'm glad to see you don't smoke, yourself."

Dorothy listened anxiously, fearing some transparent excuse; but Jim answered with composure, "No; father does n't want me to yet," and she breathed again, proud of his honesty and good sense.

It was evident, when the younger guests arrived, that they had profited by their appeals to maternal authority; for Barney had Mr. Brandon's books on the tip of his tongue, and proceeded to recite the list into Dorothy's ear at the earliest opportunity; while Maude's costume was in every way most appropriate.

That evening was one to remember. With lights turned low, they drew their chairs about the fire, laid driftwood on the blaze, and then they talked! Mr. Brandon, who belonged to a hunting club in Canada of which a poet, an artist, and a prominent financier were also members, talked of his adventures, and Dr. Everett narrated some of his experiences in foreign lands, both speaking in a simple, familiar way that seemed to assume that some day you, too, would dine with the big-wigs or go hunting with the President.

Mr. Brandon was a gentleman; there was no question about that. What do you think he did in the midst of one of his most exciting hunting stories? What but break off and, turning to Jim, say to that astounded and flattered young man: "I wonder, little boy, if I can't persuade you to join us at the club sometime next summer?"

So overcome was the "little boy" that he

actually stammered; and the other "little boy," observing his confusion, dismissed the subject with a kindly "We'll have to see if we can't manage that somehow."

"Little Boy" Brandon's tastes really were boyishly companionable; for, after the dinner-guests had departed and the little lady of the house had been bidden a ceremonious good night, he was quite unwilling to retire in silence to bed. "Let's leave it open, Jim!" he said, pointing to the door between his own room and Jim's; and far into the night, chuckles, snatches of song, and mysterious whisperings traveled through that doorway. But none of them were loud enough to disturb Dorothy on the floor below.

Despite this midnight dissipation, both "little boys" were up betimes in the morning; and, after an early breakfast, the guest was escorted to the station in the big sleigh. The young people felt truly sorry to say good-by, and Mr. Brandon said he felt so, too. When they had seen the last of the genial face nodding from the car window, and the horses' heads were turned homeward, Dorothy drew a long sigh of gratification. "I do wonder, Jim," she said, wickedly regardless of grammar, "if 't was *us* or *him* that did it!"

"Now don't blab about this the minute the folks come home, Dot," said Jim; "it'll be a lot more fun to have it crop up 'casual like,' you know." So when their elders returned, the cousins listened to the account of their trip with polite and genuine interest, and suppressed for the time the news they themselves were eager to tell.

The "cropping up" came the morning after the arrival of the parents when—oh, happy chance!—all were at breakfast. The postman brought Dorothy a letter stamped with the monogram of a well-known New York club, and a flat, square package securely sealed in extravagant disregard of postal rates.

"Who's your correspondent, Dolly?" teased her uncle, making big eyes; and oh, how it tickled Dorothy to say nonchalantly, "Oh, why, it must be from Mr. Brandon."

"Mr. Brandon!" echoed Mr. Saybrooke. "You don't mean Giles K., I suppose?"

Dorothy was apparently absorbed in her let-

ter ; but Jim said carelessly : " Who else ? Pass the grape-fruit, please, Jenny."

" No, is it, really ?" cried Mrs. Saybrooke, incredulous, while Dorothy's father picked up

did n't tell them, did we, Dot ? And we 've had a lark that was worth telling. Mr. Brandon made us a visit while you were away."

The sensation caused by this announcement

was as great as the young wretches could possibly have wished. For a few seconds they succeeded in looking demure and innocent, then broke into merry peals of laughter. " Do open it, Jim ! Open it, Jim !" cried Dorothy, hopping up and down in her chair. " I 'm simply expiring to know what he 's sent me ! Oh, this *is* the nicest letter, thanking us for our 'kindness and hospitality' ; Mr. Brandon is a perfect dear ! And — oh, here 's a hearty message to you all. 'Remember me to your aunt and uncle, please, and your father. Please tell them how sorry I was to have missed seeing them.' Is n't that lovely ? Is the string cut, Jim ? Let *me* undo it !"

" It " proved to be an autographed copy of Mr. Brandon's new book, and a vainer person than Miss Cheswick the family had never beheld.

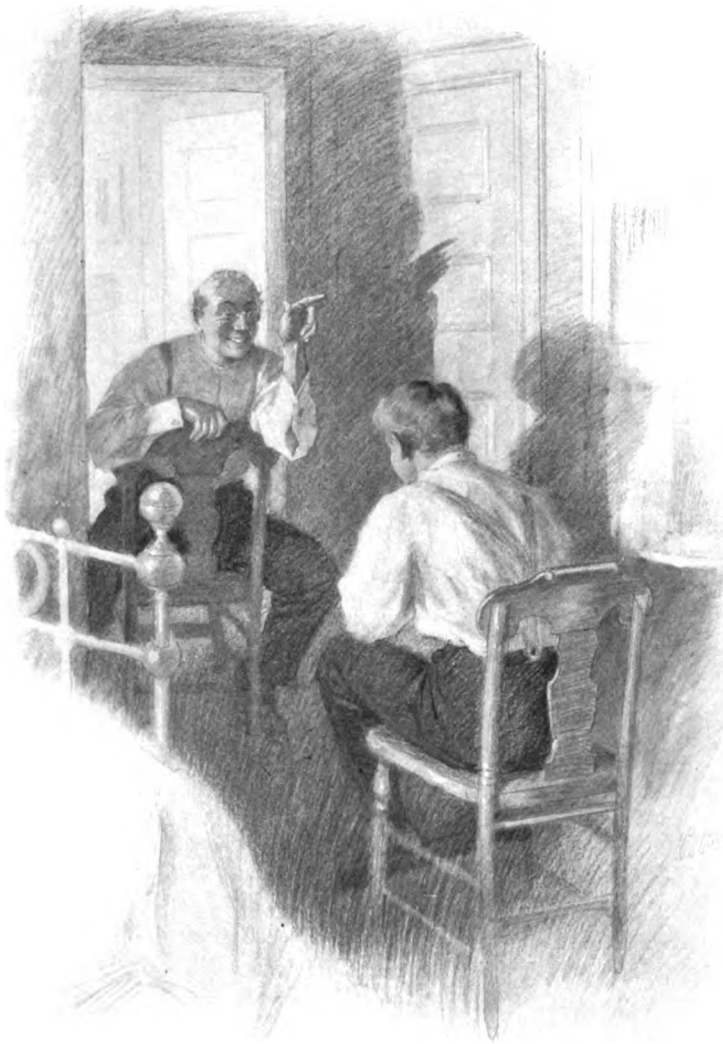
It so chanced that in their account of Mr.

the discarded envelop and passed it to his brother-in-law, who cried in excitement, " Well, upon my word, it is !"

" Why, certainly," said Jim, looking surprised at his father's vehemence ; and then, as if with a sudden recollection, and in the most nonchalant manner in the world : " Oh, we

Brandon's visit the cousins rather slurred the afternoon at the club, in their eagerness to tell of the delightful evening in their own home.

It was not until Mr. Saybrooke strolled into his club later in the day that he heard, on every side, the full story of Jim's " guileless visit."



" FAR INTO THE NIGHT, CHUCKLES, SNATCHES OF SONG, AND MYSTERIOUS WHISPERINGS TRAVELED THROUGH THAT DOORWAY."

He intended to reprove his son's forwardness, but he did not, for when he reached the home gateway that night Jim came flying out of the door bare-headed, and rushed down the snowy drive to meet him, waving a letter above his head and pleading, "Oh, daddy, *do* let me go!"

One glance at his cheeks and eyes told the experienced parent that it would be useless to talk prudence to him then. So, overlooking his son's thoughtlessness in rushing out into the cold air without at least his hat, he pulled open his overcoat, tucked the ecstatically wrig-

gling boy inside, and held out his hand for the letter. It was short but sweet :

MY DEAR LITTLE BOY: This is to thank you for the "cracker-jack" (I think that's the name) time you and your jolly little cousin gave me. It is also to say that I saw Hawes this afternoon, and he tells me that reports from the fishing club indicate that August will be the time he and I shall choose for our trip. Remember, I am counting on your joining us, and shall not let you off for anything but a really incredibly good reason — reason, you notice, not excuse.

Can't you bring the Big Boy along?

Cordially your friend,

THE LITTLE BOY.

The Goosey Gander



There once was an old Goosey Gander,
Whose smile became blander and blander,
Till it took in, they said,
The whole top of his head,
As around he did mildly meander.





THE DAY AFTER CHRISTMAS.

PROVING A STATEMENT.

BY ARTHUR J. BURDICK.

“Q STANDS for cat,”
Said Johnny Pratt,
“And this is how I show it:
I put on ears;
It then appears
Just how I chanced to know it.”



JAPANESE ATHLETICS FOR AMERICAN BOYS.

BY H. IRVING HANCOCK.

MORE than twenty-five hundred years ago there sprang into existence, in Japan, an order of knights who were known as the *samurai*. To them was imparted all the learning, the polite breeding, and the forms of superiority that mark the gentleman. They were skilled in arms and versed in the arts of war, for they were the emperor's fighting-men, and none but they were allowed to bear arms.

As there could not always be war on hand, and as it was considered beneath the dignity of the samurai to go into any ordinary callings, it came about naturally that these little knights found much idle time on their hands. Being men of war, they turned their attention to athletic feats. One among the samurai conceived the idea of learning, by practice, the location of every sensitive nerve and muscle in the body. After that he discovered all the joints of the bones that could be seized in such a way as to give momentary power over the muscles of an adversary. He practised with his fellow samurai, and thus by degrees was developed the most wonderful system of athletics known in the world. The Japanese call this work *jiu-jitsu*. The deft pressures applied in the practice of jiu-jitsu produce only momentary pain but do not really injure the muscles or nerves. In all other things the Japanese are the most

polite people in the world; so it follows that even in their fighting they have developed a humane yet effective method of self-defense. They do not strike out with the clenched fist, and seek to bruise, as do the Anglo-Saxons in their boxing contests.

A knowledge of jiu-jitsu enables one almost instantly to convince his opponent that it is useless to fight. There are now schools of jiu-jitsu everywhere in Japan. Every soldier, sailor, and policeman is obliged to perfect himself in the system. A Japanese policeman, possessed of the art, has been known single-handed to reduce to submission and to take to the police-station four sturdy sailors of a foreign Asiatic squadron.

But it is not merely as a means of gentlemanly self-defense that jiu-jitsu is to be considered. The system is undoubtedly the best one that has ever been devised for developing strength, and it is this feature of it which I wish to describe to the young readers of *St. Nicholas*. While associated with the troops of other nations during the advance of the allies on Peking in 1900, the Japanese troops proved themselves in many cases able to march farther than the best American or English troops. President Roosevelt, who is a firm believer in all decorous athletic sports, is said to have devoted some of

his recreation-time during the last two or three years to the study and practice of this wonderful Japanese system.

First of all, suppose we look into the feat which the Japanese consider the very best one

ways. They next clasp hands, interlacing the fingers and securing a good grip. The feet are spread far apart, and each throws his chest against the other's. Now, balancing on the balls of the feet, and holding the arms as tense



for hardening muscles and increasing endurance. It is known among them by a name that may be translated as the "struggle." Two boys of as nearly equal height, weight, and strength as possible should engage in this. Girls, however, may try this and most of the other exercises with as much physical profit as their brothers. The two opponents take position with arms stretched out horizontally side-

as possible, each strives to push the other away from him. Almost every muscle in the body will be brought into play in this struggle.

After awhile, as the exercise continues, one of the opponents will gain the advantage and push his fellow back inch by inch. When the victor is sure that he has won, he should bring his adversary's wrists down before him by means of a quick jerk and push him to the wall of the

room. This conflict is exhausting and should not be extended beyond a minute's time for beginners, and not even those who have practised it for months should be allowed to stretch the time beyond two minutes. A rest, devoted to deep breathing, will be found necessary after each struggle, and not more than three or four such trials are advisable in one day's work.

In order to secure the best grip with the hands in the "struggle" and in the other exercises that are to be described, it is necessary to strengthen the hands and wrists to the greatest extent. When seated at a desk or table, hold the hand perpendicular to the wooden surface. Strike rapidly up and down with the lower edge of the hand, as if chopping with a hatchet. By "lower edge" is meant the little finger side of the hand. The thumb edge is indicated by the word "upper." When the lower edge of the hand has been sufficiently exercised, strike the upper edge against the bottom of the desk-top. It is sufficient to exercise one hand at a time, and this may be almost unconsciously accomplished while reading or studying. The same work may be carried on against the arm of a chair. At first it is much better to strike the edges of the hands lightly against the surface used. After a while it is possible to strike forcibly without fatigue or pain. In Japan some masters of the art can take up a stick of wood an inch in thickness and break it in two with a single blow by merely striking hard enough with the lower edge of the hand.

It is possible, after a few weeks of practice, to double or treble the former muscular strength of the thumbs and fingers. Clench the fists as if about to strike a blow; next spread the thumbs and fingers as far apart as possible. Repeat this with as much speed as regularity of movement permits, and continue for two or three minutes at a time.

Strength of wrist is acquired more readily through jiu-jitsu than by ordinary means of physical training. Simply hold the arms horizontally forward, fists clenched and palms upward. Move the fists only upward and downward, as far in each direction as it may be done. After a full minute of this, twist the fists from side to side, and not only the wrist but the whole arm will become more muscular.

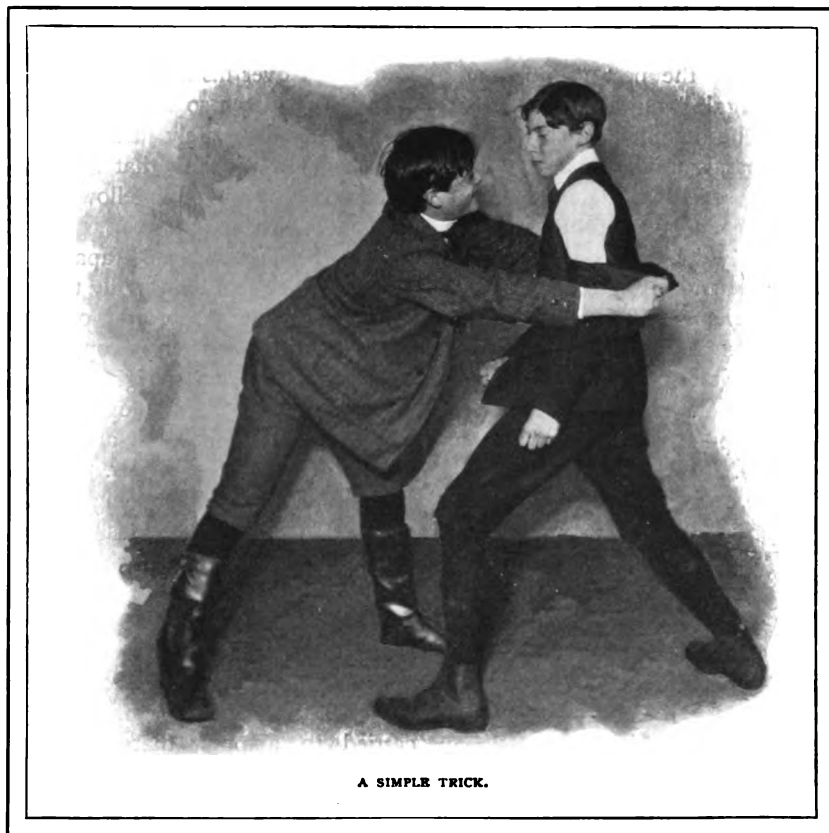
Now here is a little bit of strategy that is at once the most harmless and amusing as well as one of the most effective things in the way of self-defense. Let the opponent with whom you are practising reach out for you with his hands, or else ask him to attempt to strike you. Thrust both arms between his, take a firm grip upon the lapels of his coat, and pull his coat off and downward over his shoulders until the sleeves are brought down so that the shoulders of the coat are held securely just above the elbows. So simple is this trick that any boy can hold at utter disadvantage a fellow-contestant who possesses twice his strength.

We will now turn to Japanese feats that are used to strengthen rapidly the arms and increase the size and power of their muscles. Stand side by side, facing in opposite directions, with arms extended straight out. Cross your extended arm with the opponent's arm, the point of contact in each arm being midway between elbow and shoulder. Still keeping the arm straight out, try to swing your companion around. He must keep his arm in a straight line, employing just enough strength to offer fair resistance. Then the opponent should be given his opportunity to force your arm around in the same way. Five or six exercises of this kind for each contestant should be enough at any one time. The work should never be carried to a point that will cause labored breathing. After a rest go through similar work with the forearms opposed at a point midway between wrist and elbow. Then the same work may be done by opposing wrists. When these arm exercises have been faithfully carried out for a few weeks, there is no reason why any boy should have to confess to owning puny arms. Japanese masters of jiu-jitsu often have slender arms, but the strength in them is truly wonderful.

Here is another exercise: Hold the arms slantingly down before you, and clasp your opponent's hands with the fingers tightly interlaced. One of the young gymnasts should try to force the other's arms upward and backward over the opponent's head. The work should be done slowly and be met by as much resistance as possible. Three or four repetitions of this exercise are all that are desirable at one time, as you

will soon discover. On another day the exercise may be varied by clasping hands with arms at the sides and endeavoring to force the opponent's hands back of him past his hips. Practice like this will accomplish more to build up

gerous practice of lifting very heavy weights. It should always be remembered that rest must be taken after each exercise. While resting try deep breathing. Stand erect, though not in a strained position, and at each breath draw the



A SIMPLE TRICK.

a manly arm than can be effected with the expenditure of far more time in Indian-club and dumb-bell drills.

In this first article the author has described two tricks of self-defense, and has explained a system of physical training that will make any boy strong who is not at the outset an absolute weakling. The Japanese, although men of very small stature, are among the strongest in the world. Any boy of fourteen or fifteen who will faithfully practise their system of producing strength will find himself, at the end of a few months, able to cope in feats of power with the average man of twenty-five; and all this without the dan-

abdomen in and throw the chest out. As the breath is exhaled, let the chest fall inward again and the abdomen outward. From twenty minutes to half an hour is a long enough time to devote to jiu-jitsu, and this includes the time spent in breathing during rests—for deep, correct breathing is in itself one of the best exercises possible. In inhaling draw the breath through either the nostrils or the mouth, as preferred; in exhaling always let the breath escape through the mouth.

The next article will describe additional feats for increasing strength, learned by the writer in Japan.

(To be continued.)

A COMEDY IN WAX.

(*Begun in the November number.*)

BY B. L. FARJEON.

CHAPTER IX.

OVER THE GARDEN WALL.

THEY proceeded in a body, Mme. Tussaud heading the procession and showing the way with the bull's-eye lantern. Marybud Lodge and grounds formed quite a little estate, occupying about twenty-five acres, and it took the queer company several minutes to skirt the wall, which, as Lucy had informed them, completely inclosed the property. The servants' door at the back was of solid oak, and there was not a chink to peep through; neither was there any loophole in the stone wall through which they could peer into the grounds.

"We must carry the place by assault," said Oliver Cromwell.

"An we had a battering-ram with us," said Richard I, "the task would be much simpler."

"We will hammer on the postern," said Guy Fawkes, "and when it is opened, though but the tenth part of an inch, I, being to the fore, will push my way in and slay the seneschal."

"No, no, no!" cried Lucy. "It would be cruel—cruel! Poor old Rowley has the rheumatism."

"Being old and rheumatic," said Richard III, with a sardonic smile, "he is the more easily disposed of. One twist of his neck with these fingers, and there 's an end of him."

"No, no, no!" Lucy continued to protest. "You must not hurt poor Rowley." And then she said passionately: "I believe all I have read about you—yes, I do. So there!"

"If we made our presence known," said Cromwell, "would not one of the maids respond to our summons?"

"No, sir. Rowley always opens the door at night."

"What post doth Rowley hold, sweetheart?" asked Henry VIII.

"He is our gardener, please your Majesty."

"As none of our plans seem to suit this fro-

ward minx," said Richard III, "we will set fire to the place and roast the inmates in their beds."

"You monster, you monster!" sobbed Lucy. "Oh, why did you let such a cruel king come along, Mme. Tussaud?"

"Don't distress yourself, child," said the old lady. "No one shall be hurt."

"An we had picks," said Richard I, "we could make a subterranean passage."

"There is no time for that," said Mme. Tussaud. "Besides, we have no picks."

"Is there a scaling-ladder at hand?" asked Cromwell.

At mention of a scaling-ladder Mme. Tussaud looked up at Loushkin. "Can you see over the wall, Loushkin?"

"Very nearly," he replied, tiptoeing. "It is too dark to see much, but it looks to me as if the ground was higher on the other side."

"I have it," said Mme. Tussaud. "We must climb the garden wall."

"Impossible!" cried Queen Elizabeth. "We are not cats."

"There is no other way. Loushkin shall be our ladder. We will climb up on his shoulders, step upon the wall, and jump into the grounds."

"Well said, madame; an excellent device!" exclaimed Henry VIII.

"No device is excellent," said Queen Elizabeth, frowning, "with the rabble looking on."

"Rabble!" exclaimed Mary Queen of Scots, bridling up. "Rabble thyself, madame!"

"Have a care, Mary," said Elizabeth, warningly, in answer. "The headsman waits for our behest."

"He is *my* executioner, Elizabeth," interposed Mme. Tussaud, "and obeys no orders but mine. What is resolved upon must be carried out. Can any one suggest a better plan for obtaining entrance?"

"There is no better," said Richard I. "Our royal cousin must needs forego her scruples."

"We yield to superior force," replied the haughty queen; "but nath'less we will not forget. A day will come!"

"But now to get over the wall," said Mme. Tussaud, interrupting. "Lucy, can the first person who enters the grounds unlock the gate from the inside?"

"No, ma'am. Papa takes the keys into his bedroom every night."

"Then there is no alternative. Richard of the Lion Heart will kindly show the way. He will be able to assist the ladies down when they stand upon the wall."

Loushkin placed himself in position, and Richard I climbed up his body, stepped upon the wall, and jumped into the grounds.

"Shall we go next?" asked Mary Queen of Scots.

"If you please, your Majesty," said Mme. Tussaud.

In a moment the royal lady was standing on the top of the wall.

"Jump!" cried Richard I, from within the grounds.

"Would we were there to catch thee!" shouted Henry VIII, as Mary disappeared.

"Now you, Julie," said Mme. Tussaud to Mme. Sainte Amaranthe.

Kissing her fingers to the company, the young beauty climbed vivaciously up to Loushkin's shoulders and sprang over the wall like a bird.

"The gentlemen will go next," said Mme. Tussaud, "and will settle the order of precedence among themselves."

Cromwell stepped forward, but was pushed aside by Richard III, who, with the scornful remark, "First the lords, then the commons," was soon over the garden wall, despite his infirmity. Charles II yielded precedence to Henry VIII, who, being fat and scant of breath, begged his assistance.

"Give me a leg up, Charles," he said, "and be tender with me an thou lovest me."

"Yes, Charles," said Mme. Tussaud, "get down on thy knees and serve as a step for Henry—i' faith, he is too heavily accoutred to climb up there alone! Dear me, how natural it is to drop into the quaint speech of these dear old celebrities!"

It was with difficulty that he reached Loush-

kin's shoulders, but he laughed good-humoredly all the time, and laughed the more when, in taking the jump, he alighted atop of Richard III and sent him sprawling.

"A murrain on thee!" growled Richard,



"GIVE ME A LEG UP, CHARLES," SAID HENRY VIII.

rubbing his shins. "Canst not see where thou art leaping?"

"Murrain in thy throat, thou misshapen knave!" roared Henry. "Keep a civil tongue in thy head, thou saucy king, and take a jest in good part when it is served on thee!"

Knowing he was not a favorite and would

be outmatched if it came to blows, Richard deemed it prudent not to pursue the quarrel. Then Charles II, Cromwell, and Houqua joined the company in the grounds.

The headsman came next, and after him Guy Fawkes, who had stood in the rear, biting his nails.

"Will your Majesty follow?" said Mme. Tussaud, with great deference.

"An it must be, it must," replied Elizabeth, gathering up her skirts. "Tom of the Thumb, I will make a stepping-stone of thee."

Tom looked rather serious at this, and whispered aside to Mme. Tussaud, "Pick up the pieces, and let the green grass wave over my grave." Nevertheless he bent his back, murmuring quietly to himself, "This beats Sir Walter Raleigh"; and after repeated efforts Elizabeth reached the garden wall and with a great deal of fuss was lifted safely down. There remained now only Loushkin, Tom Thumb, Lucy, and Mme. Tussaud.

"I have been thinking," said the old lady, "that it will never do to leave the post-office van in the lane. It would cause inquiries to be made, and we might be discovered."

"There is an old stable belonging to papa a little way down," said Lucy. "It is not used for anything, and is quite empty. We have a nicer stable inside our grounds."

"That will do capitally; we will put the horses and van in there."

"But there is no corn for them to eat."

"I will give them a touch of my magic cane. Then they will not need any corn."

Loushkin led the horses into the stable, Mme. Tussaud gave them the magic touch, and the door was secured. Then Loushkin lifted Tom Thumb, Mme. Tussaud, and Lucy over the wall, and climbed over it himself. The entire party was now within the grounds.

CHAPTER X.

HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS.

FROM where they stood they could see, through the trees and bushes, the outlines of the dwelling-house, about a hundred yards away. It was a large, odd-looking building, dating back to the seventeenth century, and, as additions

had been made from time to time, a wing here and a wing there, without any regard to architectural design, it presented a very straggling appearance. There were banks and beds of flowers about, from which a pleasant perfume arose, and a number of trees; and in front of the porch was a nice patch of level grass, upon which was a lawn-tennis net. Richard III stumbled over the pegs, which set him growling and fuming, and most of the others to smiling.

"Everybody is asleep, I suppose," said Mme. Tussaud, peering up at the windows; and Lucy replied they were sure to be. "We must get in somehow. Where does Rowley sleep?"

"At the back of the house; and Flip sleeps in the room with him."

"Who is Flip?"

"The Odd Boy. He helps Rowley in the garden, and we call him the Odd Boy because he is the only one we keep."

"A very good reason. We will go to the back door, and you shall wake Rowley. We will keep out of sight until the door is opened. Then I will explain."

"And if Master Rowley be not satisfied with the explanation," said Richard III, "we will undertake to make him so."

"I will have no violence," said Mme. Tussaud; "I have given my promise."

"Promises are but words," said the scheming meddler.

"When a promise is made it must be kept, Richard," said Mme. Tussaud, "and I will take good care that my promises are kept."

"Bully for you, madam," said Tom Thumb; "the American Eagle waves its flag over you. The more I see of you, Richard Three, the more I don't like you. You are not popular, king, with T. T., nor with the company generally, if I am a judge of human nature. Three cheers for Richmond! Oh, you may frown! I guess I can take the starch out of you. Do you know what Sweet Will says of you?"

"A bloody tyrant, and a homicide;

One raised in blood, and one in blood established.

That's your record, Richard Three, in black and white—a plagued sight of black, and not much white to speak of."

This defiant speech was spoken while they

were walking to the back door, at which they now paused; and Lucy, advancing, rapped on it till she had made herself heard within.

"Who be there?" a voice cried from the room. "If it be burglars, bide a bit till I get my gun."

"No, Rowley, no," Lucy cried softly; "don't get your gun. It is n't burglars. Open the door—quick!"

"La me!" the same voice exclaimed. "Be that you, little missy?"

"Yes, Rowley, yes. Do open the door!"

"Bide a bit, missy, till I get my candle. Flip, you raskel, git up, or I 'll leather ye." Those outside now saw through the window the glimmer of the candle Rowley had lighted. "I sha'n't be a minute, missy; but, 'eaven and earth, what be the matter? Be the house afire?"

He opened the door and stood there, half dressed, shading the candle with his hand. The Odd Boy, in his bare feet, stood behind him. Lucy stepped into the room and kept her back to the door.

"It be little missy, surely," said Rowley, an old man with the gardener's stoop in his bones, which were all curves. "Well, well—a feather'd upset me. Land o' mercy, who be these?" For the celebrities were now slowly filing in, one after another, and Rowley retreated to the extreme end of the room in a state of terror, while the Odd Boy bolted under the bed and howled.

"They are my friends, Rowley," said Lucy, speaking very rapidly. "Please don't cry out, or papa will be angry, and you will get me into trouble. You would n't do that, would you, Rowley?"

"N-n-noa, missy," Rowley managed to answer, with chattering teeth.

"Flip, be quiet!" cried Lucy. "If you keep on whining, papa will give you notice, and then what will your mother do?"

"Be I asleep or awake?" exclaimed Rowley. "Come out o' that, Flip, and give me a pinch. That 'll do, ye young rapscallion! I be awake, surely."

"Now, Rowley, be good—you 've always been good to me."

"Thank ye, missy, but I be a kind o' flabbergasted with all these grand folk at this time

o' the morning. Where 'd ye all come from, if I do not make too bold in asking?"

"From London, Rowley."

"From Lunnon—all the way from Lunnon! No, I be n't awake; I be asleep."

"Let me explain," said Mme. Tussaud, stepping forward. "Miss Lucy has given you a very good character—"

"Thank ye, missy, thank ye."

"And looks upon you as her friend—"

"I be that surely. I 'd do anything in the world for missy; but doan't her feyther know—"

"Her father knows nothing," said Mme. Tussaud. "He 's an unreasonable, obstinate old gentleman—"

"Ay, ay; you're not fur off there, my lady."

"And is bent upon making everybody miserable—"

Here Lucy broke in with her fresh, eager voice: "You know, of course, Rowley, that Lydia hates the monster—Mr. Lorimer Grimweed, I mean—"

"That be a fact—and so do I, missy."

"And so do we all," said Mme. Tussaud. "Do we not, celebrities?"

With the exception of Richard III, they cried as with one voice, "We do!"

"Good! but not so loud next time," warned the Little Old Woman in Black.

"And we all like Harry Bower, do we not, celebrities?"

"We do!"—this in a hoarse whisper.

"You doan't say, missy," said Rowley, "that all these grand folk be friends o' Mr. Bower's?"

"They are, Rowley—all of them."

Then, as though she were directing a band of musicians, Mme. Tussaud turned to the celebrities and waved her cane, whereupon they said, as before, "We are!"

"Then plagued if they be n't friends o' mine, and there 's my fist on it."

He held out his horny hand, but the only one who showed a disposition to take it was Tom Thumb, who, jumping up and darting forward, said:

"For one and all, old man. Shake!"

"So, as we are determined," continued Mme. Tussaud, "that Miss Lydia shall not be made miserable by that Grimweed man, we have come down to bring her papa to reason."

Rowley slowly shook his head. "It be more than any one can do, my lady. It's impossible. Why, he knows what's good for everybody better than anybody. Bring measter to reason! 'T ain't to be done. 'T ain't to be done."

"Ay, my lady," said the devoted old man. "I'll stand by little missy and Miss Lyddy through thick and thin."

"On thy knees and swear it!" roared Henry VIII, striding forward and clapping his



"AND EVERY ONE WAS AS JOLLY AS JOLLY COULD BE." (SEE PAGE 247.)

"We shall see. We are not going to hurt Mr. Scarlett—we have too much respect for him. But we have *no* respect for the Grimweed man, and should not mind hurting *him* a little—only a little—just enough to make him understand. And so that Lydia and Lucy may be happy, we want you to help us."

"You will, won't you, Rowley?" said Lucy. "You would n't break my heart—and Lydia's!"

"Break your hearts, missy! Why, I be ready to lay down my life for ye."

"Then you will do what we wish you to do?"

"Ay, that I will."

"And what we tell you to do," said Mme. Tussaud, "that you will faithfully do?"

hand on Rowley's shoulder, who shook as though he had been seized by an ague.

"Yes, do, Rowley, for my sake," pleaded Lucy, and whispered in the old fellow's ear: "You must n't mind the way they speak; it's the way they've been brought up."

Rowley dropped on his knees with a "Marcy! Marcy! What will be the end o' me?"

"Dost thou swear to be faithful and true?" demanded Henry.

"Say 'Yes, your Majesty,'" whispered Lucy.

"Yes, your Majesty," stammered the fear-stricken gardener.

"'T is well. Play us false and thy head shall grace the Tower gates. And thou, Flip

of the Odd, down on thy marrow-bones and swear!"

Down flopped the Odd Boy by Rowley's side. Mme. Tussaud would have intervened, but Henry waved her aside, saying:

"We play not quite the part of mice, Mme. la Tussaud. Doth our royal dignity count for naught? Hath the varlet sworn, ma belle?"

"Yes, sire," Lucy replied. "I answer for them both."

"Thou art wise beyond thy years, sweet-heart, and these faithful servitors shall be rewarded. Rise, Sir Rowley. We attach thee and Flip of the Odd to our royal person. Lead the way to the banqueting-hall and set before us thy choicest viands."

"My goodness gracious, Rowley," exclaimed Lucy, "King Henry has made you a knight!"

"What be that, missy?" asked Rowley, rising from his knees. "Nothing bad, I hope. Doan't ye be telling me it 's something bad, doan't ye now!"

"No, it 's nothing bad. You are *Sir* Rowley. Oh, how funny! What *will* papa say? And where 's your sword and shield? Sir Rowley, if you please, we are all very hungry. Is there anything in the larder?"

"There be always something in the larder, missy," he answered, bewildered by the explanation; "but 't is more than I dare to do, to go there without Mrs. Peckham's leave, and there 's no getting her at this time o' night. She keeps her door locked, and sleeps like a top. She 's mighty particular about her kitchen, missy, as you know."

"Yes; but you 'll do what we want, Rowley, won't you?"

"Of course he will," said Mme. Tussaud, answering for him. "Show the way, Lucy."

"I hope you won't mind eating your supper in the kitchen," said the little girl, turning to the celebrities. "The banqueting-hall—I mean the dining-room—is under papa's bedroom, and we might disturb him."

"Let us go, let us go," said Henry. "We are famishing."

Thither they proceeded, the Odd Boy going first with a candle; and after the gas was lighted the celebrities made themselves so much at home that Mrs. Peckham, the cook, would

have gone into hysterics had she witnessed the scene. The kitchen was a picture of neatness. Everything was in apple-pie order. The floor was swept clean, the hearth brushed up, the tables and dressers sweet with the last vigorous scrub, the saucepans, the dish-covers, the frying and stewing pans, and every tin and copper utensil shone like silver and gold. Cups and saucers, plates, dishes, mugs, jugs, knives, forks, and spoons—there was not a single article where it ought not to have been. You might have eaten off the floor and been none the worse for it.

Three cats witnessed the entrance of the invaders, a black, a tortoise-shell, and a white Persian. For the last of these, cook made a bed every night in a basket lined with flannel. The two feline commoners purred when the gas was lighted, and made themselves quite friendly with the company, rubbing their heads against the royal visitors as though they had been on intimate terms for years. The fat and indolent Persian did not move from her warm couch, but merely blinked her eyes and gazed indifferently at the intruders through her half-closed lids.

Here occurred an exciting episode which set the party in commotion. The three lady celebrities began to scream loudly, and jumping on the kitchen table, pointed with terrified looks to a nimble little mouse trying its best to escape from the room. By the time the gentlemen had armed themselves with pokers, tongs, and shovels the creature had disappeared, and the ladies were prevailed upon to be seated; but as there were only two chairs in the kitchen the company was obliged to sit upon the table. This adventure happily ended, plates, dishes, knives and forks, and spoons and glasses were taken from the dresser-shelves and drawers, and then Lucy and Rowley and the Odd Boy and Mme. Tussaud, and of course Tom Thumb, ran in and out of the larder, fetching everything eatable that could be found, and laying it before the celebrities.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear me!" thought Lucy; "what *will* Peckham say when she comes down to cook the breakfast, and what *would* she say now if she peeped into the room? Oh, how she would stare!"

The sight would have made any one stare. It is not every day that Henry VIII can be seen sitting on a kitchen table between a fashionable French beauty and a Scottish queen, sharing a roast chicken with them, giving them the titbits, and, like a gallant monarch, eating the drumsticks himself; nor Queen Elizabeth with a dish of pigeon-pie on her lap, which she was enjoying greatly; nor Richards I and III and Charles II and Oliver Cromwell disposing of great slices of ham and beef; nor Guy Fawkes and a Russian giant, whose head touched the ceiling, reveling in the remains of a beefsteak-pudding! Houqua, with a pair of chop-sticks, which he took from the folds of his padded robe (where he seemed to keep a general store), was dexterously eating a dish of boiled rice like a conjuror. General Tom Thumb was engaged in cutting a piece from a big cherry-pie; and the Executioner of the good old days was heartily munching bread and cheese, while his eyes glared through his mask.

No, indeed! Even in Guildhall such a sight could not be seen at the beginning of the twentieth century.

And how they all enjoyed it! And how graciously Queen Elizabeth bent over Tom Thumb as, upon one knee, he gallantly offered her a generous share of his cherry-pie. And what subdued laughter and clapping of hands at the discomfiture of Richard III and Guy Fawkes when they tried to filch choice morsels from their neighbors' plates! And how Henry called for more, and then for something to wash it down! There was a nine-gallon cask of cider in the larder, which was immediately laid under contribution; and everything was going on swimmingly, and every one was as jolly as jolly could be, when all at once Lucy held up her hand and cried:

"Hush!"

They all stopped and listened. The sound of soft footsteps fell upon their ears.

Somebody was coming downstairs!

(To be continued.)

A MODEST REQUEST.



"HO, MR. ZIMMERMANN! STAND STILL A MINUTE, PLEASE, WON'T YOU, AND LET US HAVE A TESTER?"

BY MARGARET JOHNSON.

FAR, far away, beside the Nile,
Where dwells the sacred crocodile
(Nor ever wore so wide a smile
The fabled fierce chimera!),
The pillars and the porticos
Of Nepthah's princely house arose,
Three thousand years, as I suppose,
Before our modern era.

And there, one hot Egyptian noon,
His guests, arriving late or soon,
He met with welcome hearty;
For Nepthah and his lady gay
Were giving on this summer's day,
In their antique but graceful way,
A little dinner-party.

That was not much to them, you know.
And though he built a sphinx or two
When he had nothing else to do,
The obelisk was quite the thing,
All nicely carved with disk and ring.
To guard a mansion stately.

Here, one by one, the guests rode in,
With curricule or palanquin.
How bad the walking must have been,
Just when the Nile's receding flood
Had covered all the land with mud,
I leave you to conjecture!

The ladies came with parasols,
And chains and rings and fol-de-rols,



Near by were palm and tamarisk,
And in their midst an obelisk
The prince had bought but lately;
For pyramids, along the Nile,
Had been considered out of style
For quite a long (Egyptian) while —
A thousand years, perhaps, or so;

And dangling beetles by the score
(A very stylish bug of yore!),
And braided chignons, too, they wore,
Of wondrous architecture.

The men were — well, in evening dress,
Of cut peculiar, I confess,

And, make no doubt, domestic;
Each proud and splendid in a big
Egyptian kind of periwig,
And on his brow, serene, unmoved,
That lofty calm by kings approved,
A gravity majestic.

Their brows, with oil politely wet
(I 'm glad it 's not the custom
yet!),

With lovely garlands, too, were set,
Of lotus and papyrus;

And in the parlor soon they sat,
Engaged in hieroglyphic chat —
If we could only talk like that,
How people would admire us!

Meantime, by bitter feelings rent,
While all within were well content,
The scion of this noble house
By Nepthah and his careful spouse
Was from the feast excluded.
No comfort his but — sorry day! —
A cooky made with caraway,
Which in his listless fingers lay.
He leaned, in clothing somewhat scant
(His costume is not now extant),
Against the wall's convenient slant,
And on his miseries brooded.

Within the parlor's perfumed bowers
Those happy guests would sit for hours,
All smelling of their lotus-flowers.
And lovely music there would be,
And dancing, too, and jugglery,
Beheld by every flunky!
While he, forsooth, was not allowed
To mingle in the festive crowd,
Where chattered, quite sedate and proud,
His mother's favorite monkey!

At dinner-time, oh, luscious juice —
He smelled it now — of roasted goose!
There would be game, with onions girt,
And watermelon for dessert,

And cakes all sweet and crumby.
His aunts and uncles would be there,
His parents, in a double chair,
His grandma, too, all painted red —
For though, good lady, she was dead,



"DELIBERATELY HE SQUEEZED IT!"

They did not mind a thing like that,
But fondly, where she should have sat,
Placed her beloved mummy!

Now Amnes was a lovely boy,
His princely parents' pride and joy,
If we indeed may trust 'em;



"PRINCE NEPTAH FROM THE TABLE FLEW."

His little nose was nice and straight,
Like Pharaohs' of an early date;
And though we can discover but
His profile in this little cut,



His eye, you see, is clear and wide,
And we must hope he was supplied
With one upon the other side,
And that he did not always go
With both feet in a line, although
The artist represents it so,
As was their playful custom.

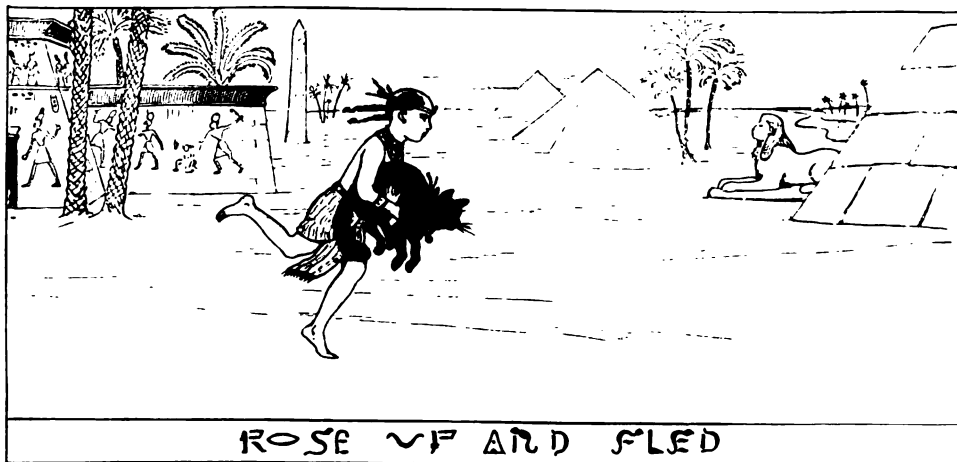
At school he learned arithmetic,
And measuring rivers with a stick;
And if, when teachers failed to look,
He sometimes scribbled in his book,
Why, who can little Amnes blame,
When all his family did the same,
Like good and true Egyptians?
They scribbled up their parlor walls,
Their tombs, their temples, and their
halls,
And quarried columns by the ton,



And set them up; just for the fun
Of putting on inscriptions.

But now, bereft of all employ,
The prince was still a little boy,
And Satan, then as now, could find
Some mischief still, an idle mind
And idle hands bestirring.
As lorn and lonely Amnes sat,
He all at once espied a cat
That curled near by upon a mat,
And coaxed her to him, purring.

Now little boys in Egypt land
Were early taught to understand
The cat was sacred, tooth and claw,
From velvet ear to cushioned paw,
A thing to hold in reverent awe —
Alas for him who teased it!



But Tabby's tail was thick and soft ;
 With yearning he had marked it oft,
 And now — temptation was too great :
 He grasped — oh, awful to relate,
 Regardless of his future fate,
 Deliberately he squeezed it !

Within the hall the feast was spread,
 The guests filed in, by Nepthah led,

Her ladies, coming up in rows,
 Held lotus-blossoms to her nose,
 While ran the guests, in panic wild,
 To seek and seize the erring child
 Whose fault their feast had tainted.

But Amnes, listening from without,
 Felt, all too late, a fearful doubt,
 Beheld his crime atrocious ;



"THE WANDERER, SEATED PITEOUS
 UPON A CHILL SARCOPHAGUS."

The view was more than pleasing,
 When on the air, so calm but now,
 There rose a shrill and dreadful *Miaow* !
 That drove the color from each brow,
 Their blood with horror freezing.

Too well that anguished wail they knew !
 Prince Nepthah from the table flew,
 The princess screamed and fainted.

And gripping Tabby close, for fear
 That she might tell,— the cats, we hear,
 In Egypt were precocious,—

Rose up and fled. The barn, the pond,
 The brimming granaries beyond —
 These would not do for hiding !
 The sphinxes, looming vast and dim,
 Looked dumb reproach and scorn on him !

Alas!

Then all at once he stopped.
A thought into his head had popped:
There was a place whose friendly gloom
For him and Tabby too had room,
A cheerful spot — his father's tomb,
The prince's own providing.

Upon the hill, not far away,
This crown of Nepthah's splendor lay;
And here they found, when twilight fell
(For not a sphinx, it seems, would tell),
The wanderer, seated piteous
Upon a chill sarcophagus.
"My son!" And Nepthah would, I wis,
Have something said that looked like this:



Well might young Amnes fear him!
But suddenly upon the wall
The angry father's glance did fall,
And there, portrayed in lively tints,
Amazed, he saw *himself*, the prince!
His wife, too, in her Sunday chintz,
Both smiling sweetly as they could
On Amnes, who before them stood
Angelically mild and good,
With pussy purring near him.

"What!" Nepthah cried. "My dear, 't is
Us!"

(For even princes stumble thus.)
"The likenesses are marvelous!
And see, his brush is in his hand!
I quake — I fear to understand!
My noble boy, you painted *that*?"
Forgotten was the injured cat,
The horrid deed that he had done,
As, weeping, they embraced their son,
His genius recognizing;
He too, an honored hero now,
Had garlands for his gifted brow,—



"HAD GARLANDS FOR HIS GIFTED BROW."

A lotus-flower to smell, I trow,—
And home was borne in happy state,
Where, with the rest, his dinner, late,
But sumptuous to the end, he ate
With appetite surprising.

My story 's told. But let me say
That never from that fateful day —
So much experience doth avail —
Did Amnes pull a kitten's tail
Or puss have cause to doubt him.
An artist great he lived to be
Of that distinguished dynasty;
And when some day to Thebes you go,
Through tomb and temple wandering slow,
Perchance to you it may befall
To see upon the sculptured wall,
In fading lines of red and blue,
The picture little Amnes drew,
Three thousand years and more ere you
Were born, to read about him!

UPS AND DOWNS.

BY EDWIN L. SABIN.

WHEN we 've chopped down a tree,
Will it grow, sirs, or not,
If we straight chop it *up*
On the very same spot?

Say a house has burned down
In a terrible fire —
Had it burned *up*, instead,
Would the flames have gone higher?

And answer me this:
When we 've emptied our cup,
Have we drunk *down* our tea,
Or, forsooth, drunk it *up*?

So, to show where our speech
Has one claim to renown,
I am writing it up
While I 'm writing it down!

JINGLE.

BY MALCOLM DOUGLAS.

A little man's gift was a stiff brush and comb,
And he 'd have been highly delighted, no doubt,



But he had n't a hair on the top of his head;
Now, what was good Santa Claus thinking about?

LITTLE FAIRY FLYAWAY.



LITTLE Fairy Flyaway tore her gauzy wing:
She fell into a bramble-bush from out her cobweb swing;
The fairies always *knew* she was a careless little thing!

Sorry little Flyaway, sobbing in despair,
Heard a sudden humming through the summer air—
Looked to find a Dragon-fly close beside her there.

“Don’t you know me, Flyaway?” loud and long buzzed he.
“I ’m the fairies’ darning-needle—if it were n’t for me,
What a very ragged set you thoughtless elves would be!”

Busy, buzzing Dragon-fly darned the tear with speed,
Made the pretty, filmy wing beautiful indeed;
Even fairies find it good to have a friend in need!

Hannah G. Fernald.

A WORD ABOUT WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

BY JOHN M. ELLICOTT, LIEUTENANT U. S. N.

SOME time ago, after a few days’ leave, a naval officer went to a certain city, early one morning, to rejoin his ship, and found that she had sailed away. Not knowing where she was bound, he felt very much “at sea,” when a friend asked him why he did not telegraph.

Said the friend: “Your ship has been fitted with the wireless telegraph apparatus, and there is a wireless station here.”

“Can you call up the ‘Prairie’?” asked the officer, at the wireless station.

“Oh, yes,” was the reply, and the operator

tapped off a few loud and luminous sparks on his transmitter. Almost immediately the little wheel at his elbow commenced reeling off its tape with dots and dashes on it.

“Ask the Prairie where she is,” said the officer, “and inform her captain that I am here waiting to report on board.”

The message was quickly sparked on its way, and within three minutes the tape reeled off, in reply:

“The Prairie is one hundred and twelve miles at sea, but will return this afternoon.”

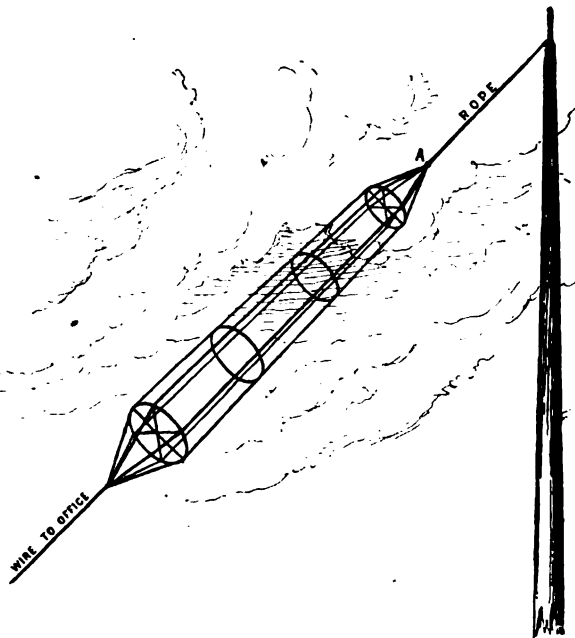
"All right," said the much relieved officer. "Telegraph her steward to save my lunch."

Since the beginning of 1903 two ships in the navy, the "Prairie" and the "Topeka," have been engaged in experiments with wireless telegraphy between each other at sea and between themselves and the shore. Several systems have been tried under the supervision of a board of naval officers, and after the completion of these experiments some one of the systems may be adopted. Stations have been established at places on shore, such as Cape Elizabeth, Montauk Point, Annapolis, and Washington, and, just before the naval maneuvers last summer, four additional ships were equipped, so that the "wireless" could be used in the "war games."

A wireless telegraph system on board ship consists of a dynamo to generate an electrical current; of a special telegraph apparatus to control that current, to break it up into long waves and short waves, and to send these waves through the air until they hit upon the receiving apparatus of another station and make dashes and dots on its receiver; and, finally, of wires from the telegraph apparatus to the masthead of the ship, so that the waves can start from there clear of all obstructions. These waves are spherical in shape and so extend in every direction. They might be compared to huge soap-bubbles that increase in size as they grow out from their source—the greater the distance, the thinner or weaker they become.

And here lies the trouble with wireless telegraphy: that the message goes in all directions. Not only the station for which it was intended will receive the message, but any other station which the message waves may reach before they lose their strength will also receive it. For use in war, that part of the trouble could be overcome by using a cipher code; but even then an enemy's ship, receiving a message in an unknown cipher, would know that some vessel of the defending squadron was near. The worst part of the trouble caused by the waves going in all directions is that one set will get mixed up with other sets from other sending stations, just as waves circling away from two or more

stones dropped in the water will meet and get jumbled up. If two or more sending stations try to talk at once, it will be, at the receiving



SKETCH SHOWING HOW THE WIRE IS FASTENED TO THE MASTHEAD.

station, like trying to listen to several conversations at the same time. If one station is saying c-a-t and another d-o-g, the receiving station may get c-d-a-o-t-g, or the waves may overlap so as to turn dots into dashes and make no letters at all. So, again, an enemy's vessel, approaching a coast and hearing on his "wireless" a defending scout trying to tell of his coming, can break in on the message merely by continuously repeating a single letter, and make the information completely unintelligible. It is said that this may be overcome by having the instruments, so to speak, "tuned up" differently from those of the enemy, so that the waves sent out would not fit his receiver, and *vice versa*; but even then the enemy could probably, by "tuning" his instrument up or down, strike the proper key and accomplish his interference.

Sometimes other electrical connections in a ship get mixed up with the wireless telegraph. On a certain vessel in the navy, newly equipped with "wireless," there were electrical connections to her pilot-house to show the revolutions of the engine and also the speed registered

by the taffrail-log. As soon as the vessel got under way a most garrulous conversation began over the "wireless" between the propeller and the taffrail-log. No doubt the propeller was ways even more imperfect, and their development into the systems of to-day was never even dreamed of.

It is plain to see that the need which nothing

u d s p r a i n i e

A WIRELESS CALL.

quarreling with the log for not telling the truth about the speed.

The distance to which a wireless message can be sent is chiefly a question of the strength of the electrical current generated and sent out, and instruments are manufactured for different strengths according to the distance over which they are intended to be operated; but an instrument powerful enough to carry, say, one hundred miles can be adjusted to a radius of only ten or fifteen miles, and to intermediate distances. Here, again, an enemy might introduce serious interference, for it is said to be possible that an apparatus adjusted for short distances can be burned out or seriously damaged by receiving upon it the waves from another apparatus of much higher power.

Wireless telegraphy is as yet almost a failure overland. Mountains, hills, forests, and tall buildings seem to break up the waves and make them unintelligible. Coast stations are, therefore, established on prominent headlands, like Montauk Point, Cape Cod, and Cape Elizabeth, where there are no outlying islands to seaward.

but wireless telegraphy can fill is that of communication with vessels at sea. Our government, with its usual enterprise, seems alive to this, and the wireless telegraphy has undoubtedly come into the navy to stay and to grow in usefulness and importance. Its commercial application over the seas is already vast. We have been accustomed to feel that when loved ones went out upon the great deep they passed, for the time being, beyond our knowledge and beyond reach of our sympathy, and became imprisoned in a realm of danger from which no cry for help or assurance of safety could reach us. Now, through this wonderful invention, we may learn their progress from day to day, even from hour to hour. They can tell us of their daily health; they can transact matters of daily business; they can assure us that they are speeding over sunny seas; or they can ask, when in distress, that a vessel be sent to their relief.

All this is possible, and is practised even now, in these earliest stages of wireless development, not only on some of the naval vessels of various

h e s p r i

A JUMBLED WIRELESS MESSAGE.

These imperfections make wireless telegraphy at present chiefly useful in communicating with isolated places having no other telegraph; but we must remember that when the telegraph and telephone first came into use they were in many

nations, but also on many of the great trans-oceanic passenger liners, and we cannot doubt that the present confusing and amusing imperfections will be, in time, completely overcome.





ONE autumn morning of a far-away time, in the fair land of Anjou, Gaspard, the charcoal-burner, was setting out from his humble cottage in the forest.

"Farewell, good wife," he said cheerily. "I am off for another day's work."

"Ay, another day's work, to earn but just another day's bread," replied the wife, sadly. "While we eat each day all the earnings of the day before, how shall we ever begin to save for Babette's marriage portion?"

"The child is scarce six years old," said the father. "She will not marry next week."

"Neither shall we begin to save for her next week, nor next year, nor ever, I fear," answered his wife.

"Have faith in God," said Gaspard. "It may please him to make us rich before the child is grown."

That evening the wife waited in vain for her husband's return. At midnight she barred the door and lay down to a sleepless night, haunted by dread of calamity.

But morning brought her husband back, with a strange jingle of gold in his pouch and on his lips a wondrous tale of having guided a knight out of the forest and to the castle of Loches, where the knight proved to be none other than the lord of the land, Count Geoffrey of Anjou, who graciously caused his peasant guide to be

seated beside him at table, entertained him as an honored guest, and dismissed him on the morrow with a reward for his services that would have paid him for six months' work at the kiln.

"Heaven be praised!" cried the wife, when she saw the gold pieces. "We *are* rich! Let us buy a flock of geese, and lay aside the price of every tenth goose for Babette."

In the edge of the forest, when spring had returned and the yellow bloom was brightening all the country-side, a small maiden sat singing to herself as she wove a garland of the gay blossoms.

"I am a queen," she sang. "This is my golden crown."

She pressed it down on her dark hair, then sat stiffly upright, her feet close together and hands crossed before her—the right holding a long wand of which she had made use in a recent contest with a morose-looking gray goose that waddled about near by, trailing one wing on the ground.

A young knight came riding along the forest road. At sight of the quaint little figure he smiled and reined in his horse before her, while the gray goose lurched toward him with extended neck, hissing.

"Good day, little maid," said the knight, "thou art like a queen on her throne."

* See note in Letter Box, page 286.

"I am a queen," the child replied in all seriousness. "This is my golden crown."

"And what is thy name, little queen?" he asked.

"I am Gaspard's Babette," she answered. "What is thy name?"

"I am Foulque's Geoffrey," he replied, with a smile.

"Art thou lost?" she asked.

"Nay, little one," he replied.

"Ah, what a pity!" sighed the child. "It is weary waiting for some one to get lost."

"And why dost thou want some one to get lost?"

"Because," she answered, "they would ask me of the way; and I should show them how to get out of the wood" (it was but a stone's-throw from the highway), "and they would take me to the castle and show me wonderful things and give me money to bring home."

"Ah, I see," said the knight. "Is thy father the good man who guided the count out of the forest?"

She nodded her head.

"My father says it was like fairyland at the castle. He brought back so much money that we are quite rich now. We have a flock of geese. I watch them in the meadow."

"I see but one goose; and this is not the meadow," said the knight, somewhat puzzled.

"I am here to-day," said the child, "because this fiery old gray goose pecked the little white goose that I love—she is so gay; and I punished the old one with a stick and"—she hung her head and spoke very low—"I broke her wing. So my father says I shall no longer keep the flock, but only the gray goose, until her wing is well and I have learned wisdom."

"And when will that be?" he asked.

"Her wing will be well next week," said Babette.

"Wilt thou have learned wisdom by that time?"

"I have learned," she answered. "I shall use a thinner stick next time."

"Art not thou lonely here, with only the gray goose for company?" asked the knight.

"Yes," she replied, "since no one gets lost in the forest. I would that some one might come to play with me." Then, eying him

critically, she added, "Wilt thou stay and play with me?"

"For a little while," he agreed. "What shall we play?"

"Thou shalt be king and I queen," she said. "I will make thee a crown like mine."

The knight looked in dismay at the bristling yellow garland that encircled her head like a halo, and suggested that a smaller one would do for him: "Just one branch for a plume of gold."

She pulled a branch from a bush and offered it to him. "Thou must crown me," he said. "Canst thou stand on my foot to reach up?"

She kicked off her wooden shoes and, by the help of his hand, clambered up and stood with her two small feet resting on his foot and the stirrup, her left hand clinging to a tuft of the horse's mane, while she arranged the broom in his cap.

"Thou art my lady," he said, as he lifted his head with its golden plume, "and I shall wear thy colors in the lists at the Whitsuntide tourney at Chinon."

"Dost thou live so far away as Chinon?" she asked in a tone of regret.

"Sometimes," he answered. "But now I am living at Loches. Wilt thou come with me and see my home?"

"Canst thou show me the castle too?" she asked eagerly.

"Thou shalt see it," he promised. "Get thy shoes and climb up before me."

"Thou must take the gray goose, too," she said. "My father would be angry if I left it here."

"If I must, I must," said the knight, laughing, and he held the flapping creature under one arm while the other lifted the child to the saddle-bow; then he placed the goose on her knees, and she threw both arms across its back, while, with the same strong hand that held the child against his breast, he grasped the goose's writhing neck to prevent the vicious pecks with which it assailed the horse.

As they emerged from the shadowy wood upon the sunny highway, the knight looked down into the happy little face lying upon his bosom, at the hissing, struggling bird, and asked himself, "What would my good wife the Empress Matilda say could she see me in this plight?"

To six-year-old Babette everything in the world was still so new that nothing was surprising; so it was only a part of the beautiful story, and no marvel, to discover that her kind playfellow was no other than the Count of Anjou himself, and the great castle his home.

ready to sit with the count at the dinner that would soon be served.

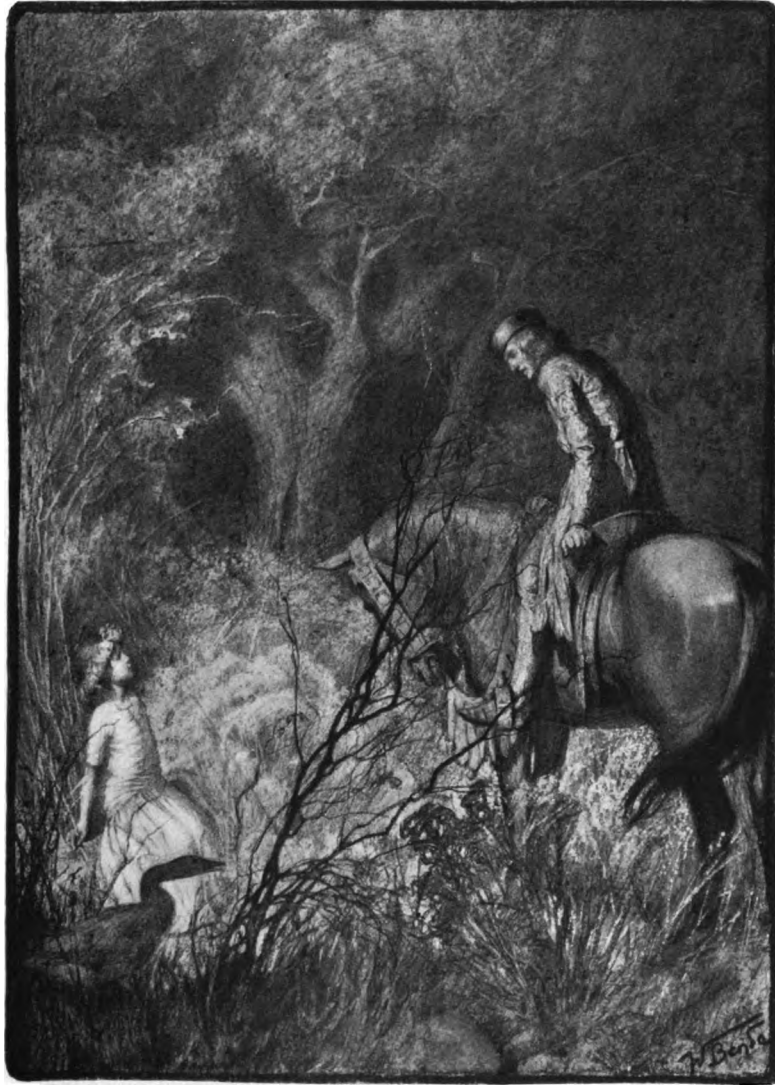
When the child was led into the great hall at the dinner-hour, her face shone from the scrubbing it had received, her wind-blown hair hung in smooth braids, drawn forward over each shoulder. Here the improvements ceased. There were no children in the castle whose clothes could be lent to Babette, no shoes small enough for her feet; so, since wooden shoes were quite out of the question, she pattered across the pavement of the hall on bare feet, whose little pink toes showed beneath the scant gown that Dame Agnes had tried her best, but in vain, to lengthen.

"May I have these things?" Babette asked, looking with wide eyes of wonder at the dainty food that was placed before her. The count nodded assent. Selecting a roll of wheaten bread and a small meat-pie, she prepared to crowd them into the bosom of her dress. "I will take them to my mother," she said, with a happy smile.

"Eat them, little one," said the count, "and thou shalt have

more to take to thy mother"; and the roll and the pie were set down again upon the table.

"Thou must have something to take home for thyself," said the count; and, unclasping a chain of gold from his neck, he threw it about the child's shoulders. "It is my marriage gift



"'GOOD DAY, LITTLE MAID,' SAID THE KNIGHT, 'THOU ART LIKE A QUEEN ON HER THRONE.'"

On their arrival, the gray goose—in spite of indignant quacks and hisses—was crowded into a huge basket with a bountiful supply of corn and a pan of water, and Babette was sent to Dame Agnes, wife of the castellan, with a request that the little peasant should be made

to thee," he said; "and mayst thou find a good lad for a husband."

"Nay," Babette protested; "I shall not marry a boy! I like not boys. They are rough and pull my hair. If I must marry, I shall marry Michel's Cécile. She is good and gentle, and I love her."

"Possibly thou mayst change thy mind before thou art grown," said the count, smiling.

After dinner Count Geoffrey led the prattling child by the hand all through the castle, even up the narrow, winding stair to the roof of the Black Count's grim tower, from which she saw more of the world than she had ever seen before: the town of Loches, covering the slope of the hill below; the sunny plain, with the silver ribbon of the Indre flowing smoothly northward to join the swifter current of the Loire; to the eastward Beaulieu, with its stately abbey and rich farm lands; to the westward the dark forest, stretching almost to Chinon, forty miles away.

"Ah, but it is beautiful—more beautiful than my father told!" exclaimed the child.

"Wouldst thou like to stay here and play with my little lads, when my squire brings them home a week hence?" asked the count.

"Nay," replied Babette. "I like not boys. I had rather play with thee. Thou art as gentle as Cécile, and I love thee"; and she laid her round cheek in the palm of the hand which she held.

"But now I must go home. I drive the geese in when the sun gets as low as this. My mother will be looking for me."

"It grieves me to let thee go, child," said

the count. Instead of leading her down the turret stair, he lifted her in his arms and carried her tenderly down to the castle court. The most trusty of his men-at-arms was called to carry her to her home. The gray goose made the journey in a basket, and there was another

basket filled with good things from the castle larder. As the count lifted Babette to the saddle, he said warningly:

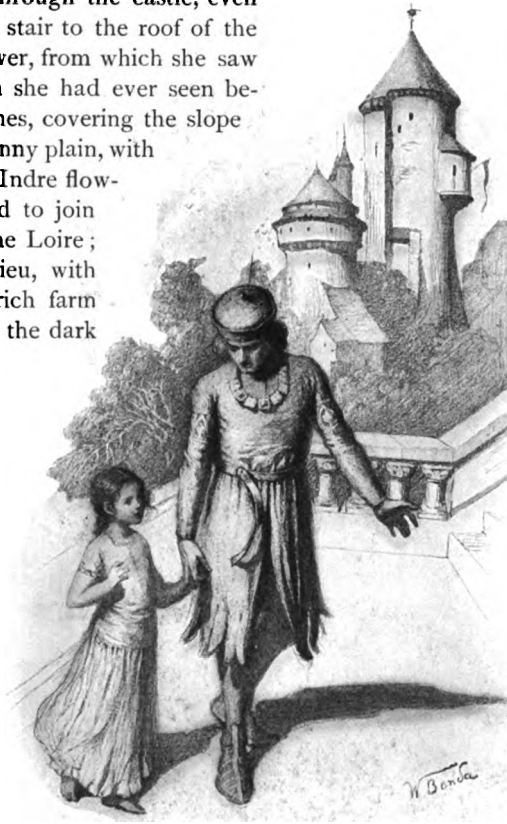
"Have a care of thy chain, my child; it is precious. Let thy mother keep it for thee against thy wedding-day. Perchance harm might come to thee, for its sake, shouldst thou wear it in the meadow or the forest. Farewell, little Babette. Thou art a sweet play-fellow."

He stood looking after her, and not until she had waved a last farewell as she passed through the outer gate did he turn back into his somber castle, muttering to himself:

"I would I had a little maid like that!"

As he threw his cap upon a table, his eye fell upon the faded blossoms of the broom that Babette had stuck

there. "I will keep my promise to her and wear it," he said; "not alone at the tourney, but always. It shall be my crest. What care I for the rose of misty England! Henceforth my house shall be known as the house of Plantagenet, after *Planta genesta*, the golden blossom of my own sunny Anjou!"



"AFTER DINNER COUNT GEOFFREY LED THE PRATTLING CHILD ALL THROUGH THE CASTLE."

TIT FOR TAT.

By ANNIE WILLIS McCULLOUGH.

I LIKE the merry winter-time, with jolly ice and snow;
I like to pelt the little girls with snowballs as they go;
I like to see them dodge and run, and hear them squeal in dread;
I like to push them into drifts and scrub their faces red.

.

But say, this is n't nice a bit! I've had about enough.
The winter is no fun at all when girls will play so rough!



BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE.

" 'SO I LET GO OF JACK'S HAND
AN' RAN OVER TO THEM.' " (SEE
NEXT PAGE.)

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be nice an' empty to play in without it, an' that we 'd make our bed on the floor so it would n't hurt me if I fell out.

"Then we walked about a hundred days; an' everybody was busy buying Christmas things an' kep' saying 'no,' 'no,' 'no,' till Jack said he did n't believe anybody ever said 'yes' any more at all. An' then I said that mama used to say 'yes' to me sometimes when I asked for things, an' maybe other ladies would say 'yes,' too. An' just then I saw two *lov-elly* ladies across the street waiting for the car.

"So I let go of Jack's hand an' ran over to them, an' asked them if they had any work. An' one of them was a young lady like my mama was, an' the other one was an old lady like my gran'mama in the album. An' they let the car go by, an' asked me what 's my name an' where I lived. An' I told them about my mama, an' about Jack an' me walking *ev-er* so many days, an' how everybody kep' saying, 'no,' 'no,' 'no,' an' about Jack not being hungry, an' milk not being good for grown-up folks, nor breakfast either.

"An' then the *lov-elly* old lady was going to give me some money; but just then Jack came

across the street, an' would n't let her, an' said I must n't bother ladies when they wanted to catch their car.

"But they did n't want their car very bad, I guess, for they let some more go by, an' talked to Jack; an' they said they had some work, if Jack would come to their house. So they wrote it down on a piece of paper for Jack, an' Jack an' me got on a car an' rode, an' came here an' helped take care of the horses. An' that was two years ago, Jack says. An' we 've got, oh, such a lot of horses! an' Jack lets me ride on the big black one sometimes, because he 's old an' gentle. An' Miss Isabel—she 's the *lov-elly* young lady—she teaches me lessons; an' her mama she bought me some clothes an' some shoes, an' I hang up my stockin' every Christmas.

"An' Jack an' me live in a nice place up over the horses. I have a little bed to sleep in, an' Jack has a big bed; an' Jack went to the chair-man an' bought the rocking-chair again that mama used to sit in. Jack eats breakfast now, too, so I guess that was n't so what he heard about it 's not being good for grown-up folks.

"*That* 's Jack out there with the carriage!

"Jack 's my papa!"

O - U - G - H.

By A. FITCH, JR.

"Good morning, dear. So sorry that
Your hands are in the dough.
We 're out sleigh-riding in the park,
And hoped that you could gough."

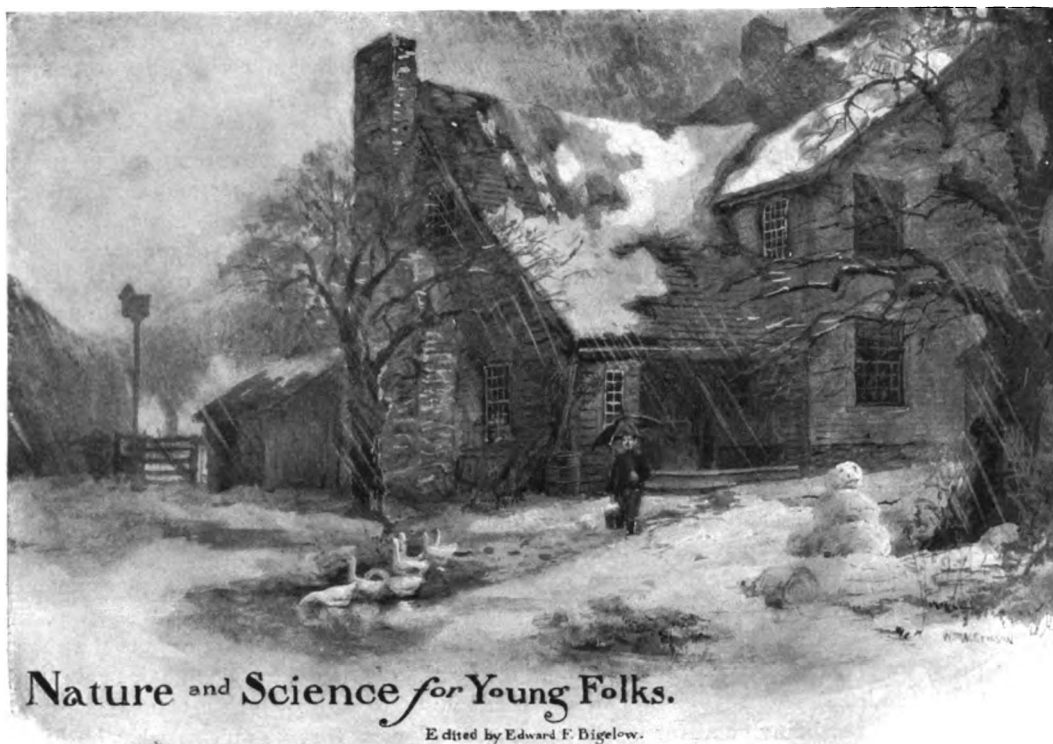
"Oh, never mind! Of Lakeside Park
I never see enough.
Please wait a moment, and I 'll get
My hat, and cape, and mough.

"I think I 'll take my boa, too;
I 've something of a cough.
I 'll leave the bread this time for Nell.
And now at last I 'm ough.

"Ah, fairyland! What sprites have wrought
With snow and ice and bough!
I 'm sure the park has never looked
So beautiful as nough.

"My cough? Well, really, I believe
I 've just a little hiccough,
Which somehow in the morning's spin
I have contrived to piccough.

"Oh, dear, the morn has quickly passed!
Too soon, it seems, we 're through.
Best thanks for a delightful time.
Adiough, my friends, adiough."



Fortunately, it sometimes happens that there is considerable snow and a firmly frozen river in December, and then the typical thaw terminates with a midwinter freshet, often disastrous, it is true, but sure to open up a charming new world to the outdoor naturalist.

Along the river, and in every pent valley of the smaller creeks, is enacted an exciting drama.—DR. CHARLES C. ABBOTT in "Days Out of Doors."

THE JANUARY THAW.

THERE is not always a "thaw" in January, nor do all spring-like days in winter come in January. As the old-fashioned almanacs would put it, scattering the words down the page for January: *About — this — time — expect — several — warm — days.* Even if the "about this time" were the last of February, the country people would regard it as "our January thaw, only about a month late this year!" The first of these warm days

is often cloudy, and so misty and cloudy that the ground seems to steam. The snow that may have fallen two or three weeks ago is nearly



"THE BROOK LOOKS LIKE A BATTLE-FIELD."



Two of the many forms of snow-fleas.

SNOW-FLEAS ON THE SNOW AND IN THE FOOTPRINTS.

all melted. Then how slushy it is! —how “disagreeable getting about,” the older folks would say. But to Howard, in new rubber boots, going to and fro from house to barn, there is a fascination in wading through the soft mixture.

Indeed, it is evident that all young folks

THE MOURNING-CLOAK BUTTERFLIES AND HEDGEHOG-CATERPILLAR.

know how to make the best of many things that older persons call disagreeable. Some one has said that “everything is fish that comes to the net of the naturalist,” meaning that the naturalist takes an interest in all that he observes in nature. And everything seems to be fun that comes within the experience of the young folks, because they see only the bright side of life.

Not only the boys, but the geese, enjoy such wading. At the edge of a pool they search for the grass that the protecting blanket of snow



THE FEATHERY YELLOW FLOWERS OF THE WITCH-HAZEL.

may have kept fresh and green—a bit of spring in midwinter.

On such a warm day as this the brook looks like a battle-field where have struggled the forces of heat and cold. Blocks of ice lie broken and crushed beside the plunging, foaming water. In this ravine we find spring strangely intermingled with winter. Rushing down the brook are miniature icebergs, and bordering its banks are panoramas of arctic ice-fields. Yet on the hillside the grass peeps green above the snow. In a small branch of the brook is the water-cress which Thoreau observed on a midwinter day, "as green as ever, waving in the stream as in summer."

If we follow this little branch to its source we shall find a spring by which is the stitchwort with its frost-bitten but wide-opened buds. Here is summer indeed, strangely mixed with winter!

A similar mingling of autumn bloom with midwinter surroundings is afforded by the



"THE BIRDS FIND A COZY HOME AMONG THE PROJECTING ROOTS. . . THE TRICKLING WATER . . . MAKES A CHART ON THE BANK."

Other examples of apparently delicate creatures which are brought conspicuously into view by these warm days are the snow-fleas, the winter or "mourning-cloak" butterflies (*Vanessa antiopa*), and the hedgehog-caterpillar. Of these snow-fleas, the reader will recall that one of our correspondents* recently wrote:

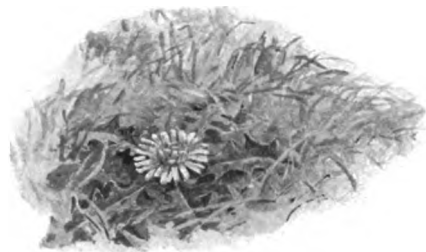
"I noticed in the footprints and in the snow little black specks that I thought were soot. . . . I could have gathered them up by the cupful at a time."

The mourning-cloak, or "thaw" butterflies, as Gibson calls them, are apparently as happy now as they will be on the warm days of spring. And the hedgehog-caterpillar is hur-



THE STITCHWORT IN BLOOM NEAR THE SPRING.

witch-hazel, with its feathery yellow flowers, as beautiful as in late autumn, but they now seem weird and uncanny as they cling to leafless twigs. Autumn as well as spring seems to say, "You can't wholly overcome me, old winter."



THE DANDELION MAY BE FOUND IN BLOOM IN JANUARY.

* See the letter, comment, and illustrations, page 556 of *Nature and Science* for April, 1902.

rying along as usual, perhaps even faster, seeming to say, "I must have a good time before the cold stiffens me out again. So here goes for a bit of exercise to warm my blood."

Our dandelion, of which a few specimens can be found blooming in every month in the year, looks especially bright-eyed and golden during this warm spell as it peers out of the grasses and the weeds.

The leaves of the crowfoot, shepherd's-purse, and clover are of an especially bright green. The naturalist Thoreau even maintained, as we have said, that the watercress is at least more noticeably green in winter than in summer. To quote again from him: "Is not this the plant which most, or most conspicuously, preserves its greenness in the winter?"

Willow twigs have a peculiarly beautiful tint on a warm, moist day in winter. Note also the brighter colors of the mosses and lichens, especially those growing on the bark of trees.

The bank of earth not grassed over, but with a crown of trees and shrubs, is especially interesting in a thaw. On the south side of such a bank the birds find a cozy home among the projecting roots or under the mass of smaller growths of twigs and stems.

The trickling water from the thawing soil makes a chart on the bank, and shows us how the streams start at the top as if from springs, this combining with that to make each a little larger, till several form what we may easily fancy to be miniature rivers, whose rapid flow digs ravines, hollows caves, and tosses sand into heaps, the whole being, to the geologist, an example, on a small scale, of what the forces of nature in ages past have done to the world.

A NATURAL GRAFT.

THE children and their teacher were off for a tramp in the woods, where each brown tree-trunk showed plainly against the background of snow. Suddenly Richard, who had gone ahead, shouted to the rest, "I have found the queerest tree with two trunks!" and the whole party hurried to the spot. Beside the path they found two small red oaks that after several feet of separate growth had united into one tree.

"It looks like a tree on stilts," declared Alice; "but how did it get two trunks?"

Alfred, who had been studying it carefully, said, "There were two trees, and that knot above the spot where they have joined shows that one top died after the trunks grew together."

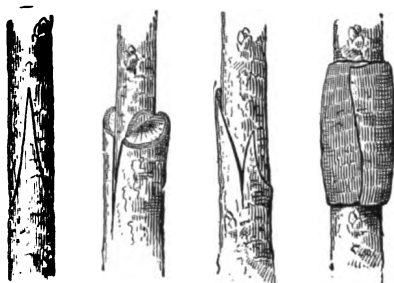
"Both trunks are alive now," said Richard, who had been testing them with his pocket-knife.

Then the teacher explained that originally one tree branched, and the other, leaning in that direction, rested in this crotch, and a small branch above the crotch held the trunk securely. That is to say, one trunk grew between two small branches of the other tree. As these



TWO OAK-TREES GRAFTED INTO ONE.

branches increased in size they held the bark of one trunk against the other as firmly as if they were clamped in a vise, so that one tree grafted naturally into the other. In time the top of one trunk and the small branches died, leaving this odd and puzzling growth.



Saddle-grafting.

Cleft-grafting.

Whip-grafting.

THE WAY THE GARDENER GRAFTS.

"What is grafting?" asked Alice, and the teacher replied: "In spring the gardener places a cutting of one improved variety of fruit-tree into a cleft made in the branch of another variety, making sure that the bark of the cutting joins that of the branch, so that sap can flow freely from one to the other. In time branch and cutting become one limb, but the cutting determines the kind of fruit."

W. C. KNOWLES.

THE TREE OF THE CLIMBING BEAR

DAME NATURE sometimes does queer and interesting things by chance. We have noted in the foregoing article that by chance she grafted two trees together. We have also from time



KNOTTY GROWTH ON A TREE CLOSELY RESEMBLING A CLIMBING BEAR.

(By permission of the "Four-Track News.")

to time noted the surprising resemblances of rocks and ledges to human faces or to animals. Now, through the courtesy of Mr. George H. Daniels, we show a photograph of a tree on whose trunk is a knotty growth closely resembling the figure of a climbing bear. This strange formation is in a forest on the borders of Lake Kenoza, in Sullivan County, New York.

"WE WILL WRITE TO ST. NICHOLAS ABOUT IT."

FRUIT HEADS OF THE SYCAMORE.

COLCHESTER, CONN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I found two queer little things on the ground yesterday. The girls who were with me did not know what they were, so I thought I would send them to you. What is the little hard thing inside?

Yours very truly,

MINNIE R. BIGELOW.

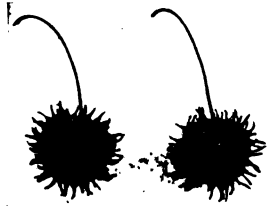
The specimens you sent are the fruiting heads of the buttonball or sycamore tree



FRUITING HEADS OF THE SYCAMORE-TREE.

(*Platanus occidentalis*). Look for the large tree near by, and for the fluffy heads, about an inch in diameter, that remain on the tree through the winter. They hang by slender stems from three to six inches long. These seeds have a cottony attachment by which they are scattered abroad by the winds, especially in March or later in the spring. The seeds are packed

in large fluffy masses, endwise, closely around a hard ball in the center.



FRUIT CLUSTER OF THE SWEET-GUM TREE.

The spherical balls of the liquid amber or sweet-gum tree are about the same size, and hang by slender stems of about the same length. These seeds are usually imperfect, shriveled

up, and packed as if with sawdust in the holes. These are easily shaken out by the wind or in falling, so that usually there is nothing in the seed cavities of these balls as we find them on the ground under the tree.

CAN ANIMALS HYPNOTIZE ?

COLUMBIA HOUSE, KENNEBUNKPORT, ME.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to know if hawks have any power of hypnotism over smaller birds, as snakes are claimed to have. My friend and I were taking a walk, when we saw a hawk light on a telegraph pole. In a few minutes a sparrow came by. The hawk looked at it, and it seemed unable to fly any farther, but alighted on the wire about five feet in front of the hawk. All the time it was chirping pitifully. It would fly around and around the hawk, but the hawk kept its eyes on it, and the bird could not get away. My friend then threw a stone at the hawk, and it started to fly away. The little bird followed it, and suddenly the hawk turned and chased it. It would swoop and make little dives at the bird, but would not actually hurt it. Will you please answer this in the next ST. NICHOLAS ?

Your loving reader,

DORIS NEWBERRY.

The question whether some animals have the power to hypnotize others is largely a matter of opinion. My own view is that there is no such thing as hypnotism among animals. There undoubtedly is fear-paralysis, which might easily be called hypnotism; but I do not think it belongs in that class of phenomena. Human beings are at times as much subject to fear-paralysis as are birds that are attacked by dangerous serpents. Paralysis from fear is a very different thing from hypnotic influence. Hypnotism is always exercised by the surrender of the mental faculties to the will of the operator. Fear, on the other hand, often produces complete paralysis of the voluntary mus-

cles, and also of the brain, by a process which I consider entirely different.—W. T. HORNADAY, Director New York Zoölogical Park.

TINFOIL.

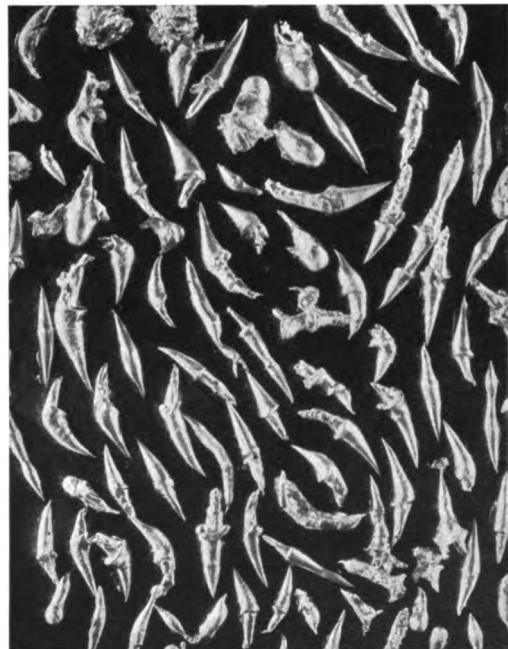
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Can you tell me what silver-paper is made of? I was playing with some of it this morning, rolling it into little balls, and I was surprised to see that it marked a piece of white paper like lead. I twisted it into a point, and found that I could write with it, though not very well. Then I heated some in an old spoon over the gas-jet, and it melted. I dropped it into cold water, and it hardened into a substance very much like lead. I am very much interested in the Nature and Science department.

Yours truly,

HELEN CODY.

Tinfoil is usually made of a mixture of lead and tin. For some purposes the tin is not mixed in, but is merely a coating on one or both sides of a very thin sheet of lead.

It was one of my favorite amusements in boyhood days to melt tinfoil and pour it into water. Each lot will assume its own peculiar form. Thus I well recall one lot that became little jockey-caps; others formed spears, stars, plumes, etc. A common form is the dagger, as in the accompanying illustration.

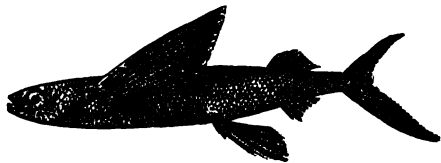


DAGGER FORMS FROM MELTED TINFOIL POURED INTO COLD WATER.

FLYING-FISH.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS : On our way home from a trip to Cuba, from the steamer I saw some flying-fish. As



THE CALIFORNIA FLYING-FISH.

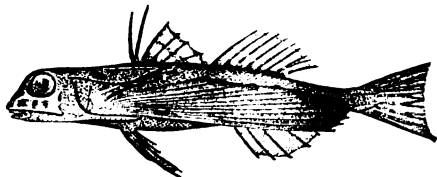
much as I could see of them, they were blue, and all of a sudden they would jump out of the water, spread their wings, fly for a little while, then dive down again.

I remain,

Your loving reader,

HELEN GREENE (age 11).

The flight of flying-fishes has been much discussed by naturalists. It may be said, however, that these fish do not really fly, but rather "shoot" out of the water by strong, rapid



THE FLYING GUNARD.

movements of the tail. Then while in the air it is not so much a matter of flight as of falling. The large pectoral fins have not the action of wings in propelling them forward, but of a parachute in sustaining them briefly in the air before they fall in a curve into the water again.

CRABS AND FISH.

WAREHAM, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS : We are two cousins — Margaret and Mary. Margaret is ten, and I, Mary, am seventeen. We write to ask you a few questions about salt-water fish. We would also like to tell you a little about our aquarium. We have some minnows, several hermit-crabs, two eels, and a great many snails. It is very interesting to watch them. Yesterday a large crab was found clinging to the rudder of the rowboat. It was very difficult to remove him, but

finally he was conquered, and was borne home in triumph. He is a very patriotic crab. The tips of his claws are a lobster red, higher up a pretty color of blue, and his body white. His shell is a dull greenish blue. We would like to know what food to give him, for he seems to eat nothing. And our most important questions are these: Do fish go to sleep? And if they do, how is it accomplished? Do they lie down low in the water, or on the surface?

We enjoy the ST. NICHOLAS very much, and would like to receive answers to our questions in the Nature and Science department.

Sincerely,

MARGARET W. SARGENT.

MARY W. APPLETON.

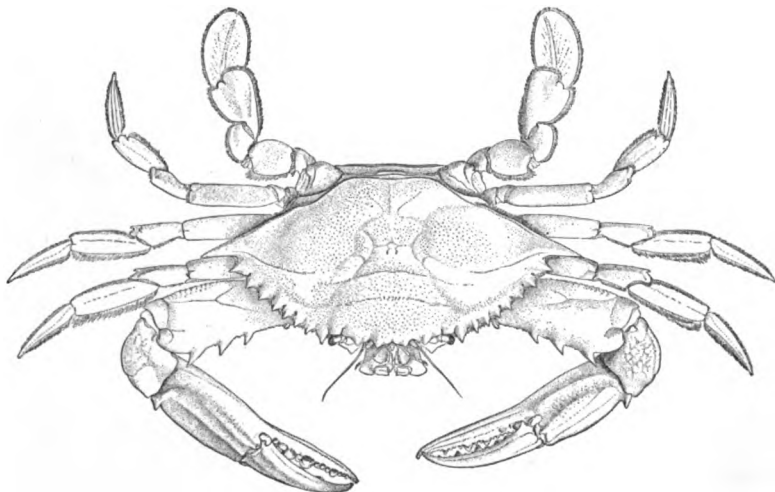
Fishes do not sleep in the ordinary sense of the term. They cannot close their eyes, because they have nothing to close over them; and if they lie down on the bottom they are apt to get sand in their eyes. To a certain degree they rest, some at night, and some perhaps in the daytime, and this corresponds with what we know as sleep.

If they used their minds more they would have more occasion for slumber.

DAVID STARR JORDAN,

President Leland Stanford Junior University, California.

The salt-water crabs are scavengers, and feed upon various forms of dead animal matter. They are great fighters, but are also wily, often averting danger by resorting to stratagem. They are an interesting and curious group, as they possess a good degree of intelligence and have amusing habits.



THE COMMON BLUE CRAB.

DO SCHOOLS OF FISH HAVE LEADERS?

NEWPORT BEACH, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We were at the beach last summer and did quite a little fishing from the wharf. The schools of fish were very thick around the wharf, especially the small fish such as sardines, smelt, and horse-mackerel. There have also been schools of yellowtail.

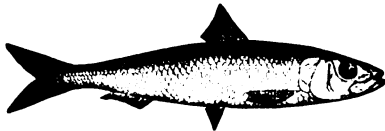
I have been very interested to know if schools of fish have any leaders, so I thought I would write and ask you about it.

Your very interested reader,

MARGERY WHEELLOCK.

In answer to this letter, President David Starr Jordan, an eminent authority regarding the habits of fish, writes to the editor of *Nature and Science* as follows:

To your young correspondent from Newport, California, you can say that around these beaches the sar-



THE CALIFORNIA SARDINE.

dines, yellowtail, and mackerel do not have, so far as I know, any particular leader. They swim along together, going in and out, but without any organization that we know of. Certainly no single fish can be said to be in command. It would be difficult in most cases to identify the leader, if there was one, or to prove that it was the same fish. So far as I know, we have not found any case where any single fish is known to lead a school. With birds there seems to be some evidence of such leadership; some old bird experienced in the ways of the world and of the air goes on ahead, and the others follow.

Dr. H. M. Smith, of the Bureau of Fisheries, Washington, D. C., writes:

There is no evidence that schools of fish have leaders. The simultaneous movements of fish in a school depend on currents, tides, water temperature, food, enemies, and various other factors.

THE BEST SEA-SHORE OBSERVATIONS.

PRIZES for best sea-shore observations were awarded to Miss Dorothy A. Baldwin, "The Castle," Tarrytown-on-Hudson, New York, Miss Elizabeth A. Gest, Lambertville, New Jersey, and Miss Elizabeth Fuller, Exeter, New Hampshire.



THE VEERY, OR WILSON'S THRUSH.

THE WILSON'S THRUSH AND THE HERMIT-THRUSH.

CAMP KUNNEWAY, BEAR ISLAND, N. H.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Can you give me a distinct difference between the hermit-thrush and the veery?

Your interested reader,

ISABELLA PUFFER.

Frank M. Chapman's "Handbook" gives very clear and concise directions for distinguishing these birds:

Veery.—Throat and upper breast pale buffy, with small, cinnamon-brown, wedge-shaped spots; belly pure white; sides with a barely perceptible grayish wash.

The veery's distinguishing characters are (1) its uniform cinnamon-brown upper parts; (2) its delicately marked breast; and (3) particularly its almost white sides. The wood-thrush has the sides heavily spotted, and the other thrushes have this part more or less strongly washed with grayish or brownish.

Hermit Thrush.—Upper parts olive-brown, sometimes inclining to cinnamon; upper tail coverts and tail rufous.

The hermit-thrush may always be easily identified by its rufous tail. It is the only one of our thrushes which has the tail brighter than the back.



THE HERMIT-THRUSH.

It will also be helpful to remember that the song of the Wilson's thrush has been described as "a sweet wavering whistled *whee-u*." The hermit-thrush, it is claimed by some observers, has "a more exquisitely beautiful voice than any other American bird."



"A HEADING FOR JANUARY." BY EDGAR DANIELS, AGE 17. (CASH PRIZE.)

THE SHADOW TREES OF WINTER.

BY ROBERT E. DUNDON, AGE 16. (*Gold Badge.*)

SIGHING hemlock, mourning pine,
Gaunt and grim, a sentry line
Set to bar the cold's advance,
By the irony of chance
Make our fireside joys complete
With their yield of Christmas treat.

But their brethren of the wood,
Bearing winter's icy hood,
Grieve like mortals stricken sore,
Cast their shadows at our door
On a waste of drifted snow,
As they chant their plaint of woe.

We within may take our ease,—
Light and warmth are subtle keys
To unlock the door of cheer,
When no worries hover near,—
Yet our neighbors of the wold
Seem like comrades stout and bold.

AND so we are entering our fifth year! Four years ago this month we made our first League exhibit, and a very good one it was, considering it was our first. The editor, as well as many of our members, can still recall those clever drawings of "The Christmas Fireplace" and all the interesting poems and stories that did and did not get prizes. Nearly fifty months have slipped away since then, and a great many of our boys and girls who were eager and industrious members in that day of beginning are now grown men and women, some of them still writing, hand-drawing, and winning handsome "cash prizes" from the big magazines and newspapers, that are always ready to reward perseverance and industry, that, combined with a talent for the work undertaken, never fail to result in worthy effort.

But there are a multitude of those early beginners who are still with the League, and some of them are just beginning now to win the prizes for which they have striven so faithfully and so long. The editor wishes that every member might know how happy it makes him to award a prize to a boy or a girl who has



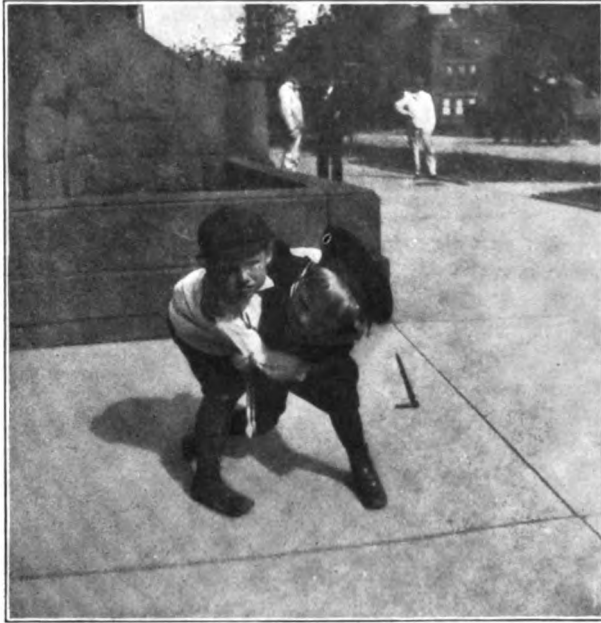
"JANUARY." BY H. B. LACHMAN, AGE 17. (GOLD BADGE.)

been persevering month after month for years, rewarded only by the joy of creative effort and the belief that each month brought improvement and was one step nearer the goal.

"I was so discouraged at times, but I am glad now that I persevered," is the sentiment expressed in scores of letters from these prize-winners. Not that the prize is the great reward,—that lies in the work itself,—but it is what the prize means—the point of progress that it represents. And how much more must it mean to those who have learned to progress little by little, step at a time, and who know when the prize comes that they have gained strength and knowledge to go on in steady advancement through all the uncovered years! The League editor can speak from his heart to those who labor on, determined to win. He has known disappointment from month to month and from year to year, and he has known reward. And the rewards of the life of art and letters, however late

they come, are worth all the struggle and the long years of waiting. There is no royal road to success. Some there are who seem born to the crown, and wear it from

the beginning. Often these do not prize it or wear it long. For those who must win it, there is but one way: to toil on step by step; to never confess discouragement; to never lose faith; to never lose heart for the battle.



"ACTION." BY HELEN M. WOLF, AGE 13. (GOLD BADGE.)

That is their royal road. The League editor rejoices that so many brave boys and girls have found that royal path in the four years that have passed since he began to point the way.

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 49.

In making awards, contributors' ages are considered.

Verse. Gold badges, **Robert E. Dundon** (age 16), 1526 E. Oak St., New Albany, Ind., and **Philip Stark** (age 13), Sawkill, Pike Co., Pa.

Silver badges, **Marjorie Martin** (age 16), 216 Franklin Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., and **Charles Irish Preston** (age 10), 1322 Fulton Ave., Davenport, Ia.

Prose. Cash prize, **Muriel M. K. E. Douglas** (age 17), "Briardene," 29 Montague Rd., Chesterton, Cambridge, England.

Gold badges, **Katharine J. Bailey** (age 13), Sta. A, Gardner, Mass., and **Robert Walsh** (age 13), 405 E. 4th St., Newport, Ky.

Silver badges, **Carolyn L. Palmer** (age 14), 138 E. 6th St., Plainfield, N. J., and **James J. Porter** (age 12), 56 E. 67th St., New York City.

Drawing. Cash prize, **Edgar Daniels** (age 17), 19 Golf St., Dayton, Ohio.

Gold badge, **H. B. Lachman** (age 17), 882 Oakland Ave., Ann Arbor, Mich.

Silver badges, **Emilie C. Flagg** (age 16), 11 Avon St., Cambridge, Mass., and **Theodore L. Fitz Simons** (age 11), 55 Church St., Charleston, S. C.

Photography. Gold badges, **Wales C. Brewster** (age 17), 17 Coe St., Waterbury, Conn., and **Helen M. Wolf** (age 13), 7 W. 91st St., New York City.

Silver badges, **Catherine Douglas** (age 15), 509 Washington St., Ann Arbor, Mich., and **Edwin Shoemaker** (age 15), 2011 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Wild-animal and Bird Photography. First prize, "Adirondack Elk," by **Kate Duryea Allin** (age 17), 13th Ave. and 56th St., Brooklyn, N. Y. Second prize, "Chicken Hawk," by **Hester M. Conklin** (age 15), 416 E. State St., Olean, N. Y. Third prize, "Blue Heron," by **H. John Hill** (age 7), 1102 Grove St., Evanston, Ill.

Puzzle-making. Gold badges, **Thruston Broun** (age 15), Middleburg, Va., and **Mary Dunbar** (age 14), 1218 13th St., Altoona, Pa.

Silver badges, **Francis Wolle** (age 14), Westmont, Johnstown, Pa., and **Erna Klinzing** (age 11), 103 Hickory St., Rochester, N. Y.

Puzzle-answers. Gold badges, **Lillian Jackson** (age 12), 1301 Franklin St., Wilmington, Del., and **Albert E. Stockton** (age 16), 22 Russell Ave., Watertown, Mass.

Silver badges, **Florence Guida Steele** (age 15), Robinson, Ill., and **Margaret C. Wilby** (age 13), 897 3d Ave., Detroit, Mich.

THE STORY OF A WORD.

BY MURIEL M. K. E. DOUGLAS (AGE 17).

(Cash Prize.)

How often we say the word "its," and what a useful little word it is!—so handy that it is difficult to think how we could ever do without it.

The first to introduce it to our language was Florio, in his "Worlde of Wordes," published in 1598. And it was used again in his translation of Montaigne in 1603.



"ACTION." BY WALES C. BREWSTER, AGE 17. (GOLD BADGE.)



"ACTION." BY EDWIN SHOEMAKER, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

For many years afterward people were very reluctant to admit the new word into their vocabulary, although they had long, unconsciously, felt the want of it, especially poets.

There is not a single instance in our English Bible where "its" is used, "his" or "her" or "thereof" being put instead. The result was sometimes apt to be confusing; for instance, in the seventh chapter of Daniel, ninth verse, we read: "His throne was like the fiery flame, and *his* wheels as burning fire."

When the poet Chatterton brought out the writings which he declared to be those of a monk named Rowley (who lived early in the fifteenth century), no one of all his many critics who announced the work to be a forgery noticed this line,

"Life and all *its* goods I scorn,"

which at once stamped the poems as the work of a modern writer, although they were not at a loss for several other reasons.

The writer Daniel, who died in 1619, and Drayton, who died twelve years later, both shrank from using the new word—it has not been found in any of their productions; while, coming down to more recent times, Lord Macaulay is said to have avoided "its" whenever possible.

Throughout the whole of Shakspere's plays "its" is only used fourteen times, in the "Winter's Tale" no less than three times in twelve lines. To Spenser and Bacon "its" was entirely unknown. Ben Jonson sometimes used it, but very rarely, and there is no mention of it in his "Grammar." Milton hardly ever wrote the word, though there are one or two examples of it in "Paradise Lost."

TREES IN WINTER.

BY PHILIP STARK (AGE 13).

(Gold Badge.)

THROUGH frost-pictured panes on a cold wintry day

I gaze at the valley below,
And dream of the scene that before me is spread—
A fairyland splendor of snow!

The elm-trees are sparkling with jewels so bright,
Like diamonds they glitter and shine;
The trees in the forest are laden with ice—
Each hemlock, and maple, and pine.

Their branches are drooping, but proudly they stand,
With glittering circlets now crowned,
And tiny snow-crystals, while flake after flake
Is fluttering down to the ground.

A brightness outshining the pure, sunny morn—
A weird transformation of light—
Has wrapped every tree till it groans with the weight
Of the soft, fleecy coverlet white.

Now all are asleep under blankets so warm,
No longer the leaves to them cling;
Their great branches sigh as the wind rushes by,
And patiently wait for the spring.

THE HISTORY OF A WORD.

BY ROBERT WALSH (AGE 13).

(Gold Badge.)

How many people who use the word "porcelain" ever think of its derivation? Long years ago, there lived on the florid southern shore of the Mediterranean Sea a wild tribe of the Ethiopian race, whose main sustenance was the fish that they caught in the sea or the sparkling streams in the vicinity.

As these simple folk were not of an adventurous nature, they were content with staying in their own pleasant little clime. Very few, indeed, had ever ventured in or even heard of the wondrous world which lay about them. If any of them had ever seen another part, his tale was regarded as rash folly or that he had dreamed it.

Their children, not unlike the Indian papooses of our own country, were fond of collecting the shells which were washed ashore by the tide. And as the majority of these that they found resembled swine, they called them *porcelli*, the diminutive of the Latin word *porcus*, a pig.

One day, when the entire nation was gathered together in the chief village to celebrate the festival dedicated to their principal god, two men (and, as I have heard, the same two who smuggled the silkworms across the Chinese border in a bamboo cane) entered the temple, a rude structure, and offered some chinaware to the king. He had never



"ACTION." BY CATHERINE DOUGLAS, AGE 15.

seen anything like this before. He was surprised and delighted, for in his kingdom they had nothing but common earthenware and terra-cotta. When his little son saw it, he held up a shell and exclaimed, "Porcellanus est!" ("It is like the porcelli!")

Hence from this little boy's imagination comes the name of that beautiful translucent pottery which is the pride of many a housewife's heart.

TREES IN WINTER.

BY MARJORIE MARTIN (AGE 16).

(*Silver Badge.*)

OH, gaunt, bare skeletons that stretch out arms
To yonder fair dominion of the sky!
With every passing gust ye wail aloud
And ever raise one cry!

And is it that ye weep for beauties lost —
For summer's verdant foliage ye mourn?
Or do ye cry for heaven's gentle snow
To cover ye, forlorn?



"CHICKEN HAWK." BY HESTER M. CONKLIN, AGE 15.
(SECOND PRIZE, "WILD-BIRD PHOTOGRAPH.")

Or are ye calling for the spring to come,
To scatter flowers far over hill and dale?
Be comforted, ye giant sentinels!
Did e'er spring fail?

THE STORY OF A WORD.

BY KATHARINE J. BAILEY (AGE 13).

(*Gold Badge.*)

In concluding a letter to a friend we often write "Yours sincerely," and yet how many have ever paused to think what the word "sincere" originally meant, and how it became changed in its meaning? This is the story.

A great many years ago, a little town in Italy was very widely known, and its fêtes were attended by thousands of people. This fame was entirely due to a certain kind of pottery made there, and the people came to the fêtes in order to buy some of it, or, if they were not rich enough to buy, at least they might see and admire.

The process of making it was known to one man only, and he concealed the knowledge from the prying eyes of all the world.

So much was made that the man became rich. Unfortunately, his riches made him miserly, and one day he tried an experiment, putting a little wax into



"ADIRONDACK ELK." BY KATE DURYEA ALLIN, AGE 17.
(FIRST PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")

the material, which, of course, made it cheaper to manufacture.

No harm was done by the small quantity put in, and seeing this, the dishonest man added more each time.

At last he went a little too far in his deceit. He had substituted a great deal of wax, and was probably priding himself on his cunning, when in came an angry woman.

Their conversation is not recorded, unfortunately, for it must have been interesting.

The dishes had been placed near a hot fire, and, a greater part being wax, had melted, much to the woman's astonishment and dismay.

After that, of course, people were exceedingly cautious with all dealers, and each dish, before the thrifty housewives would buy it, had to be examined by competent judges and stamped on the back "sine cera" — without wax.

After a little the two words were shortened into one, "sincere," which was stamped on the pottery.

When many years had elapsed the word began to be used in a different sense. People finally did not think of the meaning "without wax," but rather genuine or true, and so the word has come down to us at the present time.

TREES IN WINTER.

BY CHARLES IRISH PRESTON (AGE 10).

(*Silver Badge.*)

THE trees stand out against the sky;
Their bare limbs creak and groan and sigh,
As passing gusts sweep through the wood,
Where goldenrod majestic stood,
Or tiny wild flowers hid away
When spring and summer held full sway.

These things are but asleep beneath
The snow that covers wood and heath;
And when the whirl of many a wing
Shall herald the return of spring,
From slumber roused, they, multiplied,
Will spread their beauty far and wide.



"BLUE HERON." BY H. JOHN HILL,
AGE 7. (THIRD PRIZE, "WILD-BIRD PHOTOGRAPH.")

WHEN THE TREES OF WINTER CLAP THEIR HANDS.



An Illustrated Poem.

BY MABEL E. FLETCHER, AGE 16.

(A Former Prize-winner.)

Have you heard, in the heart of winter,
 When the storm beats at the door,
 The sound of the wet wind singing
 And the fretful tempest's roar?
 Have you heard the loose boughs creaking,
 And the rattle of dry dead leaves,
 And the musical drip of the rainfall,
 And the singsong drone in the eaves?
 'T is the music played by the storm-wind bands,
 While the ice-edged shade-trees clap their hands!

Have you heard, in the heart of winter,
 The sound of a mighty shout
 And a strange, strange burst of music
 In the far-away dark without?
 Have you listened with pulses throbbing
 To the sounds of wondrous things—
 The creak of the living branches
 And the flutter of frightened wings?
 'T is the music played by the storm-wind bands,
 And the ice-clad shade-trees clap their hands!

THE HISTORY OF A WORD.

BY CAROLYN L. PALMER, AGE 14. (*Silver Badge.*)

MANY words have very interesting histories, particularly those derived from Latin and Greek words. These often have entirely different meanings now from the original ones, but they are usually asso-

guage. Its original form was *Κυνόσουρα*, which meant "dog's tail." It referred especially to the constellation called the Little Bear, or the tail of the Great Bear, Ursa Major. This contains the pole-star, by which mariners guided their ships. Of course, in order to do this, they had to watch the Cynosure a great deal, and so on this account it has come to have its present meaning—the object of attention, or the center of attraction.

To me "cynosure" suggests even more than the story of its derivation, since the first time I ever noticed it particularly and found out its exact meaning was when I read Milton's "L'Allegro." Now, whenever I see it, it reminds me at first of the lovely description of an English country landscape in which it is used in this poem, and that in turn recalls the whole poem, with all its beautiful sights and sounds. For this reason the word is a little fairy who holds the key of the most wonderful poems I have ever read,—those of Milton,—for it even has the power of bringing others besides "L'Allegro" before my mind.



"A HEADING FOR JANUARY." BY
 EMILIE C. FLAGG, AGE 16.
 (SILVER BADGE.)

ciated with the first meanings. Many times their significance has changed gradually and imperceptibly, until now they have quite long histories.

"Cynosure" is a good example of this kind of words, since its meaning has changed considerably during the hundreds of years since it was a part of the Greek lan-

THE TREES IN WINTER.

BY GLADYS NELSON (AGE 13).

DEEP lie the snow-drifts,
 The emblems of purity;
 Low bend the trees o'er the icy stone wall.

The wind has free will,
 The squirrel security.
 In the snow-laden pine-trees, so grand and so tall.
 The oak-trees' branches
 Are ice-covered yet,
 And crackle and bend o'er the cold frozen stream;
 The gray darkened sky
 Gives no sign of sunset,
 And the leaves 'neath the snow-drifts care only to dream.



"THE WINTER MOON." BY LOIS D. WILCOX, AGE 14.

Through the slumbering forest
 The winter winds sweep.
 And moan in the branches, so dreary, so cold.
 Softly the night falls;
 The earth 's wrapped in sleep;
 'T is the same old winter—the same trees of old.

THE STORY OF A WORD.

BY JAMES J. PORTER (AGE 12).

(*Silver Badge.*)

I HAVE chosen as my subject the word "car." Some time ago, while preparing my lesson in Caesar, I noticed the word *carrus*, and this furnished me with a subject for my composition.

Among the old Celts—called by the Romans Gauls—who in ancient times dwelt in what is now France, there was a word meaning wagon or cart, namely, *carre*. The Romans had no word for the Gallic two-wheeled carts; therefore they simply Latinized the Celtic word *carre*, causing it to become *carrus*. When the Roman soldiers conquered Gaul, they forced their language, slightly modified, upon the inhabitants, and thus the word returned to those from whom it was borrowed in its original form, *carre*.

When the Normans conquered England they brought with them the language now called Old French; and along through the middle ages *carre* continued unchanged, until at length the final *re* was dropped, and we have our word "car."

This word, however, does not usually mean a cart, but rather a vehicle that is propelled by machinery or one that goes on rails. Our word "cart" comes through a different source, being the old Celtic word used by the Anglo-Saxons, with a *t* added, and thus it enters our language through the Saxons instead of going through Latin and French, as did "car," though both were originally from the same word.

THE TREES IN WINTER.

BY KATE HUNTINGTON TIEMANN (AGE 16).

In winter-time the trees have lost
 Their foliage, and 't is sometimes said
 The summer's enemy, the frost,
 Takes their bright life and leaves them dead.

It is not so; the trees still live,
 Though not till spring their sap will thrill;
 They only sleep, and, sleeping, give
 Their beauties to the landscape still.

Some days in winter we may see
 A fairy world; the sun shines bright
 On many a sparkling ice-robed tree,
 Covered with diamonds in the night.

In winter, summer, fall, and spring
 The trees are always grandly fair;
 And so we learn from everything
 Each season brings of joy its share.

THE STORY OF A WORD.

BY ALICE BRAUNLICH (AGE 15).

THERE are many words in the English language that have undergone a complete change in the course of time, some in form and others in meaning. Among the latter is the word "villain," derived from the Latin *villa*, which signifies "farm-house."

In the middle ages the word "villain" (written also "villein") did not mean, as it does now, "scoundrel" or "knave." A villain was a feudal tenant of the lowest class, a man who received a small amount of land from some lord or baron, for which he paid rent by military service. Of course the overlords considered themselves better than their vassals, and probably treated them with contempt. The hatred of the barons toward their tenants increased as the power of the former abated and the latter grew stronger, so that the lords came to associate the villains with all that was evil.

TREES IN WINTER.

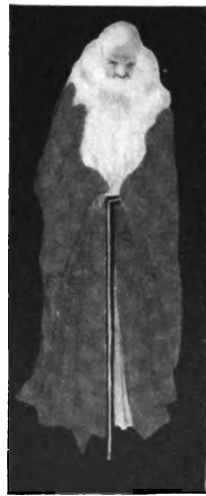
BY HAROLD OSBORNE (AGE 13).

EVENING.

The night is cold;
 A snowy fold
 Has clothed the world in rest.
 The north wind's moan
 Comes, softly blown,
 Over the low hill's crest.

MORNING.

The white trees shine
 In pearly line,
 A fairyland released
 Unto our sight
 By the pale light
 Of Fœs in the east.



"YE OLD YEAR." BY JESSIE C. SHAW, AGE 16.

THE ORIGIN OF THE WORD "LACONIC."

BY HARRIETTE E. McCLEER (AGE 12).

THE word "laconic" is derived from both the Latin and Greek languages. It is taken from the words "Laconian" or "Lacedæmonian," pertaining to the inhabi-



"ACTION" (PARADE, YORK, MAINE). BY MABEL W. WHITELEY, AGE 12.

tants of ancient Sparta or Laconia, a province or state in ancient Greece.

In ancient times the people of Sparta spoke in as few words as possible, and they soon became noted for this peculiarity.

By degrees the Greeks came to call any one who spoke very briefly a "Laconiac."

In our own times the word is used both as a noun and an adjective. It now means short and brief talking, or the habit of expressing much in a very few words.

WINTER TREES.

BY RAY RANDALL (AGE 12).

PA says when Maine woods lost their leaves,

By winter winds blown free,
He 'd hunt for nuts and squirrels'
nests
Round every forest tree.

And then down deep in withered
leaves
He 'd scuff his feet along,
Because he liked to hear the sound,
Like winter's evening song.

And when the fields were white with
snow
And the trees like sheeted ghosts,
He 'd take his sled and play leap-frog
O'er all the stumps and posts.

But here out West, by the sunset
sea,
It is endless summer-time.
Our trees are green the whole year
through,
Date-palm, blue-gum, and lime.

But I 'd give our green trees away
For just one day of sport
Like that which pa tells me about
Of snow men and a fort.

TREES IN SUMMER AND TREES IN WINTER.

BY LOIS R. FROST (AGE 13).

IN summer trees are cool and green;

To look at they are fair,
And birds behind their leafy screen
With music fill the air.

In winter trees are cold and bare,
And birds they sing no more;
For they are off to a southern lair
Where tempests never roar.

In summer we all love to rest
Beneath a balsam-tree,
And watch a warbler in its nest
Who 's from all troubles free.

In winter, then, at Christmas-tide,
The balsam we shall trim
With sleds and skates and sweets
beside
That hang from every limb.

THE STORY OF A WORD
—"LAUNDRY."

BY ELIZABETH R. EASTMAN (AGE 16).

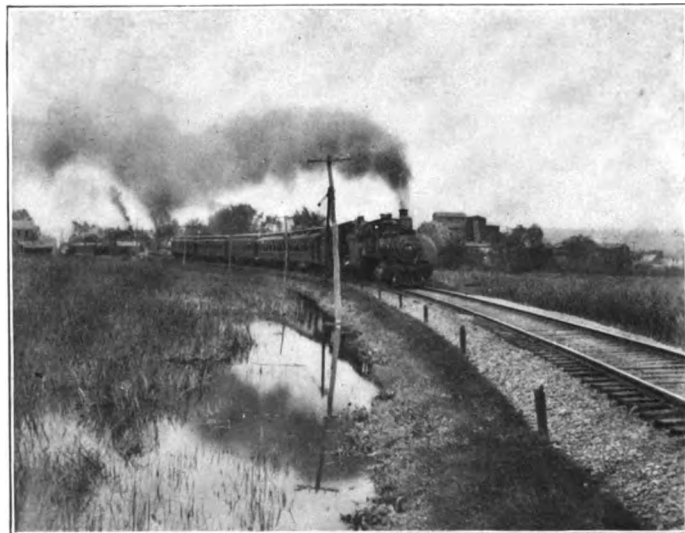
THE word "laundry" means a place where clothes are washed and ironed. This, of course, is familiar to almost every one. Perhaps fewer people know where the word came from.

It is from the Latin *lavare*, to wash, from which also comes the French *laver*, to wash, and the Old French *lavanderie*, a washing.

The Old English word "lavendry" was taken from the French.

Later on it was changed to "lauendry, and still later on the *e* was dropped and it became as we now have it, "laundry."

About the latter half of the thirteenth century the descendants of the Norman conquerors began to talk English, using, however, a great many French words, such as *lavanderie*. These grew to be used, in some cases



"ACTION." BY HENRY ORMSBY PHILLIPS, AGE 17.

slightly changed, by the English themselves, and gradually became a part of the language, as laundry has done.

This word in its earlier form was used by William Langland in his allegorical and satirical poem the "Vision of Piers Plowman," which was written in the fourteenth century:

"Whan he is wery of that werke thanne wil he some tyme

Labory in a *lauendrye* wel the lengthe of a myle."

This poem, although intended for the common people, contains many other words of French origin.

TREES IN SUMMER AND WINTER.

BY SIBYL KENT STONE (AGE 14).

SOFTLY rustling in the breeze
Stand the dear old summer trees,
Green and shady, cool and fair—
How I love to see you there!

Bleak and upright in the snow,
Branches hanging bare and low,
Gone your look of happy peace—
Oh, will winter *ever* cease?



"ACTION." BY REXFORD KING, AGE 16.

Gaunt and black against the sky,
While the snowflakes hurry by
(Poor old trees!), they murmur low,
"When will dreary winter go?"

THE STORY OF A WORD.

BY ALFRED SCHWARTZ (AGE 12).

I THINK the subject this month is very inspiring, as it will teach boys and girls the history and origin of many words, and although these words may be of every-day use, their history and origin may be only known to few.

I think one of these words is "boycott," which had its origin in the name of Captain Boycott.

Captain Boycott was a land-agent in Mayo, a small town in Ireland. In the war between England and India, Boycott was enlisted in the British army.

Before the war Boycott had closed his business, but after he returned he opened it again.

Boycott was thought by many to be a selfish, unscrupulous man, who hardly ever treated anybody right. At last the people grew tired of him. These people were called the Highlanders.



"A HEADING FOR JANUARY." BY BENNIE HASSELMAN, AGE 9.
(FORMER PRIZE-WINNER.)

The Highlanders formed themselves into a body, and decided, because of Boycott's unscrupulous nature, to ruin his trade; and so they resolved to have nothing whatever to do with him. This was in 1880.

And as they were successful in this, they employed the same tactics against others who aroused their displeasure.

Since then the word "boycott" has been adopted as a weapon mainly between union laborers and employers in this country.

TREES IN WINTER.

BY ALBERTA COWGILL (AGE 17).

I LOVE the trees in winter,
Their leafy glory past,
When clear they lie against the sky
Or bend beneath the blast.

I love the trees in winter
When, no more bare and brown,
Their limbs bend low with the weight of
SNOW—
A mantle soft as down.

I love all things in winter,—
The wind that whistles free,
The clouds so gray, the stormy day,—
But best the leafless tree.

"AND [WINTER'S] HIDEOUS TEMPESTS SHOOK DOWN TREES."

Shakspeare, Henry VI.

BY DORIS FRANCKLYN (AGE 10).

HARK! the tempests round are railing,
And the old tree gasps for breath,
While the wind is sobbing, wailing;
'T is a prophecy of death!

Many springtimes has it flowered,
Borne its blossoms sweet and fair;
Many summers has it showered
Harvest treasures red and rare!

Many winters has it battled,
All unbending, grim and aged,
While the wind its branches rattled
And the storms about it raged!

It has fallen in the meadow,
Arms outstretched as if in prayer,
And the snow is dark with shadow,
For the giant lieth there!

TREES IN WINTER.

BY H. MABEL SAWYER (AGE 11).

THE happy summer months are gone;
Autumnal joys are past;
And Time has brought unto the earth
His hoary son at last.



ST NICHOLAS LEAGUE

"A HEADING FOR
JANUARY."



JANUARY



BY MARGERY
FULTON, AGE 14.

The trees have shed their leafy garb,
Their gaunt, bare arms on high;
And naught is left but memory
Of those sweet days gone by.

Those arms so dark and desolate
Once seemed so gay and bright!
The joyous day of summer-time
Has shaded into night.

The great year lasts but for a day;
'T is morn, 't is noon, 't is night.
How brief are each bright season's joys!
Alas, how swift their flight!

THE CHRISTMAS RECEPTION.

BY MABEL FLETCHER (AGE 16).

THE little white kitten's eyes were blue,
And his head a golden brown,
And his fur from his head to the tip of his tail
Was soft as a wee chick's down.

The little fat baby's hair was red,
And her eyes a corn-flower blue,
And her cheeks were as pink as the eastern
clouds
When the sleepy-eyed sun peeps through.

The little white flakes came twirling down
From the cloud-crushed, darkened sky,
As Santa Claus with his four reindeer
And ice-rimmed sleigh swept by.

And he pulled up short at the great stone
house,
Ghost-white in the winter air,
And he stifled a laugh with his fat, round arm
At the little group waiting there.

A baby asleep in a pink nightgown,
And a kitten with curled-up paws,
An old rag doll with shawl-fringe hair,
Waiting for Santa Claus.

"A reception for me, as I judge," he said,
With his hands in his curly hair;
Then, strictly against all society rules,
He furnished the bill of fare!

LEAGUE LETTERS.

PRINCETON, IND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: "Aunt" Green is an old colored mammy. She does my mother's family washing every week. One day a well-to-do woman went past Mrs. Green's, going down to see the doctor for her rheumatism. Mrs. Green said, "Well I 's sorry for you, Miss Fisher; I b'lieve I 'll just hitch up my hoss and take you downtown." Mrs. Green is often called the Mrs. Wiggs of Princeton.

Your little reader,
ELEANOR NICKEY
(age 10).

ALLEGHANY, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The beautiful silver badge came to-day, and I can't tell you how much I like it, and how much I thank you.

I don't think I was ever more pleased in my life than when I saw my story printed. The whole family were quite excited over it; and my papa was real proud of me. If I ever get to be an author I shall always think that it was because of the St. Nicholas League.

Your friend,

HELEN J. BESHGETOUR (age 9).

WILMINGTON, DEL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you how much I enjoyed the long stories complete in one number, and I hope you will soon publish them again; a number of my friends have also expressed the same feeling.

I take great interest in the League, and look at it the very first thing. I am not an artist, nor can I write stories, but I love to look at the contributions of other League members.

Your interested and devoted reader,

MARJORIE BETTS.

SAWKILL, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I received my silver badge safely, and every one says it is a beauty. I was so discouraged at times, but am glad now that I persevered. It is no wonder to me that St. Nicholas League members never complain, for the aid and hearty encouragement they receive from my favorite magazine are sure to help them succeed. I hope some day to win the gold badge, and will try my best in every competition. Thanking you very much for the help and encouragement given me, I remain,

Sincerely your friend,

PHILIP STARK (age 13).



"BOXER DRIVES OUT THE CHICKENS." BY THEODORE L. FITZ SIMONS,
AGE 11. (SILVER BADGE.)

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a Colonial girl. Our home is in Falkland Islands, South America; they are about two hundred miles from the Horn. Very few people know where the islands are. Sheep-farming is the chief thing that goes on. My father owns a large farm. There is plenty of riding. All the work is done with

horses. It was our greatest pleasure then to ride; we had a horse each. There are plenty of cattle about the camps. I am trying for the drawing competition of this month. I must close now. Hoping to hear from you soon.

Your interested reader, KATHLEEN BERTRAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Words cannot describe the delight and surprise with which I received your lovely badge. I thank you very much for it, and I assure you I am just as proud of it as I can be.

I feel that if I ever have any success in writing it will be all owing to the League.

Yours respectfully,

MILDRED NEWMAN.

DEAR LEAGUE:

At last I was really disgusted;
There was n't a thing I could do.
I had written on prose and on poem,
I'd worked on the photograph, too.
I had hunted in queer ancient volumes,
In fat and in thin ones galore.
But after I'd looked long and hunted,
I forgot all I'd learned, and much more.
I wrote on a word, and followed it
Away back to year number one,
But I could not see any real meaning
When it was actually done.
I wrote about trees in winter
Till I had it engraved on my brain,
But I could n't make any sense from it,
Though I read it again and again.
I drew as I'd written — quite awful;
So at last I gave up in despair.
But I said, "If there's any stuff in me
I will send in one subject — so there!"
I have written on prose and on poem,
So my subject's all right, you'll agree;
And so, to repay all my efforts,
Just hand down the gold badge to me.
ALLEINE LANGFORD (age 15).

MONMOUTH, ORE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Always, when I open you, there are certain names I have learned to look for, some because I have seen them there before, others because their work pleases and interests me. Among these are Helen De Veer, Dorothy Hardy Richardson, Marjorie Betts, and Margaret McKeon; and I wonder sometimes if they ever look for my name as I do for theirs.

Of all stories in the St. NICHOLAS, I like "The Story of King Arthur and his Knights" best. Indeed, I like all ancient history and mythology, and particularly that of England and Egypt. "Idyls of the King," I count among my favorite books, and the story of Beowulf and what I can find of the poem are very interesting.

The St. NICHOLAS and the League have always given me great pleasure, and wishing them both a long life, I am,

Yours most sincerely,

AGNES DOROTHY CAMPBELL.

LAKESIDE, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have just moved from Chicago to a large ranch in southern California, and since I have been here I have been trying very hard to get a picture of some kind of an animal to send to you. I take the kodak nearly everywhere I go, and have walked at least four or five extra miles trying to get near enough to a rabbit, dove, or quail to get its picture.

I was very much surprised one afternoon, while on one of my tramps, when I came face to face with a large wildcat. I don't know which of us was the more surprised, and we both stared at each other for a minute or two, and then I began to fumble at the kodak. As soon as he saw me make this move, he quickly disappeared.

I was very sorry, at first, that I

had n't taken his picture; but as it was after six o'clock, and I was surrounded by trees, I fancy the picture would not have been a success. I am sure I shall not be satisfied, however, until I have succeeded in getting a good picture of one of the many wild creatures which I see daily.

Ever your devoted reader,
MARY FERRY.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' NAME ALPHABET.

BY ISABEL ADAMI (AGE 8).

A is for Alfred, who is counting his money,
B is for Betty, who is eating some honey.
C is for Catharine, who is feeding the cat,
D is for Donald, who is drowning a rat.
E is for Edith, who is learning to read,
F is for Frank, who is sowing some seed.
G is for George, who is mending his bat,
H is for Harry, who is funny and fat.
I is for Ida, who is making a mitten,
J is for Jackie, who is teasing the kitten.
K is for Katie, who has lost her ring,
L is for Lucy, who is having a swing.
M is for Mary, who is going to sleep,
N is for Nancy, who is playing bo-peep.
O is for Olive, who is making some lace,
P is for Peter, who is running a race.
Q is for Queenie, who is learning to sew,
R is for Robert, who is trying to row.
S is for Sally, who is playing with her ball,
T is for Tommy, who is growing quite tall.
U is for Una, who is learning to skate,
V is for Vivien, who is trying his bait.
W is for Willie, who is going to bed,
But I can't find a name for X, Y, and Zed.

EASTPORT, ME.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Having read in the League a story about Paul du Chaillu, I thought I would like to tell you that "Friend Paul" was a great friend of ours.

He may have been odd-looking and all that, but he was certainly one of the nicest gentlemen I ever saw. He told us often of his experiences in the African interior, and they were certainly most interesting. Once a cannibal king took such a liking to him that he told him he might choose any of his eighty wives he wanted, and when Mr. du Chaillu said that he would not think of choosing from among so many, for fear of hurting their feelings, the king said he might have the entire eighty; but Mr. du Chaillu declined the offer.

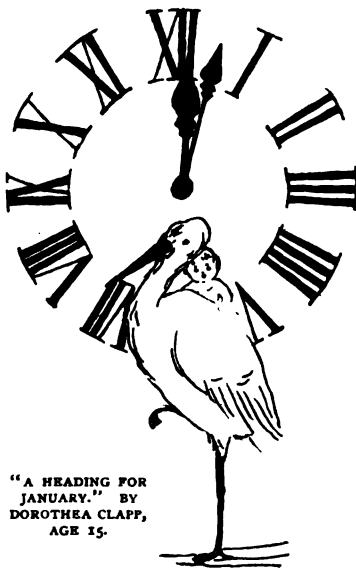
One time, when he was in Boston, I was reading in the library, and he came in. He asked me what I was reading, and when I said, "St. NICHOLAS," he said, "It ought to be St. Paul," which was very amusing.

Another time, at our house, he was introduced to a very tall man (probably every one knows how very small he was), and he looked up at him and said, "Well, this is the long and the short of it, certainly," much to the amusement of the other gentleman.

I think his books are extremely interesting, and some of them he has given us. It was a perfect shame he could n't have written his book on Russia, and I am very glad that I knew him. Hoping this may interest you, I am your devoted reader,

FRANCES R. PORTER (age 16).

Other entertaining and appreciative letters have been received from Dorothy Hutchins, Olga Lee, Ada Harriet Case, Clarence B. Brace, Edith Legh Mann, Louise Fannie Easton, Lillian E. Van Wert, Vera Dannals, Jessie E. Wilcox, Dorothy H. Kuhns, Marjorie Fay, Rosalie Aylett Sampson, Lola Hall, Josephine P. Davis, Miriam Shryock, Elsie A. Turner, Anna Lodge Parrish, Harriette Pease, Mary N. Owen, Thurston Brown, J. Foster Hickman, and Katherine M. Burton.



"A HEADING FOR JANUARY." BY DOROTHEA CLAPP, AGE 15.

1904



"A HEADING FOR JANUARY." BY PHOEBE HUNTER, AGE 12.



THE ROLL OF HONOR.

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been published had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to honorable mention and encouragement.

PROSE 1.

Helen Mabry Boucher Ballard
Mary Sweetland
Miriam Cragin
Mary L. Thornton
Alice Lorraine Andrews
Sue Abigail Preston
Katherine Kurz
Constance M. Dewey
Katharine McMahon
Fern L. Patten
Saidee E. Kennedy
M. Sydney Foster
Ethel Berrian
Margery Quigley
Helen M. Spear
Harriette Kyle Pease
Alice M. Perkins
Mildred Newman
Ralph Balcom
Dorothy Felt
Millicent Pond
Marion H. Tuthill
Effie Saxton
Eloise T. Garstin
Frances Spaulding
Eleanor H. Bailey
Marjorie H. Sawyer
Phyllis Cooper

PROSE 2.

Philip Wolle
Lola Hall
Sarah Addington
Mary E. Cromer
Blanche Hazle Leeming
Lina Gould
Mary Dorothy Musser
Rosalind Wood
Harold Stock
Howard Smith
Marguerite Jervia
Henry Carter
Vincent Sexton
Isadore Douglas
Lydia C. Ford
Rosa van Gelder

VERSE 1.

Agnes Churchill Lacey
A. Elizabeth Goldberg

Robert A. Kilduffe
Frances Wentworth Cutler
Mayblossom Ayres
Allene Langford
Elliot Quincy Adams
Louisa F. Spear
Fay Marie Hartley
Beulah H. Ridgeway
Marguerite La Wall Janvrin
Glady M. Adams
Helen Chandler Willis
Margaret E. Sloan
Margaret Drew
Mary Smith
Harold R. Norris
Elsa Clark
Glady Green
Mildred Quiggle
Virginia Mitchell Dunn
May Margaret Bevier
Elsie F. Weil
Shirley Willis
Bert Durden
Elizabeth Lee
Stella J. Liotard
Katharine Monica Burton
Edith J. Minaker
Dorothy Ferrier
Marjory Walford
Nannette F. Hamburger
Dorothy Foster

VERSE 2.

Ona Ringwood
Wilkie Gilholm
Willie A. Brown
Easter Dunwoody
Robert Powell Cotter
Bessie Stella Jones
Melicent Eno Humason
Arthur K. Hulme
Carolyn Coit Stevens
Edith Moeller
Elizabeth Burgess
Mary Blossom Bloss
Elizabeth Banks
Fred Warren
Sarah Swift
George Currie Evans

PHOTOGRAPHS 1.

Jeannette McAlpin
Mildred Easty

Donald Quinn
Randolph Payne
Lawrence Jackson
George Robinson
Laurence O. Macomber
Etabelle Cone
Horace J. Simons
Amy Peabody
Arthur H. Wilson
Edward E. Bolte
Margaret Boyd Copeland
Muriel Foster
N. W. Swayne
Frederic C. Smith
Deb. Frazer Crichton
Doris Long
T. Sam Parsons
Julia S. Howell
Marion F. Bolles
Marion R. Pitt
Morris D. Douglas
Donald F. Cranor
Ernest Percy

PHOTOGRAPHS 2.

Morrison N. Stiles
Marion K. Cobb
Will J. Norton
Florence R. T. Smith
Eno Hamm
T. Beach Platt
Charles Jackson
Gertrude N. Cornly
Theodosia Longenecker
Leila Houghteling
Edith Houston
Emma Bettis
Anna McKechnie
Pauline S. Dutcher
Pauline Greider
Helen Wing
Heyliger de Windt
John Hoar
Edith D. Patten
Elsa van Nes
Eliza Keating
Allen Frank Brewer
Dudley T. Fisher, Jr.
Archibald S. Macdonald
Wendell D. Brown
Mary Clarke
Fannie F. Tuttle
Dorothy L. Glover
George F. Simson
Margaret B. Ross
Ada Harriet Case
Glady Ralston Britton
Mary Squires
Philip A. Barton
Philip F. Kennard
Helen McLaughlin

DRAWINGS 1.

Mabel Goodsell Farrington
Jos. S. Webb
Cordner H. Smith
Jean Herbert
Edith Plonsky
Joseph Fewsmith
Stasio Azoy
Charlotte Ball
Charlotte E. Pennington
Phoebe Wilkinson
Glady L'E. Moore
Margaret A. Dobson
Helen M. Brown
Mary B. Thomas
William P. Anderson
Elise Urguhant
Glady G. Young
Joseph McGurk
Mark Curtis Kinney
Harry Smith
Melville C. Levey
Jessie J. Whitcomb
Caroline Latzke
Marjory Anne Harrison
Margaret McKeon
Margaret Ellen Payne
Emily W. Browne

Louise Robbins
E. M. Crombie
Ethel Messervy
Harriet Barney Burt
Katie Nina Miller
Florence Gardiner
Louise Gleason
Sara M. Snedeker
Howard Easton Smith
Ella Elizabeth Preston
Frances Goodrich
Edna B. Steck
Catherine Warner
Ruth Tolman
Beatrice Warhanik
Donald Armour
Grace F. R. Meeker
Elizabeth Jackson
Willora Hutton
Georgina Wood
Paul H. Wilkinson
William Hays Ballard
Midget Bouton
George William Hall
Alice F. Lee
Eleanor V. Jacob
Katherine Bigelow
Mary Lord Fairbanks
Olive Mudie Cooke
George Maclean
Edna P. Knapp
Elizabeth Wilcox Pardee
Elizabeth Chase Burt

PUZZLES 1.

Anna Marguerite Neuberger
E. Adelaide Ruhnke
Rebecca C. Rutledge
Daisy James
Marion Thomas
Marjorie H. Holmes
Mason Garfield
Elsa Eschbach
J. E. Fisher, Jr.
Samuel Loveman
Margaret Abbott
Lester F. Babcock
Mary D. Bailey
Gertrude Scholle

PUZZLES 2.

Penelope M. Seymour
Madge Oakley
Florence Foster
Carrie. M. Lee
Kathleen Judge
William Ellis Keyson
Paul T. Arnold
Allie Elaine Shell
Martin Janowitz
Josephine Taylor
Margaret W. Mandell
Dorothy Gray Brooks
Mary C. Tucker
Wallace G. Arnold
Lucile Weber
Edward C. Chase
Morrison T. Walker

DRAWINGS 2.

Anna J. Monaghan
Lucile Raymond Byrne
Rita Wood
Helen F. Maloney
Elizabeth A. Gest
Evelyn Oliver Foster
Richard A. Reddy
Anna B. Carolan
Alexander Osborne
Margery Foster
Edna B. Youngs
Ivy Varian Walshe
Margaret Oeland
Robert E. Andrews
Monica Peiron Turner
Joseph B. Mazzano
Vivien Massie Gribble
Meade Bolton
Louis P. Selden
Ruth Felt
Laura Gardin
Mary Hazeltine Fewsmith
Irene Ross Longborough

CHAPTERS.

ALL League members should take part in Chapter Entertainment Competition No. 3, of which see announcement in another column.

Chapter 571 reports that it has just passed its first anniversary, and that three members have had their names on Roll of Honor No. 1. The next step is a prize.

Chapter 625 is going to have corn-popping and candy-making this winter. Those are the things that make chapter meetings a success.

Chapter 684, "Four Little Women," take the parts of Meg, Joe, Beth, and Amy, and try to be like those characters. We wonder if there was any argument as to who should be "Joe." "We have great fun and meet every two weeks."

NEW CHAPTERS.

No. 684. "Four Little Women," Celia Lewis, President; Florence Williams, Secretary; six members. Address, 63 Vernon Place, Buffalo, N. Y.

No. 685. "Little Women," Ellen Williams, President; Marian Dawley, Secretary; six members. Address, 834 3d Ave., Cedar Rapids, Ia.

NOTICE.

If any reader of ST. NICHOLAS has volumes 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 16, and 17 of ST. NICHOLAS which he desires to sell, he may write to the editor of the League, stating at what price he is willing to dispose of them, or for which later volumes he would exchange them.

COMPETITIONS.

CHAPTER COMPETITION No. 3 CLOSES MARCH 25.

PRIZES FOR THE BEST CHAPTER ENTERTAINMENTS.

To encourage chapter formation and further to promote the aims and purpose of the St. Nicholas League, the following prize offers are made to chapters already formed, and to those that may form in time to take part in the competition.

To the chapter that on or before March 25 of the present year shall give the most successful public entertainment, and devote the net proceeds to the best use, *fifty dollars' worth of books*, to be selected from The Century Co.'s latest published catalogue, which will be sent free on application.

To the chapter ranking second, as above, *twenty-five dollars' worth* of Century publications.

To the chapter ranking third, *fifteen dollars' worth*.

To the chapter ranking fourth, *ten dollars' worth*.

RULES FOR THIS COMPETITION.

1. The entertainment may be of any sort, provided that a majority of the features are selected from the ST. NICHOLAS magazine.
2. "The most successful entertainment" shall be understood to mean the entertainment realizing the largest net proceeds after legitimate expenses have been deducted.
3. The "best use" shall be understood to mean that most in accordance with the St. Nicholas League aims and purpose, and it may be educational, charitable, patriotic, or humane, or for the best advancement of the League itself as represented by the chapter giving the entertainment. It is not necessary that the sum realized be all devoted to one purpose. The matter is left entirely in the hands of each chapter, and a full report must be made to the League editor by the chapter president and secretary, and indorsed as correct by those to whom the money has been paid.
4. In all public announcements of the entertainment, and upon the printed programme, the chapter number and the name of the League must appear, as per following example:

Given by the St. Nicholas League,
Chapter No. ———,
Of (Town), (State).

If the chapter has a name, the name should also appear.

5. Whenever practicable, it shall be allowable for chapters to obtain free use of hall, accessories, costumes, and any other form of contribution possible, in order to swell their net proceeds—in fact, to make any honest effort to reduce the expenses of giving the entertainment.

6. Where a dramatic entertainment is to be given, the St. Nicholas League will, upon application signed by chapter president and secretary, send, *postpaid*, the "Book of St. Nicholas Plays," from which any play may be selected, said book to remain the property of the League for use in future entertainments, and must be returned, care of The Century Co., when the entertainment is over.

7. The report of each entertainment, with a copy of its programme, must be received by the League editor on or before April 1, 1904. The awards will be announced in the League department for June.

REMARKS.

This competition ought to result in a great deal of good for everybody. Whether the entertainment be dramatic, musical, recitative, a fair, or a combination of all, it cannot fail to result in much wholesome interest and pleasure, while the fund obtained, whether small or large, whether it obtains a prize or not, will be of benefit to what ever good purpose it be applied.

Do not let the fact that you live in a small town, or even in the country, discourage you in the undertaking. Many of the most successful and profitable chapter entertainments given heretofore have

been those given in small villages. Wherever there is a school there is a place for a chapter and a chapter entertainment. Badges and instruction leaflets will be sent upon request to all desiring to join the League and to organize chapters. It is not necessary to be a subscriber, but only a reader of the magazine, to belong to the League.

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 52.

THE St. Nicholas League offers gold and silver badges each month for the best poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle-answers. Also cash prizes of five dollars each to gold-badge winners who shall again win first place.

Competition No. 52 will close **January 20** (for foreign members **January 25**). The awards will be announced and prize contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for April.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines, and may be illustrated, if desired, with not more than two drawings or photographs by the author, and to relate in some manner to "Youth."

Prose. Article or story of not more than four hundred words. Title to contain the word "Cave."

Photograph. Any size, interior or exterior, mounted or unmounted, no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "Shadows."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash (not color), interior or exterior. Two subjects, "The Object before Me," and "A Heading for April."

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full.

Puzzle-answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS.

Wild-animal or Bird Photograph. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird taken in its natural home: *First Prize*, five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize*, League gold badge.

RULES.

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent on application.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied*, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back*. Write or draw on *one side of the paper only*. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only.

Address all communications:
The St. Nicholas League,
Union Sq., New York.



"BOXER AND THE GOSLINGS." BY VIEVA MARIE FISHER, AGE 10.



"TAILPIECE FOR JANUARY." BY WILHELMINA MALONEY, AGE 7.

BOOKS AND READING.

LITTLE BROTHERS AND SISTERS. Do you older boys and girls at all understand the great power you may exercise for the benefit of the younger members of your family? And in speaking of "power" there is no idea of force implied. It is hardly necessary to make suggestions about that; too many big brothers and sisters are well aware of the sway they can exercise over their weaker brothers and sisters. The power meant is real power, not force. You know the old quotation, "A man convinced against his will is of the same opinion still." Such compliance is not a lasting victory. Real power, real conquest, is to change another's will so that he will do as he pleases and yet do as you please.

In regard to young readers you may exercise the most benevolent power. You may see that the right reading is brought to them when they most need it. You may see that the reading which is a waste of time is discouraged. Your juniors will listen to you because you are nearer their age, and if you say a book is a waste of time they will believe you, whereas they might think a grown reader was speaking from the grown person's standpoint.

You may teach them to preserve books worth keeping, to pass on to others books that will do more good elsewhere. You may show them the wastefulness of too rapid reading — reminding them that it is like bolting delicious fruit, whereby all flavor is lost.

But, as a little warning, remember not to spoil the flavor of a new book by picking out all the nice bits and leaving only the more commonplace parts for the younger reader.

ON BEING HOSPITABLE TO NEW FRIENDS. It would be a foolish young person who refused all new friends because the old were satisfactory; only less foolish than the boy or girl who should reject all old friends in the hope of finding better ones. The same remark applies to books. There are good new books as well as good old books, and a wise reader has a place for both. Of course one is surer of the old

friends—the books that have pleased your father and mother and their parents. They are "trusty, tried, and true," and to be bound to your hearts with hooks of steel. But have a kindly air to the newcomers, so that if there be a great genius now arising, he may have your plaudits to cheer him on! There is no reason why we should not encourage new writers; even selfishly we ought to do so, since they will richly repay us.

BINDING YOUR BOOKS. THE rebinding of an old book is not an expensive matter. A good and durable binding will cost a dollar or less, and your favorite volume is ready for long years of service again, and all the dearer because of the coat it has worn out in your service. But if the old binding has associations which you do not wish to lose, it can often be restored or re-made—at a reasonable price. As to minor injuries, you can attend to those for yourself. I wonder if it has ever been suggested to you that books are not good things to throw? The propping up of defective windows will be something that not even the best literature can suffer without injury, and it is also recommended that if table legs be uneven there are better things than a volume of some favorite author's works for redressing the inequality.

A TRUE WONDERLAND. A FEW months ago in this department one of the tasks set was describing a vacation in some favorite book. A number of the articles written described a visit to "Wonderland"—the strange region where Alice met the Red Queen, the Carpenter, the March Hare, and so many queer animals. The boys and girls who wrote those articles considered themselves fortunate in receiving an invitation to this land of marvels. And probably few of them have ever reflected that there is a real Wonderland a thousand times better worth a visit; a Wonderland open to every child and to every grown person; a land where there are more amusing things than Alice saw, more interesting people, more delightful verses. Of course you have not read so far as this

without guessing the little puzzle, and you know that this true Wonderland is the land of books, the land where dwell all those delightful personages, where take place all the interesting happenings, where dwell all the beautiful thoughts our poets and story-makers have written for us since writing was invented.

Alice's Wonderland, though amusing to read about, would be anything but pleasant if it were a reality—too much like a nightmare. As a bit of make-believe it is charming enough; but do not forget that it is but a tiny patch of the great land of Wonder into which you may enter in your own home whenever you choose to take down a volume from your shelves.

"HAPPY THOUGHTS." I KNOW some young readers who find great delight in the two volumes of "Happy Thoughts" by F. C. Burnaud, the editor of the London "Punch." At all events, they contain much that will amuse you, and little you will not care to read. They are the merest fooling for the most part, but certainly are very funny.

BOOKMARKS. FOR the benefit of new readers we should like to repeat a suggestion made a year or more ago in this department, namely, that you should be careful what you put between the pages of your books to keep your place when you are reading. Anything that is thick presses the pages apart, and is sure to crack the back, and when the back is once broken, the life of the volume, if in active service, is sure to be short.

BOOKS THAT INCREASE IN VALUE. WHEN you secure one of those beautifully printed volumes which are brought out especially to grace the holiday season,—a fine edition of some fine work,—do take care of it. Such books are valuable as property, besides being a charming form of good literature. Learn to know which printing-houses have done and which are doing good work, so that you may select the products of true and trustworthy craftsmen, and thus encourage the best in a noble art—"the art preservative of all the arts."

REFERENCES IN YOUR READING. How many of you have learned to look up in reference-books the allusions in your reading? Unless you have done so you can have no idea how much better you will understand great

writers. Great writers are likely to have been great readers also, and many things are clear to them that may not be clear to us readers. And yet they would not refer to a great battle, a well-known building, or to a historical character unless with the idea of adding something to their writing—something you can not afford to miss. Of course there are writers who "lug in" references merely to make themselves appear learned; but there is little danger that you will spend too much time over the writings of these men.

THE SEEKING OF VARIETY. ONE of the delights of growing up is the pleasure of finding new paths in the Wonderland of Books. Young readers are very likely to follow the paths known to every one, not being fully aware of the vast extent and variety of the Region of Reading. And yet there are guide-books to this land, as to others. It is one of the objects of this department to furnish you with traveling charts, with routes that will open to you new objects of interest. Each boy and each girl has tastes differing from every other, and for nearly every taste there is a multitude of books. Let us know what you like to read about, and we will help you to find good books on the subjects you prefer. Every great writer has once been a little boy or girl, and does not forget the things interesting to the young. It seems a pity that you should not be helped to find the reading you like best.

"LOCALITY READING." EVERY place, no matter how small, has a history, and in this history you will find much of interest. Your school "histories" are, for the most part, too general to find room for all the little details that make past times real. Go to your librarian and find out what he can advise about reading up the story of your town. If you live in a city, select some building or special part of the city, and in the same way try to find the interesting happenings connected with it in the past. Perhaps the leading clue may be found by learning the story of some prominent man and his ancestors—the earliest settler or most celebrated native of your own city. After you have thus made acquaintance with some of the real stories connected with history, you will find general histories helpful.

THE LETTER-BOX.

"COUNT GEOFFREY'S CREST," printed on page 257 of this number, while not set forth as historically accurate in every detail, has a historical foundation in fact.

Count Geoffrey of Anjou — like Calif Haroun of Bagdad — loved to go unrecognized among his people, to become acquainted with them and to learn how they were treated by his officers. Among all the legends that cling to the grim old donjon of Loches, there is none prettier than that which tells of the charcoal-burner who guided a strange knight out of the forest, and, on arriving at Loches, learned that the man to whom he had been talking so unguardedly about the grievances of the peasantry was the only one who had the power to redress those grievances — his liege lord, the Count of Anjou. The count rewarded him liberally and promised to redress the wrongs of which he had told. So much of this story is undoubtedly authentic. Whether the charcoal-burner's little daughter ever visited the castle, whether she crowned the count with the flower that became the crest of the Plantagenets, the author of the tale does not certainly know. But it would be so in keeping with Count Geoffrey's character, his love for his people, his country and all that belonged to it, to have accepted such a badge from a peasant child, that it is easy to believe it all happened just as it is told in the story.

C. K. H.

READERS of "How We Bought Louisiana" will be interested in a comparison made in a recent issue of a New York paper showing the enormous increase in value and importance of the great territory bought from France. These statistics show that though the purchase price may have seemed high at the time, it was insignificant compared with the value of even the agricultural, grazing, or mining products contributed by that section. To quote from a portion of the article:

"Out of the territory thus added to the area of the United States twelve States and two Territories have been formed. The population has increased from perhaps 50,000 to 15,000,000. The production of wheat in 1900 was 264,000,000 bushels valued at ten times the entire purchase price. The value of the wheat, corn, cotton, oats, rye, barley, hay, and potatoes produced in 1900 was over \$750,000,000. The farm animals were worth \$825,000,000. More than one half the wheat and corn crops of the entire country comes from the territory in question. The single State of Colorado produced more gold in 1902 than the whole United States had yielded in all of its history down to 1840. That same single State has produced in all more than \$800,000,000 in gold, silver, copper, and lead, while another State — Montana — has exceeded \$1,000,000,000 in the four metals named. The wool product of Louisiana in 1902 would more than pay the original cost of the entire purchase, while the corn of Iowa would have paid it six times over.

"The railway system of the territory embraces over 62,000 miles."

OUR readers will be interested in this kind and appreciative letter from an old friend of ST. NICHOLAS:

RICHMOND, IND.

DEAR EDITOR: One Christmas morning, when I was a tiny girl, a neighbor boy brought in his best-beloved present for me to see. 'T was the first published numbers of ST. NICHOLAS Magazine. Since that introduction the dear old saint and I have been the best of friends. For many years I read his stories and sang his jingles to five little brothers of mine. Of late I have read and sung them over again to four little sons of mine. On the lowest shelves in our library are the most used and most worn of all our books—thirty bound volumes of ST. NICHOLAS.

After we read the article about children's book-plates, we invented a new game. We draw all sorts of designs for book-plates, using favorite illustrations from our pet stories. For instance, the elephant who sat on some kegs and juggled glass bottles and eggs was made to sit on "Jack's Book," which his weight bent down to look about as crushed and shabby as Jack's books generally do. Puss-in-boots strode gaily along with "Elmer's Book." Hop Wing's Dragon was drawn greedily devouring "Julius's Book." Cheerful



OUR BOOK-PLATE.

Cats played hop-scotch with "My Book." Brownies and elves ran in and out of "Our Book." It is great fun to see in how many and in what curious ways some of the quaint pictures in ST. NICHOLAS will lend themselves to such designs. Finally, we have chosen one to keep permanently—the brave little knight in "Over the hills and far away," with his sweet, wistful face we all like so very much. And when we drew him coming out of our own story-book, we felt that he was just the one to stand champion for all the stories in ST. NICHOLAS, and in all the boys' books in our house.

Sincerely your friend,
MRS. E. B. GROSVENOR.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.*(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)*

My primals and finals will each spell the name of a contributor to ST. NICHOLAS.

CROSS-WORDS (of unequal length): 1. To make fast. 2. To labor too hard. 3. A casement. 4. A long-haired Peruvian animal. 5. A hunting dog. 6. Act. 7. The name of the father of Alexander the Great. 8. The day just past. 9. Flat. 10. A bird of prey.

ERNA KLINZING.

DOUBLE DIAGONAL.*(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)*

1	3
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4	2

CROSS-WORDS. 1. Imaginary. 2. Pertaining to the margin. 3. Corrugated. 4. Such as befits a vulgar jester. 5. Divulged. 6. Relating to marriage. 7. A marginal annotation. 8. Having the power of expressing strong emotions in an effective manner.

From 1 to 2 and from 3 to 4 each name a naval hero.

THRUSTON BROWN.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.*(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)*

My primals may all be found in the word "promiscuous"; my finals spell a pleasant greeting.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. The ruler of Persia. 2. A feminine name. 3. A blow. 4. To desist. 5. To remain. 6. In a short time. 7. A covering for the foot. 8. To exhibit. 9. To kill. 10. Out of danger. 11. An article of furniture. 12. A blemish. FRANCIS WOLLE.

CHARADE.

My first is but a base deceit;
My second's hard and flinty;
My whole was brought from over seas
By Patrick O. McGinty.

AUGUSTA L. HANCHETT.

DOUBLE DIAGONAL.

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the diagonals, from the upper left-hand letter to the lower right-hand letter will spell a Christmas decoration; while the diagonals, from the lower left-hand letter to the upper right-hand letter, will spell a feminine name.



CROSS-WORDS: 1. A small likeness. 2. To whirl, like a dancer. 3. Twisted out of natural shape. 4. One who sells paper and writing materials. 5. A list. 6. Polite. 7. Peasants, collectively. 8. A reptile that can change color. 9. A feminine name. DAISY JAMES.

NOVEL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another in the order here given, the first row of letters will spell the name of a famous book and another row will spell the name of its author.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. An ocean. 2. The Christian name of a character in the "Legend of Sleepy Hollow." 3. Vexation. 4. Old-fashioned garments. 5. Trees of mournful aspect. 6. An island west of Great Britain. 7. A character in the play of "Julius Caesar." 8. Carries away by force. 9. An artist. 10. Bowmen. 11. The European long-tailed titmouse. 12. The latter part of the day. 13. The act of renewing. 14. Very near relatives. LUCIAN LEVISON (League Member).

PRIMAL ACROSTIC AND ZIGZAG.*(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)*

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CROSS-WORDS: 1. The facts from which an inference is drawn. 2. Part of the external ear. 3. Therefore. 4. The native name of Persia. 5. A water animal. 6. A public way. 7. The end of a prayer. 8. Happy. 9. Sour. 10. Perceived. 11. Every. 12. In greater numbers. 13. Capable. 14. To unite.

The primals from 2 to 1, and the zigzag from 3 to 4, each name a President of the United States.

MARY DUNBAR.

WORD-SQUARES.

I. 1. To conspire. 2. Affection. 3. Egg-shaped. 4. To make known.
II. 1. To venture. 2. A river in England. 3. A public highway. 4. Terminations.
III. 1. A hideous giant. 2. Kind. 3. A highway. 4. A whirlpool. S. L. L., H. S., and R. T.



Photograph by Franz Hanfstängel.

A DUTCH BABY AND ITS NURSE. FROM A PORTRAIT BY FRANZ HALS.
(*"The Baby's Cup,"* page 294.)

ST. NICHOLAS.

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No. 4.

THE BABY'S CAP.

BY N. HUDSON MOORE.

A VERY simple thing it seems, does it not? Just a little piece of soft, warm cloth, or some downy wool knitted into shape, or even some bits of fine lace or silk, or anything dainty, might go to make so small a thing as this.

But while we may pick and choose and do exactly as we please about our clothes, there have been, in times gone by, in many countries, and even in our own, what were known as "sumptuary laws." These laws regulated expenditure for dress, for ornament, for food, or for whatever refreshments you might give company when they came to take tea.

Among the first of these sumptuary laws was one made in Rome in 215 B.C., and called the "Oppian Law." It declared that no woman should possess more than half an ounce of gold, wear a dress of different colors, or ride in a vehicle in the city, or within a mile of it except on occasions of public religious ceremonies. This law lasted only twenty years.

Italy and France are the countries where most of these laws have been passed, and some of them read very strangely. In 1330, in Italy, no woman was allowed to wear a dress with figures painted on it; she could only have them embroidered. And in 1348, in the same country, neither dark green nor black dresses were allowed to be worn in the morning.

During the early portion of 1400 no woman

or girl could wear more than three rings, and even these could have only one stone or pearl in each. The next rule in this set of seven is so strange that I give it just as it reads:

"*Item.* No person in the city, suburbs, or district of Florence shall permit himself or presume to give in any way to any woman any kind of collar, or buckle, or garland, or brooch of pearls, or of gold, or of silver, or of any other precious stone or similar thing, by whatever name it may be called."

Of all things, however, lace has had framed more rules and regulations regarding it than all other materials of dress or ornament; yet, somehow, it was generally managed that a piece of lace could be used at least for baby's cap, laws or no laws.

The first step toward making lace was the manufacture of what was known as "cut-work." This was embroidery with part of the stuff cut away so as to show open-work.

Then came "drawn-work," in which threads were pulled from some coarse material, and a design or pattern was worked among the remaining threads with a needle and silk or flax.

Next appeared what we call lace, either worked with a needle in shape of points, or made of gold or silver threads twisted together. Of course this latter lace was very costly, and it was on account of the many laws passed against gold

and silver lace that the attention of artisans was turned to making similar trimming, but with threads of flax.

As early as 1414 much gold lace was made in

called "Gothic point" because the patterns used were like those which prevailed in Gothic architecture,—were geometric in design.

The portrait of the baby with the parrot on



CHILD WITH PARROT. FROM A PORTRAIT BY MIEREVELT.

Photograph by Franz Hanfstängel.

many of the larger cities of Italy; among those leading in this work were Florence, Milan, Venice, and Genoa.

The earliest laces, called "point" because shaped in points,—sometimes they were also

its hand was painted, over three hundred years ago, by a very famous Dutch artist named Mierevelt. Nobody knows now whose baby it was, but I am sure its mother loved it very dearly, and I think perhaps her fingers em-



PRINCE JAMES AND PRINCESS LOUISA MARY, CHILDREN OF JAMES II OF ENGLAND.

*(From a photograph, by Walker & Boutall, of the original painting by Largillière
in the National Portrait Gallery, London.)*

broidered the quaint floral designs which show so plainly on its little coat.

Besides the beautiful Gothic point on the cap, the ruff also is trimmed with it, and it often took

famous than Mierevelt! The name of this great artist was Franz Hals.

You see, fashions had not changed much when that portrait was painted, for the baby's



CHARLES AND MARIE-ADELAIDE OF FRANCE. FROM A PORTRAIT BY DROUAIS.

twenty-five yards of lace to edge some of these triple-plaited ruffs, as they were called.

The second baby, the one shown in the frontispiece, is a little Dutchman (I think the first one I have mentioned is an Italian), and this picture, too, was painted over three hundred years ago by another Dutch artist, even more

cap, like the one by Mierevelt first mentioned, is trimmed with Gothic point. Instead of wearing a thick, fluffy, all-around ruff, which was called a "gorget," this baby wears a half-ruff and stomacher of lace.

I feel sure this was his best dress, for I see his mother has put a tuck in it, so that it could

be let down. The nurse seems almost as pleased as the baby at having her picture painted.

In the picture on page 293 the "baby" is a little girl, and dressed in French style, but she wears a cap. Like the front of her gown, this cap was made of very precious lace, called Alençon.

Venetian lace had been brought to France, and so much admired that Colbert, a minister of the time of Louis XIV, had factories started to make lace in France, so that the immense sums of money people spent for this fabric should be kept at home. Then Louis decreed that Alençon was the only lace which should be worn by his courtiers, but they did not always obey him, and still wore lace brought from Italy and Flanders.

The cap little Princess Louisa Mary wears was called a "Fontange," and its origin was due to an accident. The "Sun King," as they called Louis XIV, was hunting one day, and a lady in the party, Mademoiselle Fontanges, had her hair much rumpled by the wind and the violent exercise. She tied her lace-bordered handkerchief over her head, and it was so becoming that the king desired her to arrange her hair in the same fashion and wear it at the court that evening. The cap was admired, everybody copied it, and it was called, in compliment to the lady, a "Fontange."

In this picture we have another parrot, sitting among the branches of an orange-tree.

How do you like the cap on page 294? The Fontange is quite "out," and this little flat one has taken its place. I think I like it best of all, but perhaps that is because such a dear, bright-

facéd little girl is wearing it. Though she has not much lace on her cap, she has lace on her sleeves, in the front of her waist, and on her apron. Next to Alençon this is the most costly lace France ever produced, and was called Argentan. Like Alençon, it was first made in the time of Louis XIV (though this portrait was painted about 1767).

All the lace shown in these caps is what is known as needle-point lace—that is, lace not made with bobbins. Since about the time of the French Revolution (1790) none of this Argentan lace has been made. During the reign of Napoleon I, there was a determined effort made once more to manufacture Alençon lace, but it was not successful.

We generally think that we have a great many things in this century that people did not have a century or two ago. So we have; but, then, they had things we should not know how to use.

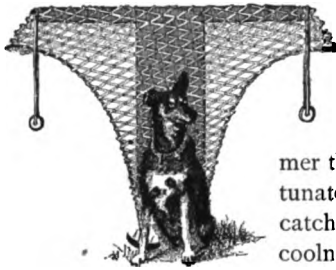
There was a play called "Rhoden and Iris," first acted in May, 1631. In it is given a list of a lady's "ornaments." I will not name them all, but only a selection. I wonder how many ST. NICHOLAS readers would know what to do with even the half of these!

Chains, coronets, pendans, bracelets and earrings;
Pins, girdles, spangles, embroyderies & rings.
Shadows, rebatoes, ribbands, ruffs, cuffs, falls.
Scarves, feathers, fans, masks, muffs, laces, cauls;
Thin tiffanies, cobweb lawn & fardingals;
Sweet fals, vayles, wimples, glasses, crisping-pins,
Pots of ointment, combes, with poking-sticks & bodkins,
Coyfes, gorgets, fringes, rowles, fillets & hair laces,
Silks, damasks, velvets, tinsels, cloth of gold,
Of tissues with colours of a hundred fold.



THE JUDGE AND THE CUR.

By TEMPLE BAILEY.



TONY'S stand was on the coldest corner of the wind-swept street. In summer this was very fortunate, for Tony could catch the occasional coolness of such breezes as straggled up from the river; but in winter Tony's fingers grew red and his nose blue in the chill, searching blasts.

There was consolation, however, in the peanut-roaster. By hugging very close to it, Tony could keep himself warm on one side at least.

In the bitterest weather Tony kept his fruit covered. The man who owned the stand did not wish to have the fruit freeze, but he was not so careful of Tony. He came every morning to see that all was in order, to scold Tony until the boy was stubbornly resentful, and then to leave him through all the tiresome hours until night came on, when he returned and sent Tony home to a poor little supper and a poor little bed.

Tony could not have stood it if it had not been for "Smuggler." Smuggler was a dog. Tony had named him Smuggler because he had to be smuggled into odd corners whenever the man who owned the stand came around; and Smuggler, like the wise, small tramp of the streets that he was, took refuge under his piece of carpet beneath the stand whenever the dog-catchers or a policeman of unfriendly aspect walked by or stopped at the peanut-roaster.

The big policeman on the corner, however, kept his eyes and ears closed to the fact that there was an unlicensed cur on his beat. Now and then the proprietor of a little restaurant across the street treated Tony to a bowl of soup — thick, hot soup, with two slices of bread.

So, with these occasional feasts, and with the nights of comfort when he and Smuggler lay

curled close together, Tony managed to live without running away, and even to be a little happy.

But the dog-catchers had their eyes on Smuggler. One very cold morning they swept up the street with nets ready, but Smuggler disappeared at the first sound of the yelping, barking wagon-load, and there was nothing to be seen under the stand but an innocent piece of old carpet. When, however, the dog-catchers had vanished around the corner, Tony gave a little whistle, the carpet became suddenly animated, a scrubby head emerged, and, with a glad bark of freedom, Smuggler charged down on the sparrows in the street.

And it was then that the Judge drove up.

"It's just such curs, Johnson," he said, looking at Smuggler with great disfavor, as the small vagabond darted under the horses' feet, "that make dogs a menace to the community. A good dog," he continued, with his hand on the head of "Emperor II," "is a precious possession, but I have n't any use for common canines."

"No, suh," grinned the darky coachman, as he climbed down. "Dem *is* fine o'anges, suh! A dozen, did you say, suh?"

"Yes," said the Judge.

Emperor II sat quietly in front of the Judge. Between the two there was the dignified understanding that exists when the dog is of noble breed and the master of noble instincts. They were both of them gentlemen of the old school, and if Emperor II rarely received a caress from the old man's hand, he knew every inflection of the testy, kind old voice, and his tail would wave slightly at the mere sound of his master's name.

Tony was putting up the fruit stolidly. He could not understand why people wanted fruit in such weather, nor could he understand why so fine a gentleman should be buying fruit at his stand instead of patronizing one of the fash-

ionable and high-priced fruit-stores up town. Why did n't he get one of the hot pies at the little restaurant across the way? If Tony had money, he would buy ten hot pies at one time, and then he and Smuggler would eat and eat—

Just then the dog-catchers executed a flank movement. They had spotted Smuggler, and they had moved away merely to allay suspicion.

Then, suddenly, there was the rush of a big grayish body, and Emperor II, in spite of the Judge's efforts to hold him, leaped to the rescue of Smuggler—poor, frightened, cowering Smuggler. Emperor stood in front of him, his massive old head raised, his white teeth showing in menace, defying any one to touch him—him who wore on his massive silver-mounted collar the tag that made him a free dog within the limits of the city.

At this the dog-catcher stopped. "Call off your dog, sir," he said to the Judge, respectfully but firmly.

Tony stood with his two small red hands clasped closely together, his miserable, imploring face turned up to the Judge.

"Please, please!" he gasped, and the tears made dirty little rivers down his cheeks.

"Oh, by George!" said the Judge.

The big policeman had strolled up and a small crowd had gathered.

"Fine mastiff, sir," said the big policeman, as he looked at grand old Emperor II, who still held the catchers at bay, "but you will have to call him off."

"Emperor, boy, come here!" commanded the Judge, reluctantly.

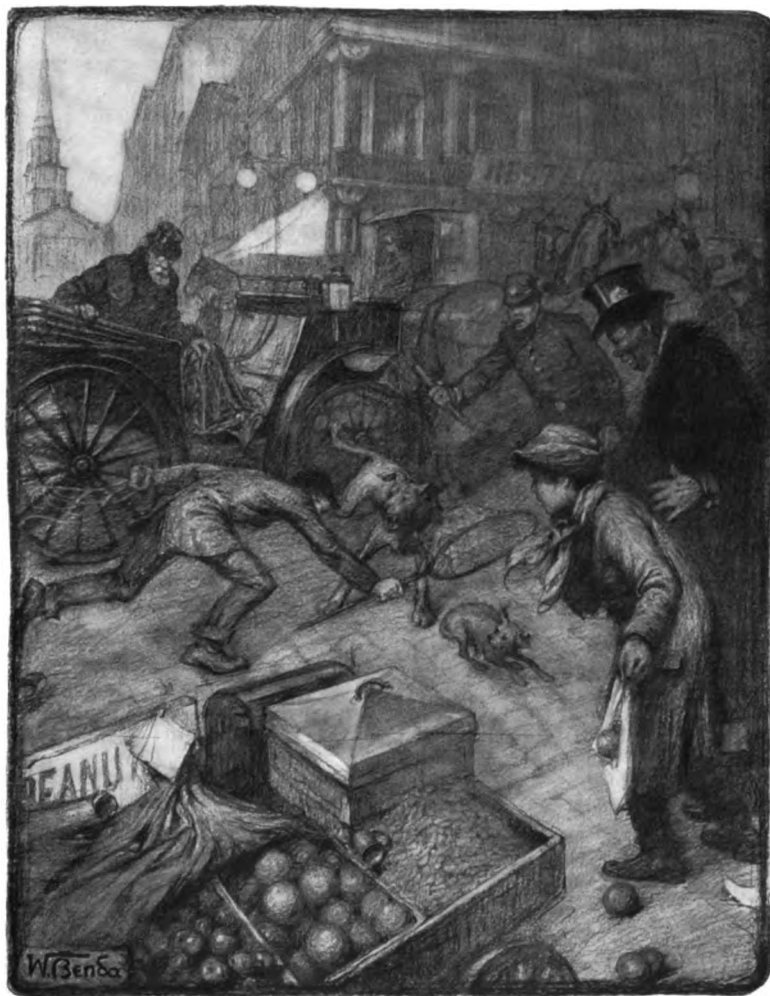
Then Emperor's head drooped. He looked

"Good!" said the Judge, as he saw the man with the net making for Smuggler.

Tony dropped the bag of oranges and opened his arms to his little dog; but the man with the net ran between them and reached for Smuggler, who was huddled up under the stand.

from the shivering little cur in the corner to his master. Then, seeing no sign of relenting in the Judge's face, he went to the carriage and leaped in, with ears down—a disappointed knight-errant.

The dog-catchers then carried off the strug-



"TONY DROPPED THE BAG OF ORANGES AND OPENED HIS ARMS TO HIS LITTLE DOG."

gling, yelping Smuggler, and Tony, seeing that remonstrance was useless, with dulled, unquestioning submission to more suffering, went on putting the fruit into bags.

The big policeman strolled over to the side of the carriage.

"Poor little chap!" he said. "The dog was all he had."

The Judge cleared his throat. "Such dogs are a nuisance," he began; but his voice wa-

and went over to the restaurant, and soon a waiter brought him a bowl of soup and a hot pie; but the boy was dumb with misery.

Whirling around in his brain was but one thought: Smuggler was gone, and he would never see his little dog again. After that nothing mattered. He did n't care whether he took care of the stand or not. He would go away somewhere and never come back. When the man who owned the stand came that night,



"AND WHEN THE OLD DOG HAD LAID HIS HEAD ON HIS MASTER'S KNEE AND LOOKED AT HIM WITH INQUIRING, LOVING EYES, THE JUDGE HAD MADE A DECISION."

vered a little, and Emperor, noting the kinder tone, turned on his master two beautiful, pleading eyes, and put a paw on the Judge's knee.

"There's nothing to be done, I suppose?" mused the Judge, with his eyes on the distant wagon of the dog-catchers.

"No; unless you could go to the pound and pay his tax."

"Humph!" said the Judge, testily. "My dinner is waiting"; and then Johnson climbed in with the fruit, and they drove away.

The big policeman tried to comfort Tony,

he scolded and fussed, and finally struck at the boy; but the big policeman interfered. "Stop that," he said, "or I'll run you in."

All night long, in his miserable bed, the boy sobbed and slept, and dreamed that Smuggler was back again, and woke to find his arms empty. He thought of Smuggler with the other yelping, downcast, condemned dogs at the pound. He hoped they would not hurt him. He wondered if he missed his little master, and then he sobbed again as he yearned for the small warm body that had lain for so many

nights at his side. Smuggler might not be beautiful, but he was loving, and "He was all I had," groaned Tony, with heavy weeping, as he sank into troubled slumber.

In the morning he had made up his mind that he would run away. There was country somewhere, and perhaps he could find it, and sleep in some barn on the hay. No one cared for him, no one but Smuggler, and perhaps even now Smuggler was about to die.

Then, in the gray dawn, he went back to the fruit-stand, to sit with his head in his hands. Toward noon, as he crouched shivering and unhappy in his cold corner, there came the sound of swift trotting horses, and Tony was conscious all at once of a picture in which the Judge, with his big fur overcoat, was the main feature. At his feet was the great mastiff, his head up, his eyes blazing with joyous excitement.

And what was that in the corner of the seat? Something small and yellow and scrubby! Tony gasped, but before he could cry out, the carriage stopped, and the small yellow scrubby object bolted out of it straight into Tony's arms!

It was Smuggler! Little Smuggler, with a collar studded with silver nails, in everything but size just like the one around Emperor's lordly neck, and hanging from the collar was the precious tag that made him a licensed dog!

The Judge's face was beaming as he explained, but he could scarcely make himself heard, for the little dog was barking, and Emperor bayed excitedly as he leaped back and forth from the Judge to Tony.

"We had a time, I tell you," laughed the Judge. "We went down to the pound this morning. I could n't tell which was your dog, but old Emperor knew him, and we paid the fine, and got the license, and bought a collar, and here we are!"

But the Judge did not tell of his troubled conscience of the night before, when, in his easy-chair before a glowing fire, with Emperor II stretched full length on the rug, the thought of the lonely little figure on the windy corner had come between him and his book. And when the old dog had laid his head on his master's knee and looked at him with inquiring, loving eyes, the Judge had made a decision. "We 'll do it the first thing in the morning, old fellow,"

he had said, and Emperor gave him his paw, and they shook hands on it.

At first Tony could not thank the Judge. He simply stood there with a glorified look on his swarthy face, the wriggling, happy dog in his arms, and said over and over again:

"Smuggler, Smuggler, Smuggler!"

The Judge's eyes were watery. He took a bill out of his pocket.

"Here, boy," he said; "spend this on yourself and the dog."

Tony went over to the carriage and put one arm around Emperor's great neck.

"Thank you both — thank you," he began.

But all at once the Judge was in a great hurry. "There, there," he said sharply; "I 'll



"HE SIMPLY STOOD THERE WITH A GLORIFIED
LOOK ON HIS SWARTHY FACE."

be late at my office." But he smiled as Johnson gathered up the reins.

Then, as he drove off, he gave a backward glance at the thin little figure and the yellow cur, and he laid his hand on Emperor's head with one of his rare caresses.

"By George!" he said huskily. "By George!"

A Pointed Valentine.

By

V. K. FRYE.

THIS is a story of a real old-fashioned "pointed" valentine. Not the sharp-pointed kind that I am sure you do *not* send — the mean, ugly ones that leave a smart behind!

No, indeed; this valentine, though sharp-pointed enough in truth, brought such joy and happiness to one little girl of long ago that it was kept as an heirloom in her family for more than a hundred years.

Mehitabel Merriwether was a bright, merry little maiden of twelve, who, in spite of her quaint Puritan garb and strict up-bringing, was as full of life and spirits as the little lasses of to-day. With her parents she came over from England about the year 1710 and settled in the colonies, as our own dear United States were then called.

On their hard life of toil and privation we need not dwell, but you know of course that many things which you are used to having in plenty, those pioneer settlers had to do without.

Among some things which were very scarce with the colonists of those early days were pins and needles — two very necessary things in every household. There were no stores then, and ships bringing new supplies of real necessities were often many months apart.

Thus it happened that in the little settlement town where Mehitabel lived there were, at the time of my story, but two needles in the whole neighborhood. One of these belonged to good

Dame Merriwether, her mother, who was very kind about lending it to any and all of her neighbors.

You can imagine, knowing as you do how very necessary a needle is, how *very* precious that particular needle was; how it was valued as a loan; and how very particular every good dame was with it while she had it in her keeping.

Little girls, too, were brought up in those days to be very careful, obedient, and industrious. They were told that "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do," and that they must not waste too much time in useless play. So one winter morning, when poor Dame Hetherton was laid up with the rheumatism in her knee and sorely in need of a needle for a few days' mending during her enforced idleness, Mehitabel's

mother did not hesitate to intrust the precious needle to the little girl to deliver to her invalid friend.

Mehitabel started off demurely enough; but it was such a bright, sparkling, bracing morning, with the sun shining on the smooth, glistening snow, that she forgot to be sedate and seemly, as befitted her important trust, and began to skip and run and slide along just as little girls do nowadays.

But whom should she meet on the way but her dearest friend, Prudence Gillifether, bound also on an errand for *her* mother; and soon the two small maidens were having a merry romp and a sliding race along the hard-beaten path. A



long slide—a slip too far—and little Mehitabel landed unexpectedly in a snowdrift at the side of the path!

With a surprised “Oh!” and a gay laugh, she was up again in an instant, shaking her skirts vigorously and brushing off the clinging snow from her shoulders and arms.

the lining with little fine stitches so that it would have a firm hold.

“Do you remember to be very careful, child,” she had said. “Stop and look at it every few minutes so as to be sure that it does not work loose.”

And she had forgotten it entirely! *And now*



“FORGETTING EVERYTHING IN HER JOYFUL RELIEF, SHE JUMPED UP AND THREW HER ARMS AROUND THE OLD WOMAN’S NECK.” (SEE PAGE 303.)

Suddenly she stopped short and turned back the front hem of her long thick coat. *The needle was gone!* Dame Merriwether had placed it there so carefully, running it through

it was gone—the precious needle that meant comfort and neatness to so many just then!

Oh, you can well believe how badly little Mehitabel felt; how she called hastily to

Prudence, and how the two searched and scraped, digging up the snow and sifting it through their cold little fingers in a vain attempt to find the needle on the unlucky spot where Mehitabel had fallen or in the path behind.

But it was gone. No sign or trace of it could they find anywhere.

"Oh, Prudence, what shall I do? It was all my fault!" sobbed the poor child, finally breaking down, when all hope was past. "What will mother and every one say of such a careless, heedless, disobedient child?"

"If only it was anything else but the needle—the *only* needle!" chimed in Prudence, dismally.

Mehitabel started and brushed off her tears. "Oh, Prudence, I have just thought!" she cried. "There *is* another needle, you know. Let us go quick and ask old Dame Calkins to lend us hers. If it breaks we can give her another when the ship comes in the spring."

"Dame Calkins!" gasped Prudence. "Oh, Mehitabel, you never would ask her? Why, you know they say she is a witch," she whispered, glancing around her fearfully.

"Nonsense! Father says there are no such things as witches any more. I'm not afraid—not *much* afraid, I mean!" she amended truthfully. "But, anyway, I am going. It was my fault and I must do something, you know."

"But," objected Prudence, "what is the use? She will not lend it, anyway. Nobody ever thinks of asking *her* for anything."

"Then how can they tell she will not lend?" insisted Mehitabel. "I am going to ask her, anyhow, and tell her how I lost mine, and how badly we all need it. Maybe she really wants to lend things if she had a chance. Oh, I must do *something*!" And resolute little Mehitabel turned around and started toward Dame Calkins's little hut at the far end of the settlement. "Won't you come with me, Prudence?" she called back appealingly over her shoulder.

"No, indeed! I would not go near old Dame Calkins for anything. Besides, I must hurry about mother's errand. Oh, Mehitabel, I would n't be you for anything!" was her parting comfort.

Brave little Mehitabel kept straight on her

way, though her heart grew heavier and heavier and thumped harder and harder the nearer she drew to the cottage.

When she reached the lonely little hut, she stood still a moment to gather courage, then knocked loudly on the door. Even then she was tempted to run away as fast as she could before it was too late; but she shut her lips and fists tight and stood her ground. Soon she heard hobbling steps and the tap, tap of a stick approaching. The door was flung open, and a little old woman, with a stern, frowning face, stood before her, leaning slightly on a rude cane.

"Well!" she snapped. "What do you want here?"

Mehitabel drew a deep breath, and started in bravely and right to the point.

"Oh, please, Dame Calkins, won't you lend me your needle just for a few days? I have lost mother's; and oh, I don't know what to do if I can't have yours awhile. It was all my own fault, too. I was a careless, heedless, disobedient child. But, indeed, I am very, very sorry, and if you will lend me yours I will be so very careful. You need not be a bit afraid of my losing *it* too."

Dame Calkins said nothing for what seemed a long time. She just stood with her face screwed up in a frown, looking hard at poor little Mehitabel. She saw the trembling lips and clenched hands, and she saw, too, the brave, eager light of determination shining in her blue eyes, in which the tears stood very near the surface.

Suddenly she put out her wrinkled hand and patted the little hooded head. "Come in, my dear!" she jerked out at last. "Come in and sit you down by the fire."

Mehitabel came in obediently, and sat down on the rude settle before the fire.

"So you want my needle?" went on the dame, hobbling jerkily over to the seat opposite her. "Do you know what day this is?"

"No, ma'am," answered Mehitabel, rather startled.

Dame Calkins jerked herself into an easy position before answering. She did everything by jerks—walked, talked, and moved.

"Well, it's the 14th of February—St. Val-

entine's day," she began in breathless little jerks,—“and back in old England,—Scalford way in Leicestershire,—the little maidens go to the different houses —on Valentine's day— and ask for pins and points.

‘Good-morrow, Valentine!
All the pins and points are mine,’

they say. And to the first one — that so seeks on Valentine morning — we must give what pins and points they want. So you see — mayhap I will have to lend you my needle — for you are the first to seek — for pins or points — to-day — or for many a day for that matter!” she added grimly.

“Oh, will you really let me have it, dear, kind dame? Oh, how good you are!” cried little Mehitabel; and forgetting everything in her joyful relief, she jumped up and threw her arms around the old woman's neck, kissing her withered cheek.

“Why, bless your heart!” exclaimed the startled dame. “You are a brave little girl — and I like courage. We need it in this new country. Ah, I had one like you once — a bonny lass — well-a-day! well-a-day!” And she drew a deep sobbing sigh that shook her thin frame.

Mehitabel patted her bent shoulder comfortingly.

“I will come over and see you often, if you would like to have me,” she said softly.

“Yes, child, come and see me. — I need you — as the wilted plant needs the moisture. — But I'm forgetting the needle. — Here it is, stuck in this piece of card. — Put it away carefully now — so. — I wish I had a plum bun to give you, child. — We always used to get a plum bun — with our pins and points — on Valentine day — down Scalford way. Good-by now — run home to mother.”

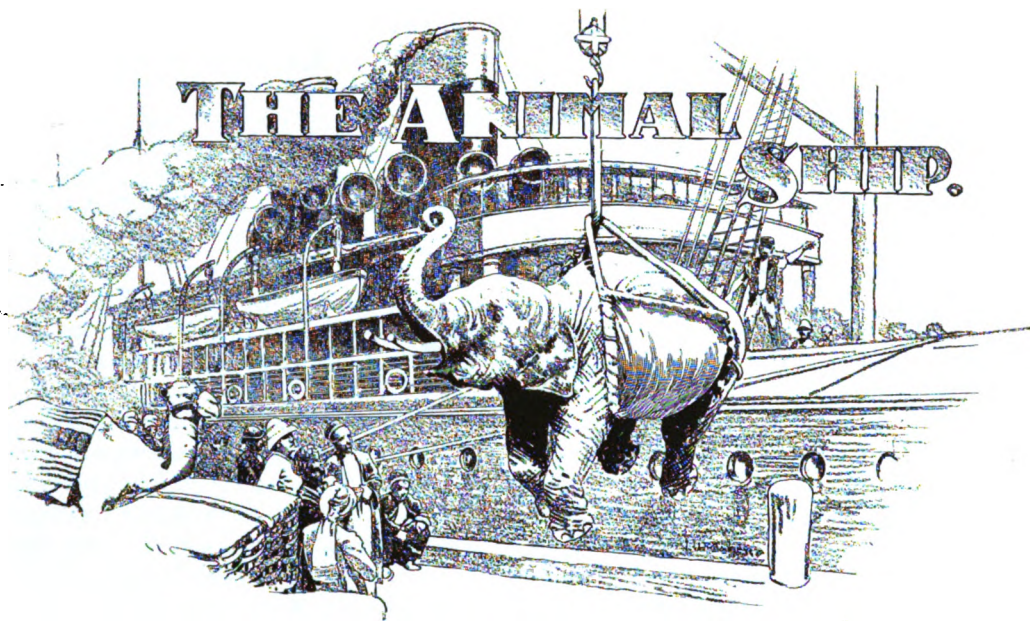
An hour later, little Mehitabel, having delivered the needle safely to Dame Hetherton, was telling her mother all about how she lost one needle and found another.

“Dear child,” said good Dame Merriwether, “Providence chooseth strange ways to work out its plans. Do you go often to see poor, lonely old Dame Calkins, and mayhap we will win her back to friendliness and cheer. Years ago, her only son and sole remaining child strayed into evil paths, and was never seen near his home again. Cold glances and evil tongues soured the old woman, and she came to the colonies to escape them. But her story followed her, the cruel tongues kept on, and she grew cold and defiant. She would notice none of us. But, please God, we'll win her back to neighborliness again.”

And they did.

This is how the descendants of Great-grandmother Mehitabel came so long to cherish a queer discolored card that bore the pointed valentine and looked very much like this:





By P. W. HUMPHREYS.

WHEN young Orang heard the steady tramp of feet about his forest home one morning, he little thought there was cause for alarm. His home was in one of the thick forests that cover the low, damp lands in the island of Borneo—forest depths human feet seldom tread. His father was an immense orang-utan known as “The Wild Man of the Woods” by the natives of Borneo. As he measured nearly seven feet in height, and was heavier than many human giants, he made so much noise, in walking about on the thick underbrush with Orang’s mother, that there was nothing unusual in the ominous tramping on that fateful morning.

The steps came nearer, the underbrush crackling more noisily. Orang raised his strangely manlike yet baby face to greet his parents. But, instead of receiving his usual breakfast of forest fruits and nuts, he was nearly smothered under a heavy blanket which was thrown over his head and drawn securely about his throat. A few piteous cries for help,—quelled before they could reach even his mother’s keen ears,—a whoop of delight from his captor, and poor little Orang was hurried away from his forest home. Then came a weary journey, which seemed interminable to the homesick, frightened

baby orang-utan, until at last he reached Germany and was placed in a great animal-house at Hamburg, to await the arrival of the ship which was to take him across the ocean to an American zoo.

Like other members of the intelligent family of apes, Orang soon became fond of his captors, and especially fond of the small black boy who claimed him as his own particular pet. The little negro boy who first discovered Orang and threw the blanket over his head, before yelling with joy to tell the other hunters of his capture, resembled very much the natives of the African jungles; but any one who talked with Jeff soon discovered that he was not born in Africa. He had had many adventures in his short life, and was a remarkably intelligent black boy. He was born in Chicago, in the year that Grover Cleveland was first elected President of the United States. He was left an orphan when only five years old, and was given a home by an Irishman in the employ of a Chicago animal-trainer. His full name was Jefferson Davis Cleveland McKinley O’Toole. For many years it was a trial to Jeff to have this glorious procession abbreviated. Although his mother named him, modestly, Jefferson Davis Cleveland, O’Toole

was the name of the Chicagoan of whose family he became a member on the death of his parents. No one was ever able to determine how he came by the name of McKinley; but for years Jefferson Davis Cleveland McKinley O'Toole insisted upon the use of his "whole name."

When Carl Hagenbeck, the proprietor of the zoölogical exhibition at the World's Fair, sent buyers to London and to Hamburg for his specimens, Mr. O'Toole and his little helper, "Black Jeff," went to Hamburg with them, and they were sent on an expedition to Africa for wild animals.

After the first trip, Jeff became an expert in animal-hunting; and although he still looks like a comical overgrown child, being small for his age,—almost a dwarf, in fact,—he has had many strange adventures. He proudly claims the distinction of having accompanied expeditions sent out by Van Ambrugh, Carl Hagenbeck, Frank Buckland, Mr. Bartlett, and other zoölogical collectors and great circus and menagerie proprietors.

Jeff and Orang became great friends during

violin, sometimes with an occasional parrot or two or a friendly little monkey as audience, but always with the faithful Orang at his side.

After their arrival at Hamburg, Jeff taught Orang so many tricks and exercised such an influence in the care of the vicious chimpanzees and baboons, as well as of the more docile apes and South American monkeys, that he was given certain duties in the monkey-house instead of being sent on another expedition. It was finally decided that he should accompany the monkeys on the animal-ship during their trip to the United States. Jeff named his pet "Orang," and, jokingly, always insisted that the captive was a real boy, and he spelled his pet's name with the apostrophe, thus: O'Rang.

The majority of the freight-ships that come to ports of the United States from South America, Africa, Asia, or Europe bring a few wild beasts that have been secured in the interior and brought to the ports at which the vessels touched. But it is mainly at Hamburg, in Germany, that attempts have been made, during recent years, to secure regular shipments. One



BELOW DECKS ON AN ANIMAL-SHIP BOUND HOME FROM THE TROPICS.

the trip from the island of Borneo to Hamburg. The ape soon learned to consider the black boy his companion instead of his captor, and often Jeff would be found sitting on a box on the upper deck, scraping away at his beloved

reason is that, when consignments are desired for American zoos, the animals can be collected at Hamburg and shipped free of duty. At the time of the World's Fair in Chicago, Carl Hagenbeck made some of the largest purchases of

wild animals ever recorded for this country. London as well as Hamburg helped to supply the great stock of animals necessary for his Chicago exhibits at the Fair grounds and in New York. At that time there was a great revival in the ancient industry known as the "animal trade," but during the past eight or ten years the business has somewhat decreased. Hamburg is still the chief shipping center, but the animal-ships are seldom so well loaded with interesting wild beasts as they were during 1893.

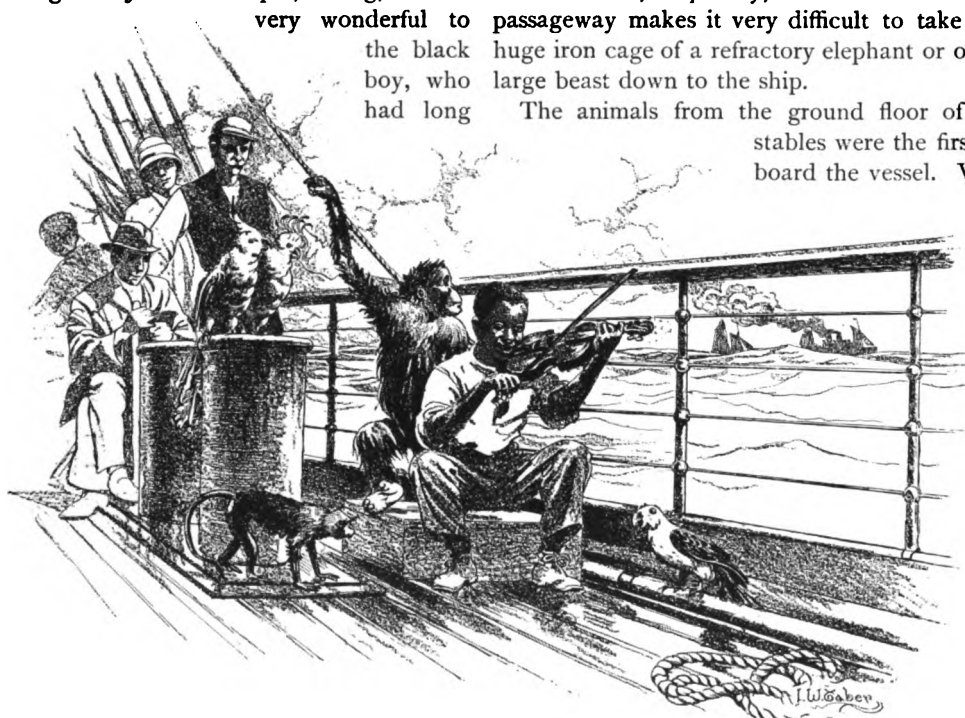
Everything connected with the ship that left Hamburg with Jeff and his pet, Orang, seemed

very wonderful to the black boy, who had long

Jeff and Orang became quite familiar with the animals in the wonderful stables at Hamburg. Jeff's knowledge of the wild beasts, and of the best methods of keeping them quiet and good-natured, made him invaluable to the dealers, and, wherever he was found, his orang-utan was near by.

When the ship arrived at the Hamburg wharf there were anxious moments at the stables. The passage leading from the stables is narrow, for convenience in blocking the escape of any captive that succeeds in breaking away from the dealers. But, frequently, the straitness of the passageway makes it very difficult to take the huge iron cage of a refractory elephant or other large beast down to the ship.

The animals from the ground floor of the stables were the first to board the vessel. Very



"AND OFTEN JEFF WOULD BE FOUND ON THE UPPER DECK SCRAPING AWAY AT HIS VIOLIN, BUT ALWAYS WITH THE FAITHFUL ORANG AT HIS SIDE."

hunted animals in the wilds, but had never crossed the ocean with a ship-load. The immense animal-house at the Hamburg wharf has two departments, known as the "store" and the "stables." The stables, where the wild beasts are confined while awaiting the arrival of the ship, are situated at some distance from the store, and the two are connected by a street or court. Down this passage every animal must be driven, or carried in its cage, before it can be deposited in safe quarters in the store or on the ship.

few of them were in cages; they were simply tied to the walls and mangers, or they were stalled in loose-boxes. Among them were antelopes, deer, kangaroos, and a few curious mountain-sheep. All these animals were loaded upon the ship without difficulty. The majority of them had quarters on shipboard similar to those in the stables — simply stalls instead of cages.

There was often great difficulty in the transit of the large iron cages. The hold of the ship, where these wild animals are stored, is kept warm

and dark — conditions which prevailed in the warm upper story of the stables, and constituted important elements in the comfort of nervous animals, the night-feeders, and the savage *Felidae*, or cat-tribe. The civet-cats, the pumas, and the panthers are especially fierce when taken from the stables to the ship. Their cages are kept boarded over at the sides and back. At the first movement of the cage, or at the approach of a dealer to examine the front of the cage, the animal inside becomes furious. There are claws crashing upon the bars, sharp, wrathful growls, and glimpses of white teeth and yellow-green eyes. This proved very interesting to Jeff, who had studied the prisoners when they were free in their jungle homes.

It is seldom that serious accidents occur in loading the animal-ship. There were two mishaps, however, that might have been serious but for the prompt action of the little Chicago colored boy. A tiger from India was being trundled through the narrow passage leading from the stables. The huge cage was difficult to handle. The bumping of the structure against the sides of the passage not only weakened it, but enraged the tiger. Using his back in a powerful arch, he burst the cage, and ran growling down the passage. The tiger — one of the fiercest ever captured — had been caged only a short time. He was now as strong as ever, and twice as ferocious. The crew of the animal-ship, as well as the dealers, were so paralyzed with terror that, for a moment, no effort was made to stop his flight.

But Jeff remembered the prompt action of a hunter while capturing a tiger that had escaped from a cage in India. He grasped a crowbar and started for the animal. At first sight of the determined black boy with his crowbar, the tiger seemed inclined to attack him. It was a terrible moment, and death was very near to the daring boy. But he advanced unflinchingly, until at last the tiger, with a snarl of rage, turned, ran back up the passage, and again entered his cage, curling down in its darkened corner, but continuing to snarl, while he was speedily secured by the dealers.

For three days and four nights the ship that was to sail for America remained at Hamburg, taking on board the animals and their neces-

sary food. During nearly the whole time, a savage baboon was at large.



He escaped from his cage on the night of the ship's arrival. The baboons were among the first to be taken on board. One of the most hideous of them broke loose, opened the window of the room in which it was confined, and leaped to the roof of an opposite house. It hid behind the chimneys, enjoying their warmth and chattered defiance at its pursuers. A row of dwelling-houses stood directly back of the stables, and the entire street was soon in commotion. The children of Hamburg were afraid to go to bed. The crafty fellow escaped capture during the entire three days. It was thought the ship would have to sail without him, for while he found it easy to walk on the narrow ledges and steep inclines of the roofs, the men could not follow him, and it was always easy to hide among the chimneys from his pursuers.

It was Jeff who captured him, at last, by climbing along the roofs barefoot, with a rope secured from waist to chimney for safety. Even then there would have been difficulty in attracting the attention of the baboon until the lasso could be used, had it not been for the presence of Orang, who was also secured to his waist by a rope, and was sent along the edge of the roof after the fugitive.

The animals soon quieted after the ship had left the Hamburg wharves and departed on its journey across the ocean.

It was marvelous to Jeff, learned as he was in the lore of the cages, to observe how the dealers who had invested their money in so many beasts that were liable to quick disease and almost sudden death could rest content to see their charges so closely confined. There appeared to be scarcely room for any animal to turn. But he came to understand that close packing of the cages, on a voyage such as that, was imperative. The immense quantities of food that were needed to last throughout the voyage took up much space. One class of cap-



"HE GRASPED A CROWBAR AND STARTED FOR THE ANIMAL."

tives could not survive unless there was plenty of hay and grain; another must have fruits and vegetables; and as for the carnivorous beasts, not only did they require refrigerators filled with meat, but the very deck was alive with calves, sheep, and poultry.

There were noisy passengers on board the animal-ship, and the noisiest of all were not the tigers, with their terrifying roars, or the monkeys, with their incessant chattering. The disturbers of the peace were the birds — thousands of them that seemingly could never keep quiet. Canaries from the Hartz Mountains, magpies and parrots, birds from the tropics, with rich plumage and strident voices, screamed, talked, and sang until the very elephants — who were the wisest of the whole ship's company — could scarcely sleep.

One bird, that was only half a bird at best, almost caused a stampede. There was a startled cry, one morning, from a member of the crew.

"Man overboard!" he shouted, as a resounding splash echoed through the ship from the water at her port side.

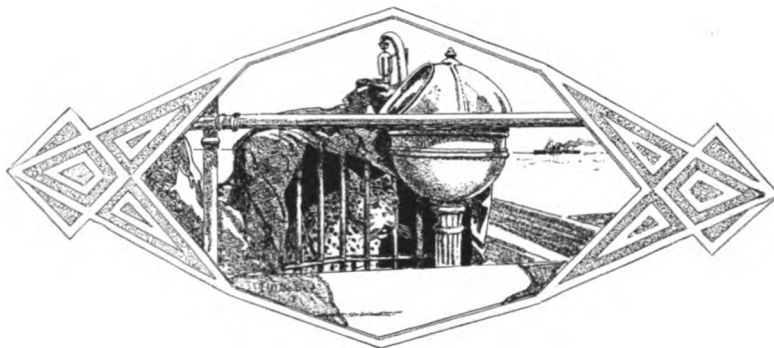
The keepers forgot their charges for a time. They rushed to the side of the boat to rescue the drowning sailor. They discovered only a penguin, diving and swimming about in the water with the greatest delight. The bird had escaped from its cage, waddled to the side of the ship, and, with the sound of a falling man, had plunged overboard in search of fish, his natural prey. The bird-fisherman was captured and returned to his cage before he had secured his breakfast from the sea. Some days later, a seal escaped and dived into the ocean. It would

probably have been lost had not one of the animal-dealers recalled the experience of the famous Dr. Rae, who spent the days of his boyhood in the Orkney and Shetland Islands. Dr. Rae says that, both there and in the regions around the frozen rim of the northern ocean, it is a matter of common experience that seals will follow a boat in which music is played. One of the musical sailors made the test, and the seal was easily captured.

Various musical instruments are found on an animal-ship, for nearly all beasts are strongly influenced by melody.

On the arrival of the ship at Philadelphia, the two strangely assorted friends parted. Orang, his apostrophe no longer retained by the admiring Jeff, became the inmate of a zoo, where they cherished all the rest of him because, as an orang-utan with a label on his cage, he was prized as a wonderfully rare "specimen" all the way from Borneo. O'Toole, even his sharp wits unequal to the task of compelling the rest of the world to give him the complete assortment of names he claimed for his own, continued to be plain "Jeff." But the world of animal-tamers knew little black Jeff for a born keeper of the untamed beasts; and so, in various parts of the earth, he earned, at his chosen calling, a good living and much respect.

Every year there come some ships from Hamburg, bringing captives, few or many. But, among all the voyages, the most curious and exciting adventures that ever befell man or beast were those which happened when Jeff and Orang, devoted comrades, sailed for Hamburg on their way from distant Borneo.



Captain Johnny's Voyage.

BY

John Ernest McCann.



A great big ship and a great big crew
Were provisioned and commanded by
Captain Johnny Q—
And far away they sailed, by icebergs
and through snow,
Till they came to an isle where
the Mingo monkeys grow.
And Johnny filled his ship
With the monkeys on that trip,
Then he sailed away for home
And he nevermore did roam:
For each Mingo monkey sold
For much money in good gold.





A SURPRISE.

BY MALCOLM DOUGLAS.

WHEN the donkey saw the zebra
 He began to switch his tail.
 "Well, I never!" was his comment;
 "Here 's a mule that 's been to jail!"

STRIKES.

BY EDWIN L. SABIN.

MR. JONES struck oil,
 And his men, so they say,
 Struck for eight hours' work
 And for nine hours' pay.

Jones struck his horse,
 And struck for the spot;
 The horse, struck with fear,
 At once struck a trot.

The clock had struck five;
 He was wet to the skin;
 From his blue flannel shirt
 The color struck in.

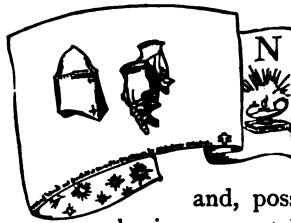
Some baseball players
 Struck up a shout;
 The batter struck a pose,
 And then he struck out.

Jones struck a bargain,
 But soon struck a snag —
 For it struck off his profits,
 And *he* struck his flag.

And now you have struck
 On this history true,
 How, striking a balance,
 Does it all strike *you*?



BY MARY DAWSON.



NOWADAYS we use gloves only to complete our formal dress, or to protect our hands from cold, and, possibly, from the cuts, bruises, or scratches of certain kinds of rough labor. But in the olden days the glove, although it served these purposes too, played a very superior part. It might almost have been called an important "personage" in those times, for on many occasions it acted instead of a person. Sometimes it played the part of a king or earl; sometimes it did the work of a policeman; now and then it gave away large properties, even whole towns and rich tracts of land. It sounds like a fairy-tale, does it not? But it is every word true.

This is the way it came about.

When gloves were first invented, they were used exactly as we use them now — to keep the hands warm, and to keep them from all sorts of disagreeable blisters, burns, and chapping. The ancient Persians wore them at a very early period, and boys and girls who have read Virgil's "Æneid" will remember that the Ro-

man pugilists wore them in their pommeling contests.

Gloves as first invented should rightly be called mittens, for they had no fingers. Fingers were a novelty introduced by the Romans of later days, when Rome became luxurious and foppish.

As soon as the finger gloves (they called them *digitalia*, from *digitus*, a finger) were introduced, the Romans used them for state occasions, wearing the mitten for every day. Poor people had only mittens, when, indeed, they had any hand-coverings at all.

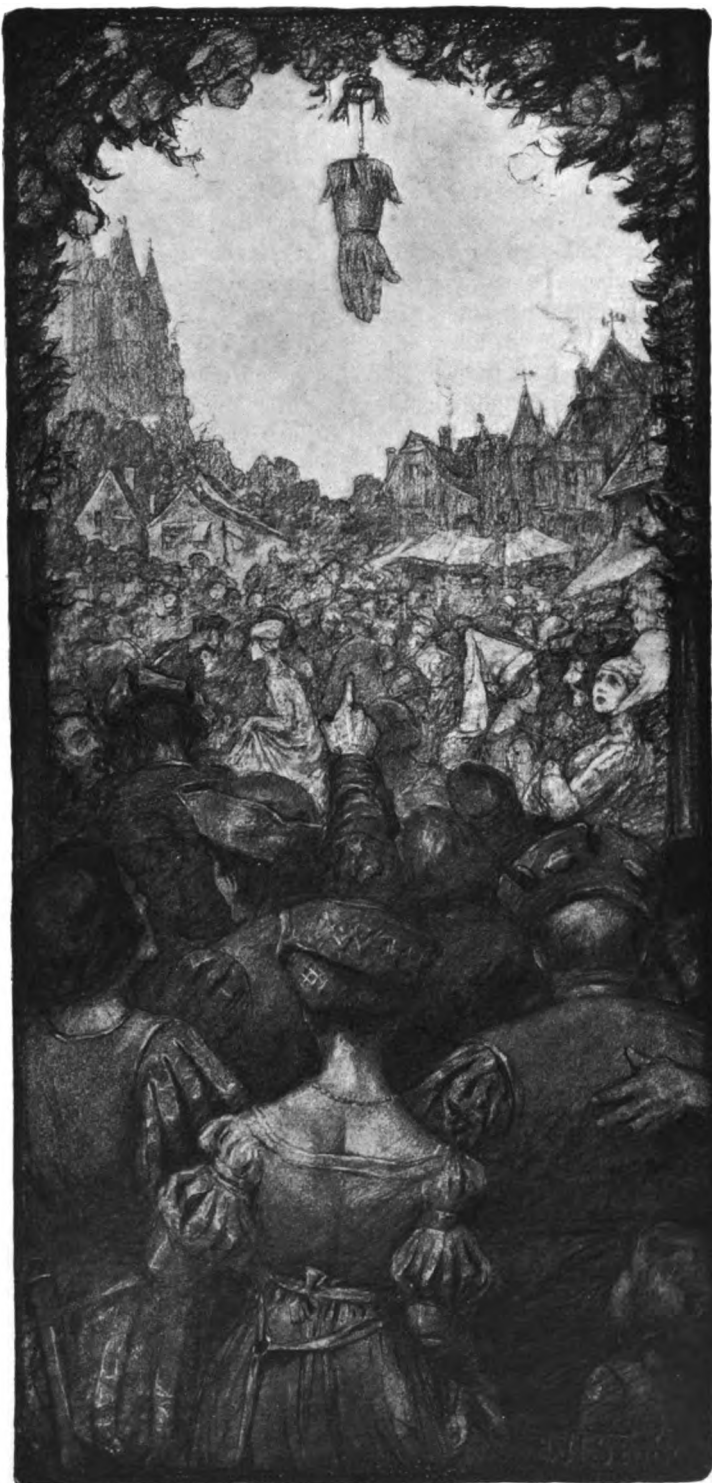
From the older countries, such as Italy and Greece, the fashion of wearing gloves spread to newer lands, reaching England about the time of the Saxon kings. The word *glof* (a queer way the Saxons had of spelling glove) means a hand-covering, and occurs very often in the writings of those times. The beautiful old illuminated books which have luckily been preserved for us show the hands of bishops and other churchmen incased in gloves which are often ornamented with dazzling rings.

Kings and queens of that day all wore gloves. At least, we find their marble effigies, on the tombs in Westminster Abbey, with gloved hands.

The gloves of the middle ages were very different from those we have now. You could not then go into a shop and order a dozen pairs, at a certain price, to fit you perfectly. But then, you might have them exquisitely embroidered in silk of many colors and bordered with a deep fringe. Perhaps, too, the design of the embroidery of those you bought would be entirely original, intended for you and shared by no one else.

Naturally, the gloves of the kings were very fine and costly covering, with embroidery of gold and silver and circlets of precious stones. Bishops and the clergy wore white linen gloves, symbolic of innocence, or red silk hand-gear with symbols worked in gold thread. The popes sometimes wore them of white silk decorated with pearls. Grave people wore dignified patterns without any gorgeousness, and those who liked to make a brave show chose very elaborate or gaudy affairs.

In the early days everything was not regulated for the people, as it is now, by the government and the law-courts. Europe was still young then, and people had rough-and-ready means of dealing with one another, of buying and selling or giving goods and property, and settling disputes. A glove, as it was very close indeed to a man's hand, came in course of time to be looked upon as taking the place of the hand itself, and, as I have said, it sometimes took the man's place and was made to represent him.



AN EARL'S GLOVE OPENING A COUNTY FAIR.

For example: To open a fair it was necessary then to have the consent and protection of the great lord in whose country it was going to be held. Those who wished to open the fair would come to the nobleman and petition him to be present. He might be very busy, or bored at the idea of having to go, yet he would know that it must be opened or his people would be discontented. So he would say to the leaders of the people: "No, my trusty fellows; I can't open the fair in person, but I will send my glove to do it. You all know my glove. Nobody has one like it in the country. It is the one my lady mother embroidered for me in colored silks and silver wire, and it has a deep violet fringe. You can hang it above the entrance of your fair grounds as a sign that you are acting with my permission. If any one disputes your right or touches his master's glove, I will attend to him, that's all." So the glove would travel in state to open the fair.

In the thirteenth century a powerful earl is said to have delivered up a great tract of land to the King of France by promising him the land and sending or giving his glove as pledge of good faith.

In fact, now and then some stag-hunting

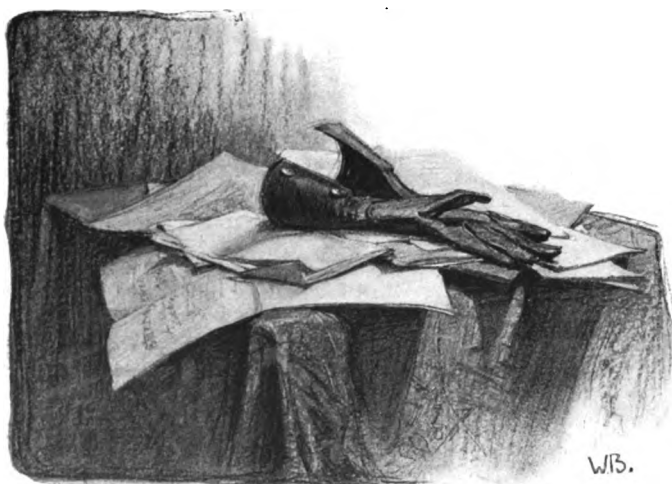
ing papers and giving his signature. The glove would be duly locked away with the papers, to show that the lord of the land had agreed to the transaction.

We still say "throwing the gauntlet," meaning a challenge, even though we are only defying a schoolmate to "spell us down" in a spelling-bee. Of course, the gauntlet is a big glove. The expression is now all that is left of a very important custom of the rough-and-ready age of which we have been speaking—the trial by combat.

For when a man of the medieval times considered himself wronged in any way by a neighbor, he very often decided to attend to punishing his enemy himself. He began matters by throwing down his glove before his enemy. The enemy, if he had any spirit, never allowed it to lie there, of course, for to do that was supposed to prove that the challenger was in the right and that the other feared to put his fate to the touch. If a lady was in distress, she asked some man friend to fight for her, which he was usually glad to do. As soon as the glove was picked up, the two men arranged a battle, which was regulated by fixed rules. This fight was recognized as a legal trial. It had to be settled pretty promptly one way or the other, as they never stopped fighting until one of the champions was killed or badly hurt, or admitted that he was in the wrong. The champion who came off victorious was said to be the innocent person, for the true knight went to battle with the firm belief that God would strengthen his arm and direct his spear or sword.

A knight in the days of chivalry, if he disgraced himself and his knighthood, had his gloves taken away from him, just as he had the spurs knocked from his heels, as a punishment.

So many gloves were made in England, and so many people were employed in making them, that in the fourteenth century the glove-makers formed one of the city companies, or guilds, and drew up a set of rules for govern-



"DULY SIGNED AND SEALED"—BY A GLOVE.

lord who, when a boy, had been fonder of war and the chase than of writing and reading, would fling down his glove among the legal papers drawn up for arranging some business matter, and say that that was his way of sign-

ing their men, which were thought important enough to be laid before the king and approved by him.

One of the rules was that if any glove-maker was found doing bad work, that is, cutting or

of a family, if his wife and daughters followed the fashions at all, allowed them a certain sum of money to buy gloves. This was called "glove-money," just as we still say "pin-money" (and, by the way, the allowance made to ladies to



THROWING DOWN THE GAUNTLET.

sewing badly or using bad material, he should be brought before the mayor and aldermen. If, when this happened, he was sorry and promised to do better in the future, he might be let off with a reprimand. But if unrepentant, he would be banished from the city and was not allowed to return.

Queen Elizabeth was very vain of her pretty hands, and so was extremely fastidious in the choice of her gloves. She must have had as many pairs of them, in that wonderful wardrobe of hers, as she had blond wigs. The reason she had so many gloves was that, everywhere she went, people, knowing that she liked beautiful hand-wear, gave it to her. She received gloves of silk or leather, embroidered or jewel-studded, trimmed with a multitude of little gold buttons, and deliciously perfumed.

These sweet or perfumed gloves were much liked by ladies of Elizabeth's reign. The father

buy pins in former times must have been larger than it is nowadays, for pins were then quite expensive).

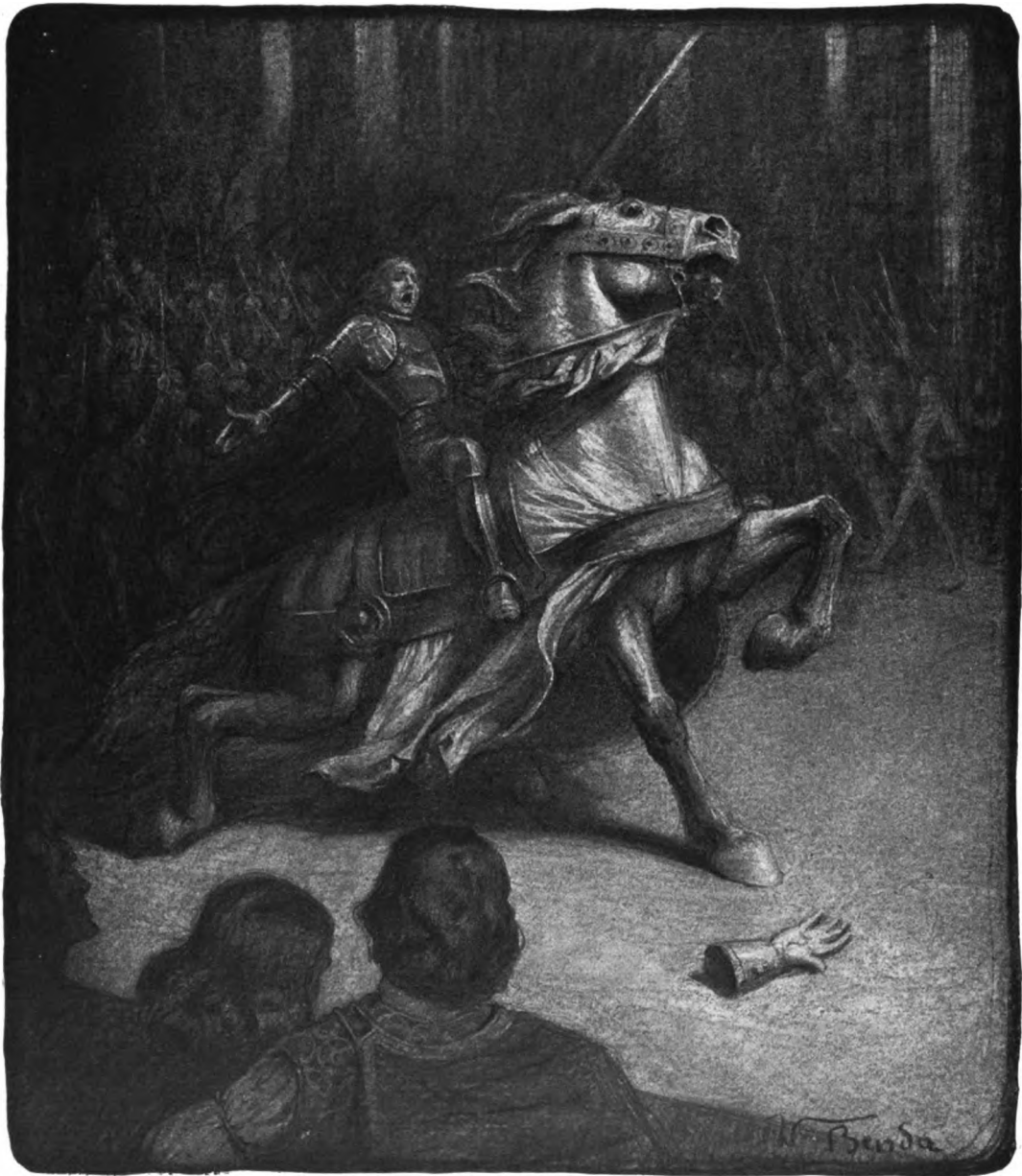
A gentleman who was in the habit of going to Elizabeth's court told his friends that in one of her Majesty's audiences the Maiden Queen pulled her gloves off and on more than a hundred times. This was to let those present see and admire her hands. Think of the little vanities of so great a woman!

For many hundred years gloves have played a part in the court life of various countries, and many are the interesting glove-relics that have come down to this day, and that are now carefully preserved in museums. Among these there is a plain buff-colored pair of gloves which belonged to the martyr king, Charles I. These he presented to the great-great-grandfather of the present owner. This gentleman had got together a troop of horse to help his sovereign, who was

then in dire distress, and the king, meeting him at the head of his men, drew the gloves from his hands and gave them to his faithful follower.

belonged to the same monarch, and these are beautifully wrought.

He wore a very rich and kingly pair upon the



THE KING'S CHAMPION AND HIS CHALLENGE. (SEE PAGE 317.)

When these gloves were given, the times were troublous. Poor King Charles had other matters, more important than clothes, to think about, and therefore his gauntlets show no sign of trimming. But we have other pairs which once

day of his execution. For, instead of making a careless or slovenly appearance on the scaffold, as some less noble person might have done, this king went to it dressed in all his state. He told his attendants to dress him "as trimly as might

be," and gave particular directions about each article of clothing.

Several pairs of gloves once the property of Charles II can also be seen in the museums and collections.

As for the pretty legends and historic stories which cluster about gloves, a big book would be needed to give them all. Richard Cœur de Lion, returning from Palestine, was recognized by a glove hanging at the girdle of his squire, and was taken prisoner.

There were many delightful courtesies in former times connected with gloves. Lovers exchanged them, and the knight who rode forth to war had one fluttering from his helmet. When a maiden died, a pair of white gloves, the white being emblematic of innocence, was laid upon her bier. Or, if a judge summoned his court, and there were no criminals to be tried or cases to be settled, the judge was given a snow-white pair of gloves.

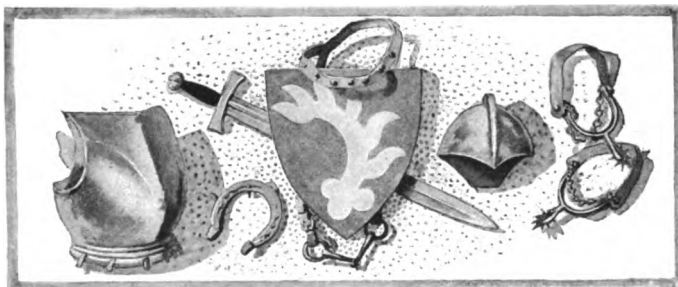
The etiquette of crowning a king once required that the new sovereign should have his knight to champion his cause. Imagine to yourself the ending of a coronation banquet in Westminster Hall. The king is there, and his family and his court. Suddenly a trumpet blares out through the Hall, and into the place dashes a knight on a fine horse and gallantly armed, spear in rest. This is the king's champion. He proceeds to pull off his long glove, and casts it down upon the floor, and, in a loud voice, calls upon

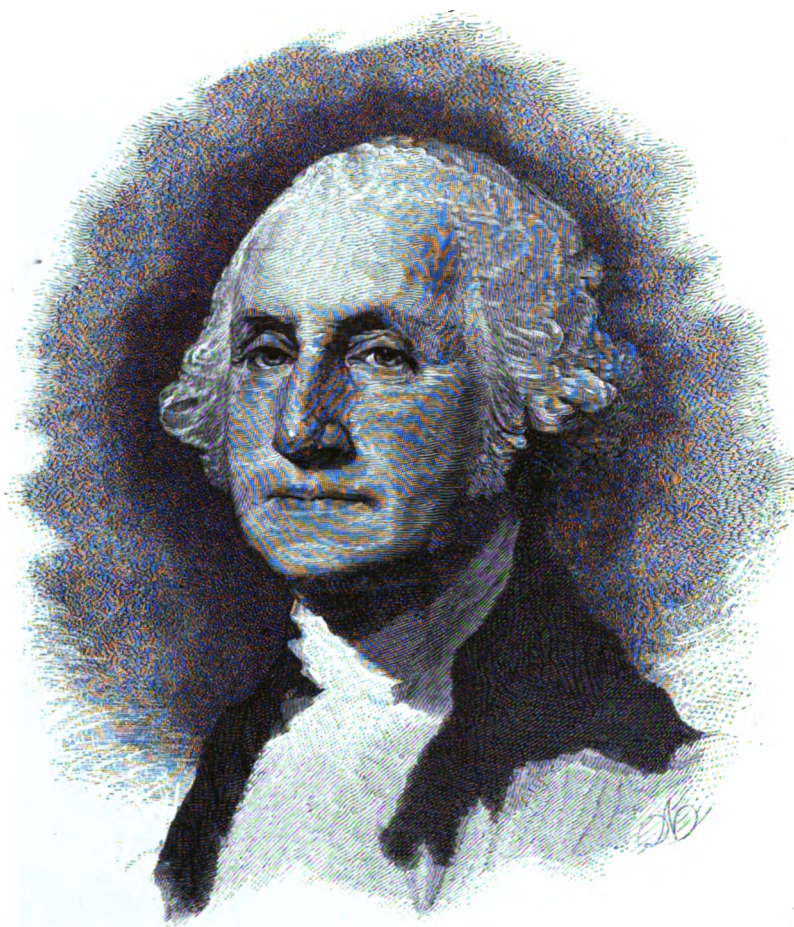
any subject who does not think the new king is the true king to stand forward and pick up his glove, and fight him to the death. I have never heard that anybody accepted the challenge.

Gloves at one time were very popular as New Year's gifts. One lady brought a gift of this kind to the great Sir Thomas More. Unfortunately, she filled it with gold coins. Sir Thomas had decided a law case in her favor, and she wished to show her gratitude in this way. But Sir Thomas was too high-minded and honorable a man to take money in the administration of justice. "It would be against courtesy," he said, "to refuse the lady's gift. I will therefore keep the *gloves*, but the *lining* she must give to some one else." By the lining Sir Thomas meant, of course, the gold with which she had filled them.

The Portuguese say of a man, "He wears no gloves," when they mean that he is honest and honorable and above suspicion.

There is still another phrase which comes down to us from the days when gloves were used in more ways than they now are. Have n't you sometimes heard it said, when a young lady has discarded her lover, that she "gave him the mitten"? This was first said in the early times when lovers exchanged gloves as a sign that they intended to marry each other. When a girl broke her engagement she gave back the glove or mitten. We still use the phrase, although gloves are no longer exchanged.





WASHINGTON'S REVERENCE.

By L. R. McCABE.



MUCH of George Washington's firm strength of character was due to his splendid ancestry, as the following little anecdote will testify:

While reconnoitering in Westmoreland County, Virginia, one of General Washington's officers chanced upon a fine team of horses driven before a plow by a burly slave. Finer animals he had never seen. When his

eyes had feasted on their beauty, he cried to the driver:

"Hello, good fellow! I must have those horses. They are just such animals as I have been looking for."

The black man grinned, rolled up the whites of his eyes, put the lash to the horses' flanks, and turned up another furrow in the rich soil. The officer waited until he had finished the row; then, throwing back his cavalier cloak, the ensign of rank dazzled the slave's eyes.

"Better see missis! Better see missis!" he cried, waving his hand to the south, where above the cedar growth rose the towers of a fine

old Virginia mansion. The officer turned up the carriage road and soon was rapping the great brass knocker of the front door. Quickly the door swung on its ponderous hinges, and a grave, majestic-looking woman confronted the visitor with an air of inquiry.

"Madam," said the officer, doffing his cap, and overcome by her dignity, "I have come to claim your horses in the name of the government."

"My horses?" said she, bending upon him a pair of eyes born to command. "Sir, you *cannot* have them. My crops are out and I need my horses in the field."

"I am sorry," said the officer, "but I *must* have them, madam. Such are the orders of my chief."

"Your chief? Who is your chief, pray?" she demanded with restrained warmth.

"The commander of the American army — General George Washington," replied the other, squaring his shoulders and swelling with pride. A smile of triumph softened the sternness of the woman's handsome features. "Tell George Washington," said she, "that his mother says he *cannot* have her horses."

With a humble apology, the officer turned away, convinced that he had found the source of his chief's decision and self-command.

And did Washington order his officer to return and make his mother give up her horses? No; he listened to the report in silence, then, with one of his rare smiles, he bowed his head.

ANOTHER ANECDOTE OF GENERAL WASHINGTON.



daughter of the famous Revolutionary general, Nathanael Greene:

"One of the great events of my early life," said my grandmother, "was my first interview with General Washington. But a faint suggestion now survives of the love and reverence for Washington which inspired the children of the Revolution. These sentiments were exceptionally strong in my brothers and sisters and myself, because in addition to the sentiment of patriotism, there was the personal regard we held for Washington as our father's intimate friend and immediate commander.

"My mother had deeply imbued me with the honor in store when we were to visit Mount Vernon, and had drilled my behavior to meet

all the probable requirements of the occasion. I was, for example, to rise from my seat for presentation to General Washington, and after tendering him my profoundest courtesy, stand at ease, and modestly answer all his possible questions, but at the same time keep religiously in the background, where all the good little girls of that day were socially referred.

"The eventful day came, and I was taken by my mother to Mount Vernon to make the longed-for visit. We were graciously welcomed by Mrs. Washington; but my heart was so thick with fluttering, and my tongue so tied, that I made but a stuttering semblance of response to her kindly questions. At length the door opened, and General Washington entered the room. I felt my mother's critical eyes, and advanced with the intention of making a courtesy and declaiming the little address previously taught me; instead of which, I dropped on my knees at Washington's feet, and burst into tears. Washington stooped and tenderly raised me, saying with a smile, 'Why, what is the matter with this foolish child?' The words do not have a tender sound, but language may not convey the gentleness of his manner and the winning softness of his voice, as he wiped away my tears with his own handker-

chief, kissed my forehead, and led me to a seat as he might a young princess. He sat beside me, and with laughing jests, brought down to the plane of my appreciation, banished my sins from my eyes, rescued me from humiliation, and patriot turning from great affairs, and lend-



"AFTER DINNER HE TOOK ME TO WALK IN THE GARDEN."

and brought me back to composure. He kept me with him while in the drawing-room, had me placed beside him at the dinner-table, and with his own hands heaped good things on my plate. After dinner he took me to walk in the garden, and drew me into talks ing himself to the task of making the happiness and charming the confidence of a shy and frightened child. And so proud and happy was the little girl thus made that, seventy-five years afterward, she lives, with tears of joy in her eyes, to tell the story to her granddaughter."

THE KING'S DIAMOND CROSS.

(An Old-time Puzzle-fable put into Verse.)

BY MRS. FRANK LEE.

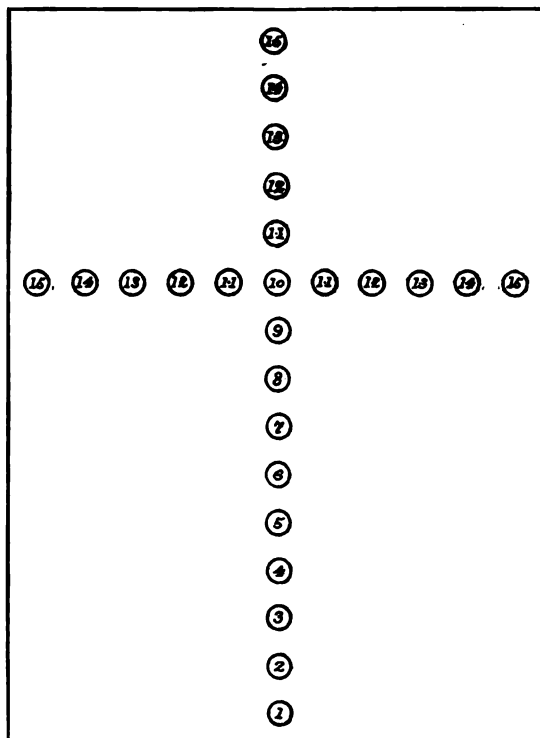
THERE once was a king in the Land o' Dreams—
A queer old fellow, to me it seems—
Who had a cloak of velvet and silk,
Which was trimmed with ermine white as
milk,
With golden lace and many a gem,
From the collar's edge to the mantle's
hem.
Of diamonds, too, there was ne'er a lack—
They formed a cross on the mantle's back;
And the king himself, when each day was
done,
Did count these carefully one by one.
One by one, in the queerest way,
He counted those diamonds every day.

Fifteen from the lowest to top upright;
Fifteen to each end of the cross-piece
bright
From the lowest one of the upright bar,
Each shining fair as the evening star.
Always he counted this way. "T is clear
Not a single one 's lost," said this king so
queer.

Now the cloak had a rip, and 't was sent
away
To the smart court tailor to mend, one
day.
The man was not honest, and in his mind
To steal some diamonds he felt inclined.
How to do it he racked his brain
Over and over and over again.
Then two he stole, and he did it well.
How he did it, who reads may tell.
The rip he mended, and quick did bring
The mantle back to the waiting king,

Who counted his diamonds o'er and o'er,
And found them just as they were before.

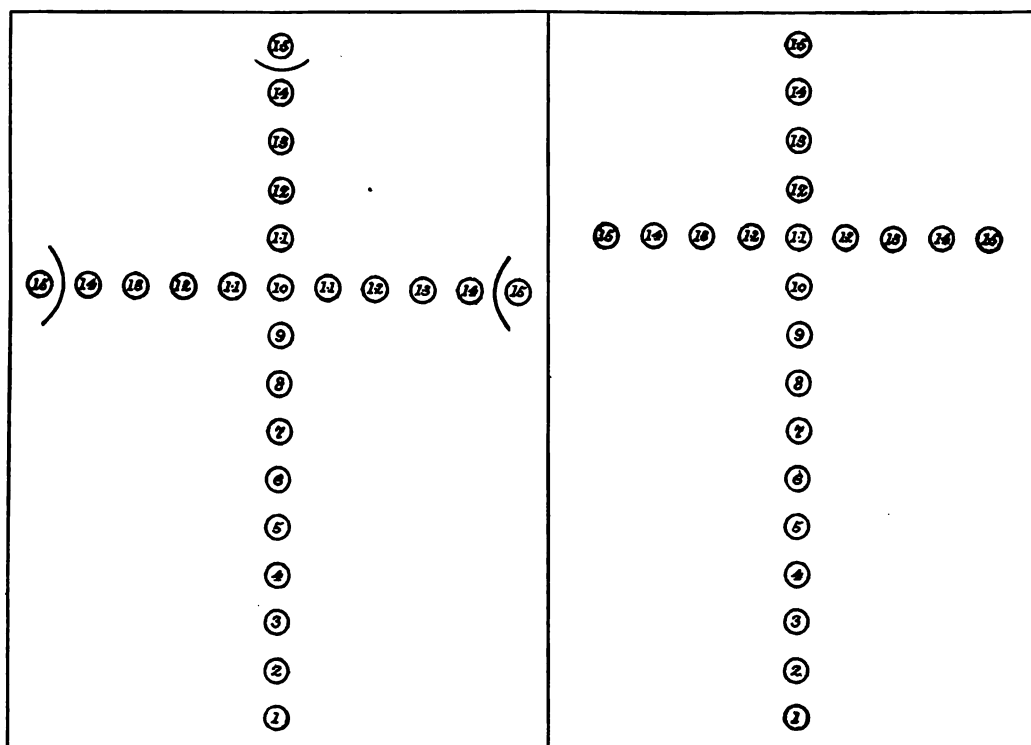
Fifteen from the lowest to top upright;
Fifteen to each end of the cross-piece bright



From the lowest one of the vertical bar,
Each shining fair as the evening star.
Yet two were gone from the diamond cross,
But the king never knew of his mantle's loss;
He counted only one way, you see;
"My way is the best," the king, said he.

(NOTE.— For the answer to this puzzle see next page.)

ANSWER TO THE DIAMOND CROSS PUZZLE.



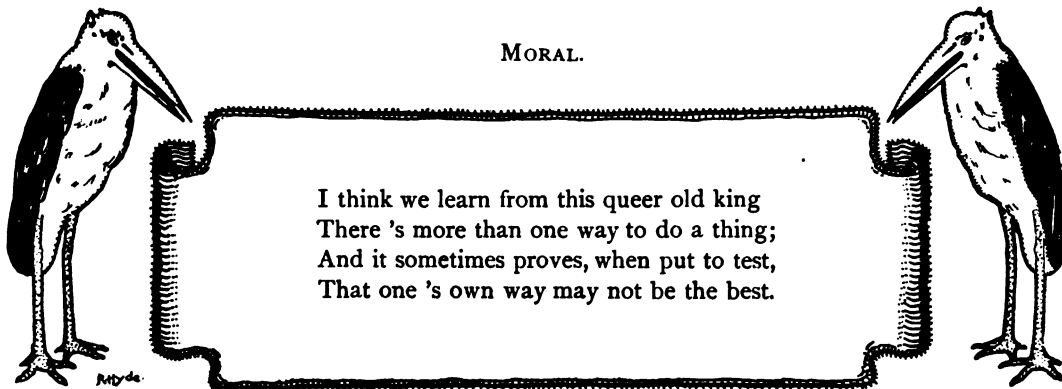
THIS is the plan that the tailor made,
The thieving tradesman who knew his trade.
He cut from each arm of the cross a star,
And one from the top of the vertical bar;
One he sewed to the bar beneath,
Two he hid in a leathern sheath.

Count, and you 'll see that the numbers ring
Just as they did to the waiting king,

And why, when he counted his usual way,
He thought no diamond had gone astray.

Fifteen from the lowest to top upright;
Fifteen to each end of the cross-piece bright
From the lowest one of the vertical bar,
Each shining fair as the evening star.
So he never knew of his mantle's loss,
Nor found a lack in the diamond cross.

MORAL.



I think we learn from this queer old king
There 's more than one way to do a thing;
And it sometimes proves, when put to test,
That one 's own way may not be the best.



BY GEORGE HUNTINGTON.



STRANGE as it may seem, it all came from the children's wishing. Kate wished that she was pale and thin like Aunt Elsie, with black eyes and auburn hair, and fine sets of jewelry; and Bob wished that he was six feet and an inch high, with a big mustache turned up at the ends; and little Sue, peeping shyly at Uncle Simon, wished that he would tell them a story. And so he did; and waiting until they had seated themselves, he began:

"Once on a time — oh, let me see, have n't I ever told you the story about Jack Longshort, the boy that almost ruined himself by wishing?"

Of course he had n't, for he was making it up at that very minute. But all the children cried as with one voice, "Oh, no, no, you have n't, Uncle Simon, indeed you have n't! What was it?"

So Uncle Simon began again, and this is the story that he told them:

Once upon a time there was a little baby boy whose name was Jack Longshort — not such a *little* baby, either. In fact, so large a baby that when the nurse put on Jack's very longest baby dress, Jack's toes stuck out beneath it, and the older he grew the taller he grew. At ten he was six feet high; at twelve he was seven feet and an inch. The boys at school called him "sky-scraper," and would ask him how the weather was up there. Every day he would measure himself by the end of the long pump-handle to see how much he had grown, and every day, when he found himself taller than he had been the day before, he would wish and

wish and wish: "Dear, dear, if I could only stop growing! Oh, if I could only be shorter — I don't care how little."

"Don't you?" answered the old pump, one day. Jack was very glad to find some one to whom he could confide his troubles, even if it was the pump, for Jack was an orphan, and although he had not given up his nurse, he felt it beneath his dignity to be running to her with his troubles.



"THE BOYS AT SCHOOL CALLED HIM 'SKY-SCRAPER.'"

He was too glad to feel any surprise at the pump's speaking, and he said hotly, "No, I don't. I would rather be knee-high to a grasshopper than as tall as the obelisk. I hate being tall!"

"Well, well," screamed out the pump, "you keep on wishing and maybe you 'll get your wish some day."

And — would you believe it?—at last he did. He actually began *ungrowing*, as he delightedly called it — very slowly at first, so that nobody noticed it, then so very perceptibly that no one could help noticing it, and everybody predicted that he would surely pine away and die. But he did n't pine away. His health was all right, and he grew fatter as he grew shorter. At sixteen he was about as tall as other boys of his age, and felt very happy, for it was exactly what he had been wishing for. But, alas! it did n't stop there. That is the worst of ungrowing, you know: it is so apt to be carried too far. He kept getting shorter and shorter — four feet high, three feet, two, one — until he was no taller than the cat. And now, I can tell you, he changed his tune and began to wish he was tall again. Alack! wishing seemed to be of no avail. He might as well have wished for the moon.

But at last he came to take a more cheerful



"JACK WAS VERY GLAD TO FIND SOME ONE TO WHOM HE COULD CONFIDE HIS TROUBLES."



"I WOULD RATHER BE KNEE-HIGH TO A GRASSHOPPER THAN AS TALL AS THE OBELISK."

view of things, and as his parents had left him a small fortune, he engaged his old nurse as his housekeeper, hired her husband, Ben, as his body-servant, dressed in the height of fashion, bought a trained rabbit for a saddle-horse, and really began to enjoy himself again.

But still he kept on ungrowing. Soon he was only four inches high and had to exchange his rabbit for a squirrel. In a little while the squirrel was too large and he tried a white mouse. But when the white mouse proved too big he was in despair. "What *shall* I try now, Ben?" he asked.

Ben suggested a caterpillar, but Jack said there was no speed in that.

"A tree-toad?"

"Don't like his gait."

"Humming-bird?"

"Well — not so bad; rather too big and hard to break. But let's try one. A small one, mind, Ben, and one with a good disposition."

So Ben caught and tamed a humming-bird,

and for several weeks Jack used it as a steed until the cold weather came and it had to go South. Then Jack tried a cricket, but he "bucked," as Ben said, "worse than a mule," and after one or two pretty hard falls Jack gave up riding altogether and let Ben carry him around in a silver card-receiver.

During all this time, you will remember, Jack



"JACK HAD MORE MONEY THAN HE COULD SPEND."

had little trouble about getting along, for he had more money than he could spend, although he had to have it changed to old-fashioned little thin gold twenty-five-cent pieces and gold dollars. But one day Ben, who had charge of his business affairs, made some unfortunate investments with all Jack's money, and the poor little fellow, now only an inch and a sixteenth high, was thrown on the cold world without a penny. What *could* he do?

Well, he just became a tramp — a tiny tramp, living from hand to mouth like a vagabond pigmy in a world of giants. He was rather lonely, but he was a light-hearted little fellow, and as three crumbs a day were a sufficiency, he would not have complained if only he had not kept on ungrowing. He gradually decreased to half an inch in height, and though he was as lively as a cricket, he was as small as a fly, and dared not go upon the streets in the daytime for fear of being stepped on; so he wandered about on moonlight nights, keeping a sharp lookout for cracks and holes in the sidewalk and creeping under a door-step when he heard any one coming.

On one of these moonlight nights he came to a steamship dock, and immediately he caught the tourist fever and said, "I 'll go abroad."

No sooner said than done. It was dusk, and none of the watchers or officers could discern the midget moving in the dim light. He climbed up the long gang-plank, hopped to the deck, up the cabin stairs, found on a bread-plate on one of the dining-tables some nice crumbs for his supper, and, stretching himself in the folds of a curtain, went sound asleep, like the happy-go-lucky little stowaway that he was.

Well, this was the beginning of his travels. I could n't begin to tell you all his adventures: how he was a 'dreadfully seasick, poor little half-inch of humanity; how he grew better and had ever so much fun on the ship; how he reached England, and visited all the museums and libraries and cathedrals and palaces, both there and on the Continent, without the bother of fees or tickets; for where was the need of those things to a manikin who could squeeze through a keyhole or crawl through the crack under a door.

And still, in all his journeyings over Europe, Asia, and Africa, in regions which no civilized man had ever reached, and on islands not down on any map or chart, on ships, on railroads, in



"THEN JACK TRIED A CRICKET."

carriages and on donkeys, on sea-gulls and on chips — still he kept on ungrowing. At last he was no bigger than a mosquito. Now he could creep into ant-holes and walk along the causeways made by the seams in the rocks; he could

climb among exquisite crystals and tiny grains of sand that seemed to him as big as boulders, and sit by the side of beautiful rivers and cascades made by trickling water-drops. And then such wonderful things he saw—things not to be seen by the great coarse human eye. Oh, nobody knows what marvels may be seen by a little fellow scarcely bigger than the head of a pin.



At last, one winter, while seeking for a good, warm, comfortable place in which to spend the cold months, and when he was merely a tiny brown speck which only a pair of sharp eyes could see at all, he found a delightful berth in the house of

Professor von Opticon, the great naturalist. The professor had a fine microscope and made a special study of curious objects, with all of which Jack, of course, was familiar, as he had traveled among them and could see perfectly well with his little eyes.

"To think," sighed Jack, "that I know almost as much as he does, and yet the more I know the worse off I am. Oh, if I was only bigger!"

Now Professor von Opticon had a pretty daughter named Stella, who took care of his laboratory and cabinets, and assisted him in his studies.

One day, as Jack was lazily lounging on the blank slide under the microscope, Stella came in to put things in order for a meeting of the Coleoptological Society, which was to meet with her father that afternoon. As she was dusting the table, she casually stooped down and looked through the tube. Jack was exactly in focus.

"Mercy on us!" she cried. "What's that? Oh, father, father, here's a microscopic *man*!"

The professor was wonderfully excited. "What a—what a thing to show the society!" he exclaimed. "It will make me famous."

Jack enjoyed the fun immensely. He was too spry for them to catch him, and as they

could n't risk killing him or losing him, they gave up trying to catch him and took turns watching at the microscope until the Coleoptological Society assembled.

And how surprised the society was when the professor and his daughter exhibited their prize! They congratulated themselves also on their good fortune, and voted to change the name of the society to the anthropocoleoptological or man-beetle society, and to make Jack an honorary member.

And you may be sure Jack did his best to make the subject interesting. He lay down; he stood on his head; he walked; he danced; he turned somersaults; he gave three cheers; and at last, hopping to the inkstand and dipping his forefinger in the ink, he came back and wrote on the slide, in a good round hand and in letters the ten-thousandth of an inch high, his own name: JACK LONGSHORT.

The society was charmed. They studied and discussed poor Jack at meeting after meeting; wrote essays and learned books about him; and from that time he never lacked friends. But Stella was his best friend. The very first thing she asked him after the anthropocoleoptologists had gone was what she could do for him.

Jack only wrote upon the glass the words, "Make me grow."

He could not have asked anything much harder. But Stella thought and thought. Suddenly an idea struck her. "I'll try father's X-ray apparatus," said she.

It was just the thing. The moment the X-rays struck him, Jack felt in his bones it was going to do him good. And it did. In a week he could be seen with the naked eye. In six he was as big as a yellow wasp. In three months he was the size of a canary-bird. And, not to make a too "long short" story, in two years from the time Stella found him under the microscope he was half a head taller than



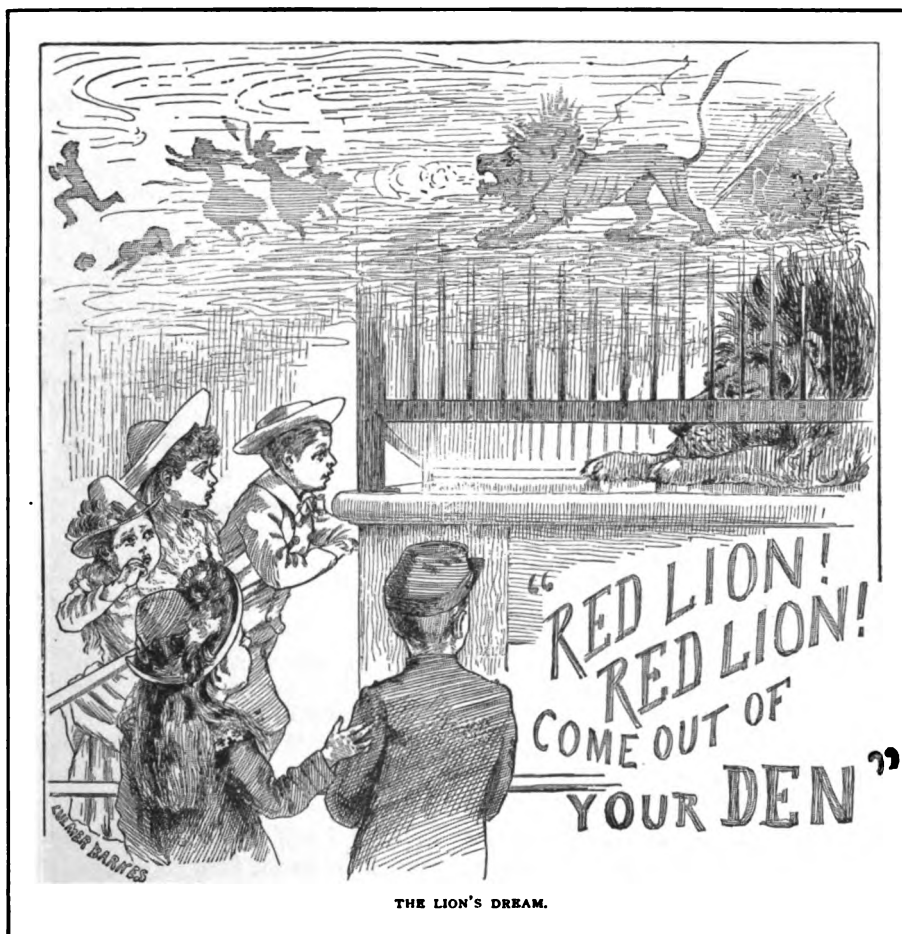
the professor himself. But he had had quite enough of growing and ungrowing. All this shrinking and stretching had worn on him terribly, but he was cheerful and happy. He found Ben, who had more than made up the losses in his unfortunate investments, and who had accumulated quite a fortune, awaiting the return of his master. Ben was delighted at seeing him, and proud to make so good an account of his stewardship.

Jack settled down to make the best of what

time he had left, only regretting that he had wasted his life wishing himself into trouble and then wishing himself out again.

And when he tells his singular story to the children, this is the little moral he adds to it:

"Be contented, be thankful, and be yourself. Don't try to stretch yourself or shrink yourself or wriggle yourself into something else. And whether you are tall or short, thick or thin, you will be sure to find a place in the world that is of just the right size for you."



THE LION'S DREAM.

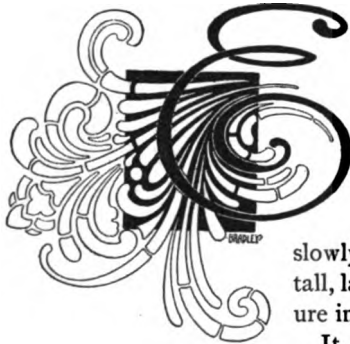
A COMEDY IN WAX.

(Begun in the November number.)

By B. L. FARJEON.

CHAPTER XI.

MISS PENNYBACK RECEIVES A SHOCK.



ACH pair of eyes was turned in the direction whence the approaching footsteps came. The kitchen door was then slowly, slowly opened, and a tall, lank, beruffled figure in white appeared.

It was Lucy's governess, Miss Lucinda Pennyback, who had been aroused from sleep by sounds for which she could not account. She was by no means sure whether they proceeded from within the house or from outside the high wall which surrounded Marybud Lodge.

When the sounds first fell upon her ears she sat bolt upright in bed and listened—and was still in doubt. It was most tantalizing to a lady of a timid and inquisitive turn of mind; and at length, unable any longer to restrain her curiosity, she got out of bed and lighted a candle. The light gave her courage, and she determined to go down and see. So downstairs she crept, very slowly and cautiously, shading the candle with her hand. She paused a moment outside Mr. Scarlett's bedroom. Her employer was sleeping like a top or he would not have snored so loudly. She listened at the door of Lydia's bedroom, but that sweet girl's soft breathing would scarcely have stirred a rose-leaf. The sounds, therefore, which Miss Pennyback heard had not disturbed those members of the family. If she had not been afflicted with a prying disposition of the first order, and if she had not harbored a suspicion that cook was entertaining visitors on the sly, she would have returned to her bed; but she was deter-

mined to get to the root of the mystery, and continued to proceed warily in the direction of the kitchen. Miss Pennyback did not like cook — she did not like many people, being a very prim, precise, and particular lady. Her age was — well, not under forty. She had a long, thin face, and a long, thin body, and she never went to bed without putting her hair in curl-papers.

And, as has been stated, she slowly, slowly opened the kitchen door and saw —

Seventeen human, motionless heads turned toward her.

Seventeen pairs of eyes fixed upon her face.

Appalling sight!

Lucy was the first to show any sign of life. She advanced to her schoolmistress, and, holding out her hands, cried:

"Miss Pennyback! Dear Miss Pennyback!"

But her words were lost upon the lady she addressed. Miss Pennyback cast one anguished, terrified glance upon the strange figures which met her eyes, threw up her arms, uttered a piercing shriek, and fell fainting to the floor.

*All this
happened
in
the
space
of
six
seconds.*

CHAPTER XII.

FLIP OF THE ODD DISTINGUISHES HIMSELF.

"OH, dear! oh, dear!" cried Lucy, wringing her hands. "What is to be done now?"

Richard III appeared to have anticipated the question, and showed himself ready to answer it before it was asked. The moment Miss Pennyback fell to the floor he dragged the Headsman forward and, pointing to the unconscious lady, hissed fiercely in his ear:

"She lieth in a splendid position. This is your opportunity. Off with her head!"

Then Mme. Tussaud darted forth, and, extending her magic cane, cried in a stern voice: "Dare but to raise your ax and you are

In sullen silence Richard III and the Headsmen slowly retreated to the extreme end of the kitchen, as they had been commanded to do.

"Foiled again, Richard Three," Tom Thumb called out. "You're not to be trusted for one solitary minute, and I reckon you'll be tarred and feathered before you reach the end of your rope. If you had been raised in my country, a free and enlightened republic would have bound up your wounds for you in a way that would have considerably astonished you — yes, *sir!*"

"So this is your governess, my dear," said Mme. Tussaud to Lucy.

"Yes, ma'am. And she is so fond of telling tales!"

"We will give her something to worry over," said Mme. Tussaud, laughing, as she touched Miss Pennyback with her magic cane. "When she wakes it will puzzle her to find out whether she has been dreaming or not. You must show us her bedroom, and we will put her to bed again. Richard III, kindly lend me your cloak for a few minutes, and Mme. Sainte Amaranthe, may I trouble you for your assistance? There, wrap the mantle carefully around her. Now, Loushkin, you are tall and strong; you can easily carry her up for us. A giant is a very useful person now and then! Pick up the candlestick, Lucy, and show us the way."

The Russian giant carefully lifted Miss Pennyback, and, preceded by Mme. Tussaud, Mme. Sainte Amaranthe, and Lucy, conveyed the unconscious gov-

doomed! And you also, Richard. Have you not committed murders enough, that you should thirst for more? Back, back to your corner at once, you bloodthirsty king! Back, I say!"

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erness to her sleeping-apartment and laid her upon the bed. Then Mme. Tussaud handed Richard's cloak to Loushkin, who returned to his comrades in the kitchen, groping his way



"THE KITCHEN-STAIR DOOR WAS SLOWLY OPENED."

along the corridor and stepping very softly. Meanwhile the two ladies removed Miss Pennyback's dressing-gown, which she had donned before she went down to the kitchen, put her to bed, and tucked her in nicely. That done, Mme. Tussaud looked about the room to see that no clue was left; and observing the match which Miss Pennyback had used to light her candle, she took it away with her—whereby she proved herself to be more than ever a woman of wisdom, because that burnt match was really an important piece of evidence. Then she blew out the candle and, with her two companions, hastened back to the kitchen, where they found the company in a state of the highest hilarity, of which Flip of the Odd was the cause.

This lad, who had not a regular feature in his face, whose eyes were ill matched, whose mouth was all on one side, and whose features wore a perpetual grin, possessed remarkable gifts, with the display of which he had been entertaining the celebrities. They had arranged themselves in tiers, as though they were in a theater, some sitting on chairs on the floor, some upon the table, and some on chairs which had been lifted upon the table. There was thus a clear space all round the room between the dressers and the movable furniture, and it was in this space that Flip of the Odd was performing. He turned cart-wheels so rapidly and untiringly that it made one dizzy to look at the whirling figure; he put his arms under his legs and hopped about like a frog; he walked on his hands, and carried plates and dishes on the soles of his shoes. There was no end to his antics, and he had made himself so popular that Henry VIII was declaring that he would double the boy's wages, when Mme. Tussaud, Lucy, and Mme. Sainte Amaranthe returned.

"Less noise, less noise!" said Mme. Tussaud, reversing Flip of the Odd so that he stood as nature intended him to stand. "Stop this clamor, or you will alarm the family. Get down from the table, all of you, and help me to clear the things away. The kitchen must be left as clean and tidy as we found it. Come, bustle, bustle, bustle, every man Jack of you!"

Not only did every man Jack (with the exception of two), but every woman Jill of them began instantly to bustle about and wash up the

plates and dishes, and none entered into the spirit of the affair with greater zest than Henry VIII and Queen Elizabeth.

"Doth not this remind thee, Bess," he asked, "of the pranks of childhood? Dost recall the night when we discovered thee in the pantry, licking thy little fingers, which thou hadst plunged into a dish of conserve? 'T was barberry, thy favorite jam, and thy face and hands were black with the sweet juice. Thou hadst a cold afterward, and wert dosed. Ho, ho, ho! Mme. la Tussaud, hast thou a conserve of barberry for our royal daughter? We will share it with her."

"We heard a story," said Queen Elizabeth, pointing her finger at him, "of our royal father being caught at midnight in the pantry with a jar of piccalilli in his lap, which he had almost emptied."

"Ho, ho, ho!" shouted Henry, roaring with laughter. "Did that story get to thine ears, Bess? Piccalilli was a pickle we never could resist. The recollection makes our mouth water. We were little higher than Tom of the Thumb at the time, and had we not been sick for a week afterward we were in danger of a whipping. Ah, those were days! Lucy, ma belle, thou must set before us a jar of piccalilli. By my fay, we are a boy again!"

And indeed he behaved like one, and laughed so heartily and made such merry jests that he infected the whole company with his jollity (always with two exceptions). Mme. Tussaud was quite right when she told Lucy that she would find him very entertaining. He tickled Oliver Cromwell in the ribs, and Oliver, laying aside his puritanical airs for a moment, gave bluff King Hal a poke in the side, almost doubling him up, while Charles II and Richard I had a fencing bout with Mrs. Peckham's wooden rolling-pins which evoked much applause and laughter. And when Richard III—who, advancing to see the combat, was pushed by Tom Thumb between the combatants—received a smart crack on the head from each of them, the hilarity threatened to become uncontrollable. Houqua did not laugh loudly, but emitted a succession of grave chuckles and wagged his head from side to side.

Mme. Tussaud restored order by exclaiming:

"Come, come, you are leaving the work half undone. We shall have plenty of time for fun by and by."

The rivalry now was who should do the greatest amount of useful work in the shortest time. If Henry VIII behaved like a boy, Queen Elizabeth behaved like a romping school-girl. She drew quarts of hot water from the boiler, and helped to wash the plates and dishes, which Oliver Cromwell, Guy Fawkes, and the royal princes wiped dry with the dish-cloths with which Tom Thumb provided them. No one was busier than he, and no one more willing. Everybody kept calling to the merry little man for this, that, or t' other, and he never failed to produce what they required, or to do what was asked of him. Every time Sir Rowley left the kitchen with his hands full, or returned with his hands empty, he had some such remark to make as: "Wot larks! Go it—*go* it—go it! Oh, be n't it jolly!"

And while all this was going on, Richard III, with folded arms, gazed moodily before him, or unfolded them to rub his head; and the Headsman lurked in his corner, waiting for orders.

When the work was finished the kitchen was once more a picture of neatness. There was not a plate or a jug out of its proper place; the black cat and the tortoise-shell were stretched before the range, which still threw out a little heat, and the fat Persian was asleep in its basket, this laziest of lazy creatures not having taken the slightest interest in the proceedings.

CHAPTER XIII.

AFTER A STORM COMES A CALM.

"WHAT has now to be seen to," said Mme. Tussaud to Lucy, "is how to dispose of ourselves for the rest of the night. My celebrities are getting sleepy. Where can we repose out of sight of your papa and the governess and servants? Has the house any spare rooms?"

"Oh, yes, a great many," replied Lucy. "Before papa took the lodge it was a boarding-school for boys. There are rooms where the boys used to sleep; but there is nothing in them.—not a bed or a chair; they are quite empty."

"Hm! My celebrities can't very well sleep on the floor; it would spoil their clothes, which

cost enough money already; besides, some of them are in armor. Look at Henry VIII, for instance; if he got down he might be unable to get up again. I am proud of Henry. He is rather fat, it is true; but no one would doubt that he was a king —"

"Ay," murmured Queen Elizabeth, drowsily; she had caught the words, and was thinking of her favorite poet; "'every inch a king.'"

"He is a most magnificent figure," continued Mme. Tussaud, "but I doubt whether he is appreciated as much as he deserves to be. The collar of the Garter he is wearing is the same he wore when he met the French king, Francis I, on the Field of the Cloth of Gold. But I am wandering from the point. We can do without beds, for on no account would I allow my celebrities to remove their costumes; but they must have something to sit upon. Marybud Lodge having been an educational establishment, there should be a school-room in it."

"There are two," said Lucy, "with benches and desks at which the boys did their lessons."

"The very thing," said Mme. Tussaud. "One will do for the gentlemen, the other for the ladies." She rapped on the table to arouse the attention of the celebrities. "You will all follow me without making the least noise; our work is done for the night, and we are going to rest. Sir Rowley and Flip of the Odd will put out the gas when we are gone, and get to bed. I shall want to see them both early in the morning."

"And look thou meet me ere the first cock crow," interrupted Queen Elizabeth.

"Well, not quite so early as that," said Mme. Tussaud, smiling. "Be up at your usual hour, Rowley and Flip, and be careful that you do not whisper to a soul a word of what you have seen to-night."

"Ye have sworn, varlets," said Henry VIII. "Break your oath and it will fare ill with ye."

"You won't say a word, will you, Rowley?" said Lucy.

"I be mum as a porkeypine, missy," replied the old man. "They sha'n't dr̄ag a word out o' me, and I 'll not let Flip out o' my sight."

"We rely on you," said Mme. Tussaud. "Good night."

Sir Rowley and Flip of the Odd bowed low

as the celebrities followed Mme. Tussaud and Lucy out of the kitchen; and then Sir Rowley put out the gas and went to his bedroom, wondering what the morrow would bring forth: what old Mr. Scarlett would say when he saw all these great people; what Miss Lydia would say; what Mrs. Peckham would say when she

When Mme. Tussaud saw the two bedrooms she said they would do capitally, and she made a little speech to her celebrities, in which she explained the arrangements for their night's repose. She said that when the ladies had retired, a watch would have to be kept by the gentlemen of the company, to guard against alarms and surprises.



"'WE HEARD A STORY,' SAID QUEEN ELIZABETH, POINTING HER FINGER AT HENRY VIII, 'OF OUR ROYAL FATHER BEING CAUGHT AT MIDNIGHT IN THE PANTRY WITH A JAR OF PICCALILLI IN HIS LAP.'"

found the larder empty; what Mr. Grimweed would say when he came to the lodge; what the tradesmen would say—what everybody would say!

"Lardy, lardy!" he said as he reached his room. "This do be a night surely. Kings and queens and giants and dwarfs a-coming to Barnett in the dead o' night, and measter to be brought to reason, and me being made Sir Rowley by a king in armor—my old head spins to think of it all! Flip, when ye're a grandfeyther ye'll have a tale to tell."

But Flip had tumbled into bed with his clothes on and was fast asleep; and Sir Rowley was not long in following his example.

"We thank thee for thy care of us," said Queen Elizabeth. "It is time indeed to retire, for 'the iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve.'"

Mme. Tussaud continued her address to the general company, and asked who would volunteer for the first watch. Tom Thumb, ever ready, instantly stepped forward, and he was followed by most of the others, who declared they were ready to die in defense of the ladies.

"I do not doubt your courage," said Mme. Tussaud. "You are on parole, remember. Who plays false with his knightly word forfeits his knightly honor, and I shall deal severely with him. Richard III, what are you muttering in the ear of my Headsman?"

"Nothing that it behooves me to tell you, madame," answered the surly king.

"If you 'll excuse me for contradicting you, Richard Three," said Tom Thumb, "that 's an everlasting whopper. Your last words to the gentleman in the black mask were: 'We will despatch them in their sleep, or when their backs are turned.'"

"Foul befall thy o'er-glib tongue!" growled Richard III. "I have a mind to trounce thee. If I had thee alone — ha! thou malapert knave! Aïe! — our favorite corn!"

Tom Thumb had, "accidentally on purpose," as he said, stepped upon the kingly toes, and the wily Richard was screaming with pain.

"Thou art rightly served," said Richard Cœur de Lion. "With our own ears did we hear thee conspire. I would have thee be not so rude in speech to this gallant knight."

He made a courtly gesture to Tom Thumb, who bowed his best bow.

"Knight!" sneered Richard III, hopping about on one leg. "A manikin such as he a knight! Thou art jesting."

"I speak not in jest," said the First Richard. "He is, I say, a gallant knight. Are not his deeds recorded in King Arthur's court?"

'Now he with tilts and tournaments
Was entertained so,
That all the best of Arthur's knights
Did him much pleasure show.
Such were his deeds and noble acts,
In Arthur's court there shone,
As like in all the world beside
Was hardly seen or known.'

They would hardly speak so of thee, name-sake."

"Great snakes!" cried Tom Thumb, enthusiastically. "Is all that about me? Give us some more, Richard of the Lion Heart."

"We knew the poem by heart," answered Richard Cœur de Lion, "but it hath escaped our memory. We hold thee in our English hearts, Tom of the Thumb, as a very hero of romance."

"I' faith! gadzooks! by our lady! beshrew me! and marry come up!" cried Tom, plunging wildly into the vernacular of the middle ages. "Every boy who speaks the English language holds *thee*, noble Richard, as his hero

of romance. I am a knave else." And he whispered to himself: "Bully for you, old man! Never thought it was in you. Pity that Barnum is n't alive to hear you."

"I will dispense with your services, Richard III," said Mme. Tussaud. "As for you" (to the Headsman, who, at a touch of the magic cane, became stiff and motionless), "I will lock you up in a closet for the rest of the night. Is this a cupboard here, Lucy? Yes, this will do."

At a signal from her, Loushkin lifted the senseless form of the Headsman and deposited it in a dark closet originally used for disobedient pupils. She locked the door upon her prisoner, and, pocketing the key, desired the ladies to wish the gentlemen good night. This was done with much ceremony, and Mme. Tussaud, accompanied by Lucy, conducted Queen Elizabeth, Mary Queen of Scots, and Mme. Sainte Amaranthe to their chamber, and expressed the hope that they would sleep well.

"I shall not close my eyes," she said to Lucy, when the door was shut upon the ladies. "My business is to keep a guard over my people. What I have done to the Headsman will have a salutary effect upon them, and I have no fear that Richard will succeed in inciting them to rebellion. They detest him, and he detests them, and detests our dear Tom Thumb most of all. What a plucky little mite he is! And now, child, my labors for the night are nearly over. All that remains to be done is to bring Miss Pennyback to her senses."

"Before you do that," said Lucy, "please tell me what *I* am to do."

"Where do you sleep, my dear?"

"In the room next to Lydia's. I have to go through her room to get into mine."

"Can you creep in without waking her?"

"I think I can."

"Try. You can tell her everything in the morning before she comes down. It might frighten her to wake her up now, and I should not wish to disturb your papa at such an hour."

"Please," said Lucy, tearfully, "I *do* want to say something to you about papa."

"Well, child, say it."

"He is not unkind to us," said Lucy; "indeed, indeed, he is not. He has always been very good to us. But he is *so* fond of Marybud

Lodge, and he would be miserable and wretched if we were turned out of it. I told you, did n't I, that it belongs to Mr. Grimweed? And he won't sell it to papa, and he won't renew the lease, unless Lydia promises to marry him. There is a tower on the top of the Lodge, you know, where papa studies the stars, and he says there is n't another house in England where he can do it so well. Papa is writing a book about the stars,—he has been writing it all his life,—and he says it will take years and years to finish, and he can't finish it anywhere else. He has a large telescope fixed up there in the observatory, and he tells us such wonderful things about Jupiter and Mars and Venus and Saturn, and that other one—oh, yes, Uranus. I don't understand them a bit, but papa does love them all so much. And Mr. Grimweed says that papa's telescope belongs to him, because the stand is fixed to the floor. Lydia says that Mr. Grimweed *hates* dear Harry, and would like to crush him—yes, to crush him! Did you ever hear anything so dreadful? Oh, he *is* wicked, almost as wicked, it seems to me, as—as Richard III."

Lucy made this long explanation with sobs and tears.

"You don't want me to lay the blame on papa?" said Mme. Tussaud, her kind hand patting Lucy's shoulder.

"No, ma'am—please, please don't."

"But, after all, my dear little Lucy, it is papa and no one else who can say to the Grimweed man: 'Be off with you, monster; you shall *not* marry my daughter'; and to Harry Bower: 'Harry, you're a fine fellow. Lydia is yours. Take her, with my blessing, and be married to-morrow.' Now there is no one but your papa who can bring this happiness to Lydia."

"Of course not, ma'am. I know that."

"Then it is absolutely necessary that your papa shall be brought to reason, as well as that Grimweed man."

"Yes, ma'am; but you'll—you'll do it nicely, won't you?"

"With your papa? Certainly. But I will not promise to do it so nicely with the Grimweed man. Leave them both to me, child, and be quite easy in your mind about your papa. I will not hurt his little finger."

"Thank you—oh, thank you! You are the kindest lady that ever lived," said Lucy, wiping the tears from her eyes.

"Do not cry, my dear," said Mme. Tussaud. "Go to sleep with a light heart. I declare, there is the dawn peeping at you, wondering why you are not in bed. Do you hear the birds? What shocking hours for you to keep—for us all, to be sure!"

She kissed Lucy very affectionately, and when the child was in her bedroom, which she reached without disturbing Lydia, the old lady went to Miss Pennyback's apartment, and touching her with the magic cane, stole noiselessly away to look after her celebrities. The moment she stepped into the passage, Tom Thumb called out:

"Stand, ho! Who goes there?"

He spoke in so loud a tone that through the fast-closed door of the ladies' sleeping-apartment the words reached the slumbering senses of Queen Elizabeth, who murmured drowsily:

"Friends to this ground, and liegemen to the Dane."

"It is only I, Tom," said Mme. Tussaud. "How are you getting on?"

"I humbly thank you, well," replied Tom, who was in the Shaksperian vein.

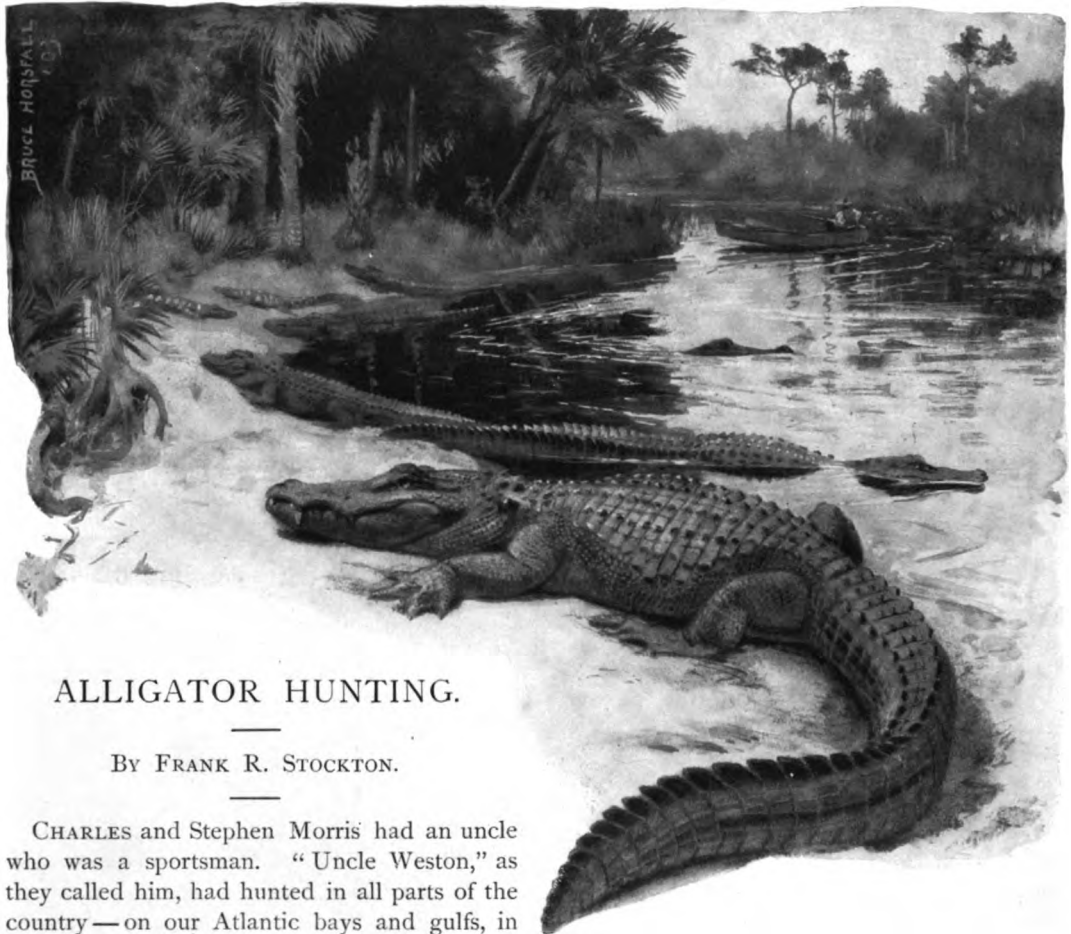
Mme. Tussaud nodded smilingly at him, and, seating herself at the end of the passage, also kept watch to guard against surprises.

(To be continued.)





A MERCHANT OF THE PAVEMENT—THE OLD MAN WITH THE MECHANICAL TOYS.



ALLIGATOR HUNTING.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

CHARLES and Stephen Morris had an uncle who was a sportsman. "Uncle Weston," as they called him, had hunted in all parts of the country—on our Atlantic bays and gulfs, in the woods of Maine, in the far West, and in Texas and Florida. It was a glad time for Charles and Stephen when they could get Uncle Weston to tell about his expeditions.

At one time the boys were especially interested in alligators, a friend traveling in Florida having sent them a little live alligator in a box. This creature was about eight inches long, and afforded much amusement to Stephen and Charles, but he did not satisfy them. They wished to know all about the "big fellows"—the ones that could bite a man's leg off or devour a pig.

One day they found Uncle Weston sitting on a bench under a tree; and, clambering up on each side of him, they asked him to tell them about all the alligators he had ever seen, and anything he had heard or read about alligators.

"That would take a long time," said Uncle Weston, smiling, "for I suppose I have seen a

thousand alligators in my life; but I can tell you some things about these animals that I think will interest you, now that you have begun to be owners of this kind of stock. Alligators are found in many of our extreme Southern States, but the most of those I have seen were in Florida. Along the St. Johns River, and in the narrow streams which flow into it, there are a great number of alligators. Thousands of them are killed every year, some merely for sport, and some for the sake of their skins; but there still seem to be plenty of them left. Every small steamboat that sails along the upper waters of the St. Johns has two or three passengers armed with rifles sitting in her bow, who fire at every alligator that shows his nose above the water or is seen upon the bank. Very often these men miss their mark entirely; sometimes they wound the animals, and some-

times, but by no means frequently, they kill one.

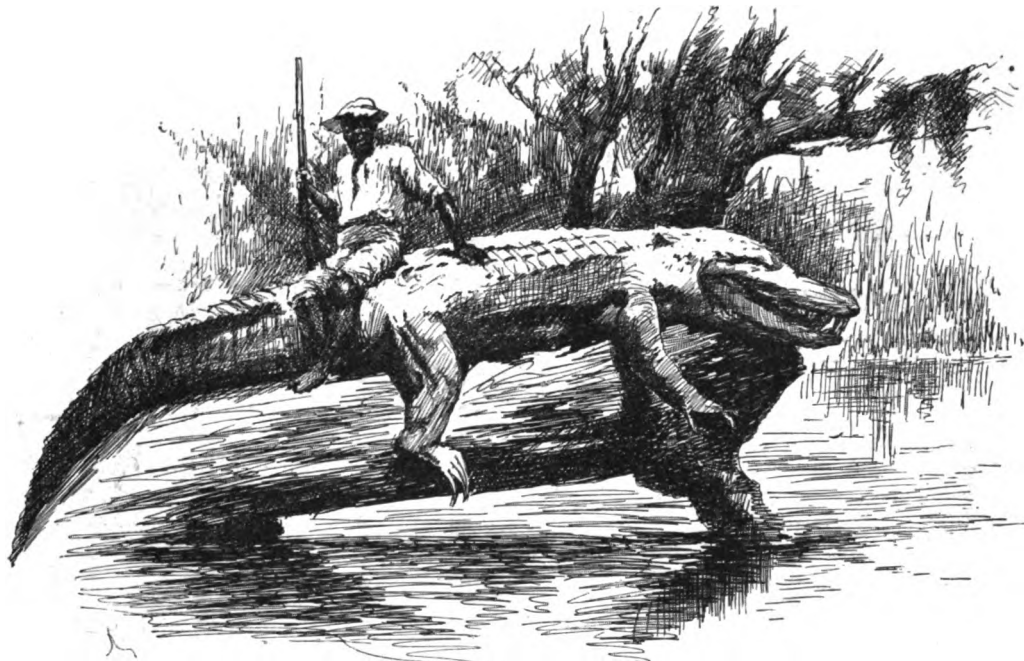
"But, whatever their success may be, they seem to consider it great sport or else a kind of duty to bang, bang, bang at every alligator they see. This is a poor way of hunting alligators, because it is a shame wantonly to wound any animals, even if they are ugly and savage. And when one is killed, it is seldom that a steamboat will stop to allow a passenger to haul his game aboard. Whenever I killed an alligator, it was always because I wanted some of his teeth or a part of his skin."

"But did the steamboats wait for you?" asked Charles.

"I never shot at them from a steamboat," replied Uncle Weston. "When I set out to

where we had left our boat. We tied a rope around his body and hung him to a pole, by which we carried him to the boat. We found it pretty hot work, and if any one of us had been hunting alone he would have been obliged to leave that alligator where it was shot.

"The men who hunt them for their hides carry away merely the skins and perhaps some of the teeth; and it is astonishing how many alligators are killed for the skins alone. I was talking to an old hunter one day, and he said he expected during that summer to get a thousand alligator hides. I have a suspicion that the old fellow was trying to tell me a tall story; but, judging from what I have known men to do in this way, I have no doubt that he did secure a large number of skins that season.



ONE OF THE "BIG FELLOWS."

hunt alligators I always went in a sail-boat or a rowboat. Then I could go where I pleased and stay as long as I liked. Usually several of us went out together; and, indeed, this was necessary, for if a big alligator is killed, and you are to carry him away, it would be hard work for one man to get him on board the boat.

"I remember that we once shot a moderate-sized alligator, about half a mile away from

"One of the best ways to shoot alligators is to row in a small boat up one of the streams which they are known to frequent, and then to drop down quietly with the current, making no noise with the oars or anything else. In this way you come upon them as they lie on the bank, without disturbing them, and you can pick out just the kind of alligator you want. I have floated quite close to numbers of them, some

lying half in and half out of the water, some asleep on the bank, others walking about, and some raising themselves upon their fore legs and yawning, as if they were tired of doing nothing."

"It must be dreadful to see an alligator yawn," said Stephen.

"It would be dreadful if you had your leg or arm between his jaws when he stopped yawning," replied his uncle; "but I had no objection to looking at one from a distance while he was in a sleepy mood.

"I once had an unsatisfactory adventure with some alligators while floating down a stream in the way I have described. It was in a creek that runs into Indian River on the Atlantic coast of Florida. This creek was known to be a great place for alligators, and I went up

water all about me. They did not seem at all afraid of me. Every now and then a big fellow would raise up his head and look at me as if he wondered what I was doing there. Soon some of them swam so close to the boat that I actually imagined that they were considering whether or not it would be a good idea to clamber on board and see what was there. I did not fire at any of them, for, to tell the truth, I did not wish to excite the angry passions of the great creatures. It would have been easy for them to upset my little boat, and then they could have bitten me into as many pieces as they liked. Before long I thought that this was a very poor place for me to be in, and that I had seen all the alligators I cared to see that day. So I laid down my gun, took up my oars, and quietly pulled down the stream toward the



"WE TIED A ROPE AROUND HIS BODY AND HUNG HIM TO A POLE."

to the mouth of it in a sail-boat. When I got there, I said that I wanted to try to hunt alligators by myself; and so I took a small skiff and rowed up the creek. I saw alligators on each bank as I went up; but I kept on for about half a mile, and then, drawing in the oars and taking my rifle, I prepared to float down. Very soon I found myself in the midst of a colony of alligators. Some were on the bank near by, and others were swimming in the

sail-boat. Even then I was afraid some fellow might seize one of the oars in his jaws and crunch it into little bits. But I got away safely, and I am afraid the men in the sail-boat laughed at me a little when they heard my story. Now, do you think it was cowardly in me to run away from the alligators in that manner?"

"I don't know," said Charles, after some hesitation; but Stephen remarked that he thought it looked rather like cowardice.

"It was not cowardly," said Uncle Weston, very decidedly. "It is never cowardly to avoid danger when there is no good to be gained by meeting it. It is very seldom that alligators attack a man; but if those creatures had become excited or enraged in any way, and my

"I think they generally eat fish and water-fowl," answered his uncle. "They are also glad to get hold of a stray pig whenever they can; and I have been told they are rather fond of such little negro children as may wander too near the water's edge. Their method of catch-



"IT IS HIS MISFORTUNE, POOR FELLOW, THAT HIS HIDE MAKES VERY GOOD LEATHER."

boat had been upset, I think it is very likely that some of them would have seized me. And so, if you care anything about hearing my hunting stories, I think you ought to be very glad that I made up my mind to row away from those alligators and leave them unmolested."

"Oh, of course we are glad," said both of the boys; and then Charles asked if alligators were not savage creatures like tigers. He had always heard that they were just as bad as other wild beasts.

"No," replied Uncle Weston, "they are not nearly so dangerous as many wild beasts; for if you let alligators alone they will let you alone. I have been told that hunters in the interior of Florida will wade through a pond in which there are a great many alligators; and that while a dog will be almost sure to be seized by the ugly creatures, the men are seldom disturbed. Still, I must say that I would hesitate a long time before I would wade through a pond in which there were alligators."

"What do they live on?" asked Stephen.

ing water-fowl is curious. A flock of ducks will be swimming on the water, and an alligator will glide noiselessly under them, and, seizing a duck by the legs, will jerk it quickly under the surface without making enough noise or splash to disturb its companions. Duck after duck will thus silently disappear, and, unless the roll is called, it is probable that the rest of the flock will hardly know that their companions have vanished.

"It used to be very difficult to kill alligators," continued Uncle Weston. "Hunters were obliged to shoot them in the eye, or in some soft place in the under part of the body. But the improved rifles and ammunition of the present day make it possible to send a ball through an alligator's skull, or, indeed, through any part of his body. You have heard how people are continually inventing stronger kinds of war-vessels as well as larger and more powerful cannon. As soon as one nation makes cannon that will fire more tremendous balls and shells than were ever fired before, other nations make the iron and steel plates on their war-vessels thicker and stronger; and so the contest goes on, and it is impossible to say which will at any time be ahead in the race—the enormous cannon or the steel-plated vessels. But, although we may improve our rifles, the alligator has no means of strengthening or thickening his hide; and so his armor, which used to be his principal defense against his enemies, is of little use to him now when a man fires at him with an improved rifle."



A PAIR OF REAL ALLIGATOR SLIPPERS.

"It is pretty hard on the alligators," said Stephen; "but then, I suppose they ought to be killed. They are horrible creatures."

"Yes," replied his uncle. "An alligator seems

to be of no particular use while living, and it is his misfortune, poor fellow, that his hide makes very good leather. In course of time I suppose alligators will be very nearly exterminated in our Southern States."

"Do you think it would pay," asked Charles, "for us to keep our alligator until he grows up, and then to sell his skin?"

"I do not know that it would pay you," said Uncle Weston, laughing, "unless alligator skins at that time should have become very scarce and valuable; and how many fingers and toes you would have by the time the creature had grown two feet long it would be very difficult to say. But you need not think of speculating in this way. I am sorry to say that your alligator will probably not live very long. As a general thing, these little creatures die soon after they are brought North. For some reason they do not seem to be able to adjust themselves to our climate and to their new way of living."



GUESSING SONG.

BY HENRY JOHNSTONE.

Up out of the hill I make my way,
Down over the rocks I go,
And I jump and tumble, but make no stay
Till I come to the fields below.

In and out through the grass I wind,
Among cattle and patient sheep,
Till somewhere a shady nook I find,
And loiter there half asleep.

Then up I wake and hasten away,
Growing stronger and stronger still;
And the miller catches me at my play
And sets me to turn his mill.

But I slip from his yoke and away I go,
Till at last on my back folk ride,
And I smell the sea far away, and know
I shall rest when I reach the tide.

HOW DICKY LEARNED HIS ALPHABET.

By J. C. BEARD.



I 've something very strange to tell
About what happened once
To Dick, who would n't learn to spell,
But chose to be a dunce.



One winter eve, when he to bed
Without his tea was sent,
He had a frightful dream, he said,
When off to sleep he went.

His open book, thrown down in rage,
Upon the carpet lay —
When all the letters on the page
Rose up and ran away.

They ranged his bedroom far and wide,
And gathered in a throng;
And every letter by its side
A small one led along.

There was straddling A and bouncing B,
And curved C following after;
Full-bodied D and slipshod E —
You 'd have almost died with laughter!



There was funny F, the queer old guy,
And G, who turns his heels up;
H on his crutches, long slim I,
And his cousin J, who keels up.

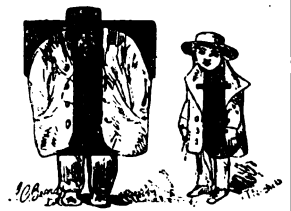




Then kicking K and long-toed L,
And M and N, the brothers,
Round jolly O, and puffy P,
Pell-mell among the others.



Trailing Q and her husband U,
He never will forsake her;
And graceful R and crooked S
And broad-brimmed T the Quaker.





Sharp V and next him W,
Like the Siamese twins united;
Cross X awry and outstretched Y,
Like an orator excited.

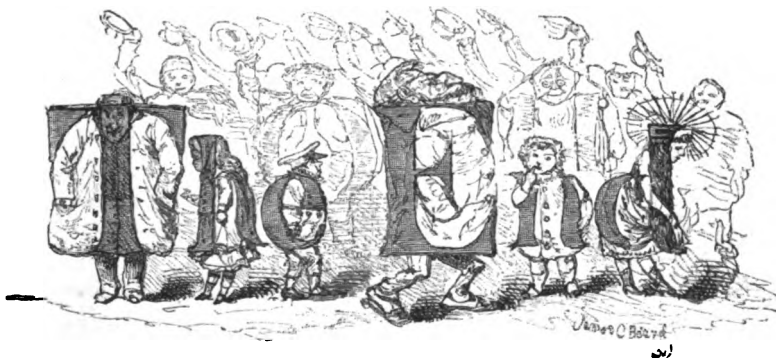


And zigzag Z, so old and queer,
Neglected for his betters,
With shaky step brings up the rear,
The last among the letters.



They marched past Dick so many times
It made his poor head swim;
Their names they shouted clear and strong
Each time they went by him.

They grew more friendly by and by,
And Dicky, for his part,
Was on the best of terms with each,
And knew them all by heart.

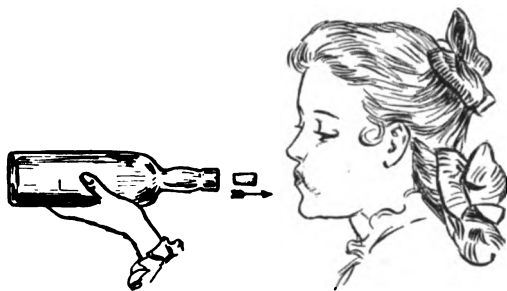


SIMPLE SCIENCE FOR SIMPLE SIMONS.

BY BORIS GLAVE.

THE OBSTINATE CORK.

WHEN I was a boy we had a song about "Aunt Jemima's Plaster," the peculiarity of which was that "the more you tried to get it off, the more it stuck the faster." Here we have a picture of an experiment with an obstinate cork that flies in the face of any one who tries to compel it to go into the neck of a bottle. The more you try to blow it in, the more it leaves the bottle. You can try this with any large bottle and a cork small enough to fit very loosely in its neck. Holding the bottle so that it points directly at your mouth, and placing the cork in the neck, the harder you blow on the cork for the purpose of driving it into the bottle, the more forcibly will the cork rush

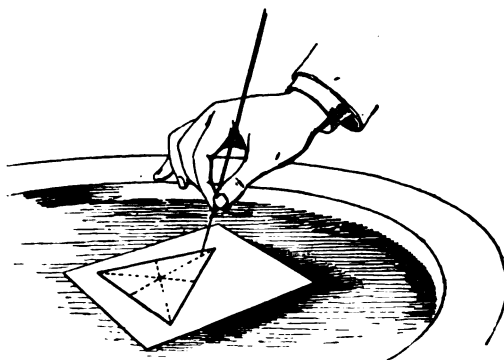


from its place in the neck. Instead of a cork, the experiment may be successfully tried with a small ball of pith, or with one of paper.

THE MAGIC TRIANGLE.

A VERY interesting experiment may be performed as follows. With a *wet* lead-pencil point draw on a piece of thick paper a triangle — whether the sides are equal or not makes no difference. Lay it on the surface of a basin

of water with the drawing up, and very carefully fill the space inside the dampened lines with water, so that there will be a triangular basin



of water on the swimming sheet of paper. (The water will not extend beyond the wet lines of the drawing.) Now, taking a pin or a needle, or any thin, smooth, sharp-pointed instrument, dip its point into this triangular basin, anywhere but at its center of area — say, very nearly at one of the angles. Be careful not to touch the paper and so prevent its free motion in any direction, and you will find that no matter where the point is placed, the paper will move on the water until the center of area comes under the point. This center of area may be indicated before placing the paper on the water by drawing lines from any two angles to the centers of the opposite sides; where the two lines cross will be the desired place.

If a square be drawn instead of a triangle, and similarly treated, it will move until the intersection of its diagonals comes under the pin-point; and no matter what figure be drawn, it will move along the water so as to bring its center of area directly under the point.

THE POWER OF A BREATH.

IN order to show what force, not figuratively, but actually, a breath has, take a good, stout, tight paper bag, and laying it on the edge of a table so that its mouth projects, stand a heavy book on end on the bag, and across this book lay another, also of considerable weight. By



blowing in the bag, keeping the mouth tight in the bag so that no air can escape, the upright book will be tilted and raised and the structure overthrown. It would, of course, be impossible to blow the book over without the aid of the bag.

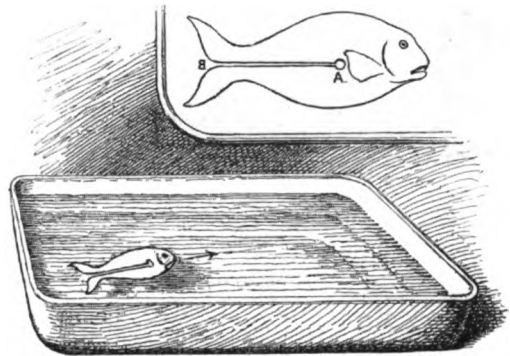
THE PAPER FISH.

CUT a fish out of stout writing-paper, and in the center cut a round hole, as shown at A in the figure; then from this cut out a narrow strip reaching to the tail.

Placing this paper fish in any long vessel full of water, it will, when you are ready for it to do so, slowly move head first along the surface of the water without your touching it. (Care must be taken to lay it gently on the water, so as not to wet the upper surface of the paper.) The fish, of course, lies *flat* on the water.

The secret lies, not in blowing the fish along, as some promptly guess, but in placing in the opening A a large drop of oil. This tries to expand and extend over the surface of the water; the paper is not porous enough to ab-

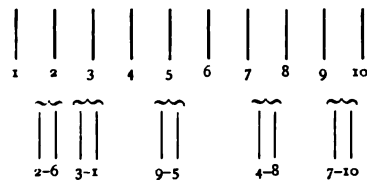
sorb it promptly, so the oil seeks the path of least resistance. In this case this is found to be by



passing out of the channel which leads from the hole A to B; and in issuing from this channel it will push the fish forward.

A JUMPING TRICK.

LAY ten tooth-picks in a row at equal distances. Move them by "jumping," as in checkers, so that two shall be "jumped" each time, and at last five pairs remain.

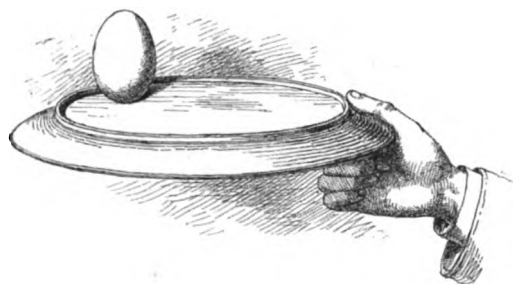


SOLUTION: Lay 7 on 10, 4 on 8, 6 on 2, 1 on 3, 9 on 5.

THE DANCING EGG.

To make an egg dance on the bottom of a plate, first boil it hard; then set it on its large end in the center of the plate, and, holding the latter horizontal, give it a rotation in a horizontal plane; the egg will keep spinning like a top. With practice, the egg may be made to assume the vertical position after being laid on its side. To facilitate prompt obedience on the part of the egg, hold it vertical, with the large end downward, while it is being boiled. To make the trick still more easy to perform, lay the plate on a table with the edge projecting beyond that of the table, and then start the egg

spinning by use of the thumb and fingers. The projecting position of the plate will enable you



to grasp this latter quickly with the right hand, and then all that you will have to do will be to keep the egg spinning by giving the plate its rotating motion.

TO BLOW A COIN OUT OF A GLASS.

It would seem, I admit, a bold statement to say that you could put a penny (or rather a "cent" in America) in the bottom of a wine-glass, cover it up with a dollar, and then, without touching either coin, blow the cent out of the glass without removing the dollar from the latter. Yet it can be done — if you know how.

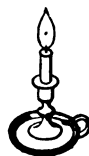
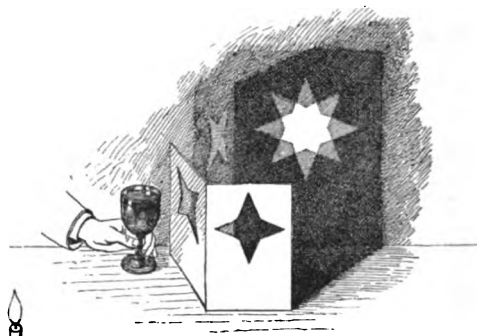


The cent is laid in the bottom of the glass "sure enough," as they say down South; then the dollar, which is very much larger, is laid in so that it lies in a horizontal plane at some little distance above the cent. Now to get the cent past the dollar and out of the glass with the breath alone, blow sharply downward on that side of the upper face of the dollar which lies next to you. This will cause the coin to tilt as though on an axis; and the cent will be

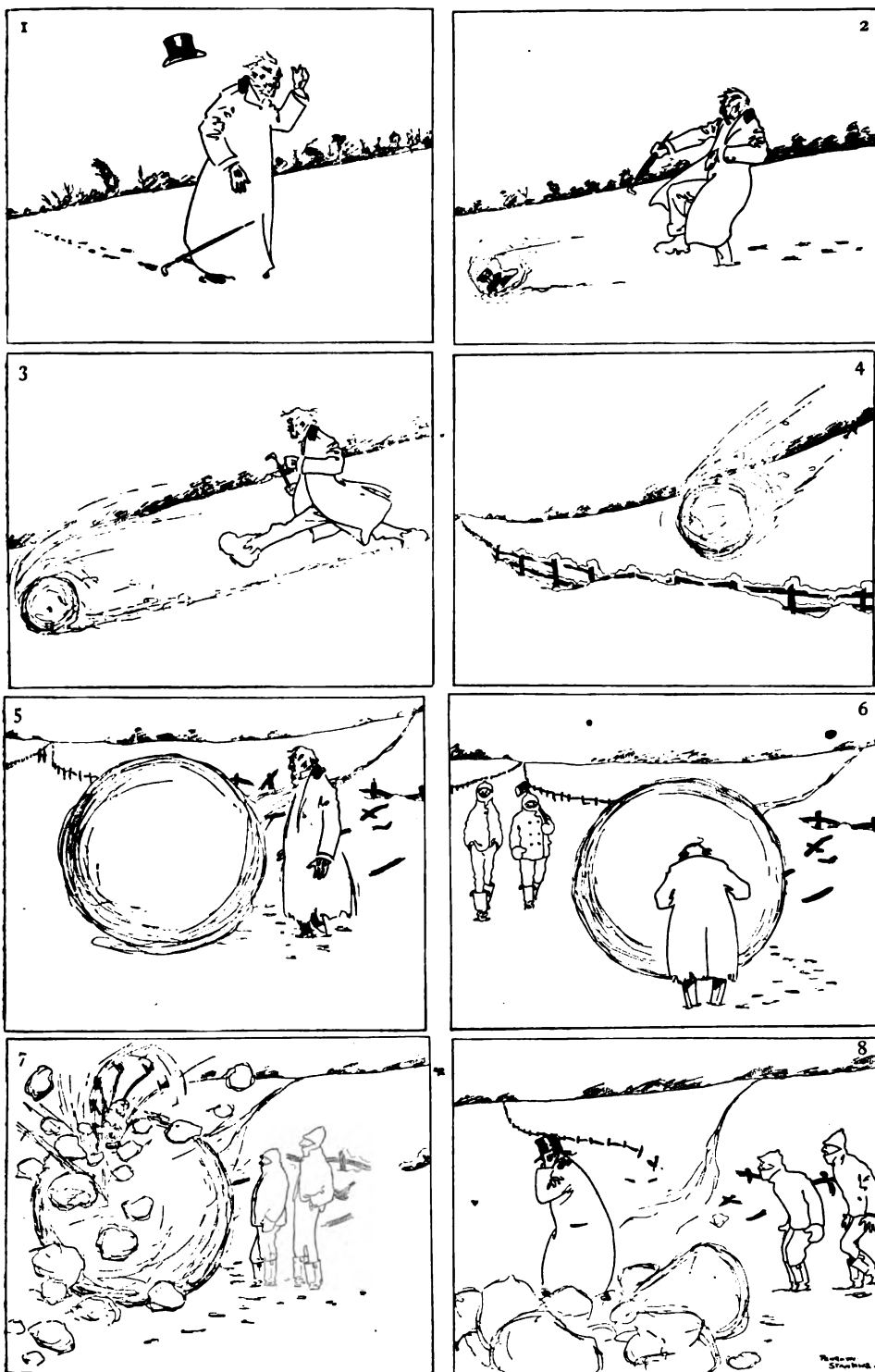
blown, by the current of air reflected from the bottom of the glass, past the dollar and up out of the glass.

THE THREE-COLORED STAR.

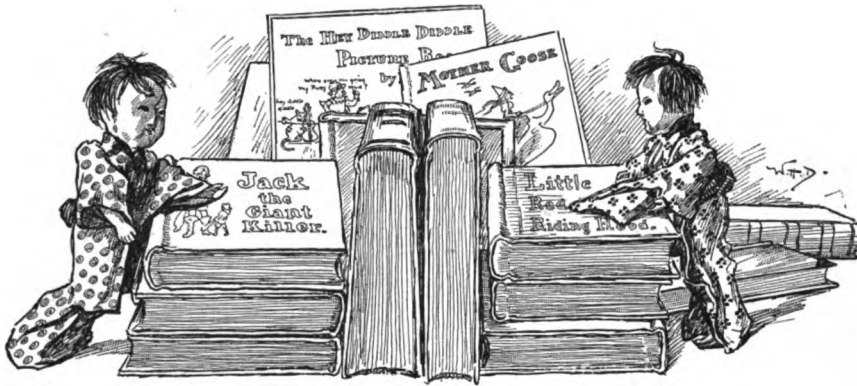
To produce this pleasing and remarkable effect, take a square piece of cardboard (say eight inches on a side) and fold it down the center. In one of the divisions draw and cut out a four-pointed star with the arms vertical and horizon-



tal; lay the piece cut out from here on the other division of the cardboard, but with the arms diagonal, and having marked its outline exactly, cut out that star. Stand the card on end, as shown in the figure, on a table which is pushed close to a white wall, or on which is stood a white screen. Place two lighted candles on the table in such positions that the stars cast by the openings in the card fall together on the wall, making an eight-pointed star. Now, holding a piece of colored glass, paper, or gelatin, or a glass of colored liquid, between one of the candles and its corresponding star, the eight-pointed light star on the wall will be three-colored, the colors varying with the color used to color the light falling on one four-pointed star, the eight-pointed star will be red, green, and white. If a yellow screen be used to color the light, the eight-pointed star will be yellow, purple, and white, etc. This is a good exercise in "complementary colors."



HOW THE PROFESSOR RECOVERED HIS HAT.
A TRAGEDY OF A FEBRUARY BLIZZARD.



AFTER YOU WERE ASLEEP.

BY CLARA MARIE PLATT.

WHEN you went to bed, the rubber doll still stood on his head, where you threw him, just as if he enjoyed it; the horse whose tail you clipped short stood patiently, pretending not to care; the two little Japanese dolls looked lonesomely at each other from across a great pile of books, but never shed a tear—when you went to bed. Ah, but after you were asleep!

I was sitting in the nursery all in the dark, when suddenly there was a chattering of little voices in the play-house.

"Open that door!" somebody called. "Now, all together: one—two—three!"



The door flew open, and out rattled all the ninepins.

"It's good to stretch a bit," said the king-pin. "It's a shame that we are n't allowed

any exercise just because those children are tired of us! I've been lying in one position until I'm fairly stiff."

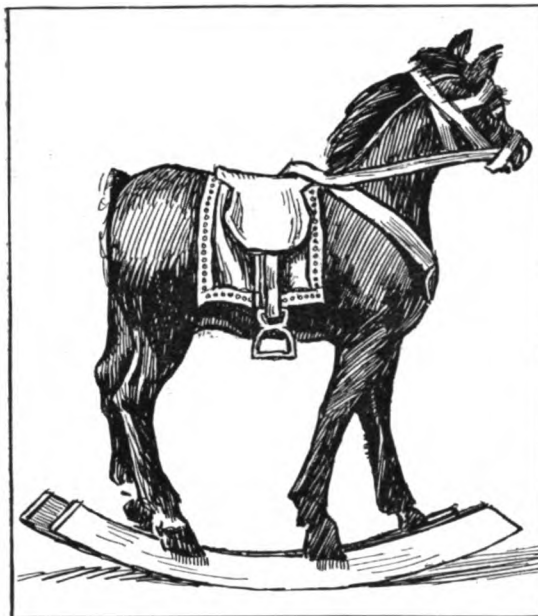
There was a puffing and snorting, and the little pony on wheels dashed by, with his eyes sticking straight out in front, and his tail sticking straight out behind. After him waddled the dancing bear, growling fiercely.

"I've been in such a fright all day," neighed the pony, when he was safe between the rockers of the big horse. "Why is n't that bear caged? He growls dreadfully, and he does not belong with domestic animals, anyway."

"The worst of it is that I can't do anything but growl," answered the toy bear. "I'll be glad when they learn to make us so that we can bite, too, and relieve our feelings. To be shut up all day with dolls and Mother Goose books is enough to make any healthy bear growl!"

Behind the bear came two forlorn little





Japanese figures, and two forlorn little Japanese voices wailed together:

"Oh, take us back to our home o'er the seas,
For not a toy here can speak Japanese."

The toys tried in vain to comfort them in English.

Then with a rustle and flutter, the pile of picture-books came sliding to the floor. "It was n't our fault," said one. "We did n't mean to keep them apart all day."

"I can't even keep myself together," said another. "The children have mixed my pages so that I can't



tell whether I'm Hop-o'-my-Thumb or Jenny Wren. I've almost lost my wits."

"I have an idea!" exclaimed the rubber doll, turning a somersault and landing on his head.

"Sup-^{pose} we all fix ourselves comfortably, and see if those children won't take the hint."

A moan came from the rocking-horse: "I never can be comfortable again. My

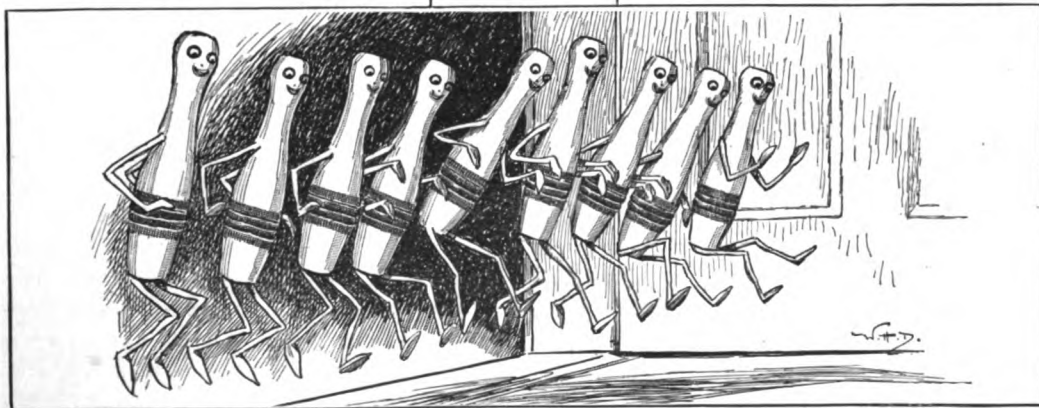
tail, my proudly waving tail, is gone forever!"

"Why, what's this in the wastebasket?" exclaimed the rubber doll. "I do believe it is your tail. But I can tie it on with a string."

He did it so skilfully that the rocking-horse rocked for joy.

"What about the rest of us?" asked the little pony. "I sha'n't be comfortable until that bear is chained up; and who is to chain him?"

"I'll go in myself," replied the bear. "But it's very hard to give up frightening the pony, for it's the only fun I have." With a last growl,



that almost made the pony's glass eyes pop out of his head, he stalked back to his corner.

"Now let us straighten out these books," directed the rubber doll. "Who is there here that has ever learned to read?"

side of the room. As the little pony rolled in, the bear started to growl, but on second thought mumbled to himself instead. The two Japanese babies sat with their arms clasped so tightly that they never could be parted. "Now are



"I can say 'mama' and 'papa,'" came shyly from a pretty little doll in a pink bonnet.

"Then you are the one," answered the rubber doll. "I myself never had any education," he added, sighing.

Soon all the books could tell their stories straight, and were piled neatly on the shelf. The ninepins marched in good order on one

you all fixed?" asked the rubber doll. "All I want is to be put on my feet and out of the way of the tin fire-engine. That fireman would run over every toy in the play-house if he saw a burnt match on the carpet!"

He climbed on the shelf above, the toys settled comfortably down in their places, and the state of mind in the play-house was better.

JAPANESE ATHLETICS FOR AMERICAN BOYS.

By H. IRVING HANCOCK.

PART II.

It is to be hoped that the young reader who studied the first of these articles has sufficiently mastered not only the tricks that are defensive but also those that conduce to strength. When the Japanese are taught jiu-jitsu, they are required to devote much more time to the work intended to give strength than they are to the feats that protect.

One of the best of these defensive tricks might be called the "arm-pinch," and it is executed as follows: If you should be suddenly attacked, seize your adversary in such a way that the balls of the fingers press tightly against the muscles in the back of his upper arm, and the ball of the

thumb in the muscles in the front of his upper arm, midway between the elbow and the shoulder. Apply the pressure rather severely, until the opponent surrenders. This trick can be performed in the utmost spirit of friendliness, as no harm is done beyond the momentary sensation of pain followed by numbness. In addition to being harmless, this work is a genuine and rapid hardener of muscle.

From this we will pass to one of the Japanese athletic exercises which, if faithfully followed, will aid in muscular development. Stand back to back with your companion. Let him throw his arms backward over his head in such a way that you can seize his wrists with a firm grip. Now bend forward, a little way at first, barely

lifting him off his feet. By degrees, in successive lifts, bring him forward, but be careful that you do not throw your companion over your head. After a few times of trying this exercise you should be able to bring your hands forward on a level with the waist-line. But this extremity of the exercise should not be accomplished before trial for several days. This exercise is well-nigh equal in value to the "struggle" described in the preceding article; indeed, for some purposes of muscular improvement it is to be preferred to the "struggle." It should never be carried to a point where palpitation of the heart or too rapid breathing is caused. Then it becomes injurious.

An odd performance and one far more capable of producing muscle than would at first seem possible is the "shoulder-push." The two opponents stand side by side, facing in opposite directions, and with the shoulders pushing against each other. In the case of the right shoulders being in contact, clasp the hands and hold them to the left side, with the left foot pushed far out. The right feet of the two opponents should be a few inches apart, but care must be taken that nothing but the opposing shoulders touch. The bodies of both contestants should be kept apart. In this exercise only fair resistance should be employed, it being understood in advance which one is gradually to push the other across the floor. Next the victory should be slowly, reluctantly given to the other contestant. Two of these exercises with right shoulders opposing, and two with left shoulders opposing, will be found sufficient at first. During the weeks that follow, the number of exercises may be very gradually increased, but it would be a mistake to add more than one exercise for each shoulder per week. Hard breathing in work like this is a sure sign that the exercise is being carried too far. While the Japanese are among the strongest and most agile men in the world, they do not, in their jiu-jitsu training, attempt an excess of any exercise. All work is undertaken with the moderation which most surely builds up health and muscle.

Here is another valuable exercise: Stand facing your opponent, with feet as far apart as possible. Place hands on each other's shoul-

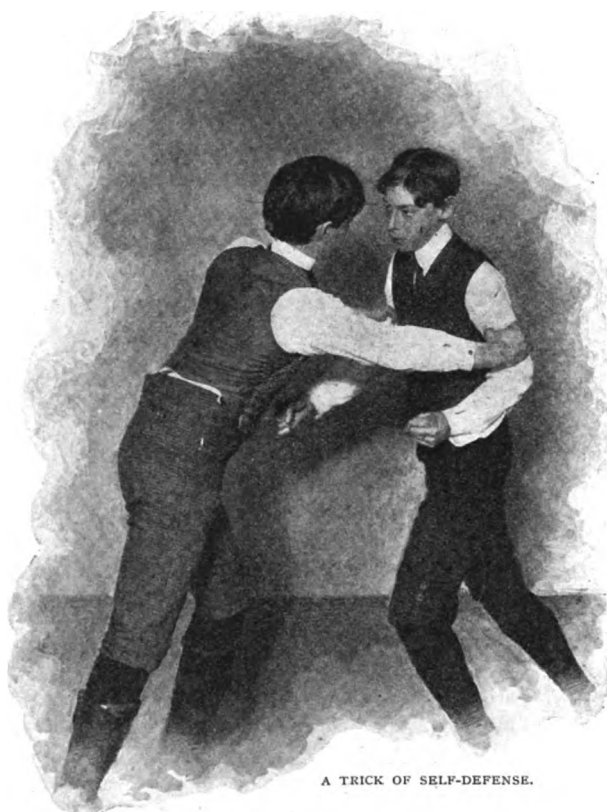
ders. Taking firm hold, let one contestant attempt to sway the other as far as he can, first to the right side and then to the left. The one thus attacked should resist as far as is in his power. A minute of this work should be followed by a two minutes' rest, and then the assailant and his victim should change places. Four of these one-minute bouts are enough for beginners. The number may be increased at the rate of two a week.

There is a very amusing little trick that was first discovered in a Japanese jiu-jitsu school. One of the contestants places his hand fairly on the top of his head, palm downward, while the other seizes the wrist with palm upward and thumb and fingers wrapped around the wrist. The one who seizes the wrist endeavors to push his opponent's hand upward from the top of the head. Where the two adversaries are nearly matched as to strength, it will be found impossible to force the hand upward from the head; but the exercise, besides showing a novel feature in athletics, does much to increase the muscles of the arms and wrists of each of the contestants.

Now comes a feat that should never be tried except where there is something very soft upon which to fall. It is the trick of throwing an opponent over one's head, and is best tried on a hay-mow. A double thickness of mattresses on the floor will render the performance about equally safe. The contestants, in their stocking feet, face each other. The assailant reaches out with both hands, seizing his victim by the coat lapels. In the same instant he should place his right foot diagonally across the victim's thigh, with the heel of the foot inward. (See page 353.) While holding his opponent in this position, the assailant should hop as close as he can to the victim, take the tightest hold on the lapels, and throw himself quickly over backward until he lies flat upon his back on the mattress. He will carry the victim over his head, and the latter will land upon his own back beyond. The movements of the one who is attacking must be executed with great rapidity—one, two, three, four!

But remember! This trick should *never* be attempted except on a mattress or a bed of hay, and both contestants must be in their stocking

feet. Otherwise — if tried on an asphalt pavement, frozen ground, or on a hard floor — the trick may be dangerous to both contestants, and especially to the one making the throw.



A TRICK OF SELF-DEFENSE.

Rightly performed, this is a splendid exercise, and cannot work any injury.

This most surprising feat of jiu-jitsu is excellent as well for bodily training as for defensive tactics. Assailant and victim change places in turn, and not more than three throws for each are advisable until the contestants have attained a high degree of muscular strength and endurance.

The Japanese use practically no gymnasium apparatus, yet they show greater excellence of strength and endurance than do any other people in the world. While some of their exercises may seem violent, they take them with great moderation. At the outset of a course in jiu-jitsu the student is rarely upon the floor more than half an hour, and three quarters of this time is devoted to walking and breathing between exercises. As the student becomes more

proficient, he spends three quarters of an hour on the floor, then an hour, and so on, by degrees, until he is able to give two hours a day to the work. Yet three quarters of his time, or nearly that amount, is spent in walking back and forth and in breathing.

Moderation in all athletic work is the surest password to physical success, and none know this better than the agile, wiry, all-enduring little men of Japan.

PART III.

IF our young readers have carefully followed the instructions contained in the former article of this series, they will now be able to proceed with more advanced feats of self-defense and those that will produce strength. It will be a mistake for any young reader to attempt the physical work that is described in this article unless he has thoroughly practised the course laid out. It cannot be too well remembered that in Japanese jiu-jitsu each step must be followed in the order suggested. No feat of strength should be attempted until the preceding one has been thoroughly mastered.

Here is a bit of work that will strengthen the muscles involved. The two opponents may be designated as number one and number two. Number one should stand in front of number two, with his back to the latter, taking number two's right arm over his shoulder and seizing number two's right wrist in the encircling grasp of his own right hand. Number two should make the same kind of clasp around number one's left wrist with his own left hand, holding the latter's wrist at the side. When this position has been taken, let number one sway slowly around to the left, number two making just enough resistance as will not altogether prevent the twisting of both bodies.

After three exercises in this position, the two boys should change places and then again twist in the same fashion to the left. A breathing-spell should now follow. Then the original number one may again take position in front of

his adversary, but with the other's left arm drawn over his shoulder with the hand-encircling clasp and with his adversary's right hand encircling his right wrist at the side. The twist should now be to the right, and should be firmly enough resisted by number two as almost to prevent the success of the twist. After this numbers one and two may again change positions, but remember that whichever contestant is in front of the other should be allowed gradually to obtain the victory, though not without fair resistance on the part of number two.

A not uncommon trick of the footpad or city highwayman is suddenly to seize his victim by the throat. Here is a Japanese way of defeating this attack. Let a friend seize you by the throat by way of experiment—without, of course, taking so tight a hold as to choke you. Now study his position. You will note that his arms are extended in an almost horizontal position, and that they are nearly parallel. Both should keep this posture for a few moments, until the science of the attack has been studied. Now, while your assailant is still clutching at your throat, clasp your own hands in front of your waist. Jerk them to the left, then violently up and over the two arms that are extended to your throat. Carry your clenched hands over your assailant's extended arms, and throw his arms as far over as possible to your right. A very little practice in this trick will show one how easy it is to break the grip of any opponent who attempts to take the "throat-hold."

In applying this self-defense against the other man's throat-hold, always throw the clenched hands to your left, then upward and over to your right. Do not make the throw *from* the right unless it is unavoidable. The reason for making the throw to the right will be apparent after a very little thought and study. The arm that is nearer the opponent's resisting arm is the lever, of which your shoulder is the fulcrum. Thus, when the throw is from the left side, your right arm, which is the stronger, throws off the clutch of the opponent, while the left arm supplies only added pressure. Attempt throwing off from the right side, using

your left arm as the lever, and you will realize how much more difficult the feat is. A Japanese strives to develop the same amount of strength in both right and left arms, and when you have followed out all the suggestions herein given, you will find that the left arm is very nearly as strong as the right. Yet do not look for this condition at once.

In the Orient the left arm is generally found in a state of development equal or nearly so to that of the right arm. In the United States the left arm is rarely found to be more than half as strong as the right. This physical condition is a defect, and one that should be remedied. Let two opponents stand facing each other, each with his left side slightly advanced. Each should clasp left hands with the fingers interlaced and palms pressing. Let one of the young men move his hand as far over as pos-



A LIVELY TRICK. (SEE PAGE 351.)

sible to the left and then to the right. The pressure should be so well applied that the second young man is forced to bend over somewhat. Then the first young man should

apply the same pressures himself. This exercise will be found of great value in making the left arm equally strong with the right, but the work may be tried with right hands clasped in the same manner. At least three times as much work, however, should be performed with the left hands as with the right.

It is very necessary to possess sufficient development of the muscles of the legs. One of the best exercises looking to this end is accomplished as follows: Stand erect, with the feet spread apart and arms hanging limply at the sides. Bend downward to a squatting position, allowing the hands to touch the floor, if possible. The squatting position should be one in which the student as nearly as possible sits upon the heels, but head and trunk should be erect or

nearly horizontal as you can, performing this last movement slowly. Now slowly resume the hand-clasp, and, keeping the hands in this position, return gradually to a standing position. Three of these exercises are enough for the beginner, and in Japan the veteran of jiu-jitsu rarely performs more than ten of them.

There is another feat known to the Japanese that produces gradual but sure results in making the legs stronger. Two contestants, each in his stocking feet, seat themselves upon the floor, facing each other. The right foot of one is placed squarely against the left foot of the other. Then pressure is applied, and the feet are slowly, very slowly, raised, each contestant striving his best, during this gradual raising of the feet, to push the other on his back. Each contestant is privileged to secure all the support that may come from resting his hands on the floor at his side. Suppose the contestant who employs the right foot against the other's left secures the victory. The loser should then use his right foot against the recent victor's left. This exercise may be carried on, in alternation, for at least a dozen times. For the best development of both adversaries, it is to be advised that neither secure the victory every time. Should one be stronger than the other, the stronger should yield, though very gradually and reluctantly, to the weaker. The only result to be obtained is the gradual strengthening of the muscles of the legs for each.

Though a great many exercises have been described, it is not, of course, expected that all can be employed at any one time. The student himself should make a judicious choice of those that are to be used on each day. He should aim, within the limits of practicability, to employ in each day's exercise as many as possible that will develop various muscles all over the body along the lines already suggested. The Japanese were the first among physical culturists to believe that perfect development can be secured most rapidly by changing the set of exercises day by day.

A splendid exercise that may be employed, say once a week, is for one of the young ath-



BREAKING THE "THROAT-HOLD." (SEE PAGE 353.)

nearly so. When this position has been taken, bring the arms up horizontally forward, clasping the hands for a moment only. Next throw the arms as far backward as possible and as

letes to approach the other from behind, throwing his arms around the other's neck and seizing him lightly by the throat. The one so attacked must necessarily throw off the grip. The best way of doing this lies in employing the "wrist-pinch," which means pressing the ball of your thumb

friendliness by two boys of about equal strength, and, rightly done, will work no injury beyond a temporary pain. The point of self-defense is here found in the ability of the defender so to weaken the assailant's wrists as to render the grip at the throat ineffective.



BREAKING THE CLUTCH WITH THE "WRIST-PINCH."

across the front of your adversary's wrist, just back of the base of his hand. In seizing your opponent, your fingers should grasp the back of his wrists, and the pressure of the ball of your thumb against the inside of his wrist should instantly follow. Always use the ball or soft end of the finger, being careful not to dig with the nails. A little practice makes the student capable of seizing an adversary by both wrists, and by this pinch breaking any clutch at one's throat.

The secret of this pinch lies in the fact that two muscles will be found on the inside of the wrist across which the ball of the thumb can be moved in such a way as to produce pain that will be felt all the way up the arm. Once the location of the muscles is determined, the rest of this trick is easy, and it is an excellent means of defense, as we have shown; but, like the "arm-pinch," it can be performed with the utmost

There will be little advantage in any of these Japanese feats for producing strength if, at the outset, the two boys are not fairly well matched as to height, weight, and strength. Once the student of jiu-jitsu has reached a moderate degree of skill, he is safe in engaging with an opponent of greater size who has not given the work the same attention. Any young American who is satisfied with the idea of practising jiu-jitsu daily for a few months will find his endurance and muscular strength at least doubled. But no good can come from merely reading the foregoing descriptions or from gazing at the illustrations; a pair of chums must energetically go through the exercises themselves.

It cannot be too emphatically stated that none of these exercises should be carried to a point where the contestants find themselves obliged to breathe very fast. Any exercise that requires a minute or two of hard work should be followed by at least a minute or two of slow, deep, regular breathing.

The Japanese do not drink water immediately before engaging in exercise. Nor do they, unless it is absolutely necessary, drink any water while practising. But as soon as they have rested after the work, they drink at least a pint of cool — not cold — water. A pint of water is also taken on retiring and on rising, and throughout the day the masters of jiu-jitsu use water freely at all times except half an hour before or after a meal. At meal-times no beverage of any kind is used.

Whenever one finds that an exercise appears to benefit him, he is apt to use it to excess; he can learn much of the Japanese, who have made themselves the best athletes in the world by using all of their exercises with the utmost *patience* and in the greatest *moderation*.

OUR NORTHERN NEIGHBOR'S WINTER SPORTS.

BY KATHARINE LOUISE SMITH.



THE time when Jack Frost reigns supreme means, in Canada, a continuous revel in a variety of winter sports. The air on a crisp winter night resounds with merry laughter, as men and women, boys and girls, start out for an evening's frolic. On snow they have the tobogganing, sleighing, snow-shoeing, and skeeing, while on ice there are curling, skating, and ice-boating. For years Canada has had her ice carnival, frequently

Some of our Northern cities have built ice palaces, but as yet they have not become a regular part of the winter festivities. The charm of the ice palace at night, when it is filled with a gay throng of men and women, is almost indescribable. On a carnival night the brightly costumed mass of living humanity passes in and out, the men and women dancing and promenading on skates as easily as though they were on a waxed ball-room floor.

And where can one find a happier gathering than at a "snow-shoe meet," where, dressed for a long tramp over the crisp snow, its devotees congregate in sociable groups before starting out? If a hurdle race is indulged in by the men, great excitement prevails; for to jump a hurdle, and not to trip or lose a shoe in the attempt, is a feat that calls for much daring and wins unbounded admiration. The laughing crowd of onlookers are as interested as the participants.

One of the most popular of Canadian winter sports is curling, which is said to have originated in Scotland. To the uninitiated the sight is that of four men sweeping the ice; but there is method in the game, and the curling-stones and tees are arranged carefully, for a scientific player is keen to take advantage of every ruling. The tees are placed thirty-eight yards apart; the players stand behind a tee, and the score is marked on the ice seven yards in front of each tee. Of course the game is to keep the stone within certain limits, a feat not easily accomplished.

Though curling is a very brisk and exciting winter sport, it is less general than tobogganing, which in Canada never seems to lose its prestige. This is partly attributed to the fine hills around Montreal, and the fact that the men and women know just how to dress for the sport. The exhilarating sensation of the first toboggan slide is something never to be forgotten. The Canadian toboggan is light and strong, and often has a hand-rail to enable the occupants to hold

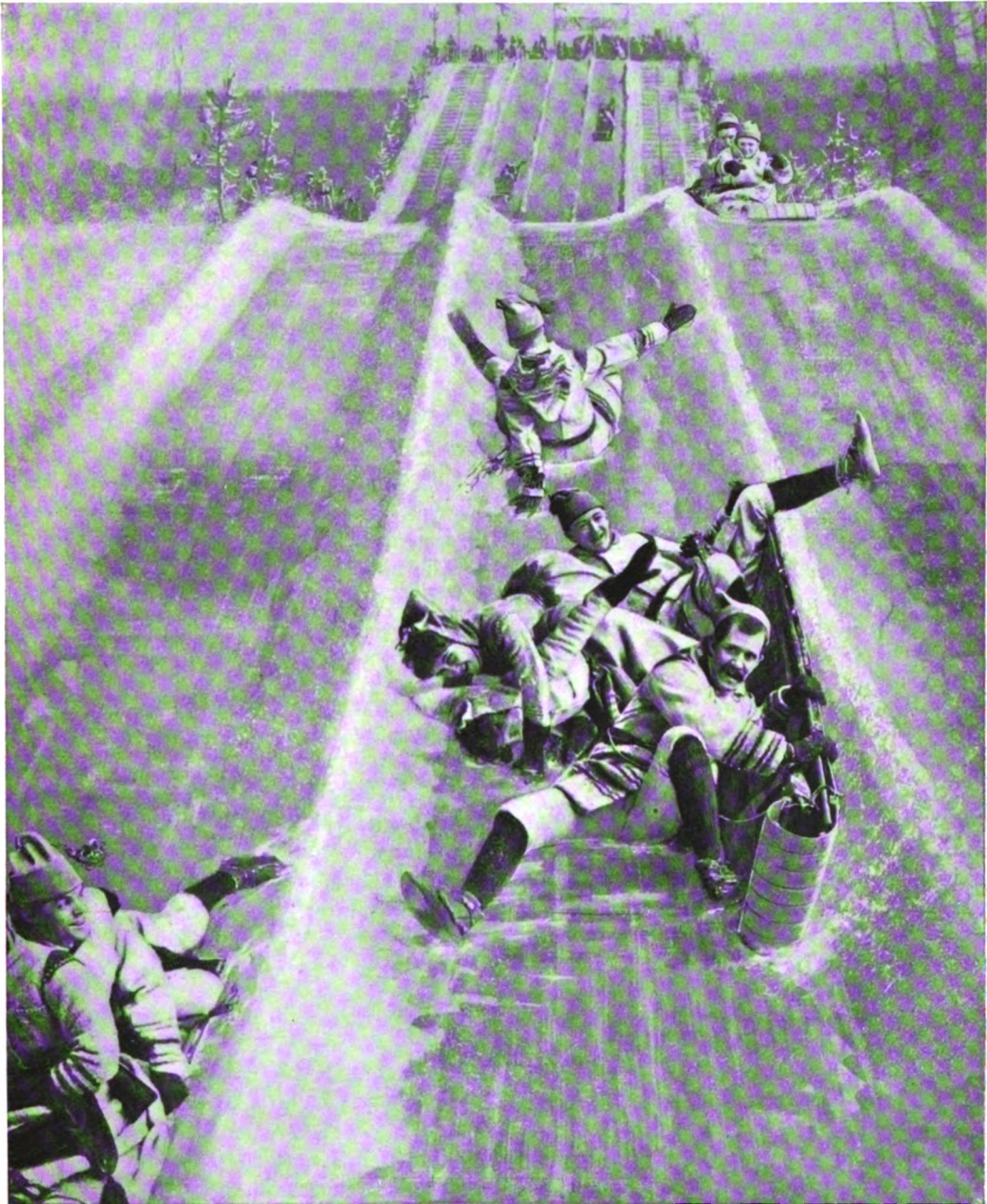


CURLING.

with a great magnificent ice palace—its iridescent effects suggesting the Crystal Palace.

on. A "spill" is not to be desired, but is usually harmless, and always occasions great fun,

Of course the familiar sports of sleighing, skating, hockey, and so forth are as popular in



A "SPILL" ON THE TOBOGGAN SLIDE.

From a photograph by Notman & Son.

especially to the successful tobogganists, who glide by with shouts of good-natured banter at the plight of their less fortunate brothers.

Canada as in other climes where snow and ice can be depended upon for a number of days or weeks at a time.



THE BIRDS' BREAKFAST-TABLE.

BY ISABEL GORDON CURTIS.

HIGH on the banks of the Hudson, near Cornwall, stands Cherrycroft, the home of Amelia E. Barr, the novelist. Around the stately house cluster a few forest trees, but between them, arching the driveways, tapping as if for admittance at the house windows, shadowing smooth lawns, and scattering May-time snow about a beautiful garden, stand a very grove of cherry-trees. They are fine old cherry-trees, with a wealth of fruit in June-time. Of course years and years ago the birds discovered that the mistress of Cherrycroft spread no nets over the laden trees; hung no traps in the branches; set no scarecrows about to flap their rags at invaders. She did not look upon the birds as invaders; she welcomed them as her guests.

Wherever Mrs. Barr lives, around her gather a host of bird friends. She finds her way to their hearts through their little appetites. Grain, corn, and hickory-nuts by the bushel are among the provisions laid in every fall wholly for bird provender. Every morning during the winter, breakfast is strewn for them under a certain tree, and long before the household is awake, the sparrows, snowbirds, and chickadees are gathering there in eager anticipation of a hearty meal. They know it will be spread for them no matter how deep the snow that has to be shoveled or how icy the paths which lead to their breakfast-table.

Mrs. Barr has a daughter who for years

added to her duties the happy task of bird caterer. She tells a most interesting story of one memorable breakfast the birds at their country home had.

"We lived at Cornwall in 1888," she says, "but in a different house, quite a distance away from mother's present home. One morning in March we woke up to find ourselves snowed under in the great blizzard. We could look across a wide snow-drifted country, and see that what looked like great white mushrooms had taken the place of shrubs and low trees. The fences had disappeared. We knew neighbors were awake, because smoke curled from chimneys here and there through the valley; but small houses were nearly buried, and larger mansions looked dwarfed — half of each of them was under the snow. My mother's first cry was, 'Lily, the birds are all dead! I do not hear a note anywhere.' Our sturdy gardener rushed at the drifts with a big shovel and hearty good will. He loved the birds as well as we did. Presently through drifts ten feet high wandered a tiny path, straight to the tree where the birds' breakfast was always set. Out we hurried, laden with grain, corn, sunflower seed, and cracked hickory-nuts. 'Chick-a-dee-dee-dee-dee-dee-dee,' went mother's call from the snow-covered porch.

"*Chick-a-dee-dee! chick-a-dee-dee!* a shrill solitary answer came from the breakfast tree.

The snow fluttered down about my head from the laden branches, and straight to the breakfast-table hopped two chilled, starved, grateful little birds.

"'Chick-a-dee-dee-dee-dee!' went mother's call again over the still valley. The quiet was broken everywhere by the whirl of wings and the *chick-a-dee-dee, chick-a-dee-dee*, which meant, 'We 're coming.'

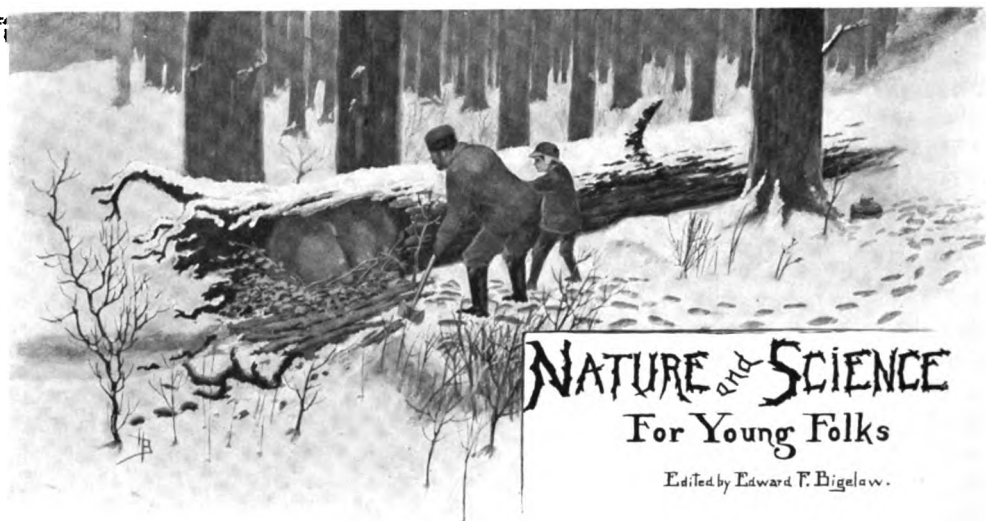
"That day and during the other days which followed before our little world was dug out, we did not worry about famine indoors, but the fear of famine outdoors began to appal us. The grain and corn were eaten up, and the whole household went to work cracking hickory-nuts. We spread the breakfast-table many times a day, but still our guests came. We marveled that the Hudson valley held so many birds. Friends came who, we fancied, had gone south. Miles and miles away, they had heard by the strange telegraphy of bird language the news of a table set in the heart of a snow-buried world. We gave greetings not only to our every-day guests, the sparrows, snowbirds, and chickadees, but to hoarse-voiced crows, to robins and blue-birds who had come north unusually early, to screaming blue jays, red-winged blackbirds, nut-hatches, goldfinches, flickers, grackles, wood-peckers, and whole clouds of song-sparrows.

They stayed with us almost through the long, white days. Every morning our guests who had wandered away returned, with great wing flurries, at the familiar 'chick-a-dee-dee-dee.' As the snow melted and spring came up the valley our breakfast company grew smaller day by day. Birds are no paupers; they did not come to us for food when they could find it elsewhere.

"The next fall we moved to Cherrycroft. We were loath to leave our birds. 'We never will be able to gather such a flock around us,' said mother, 'as we had in the old home. Then, too, we will have to make new friendships; the old bird friends will never find us here.'

"On the first morning of winter in the new home we spread a breakfast-table for the birds about a tree near the house and we sent out the familiar call, 'chick-a-dee-dee-dee-dee.' From here and there came an answering chirp. While I stood scattering the grain and nuts, across the frosted garden came a whirl of wings, and right into my arms flew two chickadees, bright-eyed, soft-plumaged, quivering with friendship. They darted about my head, nestled among the nuts in my apron, all the time, with their happy little *chick-a-dee-dee*, trying to tell in bird language how glad they were to find me again presiding over the winter breakfast-table."





COMFORT IN COLD WEATHER.

"My stars! Tommy, is n't he a big one? Get out of this, quick!"

If the bear had n't been asleep, it would have been hard to tell which would have been

the most surprised—the bear, "Uncle Fred" (the woodchopper), or his son Tommy. The woodchopper had been passing through the woods with his son to a place where the woodsmen were at work, and he had struck the log with his ax, to see whether it was sound



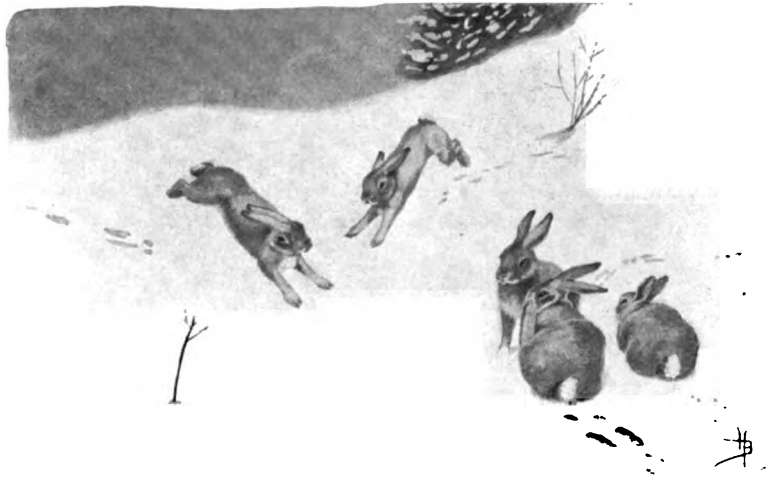
THE RABBITS IN THEIR UNDERGROUND HOME.

What we should discover if we could suddenly cleave away the earth at one side of the burrow.

enough for timber or even for fire-wood. Finding it hollow, he had broken off one side, when, to his great surprise and that of Tommy, he had found a bear in the hollow log, in his hibernating sleep. But they did not stop to inquire what he was doing there.

After running for about half a mile, Tommy gasped: "Hold on, papa; I don't believe he would have hurt us, anyhow. I've read that they sleep in the winter; and I am sure he looked too comfortable and sleepy to harm even a mouse."

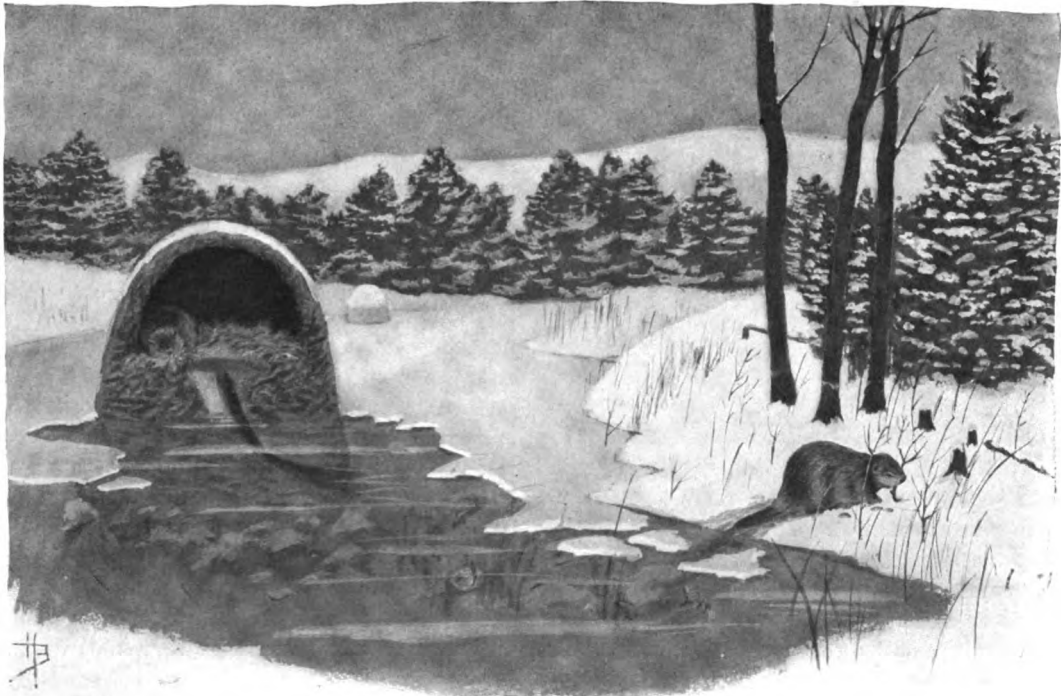
The woodsman agreed to this, yet thought it best not to go back and experiment, but said



RABBITS FROLICKING IN THE SNOW.

to his son: "Perhaps you're right; but then, he may set out in search of another place in which to finish his long winter nap, now that I have knocked the side off his bedroom."

Mother Nature is kind to her children.



THE BEAVER, LIKE OUR MORE COMMON MUSKRAT, LIVES IN A DOME-SHAPED HOME.

The beaver feeds on bark, twigs, and roots. Our artist has pictured his dome-shaped house, and the tunnel leading to it from below the surface of the water, as it would appear if one half were cut off to let us see the interior. As we would really see it in nature it would be merely a dome, as is shown by another beaver-hut in the distance, just in front of the row of evergreens.

Some she puts to bed and to sleep in the long winter; others are wide awake and as full of the enjoyment of life as in a bright day of spring or of summer. There is enjoyment in all seasons. It is merely a change of form.

The rabbits seem to be even more lively in winter than in summer. If we could watch them playing all sorts of frolicsome games in

bit's nest, as we did into the bear's? Our artist has imagined such a peep as it would be if we could pull off all the earth on one side of the burrow and of the tunnel leading to it, without disturbing the cozy occupants in their nest made of leaves and grass, and lined with fur pulled from the mother's breast for this last little family.

Then, too, the hardy beaver, in his thick ulster, does n't mind the cold air or freezing water. The front door of his house is under water, but his bedroom is high and dry above the water-line in his thick-walled lodge of mud and sticks. His bed is made of small twigs and shreds of soft willow bark. He can get a hearty meal of roots, bark, and little twigs any time he wishes to travel around for it.

Look there; see that squirrel just going into his hole up in that big tree? What a big, fat fellow he is! He must find plenty of nuts somewhere, even if it is cold. You would find his nest quite a distance down from that hole, and there would most likely be several other squirrels curled up snugly in a lot of dry leaves. Mice cuddle up in about the same way in a nest made of old rags, string, and cotton.



THE GRAY SQUIRREL.

In the coldest days he remains in his cozy nest of leaves in the tree-tops or in a hollow tree. In the warmest days he is out playing and seeking food.

the snow, we would regard them as far from being in a winter sleep. But they do sleep—not the long sleep of hibernation, but just as kittens sleep; except that the bed of the rabbits is down underground. To this cozy nest they go through a long tunnel-like entrance. In the nest, after hours of frolicking or seeking for food, they are safe and sound from the winter's fiercest biting wind or driving snows. Would n't you like to have a peep into a rab-

EFFECT OF COLD ON INSECTS AND SPIDERS.

THE severest cold has no terrors for insect life. It has been shown by experiments that insects may be artificially or naturally frozen, subjected, indeed, to very low temperatures, without killing or even injuring them. Eggs, larvæ, and pupæ, the stages in which most insects pass the winter, are perfectly immune to cold.

It is a common idea that cocoons of insects serve as a protection against cold, but this is entirely erroneous. They, like the summer webs of web-worms, are a protection against birds and insect parasites, but not against cold. The cocoons of summer broods are as stout and thick as those of the generations that pass the winter. Moths, butterflies, and other insects build stouter and more compact cocoons in tropical and torrid countries than they do in those climates where they are besieged by winter. There are many insects, allied to the builders of cocoons, that make no such covering, the pupa or the chrysalis being left

entirely exposed. And so little heat is maintained by the pupæ of insects that no matter how thick the cocoons, they are always too slight to repel freezing cold.

Certain degrees of frigidity seem to have vastly different effects on different species of insects. Gnats and midges dance in the winter sunshine; butterflies, *Vanessa*, *Grapta*, and sometimes *Colias*, skim over the snow; wasps and bees wind their way through the leafless woods; ground-beetles run quickly over the cold earth; crickets peep from beneath stones and rotting logs; while other species, the vast majority, in fact, are locked in the lethargy of hibernation. One of the commonest evidences of this hibernation is to be seen when fire-wood is carried into the house and placed near the warm stove. It takes only a short time to bring out a swarm of ants that were sleeping in beetle-borings, their common retreat.



PAPER-NEST WASPS AND BIG BLACK ANTS WINTERING WITHIN THE VACATED BURROW OF A WOOD-BORING BEETLE LARVA.

Shown by splitting a tree. The wasps are the last to take refuge and the first to leave, the ants seldom coming out till spring. And never do the wasps encroach upon the ants, no doubt fearing the powerful jaws of those valiant warriors. But often the chisel bill of the wintering woodpecker demolishes these retreats, and the wasps and ants are devoured.



THE YELLOW-LEGGED CARABID GROUND-BEETLE (*HARPAALUS*) UNDER THE SNOW-CRUST.

On almost any bright day in winter, if not too cold, in places where the sun has melted the snow, these little beetles may be seen running about under the edges of the snow in search of food. These beetles are carnivorous, killing other insects; and in warm weather they are very common, often seen under dead leaves and under stones and logs, and are frequently attracted by light at night.

A naturalist once, after experiments in freezing insects and finding that those that had not laid their eggs nor completed their natural term of life always revived, finally cut off the head of a fly and quickly subjected the body to a low temperature. To all appearances, it died, as any decapitated fly would have done sooner or later; but upon bringing it to the warmth, the body, much to his surprise, revived and resumed its struggles, until it finally died from the effects of the knife. This shows to what extent the cold acts on insect tissues. They are simply coagulated, and life does not cease, but is only suspended; for when this coagulation or congestion ends, the vital energies resume their normal conditions. If, however, an insect has nearly completed its natural term of life, it will be killed by freezing; it would continue to live for only a short time under favorable conditions in any temperature. The life of most adult insects is at best exceedingly short.

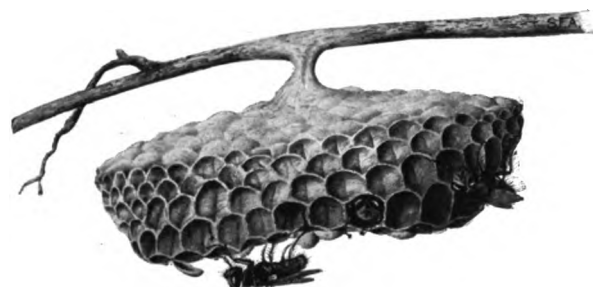
This accounts for the fact that few insects of the late summer and early autumn survive the winter. They have rounded out their life and their life-work by the time the cold weather arrives. Yet there are exceptions to this. I once heard a katydid in the woods in April, and I have found the black-winged Carolina grasshopper along the roadsides in spring. It is not uncommon to see the giant dragon-fly, *Æschna*, floating about the fields in late March and early April; and I have been told that the harvest cicada is sometimes heard in the spring. These are all insects (individuals) that have been hatched very late. They changed into the imago stage late in the fall, and had

warmed hollow logs, where the fox and the weasel and the opossum find shelter, and where insectivorous birds, even winter wrens, seldom venture. Under the variations of temperature during the winter they freeze and thaw out again a dozen or more times between November and March. Leaf-beetles also find shelter in hollow logs and in houses, and sometimes in curled leaves. Grasshoppers and crickets, to escape the crushing ice and snow, get into mice-holes and hollow logs and limbs.

Many insects pass the winter in the egg. This is the case with the *Locustidæ* (the true locusts), most grasshoppers, assassin-bugs, and many butterflies. The jumping-spiders, and the *Lycosidæ* or ground-spiders, and certain of the orb-weavers, depend upon their well-protected egg masses to carry the species from one season to the next.

Certain larvæ and active pupæ, as well as some insects, pass the winter in underground burrows, as do turtles, snakes, and salamanders. For the most part, however, it is the pupal stage in which the majority of insects of all species endure the cold period of the year, the chrysalid cocoon state. Moths, butterflies, ants, bees, wasps, ichneumons, many beetles and flies make cocoons. Those that have active pupæ, as the bugs, plant-lice, dragon-flies, water-flies, etc., pass the winter in the egg or in the adult stage, or, like the dragon-flies and their congeners, as aquatic larvæ and pupæ.

SAMUEL FRANCIS AARON.



FLIES' AND WASPS' NEST.

Flies going into winter quarters. The paper-nest wasps, like the paper-nest hornets, do not pass the winter in their own nests, but desert them for other shelter. Other insects, however, most commonly flies of the genera allied to *Musca* and *Tachina*, find these nests offer retreats safe at least from snow and ice, though the winter birds often examine them and make a meal on the flies. It is thus, the better to escape the birds, that the wasps and hornets, at a time when they are not in fighting condition, desert their nests during the winter. The wasps then, in this respect at least, are wiser than the flies.

not completed their life history before the cold put them to sleep.

Wasps winter under bark, in crevices of rock and wood, in cellars, outhouses, bird-boxes, and even in bird-nests. They feel the approaching cold, and seek shelter before nightfall. The sunshine of a warm winter's day tempts them forth to resume their suspended business of gathering wood-pulp or seeking food. It is the same with *Bombus*, the bumblebee, and with certain small green-bodied mining bees (*Andrenidæ*) that bore holes in the ground.

Among the most interesting that have this custom are the ground-beetles, *Harpalus*. They are capering under the frozen but protecting snow-crust when we least expect it. Spiders winter in warm spring-houses, and in sun-

(W. S. Blatchley, in "Gleanings from Nature," states that even "in any Northern State as many as four hundred different kinds of insects in the winged or adult stage may be taken in winter by any one who knows where to search for them." This entomologist has published a list of 286 species of *Coleoptera*, 64 *Hemiptera* and 18 *Orthoptera* that he has taken in the winter. Insects survive an intensely cold winter better than a mild one. Warm days, especially with rain, encourage the growth of mold that attacks hibernating insects; they also encourage the activity of birds, shrews, moles, and field-mice that feed upon insects.)

"WE WILL, WRITE TO ST. NICHOLAS ABOUT IT."

BLOOD AS SEEN BY THE MICROSCOPE.

ROCKFORD, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am going to tell you about blood corpuscles as I saw them through my father's powerful microscope. When I saw them they were magnified eighty-nine times larger than they really were. Even then they were not larger than a pin-point. They were orange and had a distinct black line around the edge, and in the middle they were shaded the least little bit and were hollow. This is where they carry the oxygen from the lungs to the rest of the body. Some were all shriveled up when I saw them.

I am your loving reader,

KATHARINE TITCH (age 13).

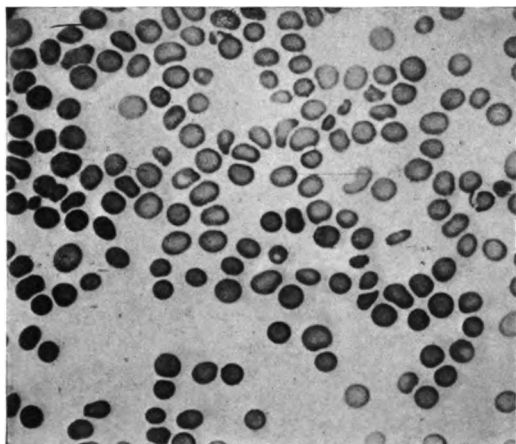


FIG. 1. HUMAN RED BLOOD.
(Magnified 400 diameters.)

Fig. 1 is a photograph of human red blood corpuscles four hundred times as large in diameter as the real corpuscles are.

Fig. 2 shows a frog's red corpuscles also four hundred times the diameter of the real corpuscles. There is in the frog's corpuscles a core different in composition from the outside part; it is blacker in the figure; this is called the nucleus. There is no such nucleus in the red corpuscles of your blood; but when you were very much smaller than you are now some of your corpuscles were also nucleated, and would have looked somewhat like the frog's, except that yours were round.

There were some other corpuscles in the blood which escaped your attention; when they are killed and stained they look like *a* in Fig. 3. They seem alive as they move on

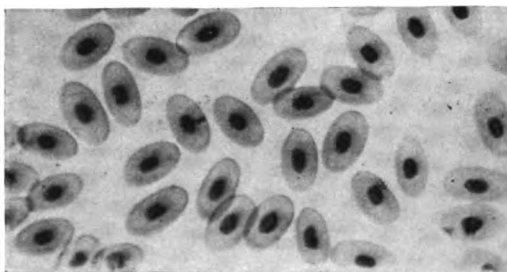


FIG. 2. FROG'S RED BLOOD.
(Magnified 400 diameters.)

their own account; they do not have to hurry on with the blood current; they can cling to the blood vessels while the red ones run by; they can even leave the blood vessels and travel through the body; they do not carry oxygen like the red ones, but they are very useful in other ways. When your finger is cut disease germs try to get in, and these white blood corpuscles gather at the wound and eat the disease germs up and so the cut heals. If a bone is broken, they hurry to the broken place and, ranging themselves between the broken ends, become bone in a little while and cement and hold the two ends together solid and fast. They are useful in the body somewhat as you may be about the house: they can do and seem anxious to do whatever needs to be done. If, for instance, any other part of the body that can get well of a hurt is damaged, the white corpuscles run to its assistance; they can become muscle and help the muscles as readily as they can become bone to help the bone.

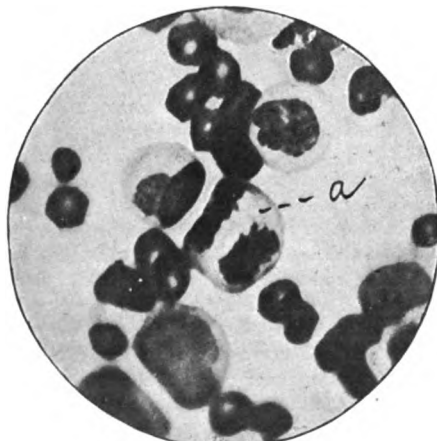


FIG. 3. WHITE CORPUSCLES OF HUMAN BLOOD.
(Magnified 1000 diameters.)

In Fig. 3 the nucleus of the white corpuscle *a* has divided, and if it had lived, very soon the corpuscles would have become two; the red ones do not divide in this way. This picture is so large it would take a million of the real corpuscles to cover it over. There are many things about these red and white corpuscles that the wisest men do not know. If you keep alive your interest in them you may one day find out some of these things and be very useful contributors to science. D. W. DENNIS.

Earlham College, Richmond, Ind.

The illustrations were photographed directly through a microscope by Professor Dennis.—EDITOR.

THE TUATERA.

ST. JOHNS WELSON, NEW ZEALAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought perhaps you would like to know about a tuatera which we have. I do not



THE TUATERA.

(Sometimes also called *katteria*.)

think any ST. NICHOLAS reader has written about them before. They are a curious species of the lizard tribe, which exists only in New Zealand, and then only in some parts of that country, as Stevens Island in Cook Strait. We had one in a cage for a long time, but four years ago it escaped. Last week our gardener found it up the hill and brought it back to us; however, we are going to give it its liberty again soon.

An authority on tuateras says: "I once had two, many years ago, who appeared to live happily for a couple of months on the 'light of other days'; for they ate nothing—they sometimes would not move for a day or two."

The most curious thing about them is that they have helped explain the existence of a certain gland that we have in our heads. The tuatera has the same gland, only in a far more developed state; and this gland is "the nearest approach to a third or pineal eye of any known animal; in fact, the eye is fairly developed, but is hidden under the skin between the eyes they use for every-day use." Tuateras are of a brown color, with tiny white spots all over them, the spots being larger and whiter on the throat and stomach; they enjoy burrowing into the earth, also basking in the sun and catching flies. The word comes from *tua*, the back, and *tara*, a spine, that is, spiny-back, which I think is a

good name for them. The tuatera which we lost and then found was about fourteen inches long.

Ever your loving reader,

SYLVIA M. FELL (age 14).

WILD FLOWERS BLOOMING IN WINTER.

SHEFFIELD, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In December, as I was walking in the woods, I found a little blue violet. One day not long since I found a dandelion, but it was too much withered to send. I also found a witch-hazel. Since reading the ST. NICHOLAS I have been looking for spring flowers while it is winter.

ROSS K. CONEWAY (age 9).

DECATUR, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My papa and brother were out in the woods December the 29th last year near a creek. The water and ground were frozen hard, and under some dry leaves they found some little green leaves and two violets in bloom. We all thought it was very interesting to see a flower in bloom the last of December, as it was fifteen degrees below zero at the time. I am a new reader, but I like you very much. I will be ten years old in two months.

Your faithful reader,

ADELE M. MURPHY.

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS.

MELBOURNE, VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS:

Tell me, ST. NICHOLAS, pray,
What fish in the nautilus shell doth stay,
And what does it eat when it's far away
Out on the billows from day to day?

We often go down to the beach with my auntie and sister Joan. One day we went to Mordialloc, a seaside place near Melbourne, and after we had a bath and then a lunch on the beach, we went along the sand in search of shells and seaweed. Presently I saw some lovely seaweed, and ran on ahead to get it, when I saw such a lovely shell, which I picked up and showed to my Auntie Hope, who told me it was a nautilus shell, which is very rare in these parts, but she could not tell me what the fish was like which lived inside, as she had never seen one. I am going to ask my father to get me ST. NICHOLAS regularly, so I can see what you write about.

NINA BAGOT (age 12).

If you had cut open the shell you would have found that it was made up of a large number of chambers in a spiral row, smaller and smaller as you neared the center. The largest chamber at the opening was the one last occupied by the soft animal of the family known to scientists as a mollusk. Years be-

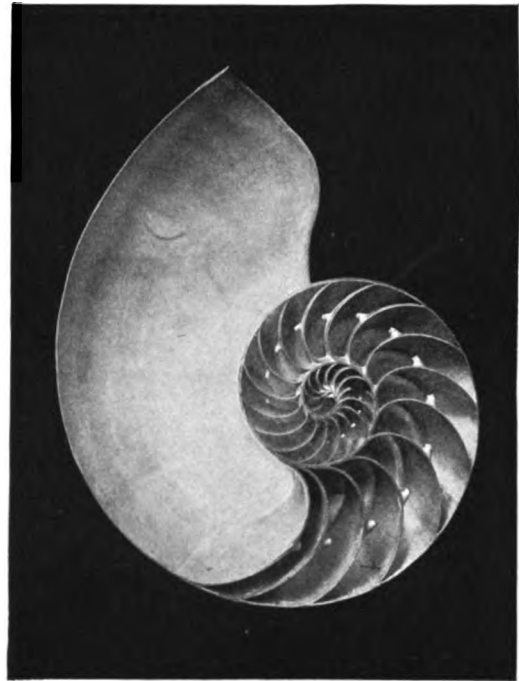
fore you found it, when the queer creature that lived in this fairylike home was a tiny baby mollusk down in the bed of the ocean, it built a plain little house of one room, just big enough for its small body. But the little baby ate and ate, and in a year or more it was too large for its house. So it built another and a larger house around and attached to the smaller one, and as it formed gradually moved into it. Then as time passed on another and a larger room was added and occupied. There was no going back to the small rooms, but, like a memory of the past, the animal kept them all connected by a slender tube away back to the tiny first house. As Dr. Holmes has told us in that beautiful poem, "The Chambered Nautilus," which all our young folks should read and reread,

Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the
old no more.

Thus the shell was "chambered" from its tiny baby home to the largest room last occupied.



SHELL OF THE CHAMBERED, OR PEARLY, NAUTILUS.



INTERIOR VIEW OF ONE HALF OF A CHAMBERED NAUTILUS SHELL.

Each chamber is referred to in the poem as the "past year's dwelling." Each thin wall is referred to as "its idle door."

The nautilus part of the name means "sailor," from the resemblance of the shell to a boat, and from the error of those who first named it in supposing that the tentacles were webbed and put up like the sails of a ship. There is a similar popular error of belief regarding the "sailing" of the argonaut, whose thin shell (not chambered) has given it the name "paper-nautilus." This error, in fact, has been merged into a pretty fancy by various poets from time to time, so that there is a confusion as to which is fact and which is fancy.

This is the ship of pearl, which, poets *feign*,
Sails the unshadowed main.

The pearly nautilus is a member of the family *Cephalopoda*, all of which feed upon a variety of forms of marine animal life; that is, the *Cephalopoda* are carnivorous, as the scientists would describe their diet. The shells of the paper-nautilus are common on the shores of warm seas, but the animals are much less familiar, because the occupant of the shell spends its life creeping or swimming along or near the bottom of the water, but at no great depth.

ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE



"A SKETCH FROM MEMORY — TOO OLD FOR DOLLS." BY ALICE JOSEPHINE GOSS, AGE 16. (CASH PRIZE.)

LINCOLN, THE HERO OF THE PEOPLE.

BY SIDONIA DEUTSCH (AGE 16).

(Cash Prize.)

TEN thousand years the stars of heav'n have shone
upon the birth

Of heroes that have lived and fought, of heroes that
have died;

They were not called the sons of men, nor formed of
common earth,

But godlike kings and emperors, who perished in
their pride.

The centuries had come and gone, and ages passed
away,

Ere, in a new-found Western world, a lowly hero
rose—

A hero of the people, who was wrought of common clay,
Physician of their sorrows, and champion of their
woes.

And when rebellion's trumpet-blast was echoed through
the land,

And dread disaster spread her wings, destroying as
she flew,

The fortunes of a nation were intrusted to his hand,
The mighty hand of Lincoln, which would guide them
safely through.

"LETTERING." BY EDGAR DANIELS, AGE 17.

And after those five millions of his fellow-men
were given

The right to call their bodies, like their souls
divine, their *own*,

Death rendered unto heav'n above the soul that
was of heaven.

A hero of the world was dead—the land was
left alone.

Oh, was his death the harsh decree of cruel fate,
which willed

That he should die by treachery, a martyr of
the West?

Or was it Providence, who saw his destiny ful-
filled,

And, after years of toil and sorrow, sent him
to his rest?

Heroes and martyrs lived before him, when the
world was young;

Heroes and martyrs shall arise in th' ages
that will be.

But though their names should vanish from every
living tongue,

The name of *Lincoln* shall endure to all eter-
nity.

THE educational value of the League is begin-
ning to show. It so happens that there are four
cash prizes this month, and the winners of these
are all members who almost since the League's
beginning have been striving uncomplainingly and faith-
fully, rarely letting a contest go by. Their growth has
been gradual and sure, and their "graduation" is the
natural result of careful and persistent effort. The
beginning they have made will hardly stop here. They
will go on, each in his or her own especial line of work;
and with the same perseverance that has brought to
them their success now, they will soon be winning the
larger prizes which the world has to offer.

Nor are these four the only ones to be congratulated.
There are other contributors to this number who are
traveling the same upward way, and even among those
on the roll of honor there are many names of boys
and girls who are persistently working and mean to win.

The chief educational value of the League lies in the
comparative excellence shown in the different members'
work. They see how one another are progressing. Each
notes the merits of the work of others and the defects
of his own. Nothing in educational advancement is of
more assistance than just this thing which the League
gives. The prizes are only a little stimulus to make
the winning seem real and tangible, and the wearing a
gratification—something to expect, to cherish, and to
remember. The editor of the League wishes to con-
gratulate every member represented this month in the
League pages (including those on the roll of honor), on
the continued and unusual excellence of their contribu-
tions.

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION NO. 50.

IN making awards contributors' ages are considered.

Verse. Cash prize, **Sidonia Deutsch** (age 16), 231 E. 122d St., New York City.

Gold badge, **Marguerite Eugénie Stephens** (age 14), 1311 Clinton Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

Silver badges, **Nannie C. Barr** (age 13), 319 Franklin St., Keokuk, Ia., and **Shirley Willis** (age 15), 3723 Delmar Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Prose. Cash prize, **Ellen Dunwoody** (age 17), 1522 31st St., Georgetown, D. C.

Gold badges, **Benjamin Greenwald** (age 16), 61 Sheriff St., New York City, and **Elsa Clark** (age 9), 24 St. Mary's St., Southampton, England.

Silver badges, **Thomas H. De Cator** (age 15), 302 N. Warren St., Trenton, N. J., and **Gladys**

Hodson (age 14), 1963 Carroll St., Merriam Park, Minn.

Drawing. Cash prize, **Alice Josephine Goss** (age 16), 925 Moss Ave., Peoria, Ill.

Gold badges, **Margaret A. Dobson** (age 15), 2218

Oak St., Baltimore, Md., and **Henry C. Hutchins** (age 14), 166 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

Silver badges, **W. E. Huntley** (age 15), 263 Verona Ave., Newark, N. J., **Alice Delano** (age 12), 41



"SUNLIGHT IN GERMANY." BY EDITH HOUSTON, AGE 14. (CASH PRIZE.)

Washington St., Newton, Mass., and **Alan Adams** (age 11), Red House, Stocksfield, England.

Photography. Cash prize, **Edith Houston** (age 14), Chestnut Hill, Pa.

Gold badges, **Olive A. Granger** (age 13), Upland, Cal., and **Maria Adelaide Arpesani** (age 15), Via Omenini, No. 1, Milan, Italy.

Silver badges, **Madge Pulsford** (age 13), Hotel Del Prado, Chicago, Ill., and **Harry Lefebvre** (age 13), 84 W. Main St., Wauwatosa, Wis.

Wild-animal and Bird Photography. First prize, "Fox," by **Lawrence Palmer** (age 15), 10 Prospect St., Cortland, New York. Second prize, "Gulls," by **Hanna D. Monaghan** (age 14), Swarthmore, Pa. Third prize, "Spider-crab," by **Richard Murdoch** (age 13), 38 Whitney St., Roxbury, Mass.

Puzzle-making. Gold badges, **Douglas Todd** (age 15), Plainview, Tex., and **Harvey Deschere** (age 15), 334 W. 58th St., New York City.

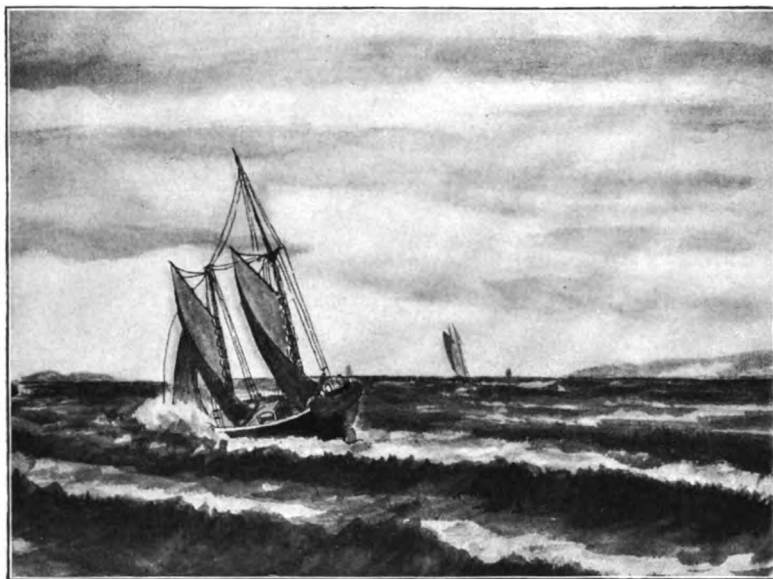
Silver badges, **Agnes Howe** (age 14), Long Green, Md., and **Helen F. Carter** (age 13), Burlington, N. J.

Puzzle-answers. Gold badges, **Paul R. Deschere** (age 13), 334 W. 58th St., New York City, and **Charles Almy, Jr.** (age 15), 147 Brattle St., Cambridge, Mass.

Silver badges, **Eleanor Clifton** (age 15), 3218 Mount Vernon St., West Philadelphia, Pa., and **Josephine Theresa Stiven** (age 12), 67 W. 92d St., N. Y. City.



"SUNLIGHT." BY OLIVE A. GRANGER, AGE 13. (GOLD BADGE.)



"A SKETCH FROM MEMORY." BY HENRY C. HUTCHINS, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE.)

THE DERIVATION OF A WORD.

(Cash Prize.)

BY ELLEN DUNWOODY (AGE 17).

It has been said by some eminent scholar that one could read a nation's history in its language. That such is the case even we apprentices of the art can see by taking, for example, the period of Roman supremacy. If we notice its effects on the customs and language of the conquered people, we can see how the impression has been preserved, especially in the French, Spanish, and Italian tongues.

But if we take a single word and, thanks to the many students who have spent their lives in such work, trace it back to its very root, we should feel more strongly not only the spiritual but the actual brotherhood of man.

Take, for example, the word "mother," one of the oldest and dearest in our language.

In the golden time of almost prehistoric ages, when there were comparatively few people on this world of ours, the little child of northwestern India, as he played around his mother's knee like the little ones of to-day, called her "Mata," which was the ancient Sanskrit form of our Anglo-Saxon noun.

When the child grew older and came to man's estate, his ambitions, such as they were, reached out beyond the home-land, that was becoming overcrowded; so he, with others of his race, the first of many thousands, pushed out toward the western lands.

Through years of sunshine and shadow he and

his kinsmen wandered from place to place across the continents. After many centuries, his descendants found an abiding-place in central Europe, where they formed the nucleus of the nations of to-day.

This long period of separation had its effect on the language of the wanderers, which can be seen in this one word. After it had passed through many changes, we find that the Latins used "Mater"; the northern nations "Moder," with its countless variations. From these last come our form, for when the Saxons conquered England they brought their own language and customs into their new home.

From that time to this the word is easily traced through the medieval forms into the modern "Mother."

Thus the word has traveled down the ages, bringing with it the essence of that love which has been since time began the highest and noblest in human nature.

LINCOLN.

BY MARGUERITE EUGÉNIE STEPHENS (AGE 14).

(Gold Badge.)

OUT of the mountain wilderness he came,
Uncouth, obscure was he, a second John,
Herald of truth and freedom. Like a star
Ever before him one fixed purpose burned,
That God's free country should in truth be free,
A lasting monument to liberty.
For nature, in the forests ever near,
Whispered to him her logic and her truth.
Oft, at his solitary toil, the souls
Of enslaved multitudes cried unto him,



"A SKETCH FROM MEMORY." BY MARGARET A. DOBSON, AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE.)

Of him beseeching aid, deliverance,
And he his life devoted to the task.
Then when his struggles were with vict'ry
crowned,
And he made leader by his fellow-men,
To his convictions held he ever strong;
No strife could shake nor policy corrupt.
Though men be honest with their fellow-men,
Lincoln was honest with his soul and God;
And when his work was finished, and the hour
To leave the scenes of earthly triumph came,
God gave to him the crown of martyrdom.
All nations mourned, revered, and honored him.

THE STORY OF A WORD.

BY ELSA CLARK (AGE 9).

(Gold Badge.)

THE word "cabal" means a small number of persons who agree to come together at certain fixed times, to talk over some secret plot for their own good or for that of

When all the living world thy praises sang,
When vale and plain and mount, applauding, rang,
Wert thou not happy? Yet a sadness lies
Far down within the depths of those dark eyes;
In crowded hall, amid the bustling throng,
Didst thou not for thy vanished boyhood long?

When, a Titanic fire, war's lurid glow
Lit all the land the nation to o'erthrow,
Thine was the master mind that quelled the strife,
Thine was the hand that saved thy country's life.
Though countless ages come and hold their sway,
In hearts of men thy name shall ne'er decay.

THE STORY OF A WORD.

BY BENJAMIN GREENWALD (AGE 16).

(Gold Badge.)

ONE of the numerous words which present an interesting evolution is the word "post." Originally a post was something "posited," or placed firmly in the ground, such as an upright piece of



"STUART'S WASHINGTON."

BY M. C. KINNEY, AGE 16.

some party to which they belong. It is usually something wrong, but not always. The origin of this word dates back to 1667, when wicked King Charles II of England unjustly banished his chief minister, Clarendon, and formed a council of five lords, Clifford, Arlington, Buckingham, Ashley, and Lauderdale. These gentlemen decided everything the king wished them to, but so secretly that not even the Parliament knew. The initials of the names of these gentlemen form the word "cabal," by which name this small party was known.

wood or stone; such meaning still remains in the cases of a lamp-post, a gate-post, and so on. As a post would often be used to mark a fixed spot on the ground, as in a mile-post, it came to mean the fixed or appointed place where the post was placed, as in a military post.

The fixed places where horses were kept in readiness to facilitate rapid traveling during the times of the Roman Empire were thus called posts, and thence the whole system of arrangement for the conveyance of persons or news came to be called "the posts."

The name has retained to the present day an exactly similar meaning in most parts of Europe, and we still use it in post-chaise, post-boy, and so forth.

The meaning most closely associated with the word at present is the system of post conveyance for letters, organized all over the world; therefore such expressions have arisen as post-office, postage, postman, etc.

Curiously enough, we now have iron letterposts, in which the word "post" is restored exactly to its original meaning.

NOTICE.

League members should not fail to take part in Chapter Competition No. 3. See page 379.

TO A PORTRAIT OF LINCOLN.

(A Reverie.)

BY NANNIE C. BARR (AGE 13).

(Silver Badge.)

MEN called it wonderful for thee to rise
From nature's forests, under nature's skies.
Nay; marvel not, mankind, that heroes spring
From where immortal forest anthems ring.
Didst thou regret the lessons nature taught
So long ago—the gifts she gave, unsought?

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

BY SHIRLEY WILLIS (AGE 15).

(Silver Badge.)

OUR Lincoln was a man who did not claim
To come of noble birth or high estate;
His parents were unknown to wealth or fame,
Yet he was born to rule a nation great.



"FOX." BY LAWRENCE PALMER, AGE 15. (FIRST PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")

He sought no title but an honest name,
Was faithful in each duty great or small,
Strove not to win men's praise nor feared their blame,
But did what he deemed right and just toward all.

He brought the shattered Union back to life;
He safely led through gloomy days of war
A country torn and wrecked by civil strife,
And joined the parted hands and hearts once more.

Though Lincoln perished by a traitor's hand,
His sacred memory can never die.
His honored name, revered in ev'ry land,
Grows dearer as the fleeting years roll by.

THE STORY OF A WORD.

BY GLADYS HODSON (AGE 14).

(*Silver Badge.*)

AGES ago, on Mount Olympus, Jupiter, the king of gods and men, and his wife, Juno, quarreled. I do not know what they quarreled about, but Jupiter became very angry. He took Juno out of heaven and fastened her between earth and sky.

There she hung till night, when her son Vulcan released her. When Jupiter found this out, he threw Vulcan out of heaven.



"SPIDER-CRAB." BY RICHARD MURDOCK, AGE 13. (THIRD PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")

Vulcan fell all day, and just before night he landed on the island of Lemnos.

This fall made Vulcan very lame for the rest of his life, and he disliked heaven because of this.

As he was the god of fire, he set up forges in various mountains, where he forged thunderbolts for the gods.

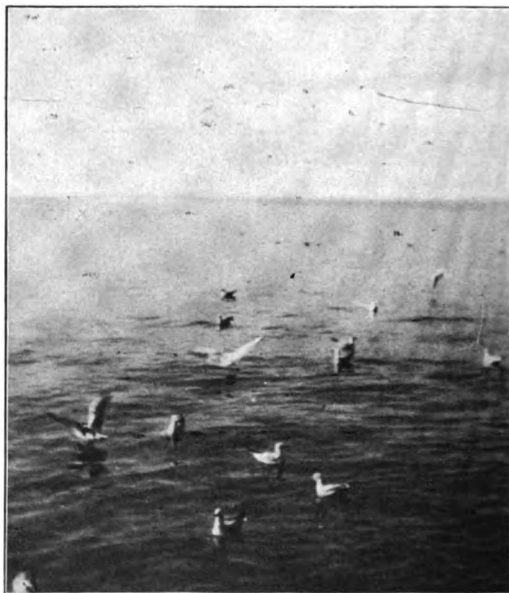
One of these forges was supposed to be in Mt. Etna.

Whenever an eruption of this mountain took place the Romans believed that Vulcan was at work.

Thus mountains which ejected lava and rocks were called by the Romans "vulcanus," after Vulcan.

The Italians introduced the word into their language, but they changed the form slightly, calling it, as we do to-day, "volcano."

The Anglo-Saxons used the Italian form, and thus it was the word came down to us.



"GULLS." BY HANNA D. MONAGHAN, AGE 14. (SECOND PRIZE, "WILD-BIRD PHOTOGRAPH.")

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

BY JESSIE LAMBERT (AGE 12).

I LOVE to sit thinking in silence
Of those of whom one often reads,
And always my thoughts turn to Lincoln,
And his many kind words and kind deeds.

How often he aided the needy,
And sacrificed day after day,
In order to send them some comforts,
Though he never expected repay.

He yet had a great deal of humor,
And jokes by him often were led;
Oh, kind-hearted Abraham Lincoln,
Forever your fame will be spread!

THE HISTORY OF A WORD.

BY THOMAS H. DE CATOR (AGE 15).

(Silver Badge.)

MISS BLAKE, our teacher, had been giving one of her talks on "Success," and during the course of her remarks she spoke particularly on the theme of honesty and frankness. She had made her talk the more interesting by taking examples from the lives of great men who had achieved success through frankness in all their dealings. I was very much impressed with the subject, and on our way from the lecture-room the thought revolved in my mind, What is the meaning of this word "frankness," and where did it originate? So, being aroused to the question, I decided to look it up. I turned to the dictionary, and found many things pertaining to this much-used word.

I learned that the Franks were a powerful German tribe which, at the breaking up of the Roman Empire, overthrew the Roman power in Gaul and took possession, founding the Frankish monarchy, and gave origin to the name France. The Franks were then the ruling people, and were honorably distinguished from the Gauls and degenerate Romans, among whom they established themselves, by their independence, their love of freedom, and their scorn of lies.

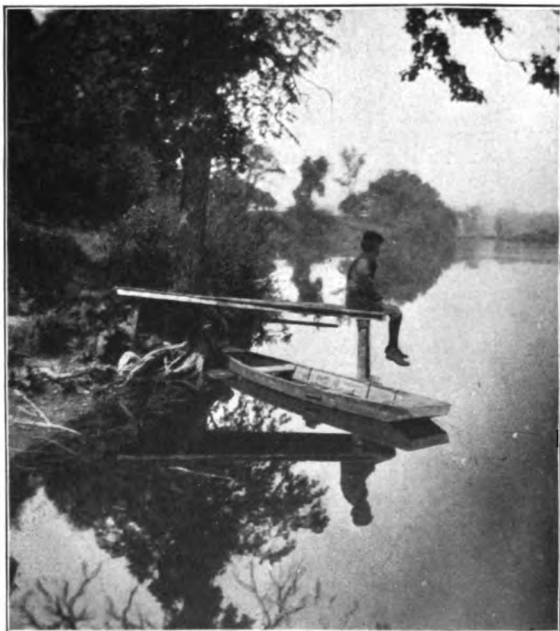
They had, in short, the virtues which belong to a conquering and dominant race in the midst of an inferior one. And thus it came to pass that by degrees the name "Frank," which may have originally indicated merely a national, came to involve a moral distinction as well; and the word "frank" was synonymous not merely with a man of the conquering German race, but was an epithet applied to a person possessed of certain high

moral qualities. And thus in men's daily talk, when they speak of a person being "frank," or when they use the word "franchise" to express civil liberties and immunities, their language is the outgrowth, the record, and the result of great historical changes.

Thus, you see, is the history of that little word which signifies one of man's strongest and most beautiful characteristics.



"SUNSHINE." BY MARIA ADELAIDE ARPESANI, AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE.)



"SUNSHINE." BY HARRY LEFEBBER, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

BY HAROLD R. NORRIS (AGE 11).

(A Former Prize-winner.)

A MAN who for his country strove
When o'er her hung a threatening cloud;
Who fought his way for truth and right,
And rose above the struggling crowd.

He set the helpless captives free,
Oppressed by slavery's mighty hand,
And died at last a hero's death,
Mourned by brave men throughout the land.

THE STORY OF A WORD.

BY ANNIE EALES (AGE 16).

THE name "peony" is doubly interesting; first, because of its wonderful mythical, divine origin, and, secondly, because it is the earliest flower known to Greek literature and an important one in the art of healing, for it is considered by Pliny as the earliest known medical plant.

The classical name *pæony* was used by the Greeks, who are said to have named the plant in honor of *Pæon* (properly *Païeôn*), a celebrated physician who cured the wounds which the gods received during the Trojan war. From him doctors are sometimes called *pæoni*, and healing-plants *Pæonia herbie*. This *Pæon*, ancient god of healing, was *Apollo*, whom Homer calls the physician of

the Olympian gods, who provided also for the growth of healing-plants, and he speaks of him in the fifth book of the *Iliad*.

While Apollo was the stayer and averter of evils in the widest sense of the word, he proved his power most especially in the time of sickness. For being the god of the hot season and the sender of most epidemics sweeping man away with his unerring shafts, he



"SUNSHINE." BY MADGE PULSFORD, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

could also lend the strongest aid, so that he was worshipped as the chief god of healing.

As a preventer of epidemics mainly, but also preventer of other evils, the pæan, hymn of thanksgiving, was sung in his honor. The same pæan became afterward associated with battles and victory, traditionally because it was the song of triumph of Apollo for victory over the Python which afterward came to be the same thing, if the Python symbolized deadly diseases, and hence was sung either before or after battles and victories, asking Apollo's aid or giving thanks for his divine services. In later times pæans were sung, and are still sung, in honor of man.

It is curious to note that the original meaning of the word still clings to it, for even to this day Sussex mothers put necklaces of beads from the peony-root around their children's necks to prevent sickness and help them in teething.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

BY VIVIENNE KRANICH
(AGE 9).

ABRAHAM LINCOLN was
just and true,
Kind and generous, and
gentle, too;
He freed the slaves who
were in a fix,
And died at the age of fifty-
six.

THE DEATH OF LINCOLN,

APRIL, 1865.

BY PHILIP STARK (AGE 13).

(A Former Prize-winner.)

'T is twilight; shadows darker grow,
The moonbeams steal through depths of light,
Fall silently, and thus the night
Envelops all the world below,
While darkness wavers to and fro.

But hush! within a darkened room—
Unconscious of the words we say—
Lies one o'er whom we weep and pray:
Without, a night of deep'n'g gloom;
Within, the silence of the tomb.

In vain is skill—the end we dread;
When morning comes and brings the day
His life is ebbing fast away,
And soon throughout the land is spread
The tidings that our chief is dead!

Deep sorrow reigns; a bright spring day
Is dawning on a nation's woe;
The saddest April—does it know
Our pain and anguish when a bell
Is tolling Lincoln's funeral knell?

THE STORY OF A WORD.

BY BENNIE HASSELMAN (AGE 9).

THE word "bankrupt" comes from *banca rota*, which means "broken bench."

In the old Greek days the people used to sit outside, each with a large table before him, which was like the old European market-places.

The top of these tables was a large marble slab, with some kind of stone or marble legs.

On these tables they kept different kinds of articles for sale and in that way earned their living.

If it happened that one man could not pay his debts, another man would come along with a large club or a hammer, and with this he would break the man's table, and then all the people would say that man was *banca rota*, from which we now get bankrupt.

A man is bankrupt when he is unable to pay his debts. Such a man is also called insolvent.



"SUNSHINE." BY FRED A. MESSERVY, AGE 12.

YOU AND I WILL SAIL.

BY ETHELINDA SCHAEFER (AGE 17).

OVER the spray-blown ocean, dear,
 You and I will sail—
 Over the endless, endless blue,
 Leaving a buried trail.
 Into the land of the golden west,
 Unto the shores of the utmost blessed,
 Over the seas of the truest and best,
 You and I will sail.

Thence, with the sea-gulls strong and free,
 You and I will sail.
 Over the waves' eternity,
 Leaving a hidden trail.
 There where the sea-gulls build their nest,
 There where the dreams of our childhood
 rest,
 There where is ever the purest and best,
 You and I will sail.



"SUNSHINE." BY CHARLOTTE SPENCE, AGE 9.

THE STORY OF A WORD.

BY ROBERT E. ANDREWS (AGE 15).

LET us take the word "person" for our subject, because there is not another English noun so abstract, and, therefore, so interesting to study.

Of course the word is the Latin *persona*, which meant a mask.

Persona literally meant "through-sounder" in the Latin, for the object of the mask was to strengthen the voice, rather than to cover the faces of the actors by whom they were worn. *Personare*, to sound through, is given by many Latin grammarians as the root of the word, the vowel *o* being lengthened for euphony in the derivative.

At length, however, *persona* came to mean the wearer as well as the mask itself, a very important step in the development of the word.

As the wearer was usually an actor, the word came to mean an assumed character, from which our verb "to personate" is derived.

Soon another new meaning appeared, i.e., the real character of the man—but a step from the assumed one. Thus a man *magna persona* (literally "of great person") was some one of rank and importance, and this sense of it prevailed during the middle ages, and still exists, down to this day.

At last came the final meaning, born sometime in the middle ages, of what we call a person, an individual.

In the medieval writers, where this meaning was first used, it was written in masculine gender, and this masculine use continues to our day in the modern French, where, under certain circumstances, *personne* may be so used.

THE STORY OF A WORD.

BY CONSTANCE FULLER (AGE 16).

EVERY one is familiar with the little black pictures that we know as "silhouettes," but few of those who use the word know that they are named in ridicule of a French statesman, Étienne Silhouette. He had charge of the money matters of France at a time when the nation was very deep in debt, and to prevent bankruptcy he had to try from the first to be very economical in his policy. But economy is not one of the virtues of the

French, and they lost no time in making fun of him. They had their clothes cut in a fashion that took very little material, and called them *à la Silhouette*; and they introduced, in the place of delicate paintings, a cheap kind of portrait made by drawing around a person's shadow and filling in the outline with black, and this they called a "silhouette." At last they succeeded in making life so unendurable to the poor man that he gave up in despair. And now everything else about him is forgotten, and it is only in the joke of his opponents that we keep his name.



"A SKETCH FROM MEMORY." BY THOMAS PORTER MILLER, AGE 15.

THE WINTER AND THE TREES.

BY ISABELLA McLAUGHLIN (AGE 12).

"GOOD-BY, little sister,"
 "Good-by, little brother,"

One cold autumn day
 Said the leaves to each other.

"The winter is coming,"
 I heard them say.
 "The days are cold
 And we must away."



"A HEADING FOR FEBRUARY." BY W. E. HUNTLEY, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

APPLE-TIME.

BY KATE HUNTINGTON TIEMANN
(AGE 15).

(Omitted in October number.)

'T is apple-time, and in a tree
I sit and read and dream;
The leaves are green above my
head,
The apples shining, rosy red;
How pleasant all things seem!
The wind blows softly through
the trees,
White clouds float o'er the
sky;
I hear the distant cow-bells ring,
The birds around me sweetly
sing;
They seem to say, "Good-
by!"

Soon I must leave this pleasant
place,
This place so full of peace,
To my home go, and to my school,

To study hard, obey
each rule,
And then my dreams
must cease.

So, while I may, I
dream and think
Of days the summer
sent;

Their joys are past, but
winter brings
So very many pleasant
things
That I am quite con-
tent.

NEW CHAPTERS.

No. 686. "Two Twenti-
eth Century Maids." Flos-
sie Hanawalt, President;
Blanche Leeming, Secre-
tary. Address, 221 Cedar
St., Michigan City, Ind.



"A SKETCH FROM MEMORY." BY PEARL STOCKTON, AGE 7. (A FORMER PRIZE-WINNER.)



"A SKETCH FROM MEMORY." BY ALICE DELANO,
AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)

Would like chapter correspon-
dents from thirteen to fifteen years
of age.

No. 687. "St. Nicholas Book-
shelf." Rachel Rhoades, Presi-
dent; Margaret Wing, Secretary;
twelve members. Address, 231
W. 10th Ave., Columbus, Ohio.

No. 688. "The Butterflies."
Lois Noel, President; Carrie
Scott, Secretary. Address, 2319
Albion Place, St. Louis, Mo.

No. 689. Theresa Pickowaik,
President; Erna Klinzing, Secre-
tary; seven members. Address,
103 Hickory St., Rochester, N.Y.

LEAGUE LETTERS.

SCRANTON, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thank
you very much for the check you
sent me. I am proud of it, not
merely because of the "\$5" mark
upon it, but because of its value
in another sense; for it means that
I have stood well in competition
with others—an achievement that
is always worth struggling for.
The sight of my name in print is
not only an encouragement, but
also a spur to further interest in the
League. Thanking you again, I am,
Yours very sincerely,

GRACE COOLIDGE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I write to
thank you for my beautiful silver badge.
If you have ever tried for anything over
two years, and just as you had almost
despaired had gotten it, you know how
glad it made me; and this morning came
a cash prize of two dollars for my first
efforts in an advertising competition, to
add to my joy.

I think ST. NICHOLAS an excellent
magazine. Every month I look forward
with great expectation to its arrival, and
I am never disappointed, for it is always
the same—and yet different.

Thanking you again for the badge
and cash prize, I remain,

Your interested reader,

MARGARET DOBSON.

STAUNTON, VA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am eight
years old. You give me so much plea-
sure I want to tell you a true story of
a fox hunt in Ireland, long ago, some of
my people had. The hounds belonging
to the Newry Hunt started a fox on Ta-
marty. After a short chase Reynard dis-

appeared, for he had mounted a turf stack and lay down flat on
top. But one of the hounds spied him, and he jumped down and ran
up a stone ditch, from which he sprang on a low cabin roof and
mounted the chimney-top. There he stood as if viewing the setting
sun. But a cunning old hound, having crept up on the roof, had
almost seized the fox, when, lo! Reynard dropped down the chimney
like a falling star. The dog looked wistfully down the dark opening,
but dare not follow. While the disappointed hound was looking sor-
rowfully down the chimney, Reynard, all covered with soot, had
fallen right into the lap of an old dame, who, with her children around
her, was peacefully smoking her pipe. "Oh, gracious!" she cried,
as she threw the blackened red beast from her in terror. Reynard
grinned, growled, and showed his teeth in so scary a manner that
the old woman and the children ran away. The hunters soon came
in the cabin with their hounds and took the fox alive.

JAMES LINDSAY GORDON, JR.

NEWARK, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have just received my silver badge, and
wish to thank you very sincerely for it. I think it is a beauty, and
am wearing it with a great deal of pleasure. I hope I shall always
keep it to remember the League by, and all the enjoyment it has
given me.

When I found that my first poem did not even gain the honor
roll, my face was very long, but I am ever so glad I did not give
up then.

Whatever I may yet gain, I shall never forget the pleasure I have
already had, nor my League badge.

Your devoted reader,

MARGUERITE STUART.

BAY CITY, MICH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: If any good fairy should suddenly raise a magic wand before me and make known her power and willingness to grant me three wishes, I should hardly know what to say, so great and numerous are my desires; but certainly, ever since I joined the League, nearly two years ago, it has been one of my greatest wishes to win a gold badge from the ST. NICHOLAS Magazine, and now, at last, a certain kind fairy has granted me this wish, and has given me not only the gold badge, but great encouragement also.

At first the work of the other League members only made me try harder, and I often wrote little verses on the given subjects, but chiefly to amuse myself. When I did send a poem to the League for the first time, it was printed, and after that I often sent contributions. But as they were not accepted, I became almost completely discouraged, and for a time broke the resolution I made on New Year's day to "send something to ST. NICK every month."

However, when I read that the subject for June was to be "Roses," a favorite subject of mine, I found the inspiration I wanted, and, in the "silent watches of the night," an idea flashed into my mind from the wild eyes of my Pegasus, and I made some verses just for myself. Well, when they were finished I sent them to you, ST. NICHOLAS, and dared to hope.

Oh, how I cried when I found that I had won the gold badge. But be assured, dear ST. NICHOLAS, that they were tears of joy. The prize is beautiful and it means a great deal to me. It will help me to try harder still in the future, and I shall remain ever,

Your friend, HILDA VAN EMSTER (age 16).

SOUTHAMPTON, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Thank you so much for my silver badge. It was such a surprise to win it, especially for that particular thing which seemed to me so easy to do. When father heard that I had it, he told me that I was a "silver badger," and must keep away from all dachshunds.

In the Books and Reading department you asked what books are nice for very little children, and I have a lovely Sunday book that my American aunty gave me. It is called the "Book of Saints and Friendly Beasts," by Abbie Farwell Brown, published by Longmans, Green & Co., London. Mother says it is sometimes quite hard to know about nice Sunday books, and this one is delightful and not expensive.

I never had a brother or sister "A SKETCH FROM MEMORY." BY DOROTHY OCHTMAN, AGE 11.

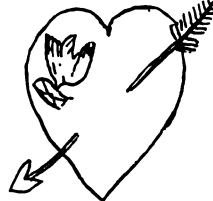
or even a playmate, but now I am going for a lovely holiday at Hastings, where there are five boys to play with.

Good-bye for the present, but I mean you to go, too, for I want to introduce you to the boys. Thanking you again for my beautiful badge, I remain,

Yours gratefully, ELSA CLARK.

DORF KREUTH, OBERBAYERN, GERMANY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Perhaps you would like to hear from a German girl who reads your lovely magazine with as much interest as your American children.



"FEBRUARY." BY PHILIP SOMERS, AGE 6.

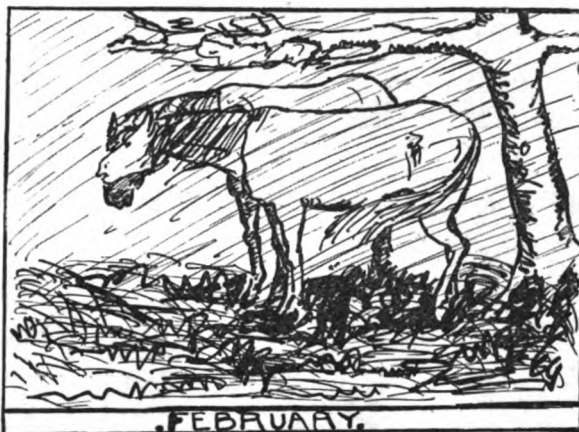
I was very much pleased by the long German word and the article "Child Life in Germany." But I must tell you the author was not quite right in saying there were no German magazines for children. I know many. There is "Kinderfreund," "Jugendblätter," "Jugendgarten," "Jugendzeitung," "Das Kränzchen," "Der Gute Kamerad," and others. I think the League is splendid, and I am so sorry I cannot compete, for I only get the numbers a month after they are published. Shall I send you a picture of Princess Viktoria Luise, the daughter of the Emperor, and her six brothers? Now I am thirteen years old. When I was very young I lived in Washington for two years; that is why I am so interested in America. Hoping to see this printed, I am,

Your German friend, CAROLA VON THIELMANN.

NOTE. We hope Miss Thielmann will send the picture of the Emperor's children referred to in her letter.—EDITOR.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE: I want to thank you for the beautiful badge which I received last week.

When I first worked for the League I felt sure my work would



"A HEADING FOR FEBRUARY." BY ALAN ADAMS, AGE 11. (SILVER BADGE.)

never win recognition, for it seemed to me to be so poor. The badge was a complete surprise, and delighted and encouraged me very much. Thanking you again, I am,

Your friend, HELEN A. FLECK.

LONDON, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Thank you so much for the gold badge. It arrived a few days ago and I was simply delighted with it. Since its arrival it has been generally admired.

I have only one objection to it, and that is that it is so American. Now if there were a lion instead of the eagle, or a Union Jack instead of the Stars and Stripes, I would feel blissfully happy. As it is, I have an uncomfortable feeling of disloyalty whenever I catch sight of it (which is n't often, as I wear it just under my chin). I suppose the ST. NICHOLAS is an American magazine. (Of course it is n't exactly its fault, so I make allowances.) But, then, surely a good many of the Leaguers are English or Canadian. I think if I knew that all those prize-winners who are not Americans put on their badges without a qualm of conscience I'd feel better.

With many thanks for the badge, which I wear proudly notwithstanding my doubts, I remain,

Your admiring reader,

MARJORIE V. BETTS.

Other appreciative and interesting letters have been received from Blanche Deuel, Mary Yeula Westcott, Florence O'Rourke, Dorothy Hamilton, Margaret Abbott, Marjorie Holmes, Mary Weston Woodman, Phyllis Wanamaker, Marion I. Manley, Charles Dolson, H. Mabel Sawyer, Helene I. Steer, Carl Dusenbury Matz, Mary Hendrickson, Albert R. Westcott, Dorothy Thayer, Eleanor Houston Hill, Melville C. Levey, Anna M. Ewing, Margaret Gibbs, and Katherine Lee.



"TOO OLD FOR THE LEAGUE." BY CHARLOTTE MORTON, AGE NEARLY 18.



"A HEADING FOR FEBRUARY." BY BETH HOWARD, AGE 16.

THE ROLL OF HONOR.

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been published had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to honorable mention and encouragement.

VERSE 1.

Gertrude Folts
Elizabeth Lee
Blanche Hazel Leeming
Mary C. Tucker
Kathleen A. Burgess
Woodward Warrick
Delia Ellen Champlin
Wilkie Gilholm
Emily Rose Burt
Marie Wennerberg
Alice Sawyer

VERSE 2.

Helen M. Spear
Florence L. Adams
Marie J. Hapgood
Senereta Robinson
Stella Lesser
Frances Paine
H. Mabel Sawyer
Clara P. Pond
Morris G. White, Jr.
Margaret M. Albert
Dora Michael
Sadie Weisskopf
Saide Farbstein
Butler Storke
Le Roy Morris

PROSE 1.

Mathilde M. Parklett
Mary Hendrickson
Helen Mabry Boucher
Ballard
Jean N. Craigmile
Guinevere Hamilton
Norwood
Sarah Hall Gaither
Irene Weil
John Fry

Mary Weston Woodman
Nellie Foster Comegys
Margaret Denniston
Ethel Berrian
Axel Hendrickson
Martin Janowitz
Marguerite Janvrin
Ray Randall
May B. Flint
Dorothy Hutchins

PROSE 2.

Willia Nelson
Celia Lewis
Eloise E. Garstin
Marjorie Heath Baine
Dorothy T. Andrews
Ruth G. De Pledge
Allen Frank Brewer
Leah Louise Stock
Tony Vaughan
Mary Klauder
Janet Buchanan

DRAWINGS 1.

William Schrufer
Edgar Daniels
Dorothy Sherman
Lorraine Hendrickson
Mary P. Damon
Samuel Davis Otis
Rose T. Briggs
Helen Fleck
Melville Coleman
Levey
Elizabeth B. Warren
Edith Emerson
Meade Bolton
Edith Park
Muriel Constance
Evans
Charlotte Hartley
Draper
Katherine Maude
Merriam
Wm. Whitford
M. McKeon
Florence Mason
Elizabeth Stockton
M. Hazeline Fewsmith
Ethel Messervy
Bessie White
Barbara Vandegrift

Ruth L. Rowell
Marjorie Gabain
Elsa Hempl
Bert Healy
Eunice McGilvra
Margaret Lantz
Daniell
Marguerite Jervis
Marion Wright
Alice Winifred Hinds
Ethel Gordon
Roger K. Lane
Margaret Winthrop
Peck
Margery Bradshaw
Jessie C. Shaw
Cordner H. Smith
Margaret de Carmo
Jacqueline Overton
Delmar Gross Cooke
Helen A. Sage
Mildred C. Jones
Phoebe Wilkinson
Elizabeth Otis
Marguerite Borden
Marjorie V. Betts
Grace Adams
Helen M. Brown
Olive Mudie Cooke
Greta Bjorksten
William Holden
Gladys Nelson
Helen Merrill
Madelaine Bunzl
Anna Lou Alberger
Clara Goode
Katherine Dulcebella
Barbour
Ruth Adams
John W. Love
Lawrence Richardson
Robert H. Gibson
Isabella Howland

DRAWINGS 2.

Frances Paine
Dorothy G. Hamilton
Marian Huckins
Helen Bixby Smith
Walter Swindell Davis
Gertrude Havens
Joseph B. Mazzano
Frances E. Hays
Eleanor Hinton
Rita Colman
Jessie L. Shepard
Bessie Griffith
Augustus W. Aldrich

Rollin L. Tilton
Gladys G. Young
Helen A. Scribner
Joseph W. McGurk
Henrietta Kyler Pease
Alice Eather Treat
Alice R. Young
William Preston
Edna B. Youngs
Frances S. Loney
Ruth Felt
Elizabeth A. Gest
Dorothy P. Taylor
Edward Toth
Edith Angeline Huff
Emily W. Browne
Ethel Reynolds
Dorothy Maguire
Esther Cooke Cowell
Aurelia Michener
Wardie Wilkins
Isabel G. Howell
Dorothy Mulford
Riggs
Jacob Bacon
Leopold Cayard
Maude G. Barton
Isabel Reynolds
William F. Goodale
Katie Nina Miller
Anna L. Flichtner
Dorothy Adams
Maria Tilton Wead
Howard S. Zoll
Jane B. Sayre
Frederick Arnstein
Jane Walter
Raymond M. Morris
Muriel Lillie
Washington C. Huyler
Charlotte Stark
Anna N. Beshgatour
Katharine Allen
Irene Ross Loughborough
Winifred Hutchings
Edith Palmer
Margaret C. Church

Catherine MacLaren
Waldo Waterman
Dorothy Hastings
James Parsons Gifford
Katherine Gibson
Hester Gibson
Grace Wardwell

PHOTOGRAPHS 1.

Olin P. Greer
Lawrence Osgood
Macomber
L. J. McCormick
Elizabeth Deprez
Hugo K. Graf
Sidney D. Gamble
T. K. Whipple
Susan Clifton Wharton
Eleanor Park
Medora C. Addison
Henry Emerson Tuttle
Lina Gould
Gertrude M. Howland
Herbert Allan Boas
Marion Bolles
Henry Ormsby Phillips
Rose C. Huff
Lillian Reynolds
T. Beach Platt
Marion K. Cobb

PHOTOGRAPHS 2.

Lawrence H. Riggs
John Hoar
Arthur S. Hamilton, Jr.
Samuel D. Robbins
Gladys Jackson
Laurence Day
Marie Russell
Gertrude V. Trumpette
J. Golde
Mildred R. Betts
Benjamin D. Hitz
Collier Baird
James L. Stoddard

NOTES.

It has been suggested by a reader that all contributors of "Wild-Animal" photographs write a short letter telling just how and where the pictures were taken. This would be interesting, and would give other young photographers a hint how to go to work. The letters of the prize-winners, if good enough and not too long, will be published in the same issue with the pictures.

Deb Frazer Crichton
Catherine Evans
Jos. Rogers Swindell
Caroline Dulles
William S. Carpenter
Christine Graham
Hannah P. Wright
Edwin Shoemaker
Rexford King
Floyd Godfrey
Emma Heinsheimer
James W. Young
Dorothea M. Dexter
Ada Harriet Case
C. Norvin Rinek
Emily L. Storer
Horace J. Simons
Florence R. T. Smith
Julia S. Howell
John Hancock Arnett
Jack Howard
Adelaide Gillis
Mildred Eastey
Katharine Pardee
Loring Carpenter
Eleanor Twining
J. Brooks Parker
Alice Pine
John Griffin Penny-packer
Frances W. Huston
Elsie Wormser
Amelia Dutcher
Robert C. Lee
Jean Wharton
Dorothy Wormser

PUZZLES 1.

Margaret W. Mandell
E. Adelaide Hahn
Thruston Broun
Anna Marguerite
Neuburger
Margaret Abbott
William C. Keyser
Marion Jewett
Marjorie Holmes
Dorothy Wormser
Paul H. Smith
Margaret Griffith
Eleanor Marvin
Elizabeth Palmer
Loper
Harold Hirsch
Douglas S. Trowbridge
Madge Oakley

PUZZLES 2.

Archibald Walker
Louis Bronson LeDuc
Helen Dean Fish
Lilian F. Boynton
Charlie Jennings
Marie Copeland
Margaret Rucker
Minnie Schneider
Bessie I. Tappan
Helen H. Twitchell
Hugh W. Hubbard
Lucile Weber
Helen L. Jelliffe
Craig Ritchie Smith
Dorothy G. Thayer
Louis Stix Weiss
Archibald S. Macdonald
Kenneth F. Simpson

CHAPTER COMPETITION NO. 3.

REGULAR COMPETITION NO. 53.

PRIZES FOR THE BEST CHAPTER ENTERTAINMENTS.

To encourage chapter formation and further to promote the aims and purpose of the St. Nicholas League, the following prize offers are made to chapters already formed, and to those that may form in time to take part in the competition.

To the chapter that on or before March 25 of the present year shall give the most successful public entertainment, and devote the net proceeds to the best use, *fifty dollars' worth of books*, to be selected from 'The Century Co.'s latest published catalogue, which will be sent free on application.

To the chapter ranking second, as above, *twenty-five dollars' worth of Century publications*.

To the chapter ranking third, *fifteen dollars' worth*.

To the chapter ranking fourth, *ten dollars' worth*.

RULES FOR THIS COMPETITION.

1. The entertainment may be of any sort, provided that a majority of the features are selected from the ST. NICHOLAS magazine.

2. "The most successful entertainment" shall be understood to mean the entertainment realizing the largest net proceeds after legitimate expenses have been deducted.

3. The "best use" shall be understood to mean that most in accordance with the St. Nicholas League aims and purpose, and it may be educational, charitable, patriotic, or humane, or for the best advancement of the League itself as represented by the chapter giving the entertainment. It is not necessary that the sum realized be all devoted to one purpose. The matter is left entirely in the hands of each chapter, and a full report must be made to the League editor by the chapter president and secretary, and indorsed as correct by those to whom the money has been paid.

4. In all public announcements of the entertainment, and upon the printed programme, the chapter number and the name of the League must appear, as per following example:

Given by the St. Nicholas League,
Chapter No. —, —,
Of (Town), (State).

If the chapter has a name, the name should also appear.

5. Whenever practicable, it shall be allowable for chapters to obtain free use of hall, accessories, costumes, and any other form of contribution possible, in order to swell their net proceeds—in fact, to make any honest effort to reduce the expenses of giving the entertainment.

6. Where a dramatic entertainment is to be given, the St. Nicholas League will, upon application signed by chapter president and secretary, send, postpaid, the "Book of St. Nicholas Plays," from which any play may be selected, the property of the League for use, and must be returned care of when the entertainment is over.

7. The report of each entertainment, with a copy of its programme, must be received by the League editor on or before April 1, 1904. The awards will be announced in the League department for June.

REMARKS.

This competition ought to result in a great deal of good for everybody. Whether the entertainment be dramatic, musical, recitative, a fair, or a combination of all, it cannot fail to result in much wholesome interest and pleasure, while the fund obtained, whether small or large, whether it wins a prize or not, will benefit any good purpose to which it is applied.

Do not let the fact that you live in a small town, or even in the country, discourage you in the undertaking. Many of the most successful and profitable chapter entertainments heretofore have been those given in small villages. Wherever there is a school there is a place for a chapter and a chapter entertainment. Badges and instruction leaflets will be sent upon request to all desiring to join the League and to organize chapters. It is not necessary to be a subscriber of the magazine to belong to the League.



"A SKETCH FROM MEMORY." BY GLADYS L'E. MOORE, AGE 15.

THE St. Nicholas League offers gold and silver badges each month for the best poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle-answers. Also cash prizes of five dollars each to gold-badge winners who shall again win first place.

Competition No. 53 will close February 20 (for foreign members February 25). The awards will be announced and prize contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for May.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines, and may be illustrated, if desired, with not more than two drawings or photographs by the author, and to relate in some manner to "Nest."

Prose. Article or story of not more than four hundred words. Title: "My Favorite Episode in Mythology."

Photograph. Any size, interior or exterior, mounted or unmounted, no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "Bitter Cold."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash (not color), interior or exterior. Two subjects, "A Winter Study" and "A Heading or Tail-piece for May."

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full.

Puzzle-answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS.

Wild-animal or Bird Photograph. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird taken in its natural home: *First Prize*, five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize*, League gold badge.

RULES.

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent on application.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, must bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender.

If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but on the contribution itself—if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back. Write or draw on one side of the paper only. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only.

Address all communications:

The St. Nicholas League,
Union Square,
New York.

"A TAIL-PIECE FOR FEBRUARY." BY BEATRIX BUEL, AGE 14.



BOOKS AND READING.

THE BOOKS ABOUT THE OCEAN. OUT of the lists submitted by our painstaking readers, we shall make up a list that will be, we hope, a joy to those who love salt-air and sea stories. Bearing in mind the fact that the lists were meant for young readers, the best lists, all things considered, came from

DOROTHY CLEAVELAND, Canton, N. Y.,
CLAUDE H. WRIGHT, Newburyport, Mass.,
JULIA FORD FIEBEGER, West Point, N. Y.,

who therefore are the prize-winners according to the terms of the competition. Some competitors sent longer lists, but they were not made with so much discrimination, or were "one-sided," giving too much attention to books of a single class. We thank all those who sent in the names of books about the sea, and assure them that we appreciate their efforts..

We print the list sent by Miss Cleaveland, which is excellently chosen, and is lacking only in books of scientific interest; but since young readers are most likely to prefer stories, it will probably be the best to show our readers.

BOOKS ABOUT THE OCEAN.

The Odyssey	<i>Homer</i>	
Adventures of Telemachus	<i>Fénelon</i>	
The Æneid	<i>Virgil</i>	
Robinson Crusoe	<i>Daniel Defoe</i>	
Swiss Family Robinson	<i>Jean Rudolph Wyss</i>	
Sea Tales :		
The Pilot	}	<i>J. Fenimore Cooper</i>
Water Witch		
Red Rover		
Wing and Wing		
Two Admirals		
Westward Ho!	<i>Charles Kingsley</i>	
Sir Edward Seaward's Nar- rative of his Shipwreck	<i>Jane Porter</i>	
Mr. Midshipman Easy	<i>Captain Marryat</i>	
Toilers of the Sea	<i>Victor Hugo</i>	
Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea	<i>Jules Verne</i>	
Two Years before the Mast	<i>R. H. Dana</i>	
Treasure Island	<i>R. L. Stevenson</i>	
Kidnapped	<i>R. L. Stevenson</i>	
Captains Courageous	<i>Rudyard Kipling</i>	
The Buccaneers and Ma- rooners of America	<i>Edited by Howard Pyle</i>	

Farthest North	<i>Fridtjof Nansen</i>
Cast Away in the Cold	<i>Isaac I. Hayes</i>
An Arctic Boat Journey	<i>Isaac I. Hayes</i>
A Sailor's Log	<i>Admiral R. D. Evans</i>
The Story of the American Sailor	<i>Elbridge S. Brooks</i>
The Cruise of the Cachalot	<i>Frank T. Bullen</i>
The Log of a Sea Waif	<i>Frank T. Bullen</i>
The Coral Island	<i>Robert Michael Ballantyne</i>
For the Freedom of the Sea	<i>Cyrus Townsend Brady</i>
The Grip of Honor (Story of Paul Jones and the American Revolution)	<i>Cyrus Townsend Brady</i>
Sailing Alone around the World	<i>Captain Joshua Slocum</i>
Around the World in the Yacht "Sunbeam"	<i>Mrs. Brassey</i>
The Adventures of Captain Horn	<i>Frank R. Stockton</i>
Cast up by the Sea	<i>Sir Samuel Baker</i>
The Spanish Galleon	<i>Charles Sumner Seeley</i>
Typee and Omoo	<i>Herman Melville</i>
Little Jarvis	<i>Molly Elliot Seawell</i>
Bare Rock; or, The Island of Pearls	<i>Henry Nash</i>
Midshipman Farragut	<i>James Barnes</i>
The Book of the Ocean	<i>Ernest Ingersoll</i>
What Dr. Darwin Saw in a Voyage around the World on the Ship "Beagle"	
The Reports of the United States Fish Commission	
Life and Voyages of Columbus	<i>Washington Irving</i>

A QUESTION OF ECONOMY.

MR. HOWELLS has said wisely that books are our cheapest pleasures. He might also add that there is a possibility that they may cost us more than any other item of our expenditures. Harmful reading is mental poison, and for mental poison we pay dear all our lives. You may judge of a book by its effect upon your mind. The good one is like a breath of fresh air—stimulating, delightful, and giving joy. The bad book is just the reverse of this—it leaves you tired, provoked, and despondent. But there are many that do not fall into either class, being ordinary. Instead of reading the poorer ones, try the dictionary. You will find the dictionary, properly looked into, will ask you questions, and set you upon a healthful quest for

information. One of the most readable of the older and less known ones is Richardson's—which you can consult in the larger libraries. It is full of delightful quotations, and groups the words in an interesting way, so as to bring out relationships you might not otherwise recognize.

A WAY TO HELP BOOKS.

WE all should be interested in the struggle for life among good books and their less worthy competitors. It is a battle in which each one of us can lend a hand on the right side. Books, so the publishers and booksellers tell us, are sold mainly because readers speak of them to one another. The moral is evident. We should never lose a chance to say a word for a good new book; and it is worth while even to write a letter or note to a friend for no other purpose than to recommend a worthy book to one who will help to keep it alive. The surest way to put the poorer books out of the way is to lend our aid to their enemies. Good literature is the most effective weapon against the other sort, and every boy and girl should be glad to strike a blow or speak a word—which is the same thing—on the right side. But use discretion. Do not try to make people read what is beyond them. Make the change a little easy. You cannot expect an ignorant little boy to go at one bound from "The Red-Whiskered Tyrant of the Seas" to "Lorna Doone." You must put steps between, so that he will learn that the silly books are not only foolish, but are stupid as well.

AN ATLAS IN READING.

POSSIBLY there are some young readers who have not yet learned how much life is given to a book by tracing upon maps the action described in the story. Some may connect all use of an atlas with the idea of a "geography lesson," and therefore hesitate to open the book of maps during hours when school lessons are put aside. But it should be remembered that every boy or girl is expected to study geography simply because geography is so useful and so necessary and so interesting to us all in after life. It is hardly possible to understand a story based upon historical events without a good idea of where it takes place. Without a map, names of places carry little meaning to most of us.

Do you remember, in "Tom Brown at Ox-

ford," how Tom learned from Hardy to study history by sticking pins into maps and charts upon his wall? If you have forgotten the scene, it will be found worth reading again.

The atlas will be found a delightful help in the sea stories mentioned in the list printed this month. You will be able to follow Ulysses in his wanderings after the Trojan War, Robinson Crusoe in his several voyages, Amyas Leigh in "Westward Ho!" and especially Richard Dana in his "Two Years before the Mast" with a sense of reality impossible to attain in any other way.

Why, you cannot appreciate Paul Jones's exploits until you follow on the map his audacious little vessel right into the very jaws of the British Lion! Nor can you see what became of the Great Armada until you have gone around the British Isles in the wake of the battered galleons of Spain. Once follow out the cruises of the great discoverers on the map, and you will not soon forget their exploits. And please to remember that this advice is given here because it will help to make your reading *enjoyable*, rather than because of the knowledge you will gain.

Guide-books, too, will be found excellent helps in reading, for they can tell you details about even the smaller places.

CONVALESCENTS' BOOKS.

It is unfortunate that there should be such things as illnesses, but since there must be troubles of that nature, we should devote ourselves to making them easy to bear. There is a time during convalescence when the little patient can be a listener to good reading, and then arises the question, "What books are just the right mental diet for a little invalid who needs to be cheered and amused, but must not be excited or worried?" This is not an easy question to answer, and therefore deserves the attention of all of us. There are many to whom such information will be valuable, and so let us try to collect from your wisdom a good list of "convalescents' books." Who will send in the names of books suitable for the long days of "getting well"?

We shall be especially grateful to those who can recommend such books as have actually been found good by trial in the sick-room.

THE LETTER-BOX.

HELENA, MONT.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a new subscriber, and I think ST. NICHOLAS is very nice. I like the competitions and the stories and articles that the different competitors write. I was received in the League sometime ago. I like to read the letters in the Letter-box.

Helena contains the Broadwater Natatorium, the largest bath under roof in the world.

Your affectionate reader,

MARION G. STEDMAN (League member, age 12).

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The following verses were composed, entirely without assistance, by my little daughter, aged eleven. They describe an old lady sitting and musing before her portrait, taken when a bride.

Very truly,

JOSEPH PETTIT, M.D.

THE PICTURE.

BY DOROTHY ARLINE PETTIT (AGE 11).

THE flickering flame of the fire,
As it sheds its rosy light,
Softly touches a picture
Of a bride in snowy white.

The veil half covers the rosy cheek
That is now so wrinkled and thin,
And the hand in the picture showeth
What the wrinkled hand hath been.

The picture recalls sweet memories,
Memories of the past;
The years may come, and the years may go,
But the memories will last.

The flickering flame of the fire
Glow on a head bent low:
Whether dreaming of past or future
Is not in my power to know.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought you would like to hear about a visit I made to a sheep-herder's camp.

One day when we were in Atlantic City, Wyoming, we were invited to go and see a sheep-wagon, and see how the sheep-men lived. The camp was situated on a hill, with a stream near by where the sheep can get water. Now I will describe the wagon. It had a canvas top, a pair of steps at the front, and four strong Rocky Mountain horses to pull it. The inside was fixed up with a little stove, shelves, and a pulling-out table (which was the dinner-table), two berths, two seats, a window in the back, and a door in front.

Under the wagon lay a collie dog; back of the wagon were blocks of salt for the sheep to lick. A scarecrow was set up to scare the wolves from the sheep. Off in the distance we saw the flocks of sheep down by the water.

This is the way the sheep-herders live and travel. As the weather gets colder they go higher up in the moun-

tains for the sheep to get grass. We had a nice dinner of roast mutton, canned tomatoes, beans, potatoes, and green peas. And then we returned home by way of the mines.

CHRISTINE MEMMINGER (age 15).

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a native daughter of the Golden West. I live in the Sacramento Valley, where the flowers bloom all the year. There is never a time when we cannot go out and pluck flowers.

The weather here is never very cold; but don't think that all over California the climate is the same as this.

One year, as late as May, we all went up to Sisson, Siskiyou County, which is at the foot of Mount Shasta, and but a few miles from Oregon.

While we were there it snowed, and we had a lovely time making snowballs.

I went out riding with my uncle, who is a doctor, and was caught in a snow-storm with my summer hat on.

One day we all took our lunch to spend the day at Shasta Springs, which is about ten miles from Sisson. We took some sugar and some lemons, and made some lemonade out of Shasta water, which was grand.

It would take me a long while to tell you what all we did.

Some day I may write to you and tell about the Cliff House and the Children's Playground at the Golden Gate Park at San Francisco.

LAURA GUNN (age 9).

TAFTSVILLE, VT.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have had you in our family three years and four months.

I am a little girl nine years of age, and I have a sister and a brother.

Our pets are a dog and a cat. We have a cow and two pigs, three horses, three roosters, and twenty hens.

I live on a large farm. My favorite stories are "A Race and a Rescue," "Josey and the Chipmunk," "Through Fairyland in a Hansom Cab," "Marjorie's School of Fiction," "The Story of King Arthur and his Knights," and "The Unlucky Parrot."

I like you *very* much and am impatient for the next number.

My sister and I go a mile and a half to school.

My brother attends the high school at Woodstock. I like the St. Nicholas League best.

We make a lot of maple syrup every year. How I wish you were here helping us eat sugar on the snow!

Your loving reader, ERMA L. MERRILL (age 9).

Interesting letters, which lack of space prevents our printing, have been received from Mary D. Edmunds, Helen C. Long, Sara Ballen, Nannie Edmunds, Esther Davis, Louise Bird, Mary C. Hurry, Theodore E. Sprague, Annette Bettelheim, Charlotte B. Williams, Lesley Pearson, Katharyn Arthur, Hugh McLennan, Henry L. Duggan, and Florence R. T. Smith.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER.

DIAGONAL. Macaulay. Cross-words: 1. Marigold. 2. Barnacle. 3. Document. 4. Strangle. 5. February. 6. Nicholas. 7. Motorman. 8. Salutary.

CONNECTED SQUARES. I. 1. Hail. 2. Anna. 3. Inns. 4. Last. II. 1. Make. 2. Adit. 3. Kilt. 4. Etta. III. 1. Time. 2. Idol. 3. Moss. 4. Elsa. IV. 1. Fore. 2. Oval. 3. Raga. 4. Else. V. 1. Atom. 2. Time. 3. Omit. 4. Mete.

ADDITIONS. 1. Man-or. 2. Ten-or. 3. Bang-or. 4. May-or. 5. Mete-or. 6. Past-or. 7. Clam-or. 8. Pall-or. 9. Tut-or. 10. Hum-or. 11. Mot-or. 12. Don-or.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Howard Pyle; finals, Howard Pyle. Cross-words: 1. Hitch. 2. Overdo. 3. Window. 4. Alpaca. 5. Retriever. 6. Deed. 7. Philip. 8. Yesterday. 9. Level. 10. Eagle.

DOUBLE DIAGONAL. From 1 to 2, Farragut; 3 to 4, Lawrence. Cross-words: 1. Fanciful. 2. Marginal. 3. Furrowed. 4. Scurrie. 5. Revealed. 6. Conjugal. 7. Scholium. 8. Eloquent.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, S; finals, Happy New Year.

Cross-words: 1. Shah. 2. Sara. 3. Slap. 4. Stop. 5. Stay. 6. Soon. 7. Shoe. 8. Show. 9. Slay. 10. Safe. 11. Sofa. 12. Scar.

CHARADE. Sham-rock.

DOUBLE DIAGONAL. Mistletoe, Charlotte. Cross-words: 1. Miniature. 2. Pirouette. 3. Distorted. 4. Stationer. 5. Catalogue. 6. Courteous. 7. Peasantry. 8. Chameleon. 9. Catharine.

NOVEL DOUBLE ACROSTIC. First row, Pickwick Papers; third row, Charles Dickens. Cross-words: 1. Pacific. 2. Ichabod. 3. Chagrin. 4. Kirtles. 5. Willows. 6. Ireland. 7. Cassius. 8. Kidnap. 9. Painter. 10. Archers. 11. Pokebag. 12. Evening. 13. Renewal. 14. Sisters.

PRIMAL ACROSTIC AND ZIGZAG. From 2 to 1, James A. Garfield; 3 to 4, Abraham Lincoln. Cross-words: 1. Data. 2. Lobe. 3. Ergo. 4. Iran. 5. Fish. 6. Road. 7. Amen. 8. Glad. 9. Acid. 10. Seen. 11. Each. 12. More. 13. Able. 14. Join.

WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Plot. 2. Love. 3. Oval. 4. Tell. II. 1. Dare. 2. Avon. 3. Road. 4. Ends. III. 1. Ogre. 2. Good. 3. Road. 4. Eddy.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS RIDDLE-BOX, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER were received, before November 15th, from Paul R. Deschere—"M. McG."—Mabel, George, and Henri—Osmond Kessler Fraenkel—Grace Haren—Joe Carlada—F. R. and L. M. Mead—M. W. J.—Mary B. Camp—Frances Hunter—Charles Almy, Jr.—James Alfred Lynd—Norton T. Horr—"Chuck"—Emilie C. Flagg—Katharine Van Dyck—"Allil and Adi"—"Jacqueline"—Josephine Theresa Stiven—Mildred D. Yenawine—Virginia Custer Canan—Carl B. Johanssen—Ethel B. Rispin—Ernest Gregory—Ethel Wooster—Marion Farnsworth—Betty Brainerd—Frederick Greenwood—Nettie C. Barnwell—Eugenie Steiner—Ned Beatty—Harriet Marston—Manion Humble—Laura E. Jones—Dudley Cooke Smith—The Spencers—Dorothy Rutherford—"Johnny Bear"—Mary Burrough—Doris and Jean—Erl H. Ellis—"Teddy and Muvver"—Marion Thomas—Rosalie Aylett Sampson—Marion E. Senn—Bessie Garrison—Laurence T. Nutting—Lillian Sarah Burt—Marion Priestley Toulmen—George T. Colman—Hugh Cameron—Ruth Flower Stafford—Eunice Chandler—Eleanor Clifton.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER were received, before November 15th, from M. P. Hastings, 1—L. Elsa Loeber, 3—C. E. Harris, 1—F. N. Bangs, 1—F. I. Miller, 1—Katherine Moore, 5—M. Horn, 2—G. Beekman, 1—J. E. Sattler, 1—D. A. Sterling, 1—Bessie Nichol, 1—Constance Badger, 1—Gottfrid Johnson, 1—Bessie Smith, 6—Fred Delavan, 7—H. Chapin, 1—Virginia Arter, 2—Doris Hackbusch, 7—George Edwin Tucker, 4—Amelia S. Ferguson, 6—"The De Longs," 6—Boyd Culver, 4—Lillian Jackson, 7—Christine Graham, 7—Lucy Ruggles, 7—Julia Peabody, 4—Katharine Dudley, 5.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the central row of letters, reading downward, will spell the surname of a famous man.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Whole. 2. A hole. 3. A number. 4. To perform. 5. A child. 6. Sick. 7. A conjunction. GERTRUDE PALMER (League Member).

DOUBLE BEHEADINGS.

WHEN the following words have been doubly beheaded, the initials of the words before they are beheaded, and the initials of the words after they have been beheaded, will each spell something suggested by the present month.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Doubly behead regular order, and leave part of a plant. 2. Doubly behead inside, and leave slender. 3. Doubly behead coveted, and leave contended. 4. Doubly behead exultant, and leave the goddess of revenge. 5. Doubly behead a flower beloved by the Dutch, and leave part of the face. 6. Doubly behead to regard with care, and leave a masculine nickname. 7. Doubly behead to exalt, and leave grand. 8. Doubly behead to allure, and leave a district. 9. Doubly behead desolation, and leave a

preposition. 10. Doubly behead dogma, and leave a snare. 11. Doubly behead a vehicle used on snow, and leave margin.

HELEN SEELIGMAN (League Member).

CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

WHEN the words have been rightly guessed and written one below another in the order here given, the central letters will spell the name of a famous general. All the words are formed from the letters composing the general's name.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A number. 2. A carpenter's tool. 3. A kind of tree. 4. A pronoun. 5. A game of cards. 6. An insect. 7. A mass of unwrought metal. 8. A glossy fabric. 9. A weight. 10. A hostelry.

HELEN F. CARTER.

WORD-SQUARES.

I. 1. Final. 2. A prefix meaning "before." 3. A luminous body. 4. Any limited time.

II. 1. A thread of metal. 2. An image worshiped. 3. To ramble. 4. Certain trees.

CRAIG RITCHIE SMITH (League Member).

NOVEL ACROSTIC.

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the initial letters, reading downward, will spell a well-known name; another row of letters, reading downward, will spell a familiar word.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Undulations. 2. Not asleep. 3. Foolish. 4. A cowardly animal. 5. Internal. 6. Short letters. 7. To crush into small fragments. 8. An instrument used for handling hot coals. 9. Yields submission to. 10. Cozy places.

MARY B. BLOSS (League Member).

A LABYRINTH OF LETTERS.

A	M	L	I	N	C	O	L	I	T	N
H	A	G	N	O	R	G	N	N	L	E
B	R	T	I	E	G	E	S	E	A	V
A	N	O	H	S	A	W	A	I	N	T

By beginning at a certain letter and following a path, using no letter twice, three familiar names may be spelled.

HELEN ANDERSEN (League Member).

RHYMED NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

I 'M composed of eighteen letters which in different groups will spell

A lot of different synonyms for things we all know well.

My 3-13 and 15 and my 2 and 4 and 9

Will spell a woeful 1-5-2-11-9 of mind.

My 14-15-1-2 and 18 make a word

Which frequently 12-13 talks on rhetoric is heard.

My 6 and 7-8 and 9 and 11 make a man

Who is useful to the very rich — now guess me if you can.

My 16-17-3-10-5 and 18 will combine

To form a little word which means delicate or fine.

My whole is decked with ice and snow,

But hearts are glowing down below.

HARVEY DESCHERE.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My primals, reading downward, spell a famous American man-of-war, and my finals, reading upward, will spell its nickname.

CROSS-WORDS (of unequal length): 1. To acknowledge. 2. To note. 3. Miserly. 4. A prefix meaning "half." 5. Places of worship. 6. A useful metal. 7. A beginner in learning. 8. To reveal. 9. Limits. 10. Wilfully disregarded. 11. Pertaining to the eye. 12. A famous emperor.

JAMES BREWSTER (League Member).

BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILINGS.

WHEN the following words have been triply beheaded and triply curtailed, the initials of the remaining words will spell a holiday.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Triply behead and triply curtail intrusting, and leave a symbol. 2. Triply behead and curtail declaring against, and leave to try. 3. Triply behead and curtail general existence, and leave a valley. 4. Triply behead and curtail moaning with pain, and leave a common article. 5. Triply behead and curtail

fullness, and leave to allow. 6. Triply behead and curtail menacing, and leave consumed. 7. Triply behead and curtail a kind of coarse pottery, and leave recent. 8. Triply behead and curtail twisted out of shape, and leave a legal term for any civil wrong or injury. 9. Triply behead and curtail a male singing voice, and leave a pronoun. 10. Triply behead and curtail a large outer garment worn by Arabs, and leave a denial. 11. Triply behead and curtail capable of being venerated, and leave period. 12. Triply behead and curtail a first cousin, and leave a vocalist. 13. Triply behead and curtail the green rust of copper, and leave to delve. 14. Triply behead and curtail being in two parts (as a legal contract) and leave dexterity. 15. Triply behead and curtail deep gorges, and leave a letter of the alphabet.

VERA A. FUESLEIN (League Member).

DOUBLE DIAGONAL.

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4 . . . . . 2

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CROSS-WORDS: 1. To ponder. 2. Gloomy. 3. Generous. 4. Pertaining to a treaty. 5. A military officer. 6. To inspire. 7. Pours out.

From 1 to 2, a famous English general; from 3 to 4, a still more famous French general.

CATHARINE B. HOOPER (League Member).

NOVEL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

My primals, reading downward, spell a poet's name; my finals, reading upward, spell the city and also the abbreviation of the state in which he was born.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Three miles. 2. A passage. 3. A sea nymph. 4. A piece of land devoted to fruits and flowers. 5. A fine flour or meal. 6. The substance covering the teeth. 7. To mourn. 8. Work. 9. Expenditure. 10. A battle-ship.

When the first and last letters of the foregoing words have been removed, the remaining letters of the first word may be rearranged so as to form a word meaning a chill. 2. To please. 3. One of the great lakes. 4. To venture. 5. To fall in drops. 6. Part of a horse. 7. Cognomen. 8. A long, fur tippet. 9. To pull with effort. 10. Filaments.

AGNES HOWE.

DOUBLE DIAMOND.

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

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CROSS-WORDS: 1. A tree. 2. A country of Europe. 3. Courage. 4. Light-producing instruments. 5. The remains of coal or wood after combustion. 6. A plumed heron. 7. Egg-shaped. 8. Robbers of India. 9. Useful animals.

From 1 to 2, a large quadruped; from 3 to 4, a small quadruped.

DOUGLAS TODD.



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MISS BAILLIE.

FROM A PASTEL BY J. WELLS CHAMPNEY AFTER GAINSBOROUGH.

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XXXI.

MARCH, 1904.

No. 5.

TWO LADS OF OLD KENTUCKY.

BY VIRGINIA YEAMAN REMNITZ.

How Toddles got out of the fort was never known. The time of his disappearance was early afternoon, one spring day of the year 1781. The women of Hamilton's Station were either making their spinning-wheels sing, or were themselves singing to restless babies; the men were all out hunting; the children were playing in the fort yard. And all around this frail little settlement lay the beautiful, Indian-haunted, wolf-haunted wilderness of Kentucky.

Somewhere out in that wilderness was Toddles, but his mother did not know it—yet. A little wooden "fort," made by erecting log cabins and stockade-fencing about a four-square yard, may not seem to offer adequate protection against savage enemies, brute or human; but it is far, far better for a little child than no protection at all.

Presently Mrs. Hamilton looked up from her spinning-wheel to gladden her eyes with a sight of Toddles. He was the prettiest, chubbiest bit of a boy in the settlement—a hardy little frontiersman, with a sunny smile and laughing blue eyes.

"Toddles, Toddles!"

The call grew louder and louder. It rang all around the yard, until women came running; women, and children too, with here and there a tall boy who had been left at home to garrison the station. The tallest of these was Ben

Hamilton; and after every cabin had been searched, and keen eyes had swept all the country within sight from the tops of the corner blockhouses, Ben laid his strong brown hand on his mother's arm and said quietly:

"I reckon I 'll go and find Toddles."

"Take me too!" "And me!" "And me!" "And me!"

Every boy who was able to carry a "gun" had spoken; but they must all stay at home to take care of their mothers and the little ones. It was rarely that all the men left the fort at once; they did so only when there were no "Indian signs" about. And upon such occasions great responsibility rested upon the older boys who were left behind.

Ben's first preparation for departure was to find his father's dog, "Spot," who had been left at home as part of the garrison. Spot had been discovered, sick and half famished, in a deserted Indian camp, and had been adopted simply because dogs of any kind were a rarity. But the animal quickly proved himself a valuable member of the settlement. He was an Indian-trained "tracking" dog, as silent as a cat and as keen on the scent as a deer. Already he had found several strayed horses and cows; now he must try to find his playfellow, Toddles.

Mrs. Hamilton herself held the little home-

spun frock to the dog's nose, and made him sniff at the bed where Toddles had slept; and it was she who found the last plaything the child had handled. Spot seemed to understand. He was eager to be off, and even submitted patiently to being held in leash by a strip of buffalo tug.

When the heavy fort gate had closed upon Ben, Mrs. Hamilton hastened to the top of a block-house, and from this watch-tower she looked eagerly down upon the beginning of the search. And as she looked the mother's grief and fear were for the moment almost forgotten in the mother's pride.

What a man Ben looked! How tall and strong and brave he was for a lad of sixteen! How quick and keen his eye as he glanced now in this direction, now in that in response to the dog's restless tugging! How grave and firm his face as he calmly watched the finding of the scent, stooped to examine the ground, and with the dog started to follow the trail that led into that limitless, terrible forest!

But scarcely had the trail been found than Ben stopped and turned about. His look rested full on his mother's face, and a bright smile broke the gravity of his own. Mrs. Hamilton leaned far over, smiling also; she waved her hand as he turned again, and she watched until the plunge into the forest was taken. Then, as the green foliage and the deep shadows closed about the gallant young figure in blue hunting-shirt and buckskin leggings, the poor mother dropped her face in her hands and wept bitterly. Thus one of the women found her, and led her down, speaking words of comfort which she could only hope might come true. It seemed only too probable that neither of the lads would ever come home again.

Ben had never been alone in the forest before, but his father had taken him on many a hunting trip and had trained the boy in that difficult art of woodcraft so necessary to every frontiersman. And almost at the outset Ben made a discovery which sent the blood to his head and a bright gleam to his eye. It was simply the faint impress of a moccasined foot in wet earth. This clue to his brother's fate Ben found on the bank of the stream which ran just at the edge of the settlement clearing.

On this bank, also, were many prints of small bare feet. Toddles had been playing there. And it was clear that the child had run a little way to escape that dreaded sight of a painted red man which had suddenly appeared before him. It was doubtless in the heat of pursuit that the Indian had been so incautious as to set his foot where any "trace" would be left.

Ben and Spot found the exact place where that pitifully uneven chase had ended. Then the lad closed his eyes for a moment. He dreaded lest his dog should make straight for — something which had been Toddles. Frontier boys saw terrible things in those days, and Ben knew the end Indians often made of the little children they captured. He did not fear anything now, save to come upon the thing his fancy pictured.

But the dog ran about uncertainly. The Indian had probably stepped with Toddles into the bed of the stream, for there was now no scent to follow.

This conclusion gave Ben a momentary sensation of relief. Perhaps the red man intended to make the child a captive rather than to slay him. But had he gone up stream or down?

Since there had been, of late, some Indian depredations toward the south, Ben determined to go in that direction; and taking Spot across the stream, he started off as rapidly as careful search for the lost trace permitted. The dog ran along the bank with his nose to the ground, and the boy's quick eyes keenly searched the damp earth.

It was at the end of about a mile that Spot found the scent again, but Ben could see no tracks on the bank. He judged that the captor, or captors, of Toddles had taken a flying leap out of the water and landed on the leaf-covered mold of the forest.

Now that he was on the trail again, Ben became possessed of a feverish haste. At any moment the Indian might weary of his burden; and then —! But Ben would not allow his thoughts to take that course. He began to run ahead swiftly, urging Spot before him. Both boy and dog traveled as silently as possible, avoiding, as though by instinct, any crackling branches and rustling leaves.

But Toddles was not traveling silently at all; and this, upon the whole, was fortunate. Ben heard an outcry, faint in the distance, but having the quality of rage rather than of pain. He realized with joy that his small brother was able to make some protest—and then he stopped short. Spot must go now. He untied the strip of tug from the dog's neck, and, whispering in his ear, pointed the way home. When the poor animal, thus forbidden the reward of his labor, protested, Ben had great difficulty

It was from behind a tree that Ben got his first glimpse of Toddles. That undaunted child was engaged in thumping with both tiny fists at the chest and head of the powerful brave who carried him, and was also kicking sturdily. Ben looked sharply about, and when he discovered that he had but one redskin to deal with, his courage rose out of all proportion to the situation. He had feared to come upon a whole party of Indians.

The vigor of Toddles's attack upon his cap-



"IT WAS FROM BEHIND A TREE THAT BEN GOT HIS FIRST GLIMPSE OF TODDLES."

in persuading him to go back. But he felt a sudden sense of loneliness and desolation as he watched his four-footed friend trot disconsolately homeward.

As Ben hastened on, the angry outcry ahead grew louder and louder, and he wondered that the small captive's behavior did not bring fatal wrath upon him. The fear that it might at any moment have this result impelled Ben, even at some risk from noise, to quicken his pace to a run.

tor fairly made Ben's blood run cold at the thought of such rash behavior. Surely the Indian would not tolerate it another instant. He would—oh, what might he not do? At the very idea Ben's rifle was slowly raised and aimed. There was a flash, a sharp report, and then the Indian wheeled about, quite unhurt.

Ben crouched down behind a tree to reload.

There was a brief agonized cry as the savage violently dashed Toddles to the ground, and

Ben, scarcely knowing what he did, cocked his reloaded gun and sprang out of hiding. In a moment the Indian was nowhere to be seen, but Toddles lay quite still on the ground beneath a tree.

Ben knew that the redskin was but in hiding; the sound of a shot and the sting of a ball might at any moment disclose his whereabouts. The boy dared not even steal another glance at his brother. And he was just about to crouch down again when the expected shot rang out.

Ben dropped to the ground,—he did not know whether he was hit or not,—and crawled behind a tree. There he hid, waiting for a chance to take aim at his enemy.

It was a terrible game of hide-and-seek. The red man darted from behind his covert, but vanished again before Ben could even take aim. The boy believed himself exposed to the enemy's fire, and, quick as thought, he rolled over. The next instant a ball dug up the ground where he had been lying. Then he made a dash for a sheltering boulder, firing, as he ran, in the direction from which the shot had just come. A few minutes of silence followed, during which every twig and leaf and shadow about Ben seemed suspiciously aquiver. He felt that his hidden enemy was creeping upon him; he keenly realized his own inferiority in woodcraft and cunning, and felt there could be but one end to the game he was playing. But he intended to keep it up as long as he could. He felt no fear, only a strange tenseness of nerve and a quickening of every sense. His hearing had never been so keen, his sight so quick, his brain so cool and clear; and the hand at the trigger of his rifle was as steady as though he were merely hunting a squirrel.

If the red man would expose himself for but one instant, Ben believed he could be the first to fire; if but the faintest motion or sound would give warning, he felt he might avoid the enemy's aim. But this prolonged silence seemed to be a part of eternity.

It may have been intuition rather than actual perception—but surely a snake was gliding somewhere near. Ben turned like a cat, and his quick blue eye seemed to pierce the underbrush about. No, there was nothing; the

tremulous shadow of a wind-swayed bough must have deceived him. But there, over by a great rock, was a deeper shadow—and a flash. The two rifles blazed out almost instantaneously, and the reports were followed by a savage yell.

Ben dropped on his knees, a hand to his left shoulder. But he did not know it was there. He was watching the Indian. Was the fellow wounded, or was he only shamming? Was he going away, or was he coming nearer? And surely it was getting dark—dark and cold. Toddles was out alone in the dark and cold. And everywhere, behind trees and rocks, amid the underbrush, were Indians—creeping, creeping. Or were they snakes? At all events, it would not do to leave Toddles alone. He might be frightened, or hurt.

Ben crawled slowly from behind his rock. He did not know he was crawling, but he felt he made slow progress, and he tried to hasten. It was no use; it was like a nightmare in which he can move just so fast and no faster.

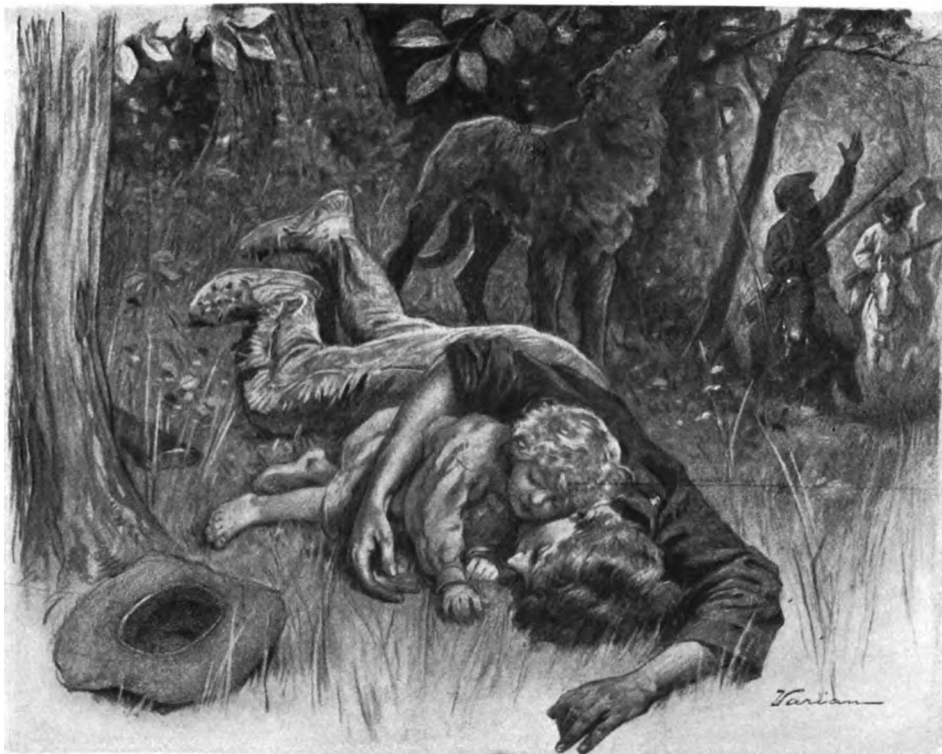
Ben did not see the little red trail that followed him; he scarcely saw anything—not even Toddles, who sat up wide-eyed and stopped crying at this vision of his big brother creeping slowly toward him.

A little later Toddles crept over to Ben. The chubby legs were too shaky as yet to do service. But he had forgotten about his own pain in this new wonder. In all Toddles's experience Ben had never looked and acted that way.

"Wake up, Ben! Wake up!" He shook the inert figure. He poked a chubby, dirty finger at the closed lids. But it was no use. Then he tugged his hardest at Ben's sleeve, but still with no result. Finally, being very tired and feeling heavy about the eyes, he nestled close up to his big brother, drew the unhurt arm about his little body, and went fast asleep.

That is how, just as dusk was falling, the search-party from Hamilton's station found the two. Spot led the way, and, nearing them, began to whine dolefully. So Mr. Hamilton's heart stood still as he dismounted. He did not know at all what he had found, and was afraid to learn. For once the sturdy frontiersman felt

himself unequal to the business in hand, and it was another one of the party who knelt over the boys and listened breathlessly for the beating of somewhat troublesome, but nothing for a frontier boy to make a fuss about. The men who followed the Indian's trail until it was lost in



"JUST AS DUSK WAS FALLING, THE SEARCH-PARTY FROM HAMILTON'S STATION FOUND THE TWO."

their hearts. The others dismounted and stood about, their stern faces tender and pitiful.

When Toddles lifted up he opened his eyes and murmured drowsily, "Ben tumbled, but he went wite as'leep." But the man who was still kneeling over Ben raised his head just then, and looked at Mr. Hamilton with shining eyes. "His heart is n't so weak," he said. "I reckon he 'll come round all right."

And so he did. The injured shoulder was

a stream judged that he had been severely wounded, for he had evidently crawled all the way to the brook; and they declared that Ben was already a famous "Injin-fighter."

Toddles, however, revealed the true hero of the occasion. Looking up into the adoring face of his mother as he lay in her arms, he remarked coolly: "Mammy, I beat the bad Injin, and I beat him, and I beat him, until he had to let me go—and then he yunned away!"





FAR back in the years, far back in the time
 When beasts could reason and birds could rhyme,
 There lived a giant so blithe and gay
 That the whole of his life was a game of play.
 He was the man, as the wise folks say,
 Who invented the games you like to play,
 Of blindman's-buff and of prisoners'-base,
 And who found out the way to run a race,
 Besides contriving all kinds of toys —
 Dolls, kites, and marbles — for girls and boys.
 Whenever he thought of a good new game,
 He 'd settle the rules and find it a name,
 And then to the school he 'd go and pray
 The mistress to grant a holiday ;
 And she did n't like, of course, to refuse
 A giant that stood ten feet in his shoes :
 His temper, as every one knew, was good,
 But still — ten feet in his shoes he stood.
 So very often it came about
 That the children were then and there let out,
 And off they all went — " Hip, hip, hurray ! " —
 With that gentle giant to spend the day.
 Then they 'd all make a rush, and pretend that he
 Was a very dangerous enemy ;

And though he would seem to struggle his best,
They 'd soon get him down and sit on his chest,
Rumple his hair and pull his beard
And threaten his life, until it appeared
That he had a new game in his head, which he
Would show them all if they 'd set him free.
And so, till the shades of evening came,
They 'd play at this new and delightful game,
While the jolly birds and the beasts joined in
And lent their voices to swell the din.

Now whether the giant is living yet
I cannot tell, but I do not forget
That my nurse used to say, with a serious face,
When I asked his name and his dwelling-place,
That she 'd reason to think, from common rumor,
That he lived at home and was called Good Humor.



HOW DAUBIGNY DECORATED HIS LITTLE DAUGHTER'S ROOM.

CHARLES-FRANÇOIS DAUBIGNY is the name of a famous artist. He was not, however, always famous, and once he was a little boy, playing around and having fun just as you do.

Now in France some mothers do strange things. It is their custom to send their tiny

are brought back to live at home. This is what happened to the little Charles. No doubt he enjoyed it very much, however, for all children like the country. When he grew up to be a big man, his passionate love for the country continued, and he chose a home near the very place where he had been brought up.

The name of this place is Auvers-sur-Oise, and it is a little town not far from Paris. It is not at all like an American village, with its new houses and barns, but is merely a collection of old stucco houses, one church, also old and picturesque, and a few straggling shops.

Here he made a home for himself and his family, and it was here that some of his most famous pictures were painted. He had a queer boat built on which he lived for days at a time, moving about on the river at his will. Thus he was able to secure effects one could get in no other way. It is not of this, however, that I wish to tell you. When you grow up, you may read a



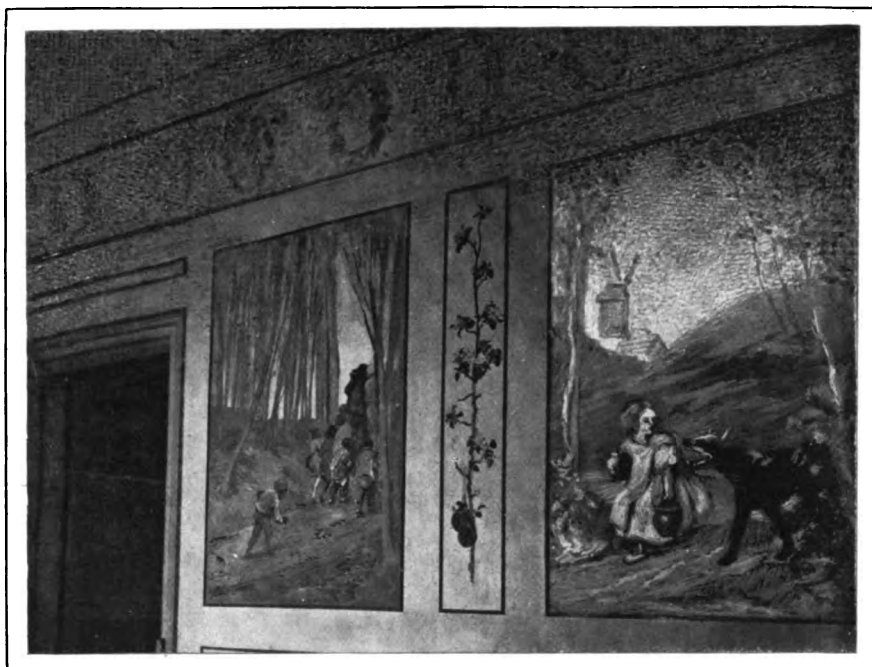
"AND ON THE WALL, AT THE BACK OF THE BED, WAS PAINTED AN APPLE-TREE —
THE FIRST SIGHT TO GREET HER EYES EVERY MORNING."

baby children off into the country to be taken care of by a farmer's wife. When they are older and are less trouble to their parents, they

great deal yourself about this famous painter of nature.

What I wish to describe to you is the room

which he decorated for his little daughter, who liked fairy-tales just as much as American children like them. When people go to Auvers to see the famous painter's home, they are seldom shown this special room, which to young folks is certainly one of the most interesting in the whole house.



"AND RED RIDING HOOD JUST AS YOU KNEW HER IS THERE—AND THE WOLF IS THERE, TOO."

see the famous painter's home, they are seldom shown this special room, which to young folks is certainly one of the most interesting in the whole house.

No doubt Daubigny spent much of his valuable time in decorating this room for the amusement of his little girl. It may not be work which added to his fame, but the love which inspired it is more lasting than fame.

The room is not large, but just large enough to be cozy and comfortable. The walls are all painted, and are divided into panels, in each of which are painted characters or scenes from the tales the fortunate little maiden liked best. I wonder if you would have chosen the same ones. The Fox and the Grapes occupy an important place; Hop o' my Thumb has a fine panel; and Red Riding Hood just as you knew her is there—and the Wolf is there, too, and ever so fierce.

At one end of the room was the dainty bed, with its French hangings, as you see it in the illustration, and on the wall, at the back of the bed,

hours passed in the shade of such a tree. There are birds flying hither and thither, and a nest is tucked away safely in the forks of the branches. In the nest are little speckled eggs, so beautifully painted that Mademoiselle Daubigny might almost have expected each morning to see them hatched out, and to find scrawny, yellow-billed birdlets in their stead.

Between the panels are painted toys strung together in the most tempting way, and above them all is a frieze of wild flowers—those which grow all around the town of Auvers: poppies, bluets, and others.

Can you imagine anything more charming to look at upon awaking in the morning?

Even the smallest works of this artist are worth many hundreds of dollars, so you see this young lady was very much favored. But when her kind papa had done so much and worked so long for her, his little daughter's delight in her room no doubt more than repaid him for all his trouble.

Valeria Inez Merrill.



A WINDY MARCH TO SCHOOL.

A MISUNDERSTANDING.

BY EUNICE WARD.

<p>THE little doll from China and the little China doll Sat looking at each other in surprise ; "That you were made in China," said the first, "I can't believe, For you see you have such funny round blue eyes."</p>	<p>The little doll from China and the little China doll Sat looking at each other in despair. "Why, all the dolls in China are brunettes like me," said one. "Oh, no; a China doll is always fair!"</p>
<p>"But I am made <i>of</i> china," said the haughty little blonde ; "I don't know why my word you choose to doubt ; And as for eyes, if mine were slanted water- melon seeds, I really think I 'd rather do without."</p>	<p>"But all the dolls in China have black hair that 's smooth and straight!" "You 're wrong — a China dolly's hair is curled." And both were right, yet both were wrong ; because, you see, there are So many kinds of china in the world !</p>

OUR JOHNNY.

BY NIXON WATERMAN.

WHEN Johnny is playing outdoors with the boys,
He is bright as a brand-new penny ;
In running and jumping and making a noise
He is seldom outdone by any.
But in learning his lessons in school, alas !
He is n't considered so clever ;
For he frequently stands at the foot of his class,
At the head of it "hardly ever."

He can catch an idea as well as the rest,
For he 's fully as bright as his brothers ;
But to master the language in which it 's expressed,
He never will try like the others.
One day when his teacher asked John to define
A circle, he thought of the riddle
A moment, and said : " It 's a round, straight line,
With a great big hole in the middle."

"And what is an island?" his teacher once asked ;
And Johnny, who bravely aspired
To answer the question, was heavily tasked
To find the response she required.
But he put his whole mind right to work with a will,
And this is the answer it brought her :
"It 's a place in the sea where the bottom," said he,
"Sticks up more or less through the water."



ARCHIE, AFTER INSPECTING HIS LITTLE SISTER'S BIRTHDAY GIFTS: "I THINK THIS IS THE BEST OF THE LOT!"

CUTTING A HEMISPHERE IN TWO.

BY GEORGE ETHELBERG WALSH.

BEFORE the present generation of children has grown up, an important feature of their geographies will be changed to describe North and South America as two great islands instead of one continuous continent. As the work of cutting the Western Hemisphere in two is in charge of the American government, there is little question about its final success. Modern machinery and methods of engineering work can accomplish what the French people failed to do a quarter of a century ago, and with American genius and enterprise back of the undertaking, the Panama Canal will doubtless soon be an accomplished fact.

This great "dream of the navigator" is almost as old as the discovery of America. It was when the conviction spread abroad in Europe that Columbus had only discovered a new continent, and not a new western passage to the wealth of the Indies, that men of science and travel began to think of opening a navigable channel from the Atlantic to the Pacific. As early as 1581, a survey was made to see if North and South America could not be cut in two. Captain Antonio Pereira, Governor of Costa Rica, explored a route by way of the San Juan River, the lake of the same name, and the rivers which empty into the Gulf of Nicoya, Costa Rica. This early survey was the first actual beginning of the story of Panama, which now promises to reach a conclusion within the next ten years. Diego de Mercado, about thirty-nine years later, made a survey of the Nicaragua route, and recommended to King Philip of Spain the construction of an interoceanic canal along the lines described by him.

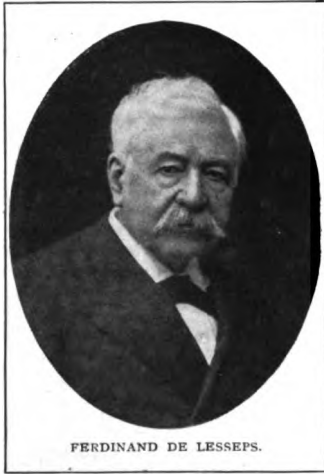
From that time to the year when the French company, under the famous French engineer Ferdinand de Lesseps, essayed to cut the Isthmus of Panama in two, the Nicaragua and Panama routes have been periodically surveyed and re-surveyed until probably no other out-of-the-way corner of the earth has received half as much examination and geographical attention. Many schemes of constructing the canal

were proposed. Navigators of all parts of the world realized the importance of the canal or of some other method of transportation across the isthmus. One of the boldest conceptions was made by an American engineer, James B. Eads, who proposed to construct at Tehuantepec a railroad from ocean to ocean, or rather from the Pacific Ocean to the Gulf of Mexico, capable of carrying the largest ships. Gigantic engines and flat-cars were to be built to run on double tracks. These cars were to run down an incline into great locks, so that ocean steamers could be floated upon them. Then the engines would cross the narrow tongue of land and launch the steamers in the ocean opposite. In this novel way the journey around the world, or from Europe to the East Indies, would not be interrupted, and passengers could go to sleep on the Atlantic and wake up the next morning on the Pacific.

But the great ship railroad was never built, and the agitation for digging the canal to cut the Western Hemisphere in two was continued. The great scheme possessed a peculiar fascination for men of science and commerce; but it was not until 1879 that the first positive step was taken to realize the dream of the ages. In that year an international congress was held in Paris, and before it appeared Ferdinand de Lesseps to espouse the cause of a French engineering company, organizing to undertake the work of separating North and South America by a ship-canal.

The Isthmus of Panama is a narrow strip of land, scarcely twenty-one miles wide at its narrowest point; but the canal, owing to the character of the land, would have a total length of about forty-six miles. To cut a ship-canal of this length, the early French company estimated, would cost 843,000,000 francs, which later was reduced by De Lesseps to 600,000,000 francs, or about \$120,000,000 of our money. This huge cost did not deter the people of France from buying the bonds and stocks of the Panama Canal Company, and the money was soon raised. The

genius of the company was the man who had constructed the Suez Canal, and his presence at the head of the undertaking was sufficient to give faith and confidence to all. De Lesseps himself was so confident of his success that he extended invitations to prominent men all over the world to attend the opening of the canal in 1888.



The first ship-

tency, mismanagement, and lack of knowledge of the grave conditions that confronted the contractors on the isthmus combined to delay the work, and in time to wreck the company. The inside history of the story may never be made perfectly plain to the world. Millions of dollars' worth of machinery that was never used was shipped to the isthmus, and even to-day much of it is rotting and rusting there in the tropical climate. The whole length of the proposed canal is marked by these monuments to man's mismanagement and greed. Extensive camps and hospitals were built on the route of the canal, and thousands of workmen were sent down, only to die in the fever-ridden climate or to return home disgusted.

The French canal company purchased the Panama Railway in 1882 to facilitate the work



FERDINAND DE LESSEPS IN HIS CHILDREN'S PONY-CART.

ment of machinery and workmen arrived in Colon on February 21, 1881, and almost immediately began one of the most dramatic stories of modern times. Fraud, incompe-

ty in digging the big ditch. But so inhospitable was the climate that thousands of lives were sacrificed to the undertaking.

What has been termed by Yankee visitors to

the isthmus as "the white ghost of the canal" slew its victims by the hundreds. This white ghost was nothing more than the miasmatic fog or mist rising from the disturbed soil. The hot, moist climate of the isthmus is naturally weakening to those not accustomed to it. Rank vegetation springs up in a night and covers the soil with thick, fleshy leaves and vines. These die, and decompose in layers. When disturbed the soil releases poisonous gases, which spread fevers and disease around. This white ghost of the canal hovered over the camps of the French contractors, and killed off their workmen and engineers by the hundreds.

The canal did not progress rapidly. Unexpected engineering difficulties appeared to delay its completion, besides the climate and the mismanagement of the funds. One of these was the control of the Chagres River, which discharged some 75,000 cubic feet of water per second. Another trouble was the action of the silt, which tended to fill up the canal almost as fast as it was excavated unless special precautions were taken to prevent it. A third insurmountable difficulty was that of the tropical growth of trees, vines, and plants. So rank and luxuriant were the growths that within a few weeks after excavation they would fill with a network of roots and leaves the ground that was opened. Work that was not properly planned had to be done over again several times. Portions of the canal that were neglected a few weeks would present at the end of that time a new problem for the contractors. Discouragement after discouragement followed, and finally, when the funds began to give out, the few honest, devoted engineers lost heart. They knew that the canal could not be finished under the auspices of their company. Much of the machinery sent to them proved unfit for the work demanded.

More funds were raised between 1882 and 1888, and then the French public grew suspicious and refused to subscribe more. The crash came in 1889, when the company was forced to suspend. In 1890 a commission was sent to the isthmus to report on the actual condition of affairs. It found not more than a fifth of the work finished, and \$50,000,000 worth of machinery, houses, and equipments rotting

away. At Colon the finished portion of the canal was filling in, while the harbor itself was being filled with the silt from the canal, so that it would require deepening to make it navigable for large ships.

The whole unfortunate story of the scandal followed. An extension of time for finishing the canal was granted by the government of Colombia to the French Panama Canal Company, and an effort was made to resume operations. In 1892 the charge was made on the floor of the French Chamber of Deputies that the canal company had wasted the funds of the subscribers, and had bribed no less than one hundred deputies. An official investigation followed. Over 800,000 people of France had invested in the canal, and about \$156,400,000 had been raised; but of this vast amount not more than \$88,000,000 were really spent upon the excavation and construction of the canal.

In spite of this stupendous fraud, a new company was organized in 1894-95, which estimated the cost of completing the canal at \$110,000,000. The following year a strike among the workmen on the isthmus caused uneasiness in France, and when charges were made of another scandal it was impossible to raise further money. These charges proved untrue, but French prestige on the isthmus was lost and French confidence in the scheme exhausted. France had lost her opportunity through the dishonesty of those to whom the work was intrusted. Most of the officers of the first company were arrested, including Ferdinand de Lesseps and his son Charles.

The feeling against the company was bitter in France; but in spite of it there was widespread sympathy for the "grand old man" who had started the enterprise. M. de Lesseps was over eighty years of age when the exposure surprised the world, and he never recovered from it. He died within a short time, and his death was mourned by tens of thousands of Frenchmen who had lost their money in his scheme. Whether De Lesseps was aware of the frauds practised by the company is something that has never been definitely proved. There were not lacking plenty who believed him innocent. He died with the glory of building the Suez Canal as his chief recommendation for

fame; but his name will forever be intimately associated with the Panama Canal.

The second chapter in the story of the Isthmus of Panama opens with the United States. Up to this time American engineers

of \$67,000,000 by way of Nicaragua, but later this estimate was raised to \$140,000,000.

In 1889 President McKinley sent another commission south to study the problem of cutting the hemisphere in two. Negotiations were



MAP SHOWING THE PROPOSED ROUTES OF THE PANAMA AND THE NICARAGUA CANALS AND THE TEHUANTEPEC SHIP RAILWAY.

had favored the Nicaragua route; but with the failure of the second French Panama Canal Company public attention in this country was directed to the isthmus. The United States government sent several commissioners to the isthmus to report on the feasibility of buying up the French rights and property.

The first American commission reported that a canal could be completed at an expenditure

begun with the directors of the old French Panama Company, and after years of fruitless work it was decided to transfer the rights of France to America. According to this agreement, the United States government is to pay to the French Panama Canal Company \$40,000,000 for all its rights and privileges. It is further estimated by the American Panama Canal Company, which receives the property and

concessions, that \$184,233,358 will be required to complete the forty-six miles of canal.

Since the ratification of this agreement by the two countries, events have moved rapidly on the isthmus, and every boy and girl must be familiar with the changes that created the new Republic of Panama.

The third chapter of the story of the canal begins with the events of to-day, and may end within ten years, when, it is predicted, our country will throw open the canal to the commerce of the world. Will American control of the canal complete within this time one of the most important engineering schemes the world has ever faced? In paying to the French shareholders \$40,000,000, the American company acquires the right to all the machinery and plant equipments on the isthmus; but the engineers in calculating the cost took no note of this neglected property. Of the \$20,000,000 worth of machinery on the isthmus, including miles of steel rails, scores of steamers, dredges, scores of machine-shops, and acres of dump-cars, probably not more than one tenth will ever prove of any actual value. So injurious to iron and steel is the effect of the tropical climate that much of the machinery is rusted beyond repair. Some of it, it is said, has become so rotten that one can push a hat-pin through it almost as easily as if it was so much cheese.

There are nearly 2500 buildings on the isthmus belonging to the company, and accommodations for nearly 20,000 laborers. The hospitals are valued at a million dollars, and the machine-shops at half as much more. But everything is in a sad state of decay and neglect. On all sides stand monuments to the criminal folly and mismanagement of the early company. The canal route is to-day covered over with a luxuriant growth of plants, vines, and trees; but scratch the surface anywhere and there come to light the most unexpected signs of French workmanship. Every sort of article, from kitchen utensils to locomotives and dump-cars, appears half embedded in the soil.

Engineering science and sanitary science have both advanced with wondrous strides since those early days of activity on the isthmus, and it may be that the problem of digging the canal

is not now so formidable an undertaking as many imagine. For one thing, engineers know how to fight fevers and disease in the tropics as never before, and the workmen will be safeguarded from the climate in every possible way. Numerous hospitals and sanitary camps will be established among the first things, and those who go to dig the canal will not leave behind them all hope of surviving their work.

The value of the canal to the commerce of the world can be readily understood by any girl or boy who will refer to a common map of the world. Both the United States and Europe will reap great benefits from it. By the present route, steamers sailing from New York to San Francisco by way of the Strait of Magellan must cover some 13,090 miles, including the usual stops required for coaling. When the canal across the Isthmus of Panama is opened, the distance will be shortened to 5294 miles — a saving of nearly 8000 miles. Steamers bound from European ports would find almost equal advantages. Those sailing from Hamburg to San Francisco would have their present route shortened by 5648 miles.

Steamers sailing from New York to Australia and New Zealand now go by the way of Cape of Good Hope. By going through the new canal this route would be shortened between 3500 and 5175 miles, according to the port they were bound for. Our ships from the Atlantic seaboard must now pass through the Suez Canal to reach China and Japan in the most direct way. The total distance from New York to Yokohama, Japan, is 13,040 miles, and through the Panama Canal it would be reduced to 10,088 miles. From New York to Shanghai, China, the saving in distance through the canal would amount to 1339 miles. To the Oriental countries the saving is thus not so great as along our own coast and to our Pacific Ocean possessions, owing to the fact that China and Japan are nearly opposite us on the globe. But to Hawaii there would be a distinct saving of 6581 miles.

Saving in time and distance does not mean so much to sailing vessels, but it is very important to ocean steamers. With coal at three or four dollars per ton wholesale, the saving in money from a trip through the Panama Canal would quickly mount up into thousands of dollars. It

is estimated that from New York to San Francisco the actual saving in coal for the average freight steamer would be \$3000. The saving in time would be even more important. A steamer on this line makes only about two round trips a year through the Strait of Magellan, but through the Panama Canal at least five round trips a year probably could be made.

It might be interesting to go further into figures to show how much the Panama Canal would benefit the world, such as the total tonnage that would be likely to pass through the

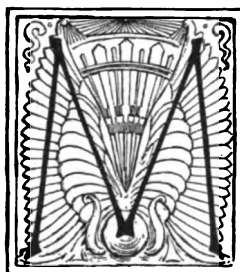
narrow waterway each year, and the extra number of passenger ships that would ply between New York and San Francisco; but sufficient has been said to convince any one of the great need of this new waterway. By dividing a hemisphere, man will create a new commerce of the world, and bring the countries of both sides of the globe into closer relationship. Next to girdling the globe with submarine cables, therefore, this work of cutting through the Isthmus of Panama will prove, it is hardly too much to say, the most important commercial event of the age.



LAZY COOMARASAWMY.

(An East Indian Fairy Tale.)

BY GEORGE SYLVA.



ANY years ago, before the king of monkeys, Hanumau, had assisted Kirshna to drive the fairies out of India, there lived outside the village of Paudinagar (near Belgaum) an old Hindu of the *koonbi* or cultivator caste, with his large family of sons. One fine night, after the old man had been working hard all the day long, he lay down to rest at last; but first he said to his sons, "What work will you boys do this moonlight night? It is as bright as day, and young men must work whenever there is light."

So the oldest said, "Father, I will plow all night long, and never feel tired"; the second

said, "I will make willow baskets to sell"; the third said, "And I will twist a coil of yarn into rope." So six of the sons answered cheerfully, "We will work all night long for our good old father."

But lazy Coomarasawmy, the seventh son, only yawned as he replied, "I would like to lie on my back all the night in the moonlight, with a fairy to fan me, a fairy to light my hooka for me, a fairy to give me lemonade to drink, and a very pretty fairy to talk to me."

So the father said, "You are a good-for-nothing vagabond!" and turned him out of the house with these words:

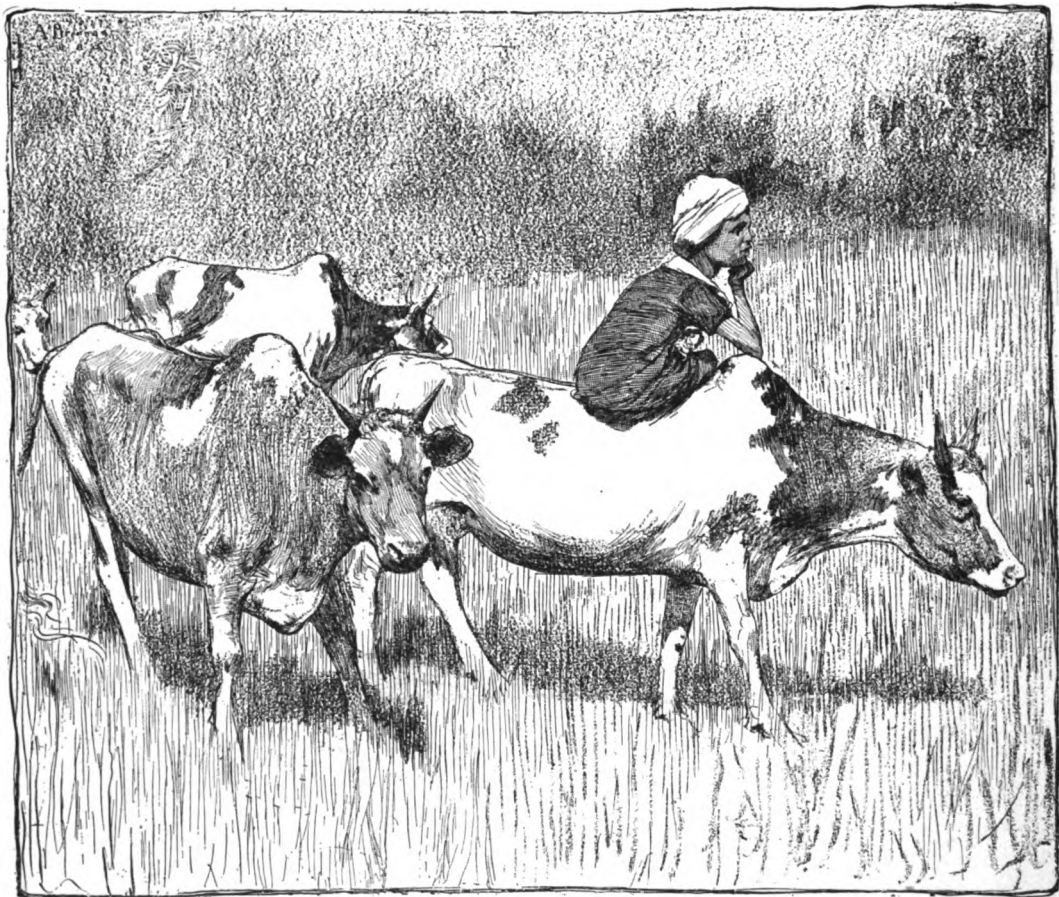
"Do not come back until you have cut three mounds of wood, of eighty-four pounds each, and brought them to me on your back."

The boy replied, "I will cut no wood, and

you shall see my face no more." And then he wandered along without food or shelter till next morning, when he reached an old woman's cottage. Being too lazy to go farther, he sat down there. She invited him in, but would give him food only after he had promised to go and watch her cows during the daytime. "I don't object to that," said Coomarasawmy, "because I can lie

The old woman said, "There are plenty on the south side of the forest, but you must not go there." On the following days he rode on the cow to the north side, to the east, and to the west, and on the fourth day the cow took him to the south side.

There the fairies were dancing in a beautiful little glade, having laid their magic wands under



"HE RODE ON THE BACK OF ONE OF THE COWS TILL THEY CAME TO THE PASTURE."

on my back in the shade of the mango-tree, and perhaps a mango will fall into my mouth without my troubling to pick it." So he ate the food and went with the cattle; but when he was out of the old woman's sight he rode on the back of one of the cows till they came to the pasture; there he lay down in the shade, and ate fallen mangos and drank milk from the fallen cocoanuts, and rode back at nightfall. "This work will suit me very well," said Coomarasawmy, "only there are no fairies."

a champak-tree in full flower. When Coomarasawmy saw them he opened his eyes with wonder; then he directed the cow to the champak-tree, and with a lazy movement he picked up one of the magic wands and rode away with it. Presently the fairy whose wand he had taken saw him, and opened her wings and flew after him, crying, "Turn, Coomarasawmy! Turn and look at my wondrous beauty!" So he turned round to look at her, and when her eyes met his eyes he became like a stone statue and fell

to the ground, after which the fairy took back her wand from him.

Now the old woman was somewhat of a witch, and knew all about the fairies and their ways; so when she missed the boy she guessed what had befallen him; so she went out to seek him, and soon she found him lying like a fallen statue of stone, on the south side of the forest. There she offered a basket of champak and rosary flowers to Parvathi, the goddess who controls the fairies, and on the third day the boy came to himself again. The old woman warned him that the fairies would now always have power over him unless he could get superior power over them, and she said: "You must return to-morrow to this place, and again take the fairy's wand; then, when she calls you to look back, you must shut your eyes, and she will have no power over you; and whilst you keep the wand the fairy will be as your slave and you as her master."

All happened as the old woman predicted, and when Coomarasawmy rode away with the wand and the fairy called on him to look back, he only said, "I saw you once before, and I am too lazy to turn round again." So he took back the magic wand safely to the old woman, who hid it in a small cranny between the hearthstones of her hut, and covered it over with ashes. But the old witch-woman also laid a spell upon Coomarasawmy, so that he suddenly became small like a baby, only with the senses of a man. Next day the fairy disguised herself as a beautiful girl, and came to the old woman's house, saying, "I have lost my magic wand, which your grandson stole while I was dancing." The old woman replied, "Here is no one but me and the baby; surely a baby could not steal your wand." Then the fairy remained in the house as the old woman's servant, and every day while she lived there the white

hen laid an egg of pure gold, and the baby grew one inch every day till he was six feet high and a splendid, handsome man, to whom the fairy was as a slave.

The old woman then called the priest to marry them, and, keeping the eggs as her fortune, dismissed the young couple from her house, warning Coomarasawmy never to give back the wand to his fairy wife.

Every day the wife was most obedient to her husband, and every day he succeeded in everything he undertook, because he had the hidden wand and that gave him magic and good luck. He killed every animal when he went hunting; he found sapphires and rubies when he dug in the white sand; the beans which he planted grew into cinnamon and nutmeg trees; the fowls laid golden eggs, and he became the richest man in all the country.

But at nightfall each day his wife said to him: "Light of my heart, where have you hidden my wand?" For one year he refused to tell her, and during that year he was always prosperous and happy. But at last he was too lazy to deny any more, and said: "It is hidden in one of the crannies between the hearthstones of the old witch-woman's hut."

That night, while he slept, she rose softly and stole away to the hut, and brushed the ashes from the hearthstones, and searched in the crannies till she found the magic wand. And then she joyfully flew away as a fairy again.

In the morning Coomarasawmy missed her, but, suspecting nothing, he went tiger-hunting upon his horse. As soon as the tiger saw him it sprang out and killed him, for his magic power was gone; and at the same time his house was struck by lightning and everything was burned.

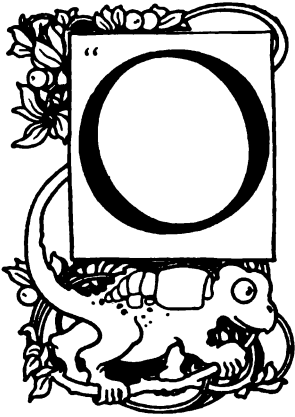
But the old woman still keeps the golden eggs, and counts her riches carefully every day.



THE SQUG.

(A Nonsensical Story.)

BY WILLIS B. HAWKINS.



*Larry o' Six,
Did you ever hear
tell
Of the island of Nix,
Where the Noth-
ings all dwell?"*

I WILL tell you a
story of Larry
o' Six,
Who made him a
kite without
paper or sticks.

He thought it was foolish to fly it with
string,
So he flew it one morning with never a
thing;
And when it went up he caught hold of its
tail,
For the joy of his life was to go for a sail.

He sailed and he soared till he found it so
cold
That he wrapped himself snug in the warm,
fleecey fold
Of a big, fluffy cloud, which he reached out
and took
From the sky, where it hung without ever a
hook.
Then he soared and he sailed till he passed,
in his flight,
The homes of the creatures we dream of at
night —
The Wew and the Wimpoo, the Grix and the
Jhee,
And others, that people on earth never see.

When he came to the place where he wanted
to stop
He simply let go (if *you* tried it you 'd
drop —

Unless you were dreaming; of course, in that
case,
You yourself could step airily off into space).

He dug a deep hole in the top of the air,
And covered it over with very great care,
So that no one could find it and take it away
While he was asleep at the bottom some day.
But when he jumped into the hole he had
dug,
He lit on the back of a short-legged Squg.

Now a Squg is a wonderful creature to see :
Its head is put on where its tail ought to be ;
So it turns end for end when it comes into
sight,
And seems to think that brings its head and
tail right.
Its body is made without flesh, skin, or bone,
And its legs, I am told, are not always its
own ;
For, whenever it happens to want a few
more,
It goes to a second-hand furniture store
And takes them from any old table or chair,
And fastens them on to itself anywhere.
So, you see, when it walks they go flippity-
flop,
And its gait is a jerkity hippity-hop.

Some folks would have felt in a pretty bad
fix
Astride of a Squg, as was Larry o' Six ;
But he did n't care, for he knew, all the time,
That the creature was made up of nothing
but rhyme.

"Hello !" said the Squg, and it spoke without
voice,
For a Squg, in such matters, can take its own
choice ;

It can say what it will without using a word,
And is best understood when it has n't been
heard.

"I hope," said the Squg, "I am not in the way,
For, as long as I 'm here, I suppose I must
stay ;

And should any one ask you how that comes
about,

You can say that what 's in here is never
found out.

Now that," said the Squg, giving Larry a
poke,

"Is what I should call an exceeding good joke.
And here is another I made up myself —

After getting the point from a cute little elf,
Who told me that all my acquaintances say
I am nearest to them when I 'm farthest away.

But that does n't matter ; we folks of the air
Are as apt to be here as we are to be there.

Indeed, there are times when I doubt my-
self so

That I cannot be sure whether I am or no."

In a mystical manner they chatted along
Until Larry proposed that the Squg sing a
song.

"I would," said the Squg, "but I never have
sung

Since to-morrow, the day a bell borrowed
my tongue."

So Larry missed hearing a marvelous thing,
For this is the song that the Squg did n't
sing :

O Larry o' Six,
Did you ever hear tell
Of the island of Nix,
Where the Nothings all dwell?

The island itself
Is the shadow of Naught,
And lies in the ocean
Of Fanciful Thought.

'T is peopled by those
Who have had to go there —
If they had n't they could n't
Have gone anywhere.

There are Figures rubbed out
From the blackboard and slate ;
There are Words that have lived
But are now out of date.

There are Years that have gone ;
There are Dreams that have been ;
There are Odors of roses
And all their dead kin.

There are Lights that are out ;
There are Debts that are paid ;
And all of the Noises
That ever were made.

There the Green of last summer,
The Dark of last night,
And the Cold of last winter
Are living all right.

All the Wishes of life
That have never come true,
And the things we 've forgotten —
They 're living there, too.

For the island of Nix
Is a wonderful spot,
And the only things there
Are the things that are not.

When the Squg had concluded not singing
this song,
He said that he thought he 'd be going
along ;
And Larry, who had nothing better to do,
Remarked that he might as well go along,
too.





THE GRIZZLY BEAR.

By J. M. GLEESON.



AN early blizzard surprised a huge grizzly bear while he was still looking for a safe place in which to "hole up" for a good long sleep. He probably did not like it at all, but his face showed no change, doubtless because he could not possibly look uglier if he tried. His wicked little eyes rolled about in search of comfort: a good, warm, well-protected hole under a tree or among the rocks, or even some such dainty morsel as a small animal or bird hiding away from the storm. The noisy roar of the blizzard as it swirled down the mountain-side drowned the solid pounding of his huge feet and the scraping of the long, ivory-like claws against the rocks. Suddenly he stopped short: a varying hare, not yet quite white, was sleeping in the shelter of a little bush near by. He had almost passed it, when, out of the corner of his eye, he detected a tuft of pinky-white fur; a few cautious steps, and, with a growl, his mighty foot came down. He growled just a fraction of a second too soon: there was a flash of pinky-white, two long white legs shot out like lightning, and the paw struck the warm spot where the hare had been sleeping.

What a monster he was as he stood there, looking about! His eyes small, dull, and sullen, his long head swinging slowly from side to side on the powerful neck, the fringed under lip

dropped loosely, making a hideous grinning expression and exposing the purplish gums and the strong yellow teeth. The driving sleet

clung to his coarse coat, giving him a still more grizzled appearance. His long claws, curved like simitars, were worn flat on the ends, where they struck the ground with a snap as he walked.

Was ever animal more fitly named — Grizzly Bear? The very sound of the word evokes a host of grim, fearsome pictures; and his scientific title, *Ursus horribilis*, is even more significant. In captivity he stalks restlessly to and fro, or more often swings round and round in

his narrow prison; the great paws may be stretched through the bars to seize and draw in some offered morsel of food, but there is no joyousness in the action or any expression of pleasure. All the other bears are more or less playful, some of them very much so, affording, when in captivity, endless amusement for the spectators. Who has not watched with delight the

mighty rompings and wrestlings of the great white bear of the frozen north, or the never-ending games of the various black bears? Funniest of all are the smooth-coated little Malayan sun-bear and the shaggy black sloth-bear of India that Kipling has made so familiar under the name of "Baloo." But the grizzly never plays and apparently never feels happy; if he has not a grudge against the whole world, he at least is not going to add to its amusement if he can help it. The cubs, of course, like all young animals, are playful, but their mother never joins in their frolics. She takes good care of them, however, and they roam about, hunting and sleeping together for a couple of years, when the youngsters independently wander off and shift for themselves.



In the old days, before the deadly magazine rifle was invented, hunting the grizzly was a very different affair, and no animal on the American continent was more dreaded, his fierceness and vital force when wounded filling the most reckless of hunters with a wholesome

falo meat, he has never been known to devour human flesh.

In the days of Kit Carson the grizzly had not learned to look upon man as a foe to be shunned at any cost, but the quick-firing magazine rifle has taught him that if he possibly can

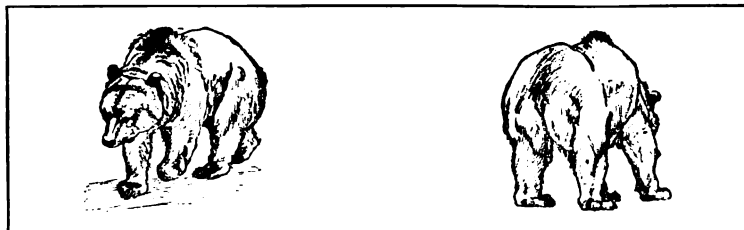


"THE DRIVING SLERT CLUNG TO HIS COARSE COAT, GIVING HIM A STILL MORE GRIZZLED APPEARANCE."

dead. It was not at all unusual for a grizzly with a bullet through his heart to pursue and tear to pieces the hunter, whose long single-barreled muzzle-loading rifle, with its one round lead bullet, was altogether inadequate for such a contest.

It is a strange thing, too, that while the grizzly bear is an omnivorous feeder, living on anything from roots and nuts to steer and buf-

he must keep out of man's sight. He has now been driven back into the almost inaccessible solitudes of the northwestern Rocky Mountains, and the sportsman who wishes to add his pelt and dangling necklace of claws to his collection of hunting-trophies must travel far and endure much hardship and labor, for "old Ephraim," as he was called by the Western pioneers, is as cunning as he is fierce.



A COMEDY IN WAX.

(*Begun in the November number.*)

BY B. L. FARJEON.

CHAPTER XIV.

MISS PENNYBACK IS PERPLEXED.

MISS PENNYBACK's sensations may be imagined when, opening her eyes the moment Mme. Tussaud disappeared, she found herself in bed in her own room.

"Gracious powers!" she murmured. "Where am I? How came I here?"

She sat up in bed and put her hand to her forehead.

"I fainted away in the kitchen," she mused. "I went downstairs to ascertain the cause of a midnight disturbance in the house, and I lost my senses at the extraordinary scene that presented itself. I must have fallen to the ground—I must have dropped the candlestick; and now here am I in my own apartment, without the least idea how I got here. How *did* I get here? Is it within the bounds of possibility that I walked upstairs in an unconscious state and got into bed without knowing it? No, it is not possible. But if it is not possible, how, I repeat, did I get here? I put my slippers on. I distinctly remember putting on my slippers and dressing-gown. How is it that they are off? Lucinda Pennyback, are you going mad?"

She was so terrified at the idea that she jumped out of bed and drew up the blind. The first blush of dawn was in the sky; the birds were twittering in the trees; within the house an eery silence prevailed.

Bewildered, she looked around the room. Everything was in order: the candle was in the candlestick—the candlestick which she recol-

lected, or fancied she recollected, carrying down in her hand, with a lighted candle in it. She had struck a match to light it; she looked for the burnt match, and could not find it; and yet she recollected, or fancied she recollected,



"'WHERE AM I? HOW CAME I HERE?'"

that she had put it in the match-tray. Her dressing-gown and slippers were on the seat of the chair.

More and more bewildered, Miss Pennyback opened the door, and creeping into the passage, leaned her head over the balustrade and listened. She heard not a sound; every one in the house, apparently, was asleep. She reëntered her room, closed the door, drew down the blind, and got into bed again.

"Let me recall the circumstances," she mused, her head now on her pillow. "Let me

marshal my confused thoughts. I wake up in the middle of the night and fancy I hear voices in the vicinity of the kitchen. I get up, put on my slippers, light the candle, and steal downstairs in my dressing-gown. I reach the kitchen stairs, and hear the sounds of revelry, which seem suddenly to stop at my approach. I open the door. The gas is lighted, and the room is full of strange company. In the momentary glance I cast around, I fancy I see kings in armor and queens in their royal robes. There is a man whose head almost touches the ceiling; there is a very small man; there is a Chinaman with a pigtail; there is a dreadful person in a black mask, carrying an ax—he looks like an executioner of olden times. All their heads are turned toward me—all their eyes are fixed upon my face. I hear Lucy's voice calling, 'Miss Pennyback! Dear Miss Pennyback!' Terrified out of my senses, I swoon away—and I know nothing more till I find myself in my own bed, with no signs around me that I had moved from it since I retired to rest after eating my supper. Compose yourself, Lucinda. There is but one solution of this strange, this singular mystery. You dreamed these things—you are under the spell of an extraordinary delusion. You must preserve the secret; you must not mention it to a soul, or it will be supposed you are going mad. I hope, Lucinda Pennyback, you are *not* going mad. It was all a delusion—yes, a delusion. And yet, and yet—"

The perplexed lady could get no further. She tossed about in bed for some time, but, being tired and exhausted, at length fell asleep again, and had the most frightful dreams.

CHAPTER XV.

WONDERS WILL NEVER CEASE.

It would be difficult to say which of the two was the more astonished—Miss Pennyback when she found herself in bed after fainting away in the kitchen, or Mrs. Peckham, the cook, when she discovered the state of affairs in the special region over which she reigned. Pigeon-pie, beefsteak-pudding, ham and beef, roast chickens, cherry-tart, jellies, all gone; the nine-gallon cask of cider quite empty!

What made the mystery still more mysterious, was the absence of any signs of disorder.

She sank down in a chair and gasped, and for a few moments her mind was like a clock which had suddenly stopped. When it was set going again, only one word escaped her lips:

"Burglars!"

She followed this up by coming to the conclusion that the whole family and every one of the servants, with the exception of herself, had been murdered, and now lay weltering in their gore; and she was undecided whether to pierce the air with a succession of screams or to run for the police. Before she had made up her mind, Belinda, eighteen years of age, scullery and kitchen maid, walked into the kitchen, rubbing the sleep out of her eyes with her knuckles. Molly, the parlor-maid, Maria, the housemaid, and Belinda slept together; Mrs. Peckham, as a superior person, had a sleeping-apartment to herself.

"Alive, Belinda?" gasped Mrs. Peckham.

"Yes, mum," answered Belinda, in the calmest of voices.

"Oh, Belinda!" groaned Mrs. Peckham.

"Yes, mum. Wot 's the matter, mum? 'Ave yer 'ad a fit? Shall I rub yer 'ands?"

"Belinda," said Mrs. Peckham, in a sepulchral tone, suddenly clutching the maid's arm, "how did you escape?"

Belinda was a young person who was never astonished. If you had fired a gun within a yard of her, she would not have been startled. So deeply steeped in sensationalism was she that had she met Gog and Magog in a country lane, she would have said, "'Ow d' yer do?" She was a passionate lover of romance, and the most blood-curdling and extravagant episodes in the most blood-curdling and extravagant stories that ever were written were accepted by her as perfectly reasonable and natural. Nothing frightened or startled her; she would have welcomed an earthquake, and have looked down into the depths of the earth for familiar faces; and when ghosts were spoken of, her one wish was to meet and shake hands with them.

"How did you escape, Belinda?" repeated Mrs. Peckham.

"How did I escape? From wot, mum?"

"From being murdered in your bed?"

Belinda's imagination began to work.

"It wos orfle, mum, orfle!"

"Yes — go on — tell me the worst."

Belinda desired nothing better. Her imagination became very active indeed.

"It wos in the middle of the night, mum —"

"Yes — yes?"

"In the *dead* middle of the night w'en I 'eerd 'em comin' up the stairs. 'Belinda,' sez I to myself, with my 'ead under the bedclothes so as they should n't 'ear me, 'Belinda,' sez I, 'look out. The blood-sprinkled ruffungs is a-thustin' for yer blood.' With that, I crep' out o' bed, and ketched 'old of a rope. While I wos a-doin' of it, I 'eerd 'em outside comin' closer, and closer, and closer, and my 'eart ceased to beat. I felt as if buckets o' cold water wos runnin' down my back. Oh, mum, their footsteps sounded like the pant'ers in a Hindyen jingle! Afore they could spring on me, I throwed the rope out of the winder, and 'eld on to it like grim death. 'Belinda,' sez I to myself between my clenched teeth, 'it's now or never. Yer life 'angs upon a thread.' Hinch by hinch I clum' down. That's 'ow I escaped, mum."

"Oh, Belinda, did you hear Molly and Maria scream?"

"Scream, mum! They curdled my marrer. The minute I 'eerd 'em I said to myself, 'Belinda, save 'em!' Wot did I do but clum' up the rope ag'in, but alas! it wos not to be. The rope broke in the middle afore I wos 'arf-way up, and there I wos, transfixd in the hair."

"Dreadful, dreadful!" groaned Mrs. Peckham. "Those poor, poor girls! What's to be done, Belinda? What's to be —"

But she broke off here, and stared wildly at Mme. Tussaud, who at that moment entered the kitchen, and smiled at her and Belinda.

"Good morning," said the old lady, pleasantly.

"Good mornin', mum," said Belinda, perfectly composed.

Mrs. Peckham said nothing; she collapsed in her chair.

"Why don't you light the fire?" said Mme. Tussaud. "We shall all be wanting breakfast presently. I hope you will be able to give us something nice, for my people have moved in

the very highest society, and they know how to appreciate good cooking. Come in, Henry; come in, Elizabeth."

Belinda, who was on her knees at the grate, turned her head and nodded genially at King Henry and Queen Elizabeth. It being her nature to accept everything, she accepted this. Mrs. Peckham threw her apron over her head and moaned.

"My dear woman," said Mme. Tussaud, removing the apron gently from the terrified woman's face, "what are you moaning for? We are friends of the family. You are Mrs. Peckham, I believe?"

"Y-y-yes, ma'am," answered Mrs. Peckham, with chattering teeth.

"One of the best cooks in the country, I've been told, and one of the most obliging. But I must introduce myself and my friends. I am Mme. Tussaud, and this is his Majesty King Henry VIII, known as 'bluff King Hal,' and this is her gracious Majesty Queen Elizabeth — 'good Queen Bess,' you know."

Belinda whipped round on her knees, and, holding up her hands palm to palm, gazed adoringly at the royal personages. The young scullery-maid had paid one visit to the famous exhibition, and that the figures there should come to life and be able to roam the country was quite in accordance with her romantic notions. When Mme. Tussaud affably introduced herself by name to Mrs. Peckham, cook plucked up courage to raise her eyes; and her astonishment increased while her terror diminished — her feelings thereby undergoing an agreeable change.

She had visited the exhibition more than once, and had seen the royal personages who now stood before her. Of course it was all very wonderful, but there they were, and she had no doubt whatever that she was wide awake. She was a loyal subject, and as she could not possibly sit in the presence of royalty, she rose to her feet; and if her limbs still trembled, it was only natural.

"We came home with our dear Lucy rather late last night," continued Mme. Tussaud, "and we were all ravenously hungry; so what did we do but ransack your larder and make free with what we found there. We owe you a

thousand apologies, for we made sad havoc, I fear; but we washed up after we had done, and put everything back in its proper place. Lucy showed us how to do it all."

"Bless Miss Lucy's heart!" said Mrs. Peckham, beginning to be won over by the kind voice and benevolent face. "She does what she likes with me, and she's welcome. Did she eat any of the cherry-pie I made for her?"



"SCREAM, MUM! THEY CURDLED MY MARRER."

"Yes, she had two helpings," answered Mme. Tussaud. "Miss Lucy's a great favorite of yours, I see."

"She is everybody's favorite. There's nothing in the world I would n't do for her."

"She spoke so nicely of you, and she is hoping, as we all are, that she can count on your assistance in what we have come here to do."

"Nothing wrong, I hope, ma'am?"

"If it were wrong, would Lucy have anything to do with it? No, it is something good. The fact is—but can you keep a secret?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Mrs. Peckham, eagerly. "Try me."

"I will," said Mme. Tussaud. "The fact is, we are going to do our best to get rid of that dreadful creature, Lorimer Grimweed."

"And a good riddance to bad rubbish!" exclaimed Mrs. Peckham. "That's what I say, though it was my last word. I call it a downright shame to make Miss Lydia marry such a man!"

"It is breaking Lucy's heart as well as Lydia's. But she shall not be made to marry him. That is what we have to prevent, and that is what we want your help for, dear Mrs. Peckham."

"But what have you done to Molly and Maria?" said Mrs. Peckham, clasp ing her hands.

"You foolish creature, explain yourself."

"Are they alive—that's what I want to know. Oh, ma'am, are they alive?"

"I see," said Mme. Tussaud, smiling. "You believe we have been murdering people in their beds. That's a nice opinion to have of

Lucy's friends! My dear woman, everybody here is alive—very much alive. Nobody's little finger is hurt."

"Look here," cried Mrs. Peckham, seizing Belinda, "what do you mean, you little story-teller, by telling me you heard Molly and Maria scream in such a manner as to curdle your marrow?"

"Oh, leave me alone, do!" replied Be-

linda. "It wos you as begun it. Did n't yer arsk me if I wos murdered in my sleep? If I *wos* murdered, 'ow could I answer yer?"

"There has been a little misunderstanding, I see," said Mme. Tussaud, "which you can settle by and by. My dear woman, what are you staring at me in that way for?"

"It only just come into my mind, ma'am," said Mrs. Peckham, speaking very slowly, "that if you was Mme. Tussaud you ought to be wax."

"Do you hear that, Harry?" exclaimed Mme. Tussaud, merrily, and she and her two celebrities burst out laughing. "Wax! Shake hands, Mrs. Peckham—don't be afraid. There—does my hand feel like wax? If we were wax, could we laugh, and talk, and eat? You should have seen us last night doing justice to the good things you provided for us; it would have done your heart good. We resemble wax in one respect, though. We stick to our friends."

"That 's a good one, Mme. la Tussaud," said Henry VIII. "We stick to our friends! Ho, ho, ho! Tom of the Thumb will appreciate that. Our court jester could n't beat it. Ay, Mistress Peckham, we stick to our friends; and we will stick to our friends ma belle Lucie and fair Lydia—whose winsome face we have not yet beheld—till they are made happy. On my kingly word, we will!"

"I am glad you enjoyed your supper," said Mrs. Peckham, in a faltering voice.

"Their Majesties enjoyed it immensely. Did you not, Henry and Elizabeth?"

"The cooking was indifferent good," said Queen Elizabeth.

"Nay, Bess, it was perfection," said Henry VIII, who had been advised by Mme. Tussaud to win Mrs. Peckham's good graces. "We remember eating once a foreign delicacy termed a karum pie which we did not enjoy more than we did the cooking in Marybud Lodge." Mrs. Peckham curtsied; and Belinda, not to be behindhand, made a most elaborate sweep of her body. "We are looking forward to delicacies at thy hand, Mistress Peckham. See that thou disappoint us not."

"What would your Majesties like for breakfast?" asked Mrs. Peckham.

"Ah, that is a sensible question. It likes us much. There cometh to our memory a banquet we gave which, if thou canst emulate, thou shalt name thine own reward."

"Will your Majesty be good enough to give me the names of the courses?—and I will see what I can do."

"There are memories that never fade," said Henry VIII, pensively. "The names of the principal dishes are in our mind, and though many a year has passed over our head, their delicious perfume is still in our nostrils. There were capons of high gravy, saddles of venison, calvered salmon, custards planted with garters, godwits, peafowl, pickled mullets,—ha, ha! those pickled mullets!—porpoise in armor, Georges on horseback, halibut engrailed, herons, cygnets, perch in foyle, venison pasties, hippocras jelly, and mainemy royal. By my fay, that was a feast! A train of pages, the fairest in the land, dressed in fantastic habits of green and pink, waited upon us. There was one bright wench whose sparkling eyes—"

"Sire!" cried Elizabeth, warningly.

"'T is but a memory, Bess," said Henry, with a laugh that was half a sigh. "Canst compass such a feast as that, Mistress Peckham?"

The bewildered woman, whose eyes had grown larger and larger as the dishes were enumerated, mournfully shook her head.

"I don't think it can be managed in this house, your royal Majesty," she replied. "There 's a 'am in soak, but it won't be ready till evening. Capons, and custards, and jellies, perhaps—"

"Don't let it worry you, good Mrs. Peckham," said Mme. Tussaud. "His Majesty speaks of olden times, and I will wager my whole exhibition that modern cooking beats the ancient. It stands to reason, with such a nice range as you have there. Give us some bacon and eggs, some buttered toast, and a few pots of jam, and we shall manage very well."

Henry VIII smiled with delight. "Bacon and eggs! Buttered toast! Pots of jam! It sounds bravely, Mme. la Tussaud."

"I could do your Majesty an omelet," said Mrs. Peckham, taking heart.



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"In the French style, mistress?"

"Yes, your royal Majesty."

"T is well. Do thy best, and we will not forget thee. Henry knows how to reward good service."

"Reward her now, Henry," said Mme. Tussaud. "You were ever generous."

"So be it," said Henry. "What wilt thou

"What do you think of that?" said Mme. Tussaud, almost choking with laughter. "Wonders will never cease, will they?"

"No, ma'am — they won't," gasped Mrs. Peckham.

"A marchioness! Oh, crikey, a marchioness!" cried Belinda, skipping about. "Oh, what will the butcher say!"

"And here," said Mme. Tussaud, taking a magic piece of paper from her pocket, "is a ticket for two for my exhibition. 'Admit bearer and friend.' It will do any day in the week."

"How *can* I thank you?" exclaimed Mrs. Peckham, gazing rapturously at the sacred pass.

It would be hard to say which she valued most — the title of Marchioness of Barnet, with a thousand marks a year in land and another out of the royal treasury to support her dignity, or the ticket for two to Mme. Tussaud's exhibition. It appeared to her as if her highest expectations in life were satisfied with that piece of paper in her hand. Belinda gazed so longingly at it that Mme. Tussaud said kindly, "Here is one for you, Belinda."

"Oh, mum — oh, mum — oh, mum!" sighed Belinda, and could say no more, her cup of joy was so full.

"Dost thou know, Bess," said Henry VIII, "that Mistress Peckham bears a wonderful resemblance to thy great-grandam, Elizabeth Woodville? Thou wert born to be a marchioness, Mistress Peckham."

"Bravo, Hal!" said Mme. Tussaud, aside, and then, aloud: "I must go up now to Lucy and Lydia."

And up she went, leaving Henry VIII and Queen Elizabeth to entertain the Marchioness of Barnet and Belinda.

"Mme. la Tussaud," called Henry after her, "say to ma belle Lucie that we are pining for a sight of her sweet face."



"RICHARD CŒUR DE LION IS KEEPING AN EYE ON RICHARD III, WHO, AS USUAL, IS NOT IN A VERY GOOD HUMOR."

have, mistress? A title — lands — money?" Mrs. Peckham's breath was almost taken away at these words. "Nay, thou shalt have them all. We create thee Marchioness of Barnet, and do bestow upon thee a thousand marks a year in land, and another thousand to be paid thee out of our treasury to support thy dignity."

CHAPTER XVI.

A LITTLE STORM IN THE BREAKFAST-ROOM.

FAMILY breakfast in Marybud Lodge was served at nine o'clock, and a few minutes before that hour Mr. Scarlett walked into the breakfast-room. It was situated in the front of

the house, and looked out upon the lawn. A great cedar-tree spread its branches far and wide; beyond was the lawn-tennis ground; beyond that, and all around, flower-beds and fruit-trees in profusion. Cherries, apples, and pears thrived in Marybud Lodge, as did also currants and gooseberries. The kitchen-garden was in a secluded part of the grounds.

The old gentleman had slept well, and of course was in no anxiety about Lucy not returning home on the previous night, as she was supposed to be safe with her friends in Cavendish Square, whom she was to visit — and would indeed have visited had it not been for her fortunate falling-in with Mme. Tussaud.

He looked on the breakfast-table for his letters; there were none. He looked for his newspapers; there were none. This violation of the regular routine of the day annoyed him, and he fussed and fidgeted about, and was poking here and there when Lydia entered the room; and as she did so everything looked so much brighter that it really seemed as if she must have brought a large supply of sunlight in with her.

You might walk twenty miles through city streets or country lanes without meeting a girl so delightfully sweet and pretty as Lydia. A bright, healthy English lass, neither too tall nor too short, neither dumpty nor thin, with hands and feet neither too small nor too large, with features well formed and a mouth full of the whitest ivory, set in the loveliest coral, with brown eyes that could glisten with fun or melt into tenderness, with a laugh so sparkling that when you heard it you could not help laughing with her, with a crown of brown hair which formed itself naturally into soft little curls (not too many of them) about her forehead, and hung in graceful profusion (when allowed) about her white neck and shoulders — in short, she was just such a girl as you would like (if you are a very young unmarried gentleman) to have for a wife. You cannot have her, for she is bespoken; but Lucy, who will be another Lydia, is growing up for you, and I wish you joy.

As Lydia entered the breakfast-room and kissed her papa she looked like a rose.

As her love affairs were not running smoothly, there must have been a reason for her gaiety. There was. Lucy, whom she was astonished to

see in bed when she got up, had told her *all*. And when the first pleasant shock of the wonderful news had passed away, she eagerly awaited an introduction to Mme. Tussaud and the celebrities. Of course she was a little incredulous at first, but when Mme. Tussaud herself entered the room, the old lady gave Lucy an affectionate caress, and then turned to Lydia.

"You are Lydia," she said. "Give me a kiss, my dear. You are just what I expected Lucy's sister to be — only prettier; yes, my dear, really prettier — like a spring flower."

Lydia laughed and blushed, and kissed the "fairy godmother" without the least sign of fear.

"I have been down to the kitchen," said Mme. Tussaud, briskly, "and have made it all right with Mrs. Peckham. Oh, my dear Lydia, if you had been with us last night and seen the goings-on, you would never have forgotten it. What do you think, Lucy? Henry VIII has made Mrs. Peckham a marchioness."

"A *marchioness*!" exclaimed Lucy and Lydia, both together.

"Yes, my dears, the Marchioness of Barnet; so you must mind your p's and q's when you are ordering her about. Go down to her, Lucy; I will join you presently."

"Am I to go down, too?" asked Lydia.

"No, my dear. I want you to do something else. Well, Lucy, what are you waiting for?"

"I forgot to ask how they all are," said Lucy.

"My celebrities? Quite well, my dear. You will find Hal and Queen Bess in the kitchen, and the others are in the school-room, waiting for their breakfast. Richard Cœur de Lion is keeping an eye on Richard III, who, as usual, is not in a very good humor; and my dear little Tom Thumb has been invaluable."

"Was n't cook surprised to see Henry VIII and Queen Elizabeth?" asked Lucy. "What did she say?"

"Surprised! I should think she *was* surprised. As for what she said, she did not say much. Henry did most of the talking. If you had heard how he wheedled her, you would have died laughing. There, run down; he has been asking for you." She pushed Lucy good-humoredly out of the room, and shut the door upon her. "Now, Lydia, for our little bit of business. How far off does Harry Bower live?"

Lydia's eyes glistened. "About two miles from here."

"Of course," said Mme. Tussaud, with a twinkle in *her* eyes, "you have never written to him?"

"Oh, yes, I have—dozens and dozens of times," replied Lydia, roguishly.

"Humph! Does that comic little fellow whom Henry VIII calls Flip of the Odd know where Harry Bower lives?"

"Yes."

"He has taken letters to Harry, eh? Now sit down and write to Harry, and tell him to be here at twelve o'clock sharp, without fail."

"But papa has forbidden him the house!" exclaimed Lydia.

"Leave that to me. I am responsible for everything. Write the letter, and Flip shall take it. Tell him to come to the front door and ring the bell, and not to be surprised at anything he sees. He must not ask Flip any questions, because the boy is sworn to secrecy. Perhaps one of my celebrities will open the door to Harry. By the way, can he spare a sovereign or two?"

"Oh, yes; he has a little income of his own."

"I am glad to hear it. Tell him to buy ten or twelve pounds of the very finest chocolate creams he can obtain. Of course you are fond of chocolate creams?"

"Yes, indeed I am! Harry often brings me some."

"But you are not so fond of them as my celebrities are; they positively adore them. So you know what I want them for: Harry must get into their good graces. Now write your letter."

Lydia sat down, and this is what she wrote:

MY DEAREST HARRY: Flip will bring you this letter, and you are not to ask him any questions, because *he is sworn to secrecy*, but to do exactly what I tell you. *Our happiness depends upon it.*

The most wonderful thing has occurred, and if I wrote what it was you would hardly believe me, *so you must come and see for yourself.* I shall expect you at twelve o'clock. Ring the bell, and *don't run away if the gate is opened by a strange person dressed in a way that will make you stare.* I shall be waiting for you. Oh, my dear Harry, I am trembling with happiness while I write, and I must not explain why. I shall be waiting for you.

I don't know what is going to be done, but I have every confidence in the strange friends by whom I am sur-

rounded. We have dear Lucy to thank for it. She came home *in the middle of the night*, when all of us here were asleep, and brought our friends with her. Just think of it! Is n't she brave?

Now there is a most important thing which you must be sure not to forget. You must buy *ten or twelve pounds of the best chocolate creams*, and bring them with you. They are not all for me, but *they are necessary in what is going to be done.*

I have no time to say more, because papa is waiting for me, and *one of our kind friends is with me now*, and will give this letter to Flip.

With fondest love, my dear Harry, I am, and shall ever be,
Your LYDIA.

Mme. Tussaud took the letter, which she would not read, gave the happy and bewildered girl a kiss, and went downstairs. And now you know why Lydia looked like a rose when she joined her papa in the breakfast-room.

Mr. Scarlett, a short, dumpy gentleman (his daughters inherited their grace and beauty from their mama, whom they had lost six years before), could not help noticing that Lydia's eyes were unusually bright and her cheeks unusually flushed, and he placed his own construction upon this change in her, for she had been very sad since Harry Bower had been banished from the house. On this day Lorimer Grimweed was coming to the Lodge with a new lease, which he was ready to sign and hand over to Mr. Scarlett in exchange for Lydia's promise to become his bride. The construction he placed upon Lydia's bright looks was that she had thought over the matter, and was ready to accept Lorimer Grimweed, in which case he himself would not be turned out of the Lodge for which he had so great an affection.

"Good girl! good girl!" he said, pinching her cheek and returning her kiss. "So you have made up your mind about Mr. Grimweed."

"Well, papa," said Lydia, her voice ringing with the prospect of her new happiness, "I certainly have made up my mind."

"That's right; that's right. Give me another kiss. I shall not be turned out of Marybud Lodge. What a delightful home it is!"

"Yes, papa, it is a delightful home—and this is a delightful day, is n't it?"

Mr. Scarlett rubbed his hands, and forgot all about his newspapers. "A most delightful day!

Mr. Grimweed will be here at about one o'clock with the new lease. It is a great weight off my mind. When shall the wedding be?"

"Between me and Mr. Grimweed, papa?"

"Yes, of course, my dear."

"Never, papa."

Mr. Scarlett fell back. "Never! Did you say never?"

"Yes, papa. I will never, never, never marry Mr. Grimweed!"

"You deceitful girl!" cried Mr. Scarlett, boiling over with anger. "You deserve to be put on bread and water — you deserve to be locked in your room for a month!"

"I am too old for that, papa. Oh, papa, you are good and kind, and if that hateful monster, Mr. Grimweed, had n't come between us —"

"Don't call names, miss. Mr. Grimweed is rich, while Harry Bower has n't a shilling."

"Harry has two hundred pounds a year, and we can live on that and be happy."

"Do you mean to stand there and tell me that you would marry without my consent?"

"Harry has n't spoken of such a dreadful thing, nor have I. We don't mind waiting for years. I am only eighteen — I can wait till I'm twenty-one; I sha'n't be a *very* old woman even then."

"I will never give my consent! When I say a thing I mean it. I am determined — determined! You must understand that, once for all."

"So am I, papa; and you must n't blame me for being so, because I inherit it from you. Dear papa, I don't want to make you angry —"

"Angry, miss!" he fumed. "I am perfectly cool — cool and determined."

"You would n't wish me to lead an unhappy life, would you, papa? I should be the most wretched girl in existence if I were compelled to marry Mr. Grimweed."

"Nothing of the sort, miss; you would be the happiest. Who should know best — you or I? And you — you refuse him?"

"Papa, I will *never* marry Mr. Grimweed!"

And then Lydia began to cry; but hearing Miss Pennyback's voice in the passage, she dried her eyes, and looked so sweetly and entreatingly at her papa that if his heart had not been ada-

mant it must have melted in the light of a fire so tender. But that was too much to expect of such a cool and determined man as old Mr. Scarlett.

CHAPTER XVII.

AN INTERESTING CONVERSATION.

"MISS PENNYBACK," he demanded, when that lady presented herself, "where are my letters and papers?"

"I really cannot inform you, sir," replied Miss Pennyback, whose night's adventures had left dark rings round her eyes.

"There should be one letter at least," said Mr. Scarlett, who, with all his faults, was very fond of his children, "a letter from Lucy."

"But she came home, papa," said Lydia.

"Gracious powers!" gasped Miss Pennyback, under her breath. "Then I *did* hear her, and I *did* go into the kitchen! But how — how did I get out of it?"

"She did come home!" exclaimed Mr. Scarlett. "What did Mr. Grimweed mean by saying she was not at the station?"

"You had better ask him, papa. Here is Lucy."

"Merciful powers!" cried Miss Pennyback, at the sight of Lucy, who came bounding in and threw her arms round her father's neck.

"Why do you cry 'Merciful powers!' Miss Pennyback?" asked Mr. Scarlett. "Are you in pain?"

"No, sir; the words escaped me unawares."

"No reason for them that I can see. Did you not find the Mortimers prepared to entertain you, Lucy? You did not return with Lydia?"

"I came home late, papa, and did not like to disturb you."

Mr. Scarlett did not pursue the subject, but fussed about for his newspapers. He stamped, he rang the bell for Rowley, and the man's replies to the questions put to him were so confused that Mr. Scarlett became more furious than ever.

"You have hidden the papers, you numskull," he cried. "You have sold them, you have burnt them! You are all in a plot against me!"

"If there is a plot in this house against the peace of mind of the inmates, sir," said Miss Pennyback, "I am a victim as well as yourself."

"What on earth do you mean, Miss Pennyback?"

"Nothing, sir, nothing," said Miss Pennyback, meekly. "I was merely making an observation."

All this did not improve matters, nor did the entrance of Molly with the breakfast. Molly was round and buxom, and she was so nearly suffocating with suppressed laughter that her face was as red as a boiled lobster.

"She has seen them," whispered Lucy to Lydia.

"What are you two whispering about?" shouted Mr. Scarlett. "And you, Molly, what are *you* grinning at, and holding your breath as if you are about to explode?"

"I wish Molly would n't keep looking at me in that way, Liddy," whispered Lucy. "And see how Miss Pennyback is glaring at us!"

"Papa," said Lydia, "the breakfast is getting quite cold."

"Yes, let us have breakfast, papa," said Lucy, taking the old gentleman's hand and leading him to the table. "I will see about your papers afterward."

There was only one person in the establishment who could resist Lucy's coaxing ways, and that was Miss Pennyback; all the others, from Mrs. Peckham down to Belinda, were her willing slaves. As for her papa, he would do anything for her. So he seated himself at the breakfast-table with a more amiable expression on his face; but the glare in Miss Pennyback's eyes remained at high pressure. Lucy and Lydia recognized the ominous signs, and prepared for battle. Indeed, it was Lydia who struck the first blow by saying:

"You look as if you had had a bad night, Miss Pennyback."

Lucy pressed her sister's foot under the table; she considered the remark injudicious. But Lydia's nerves were tingling. A crisis was impending; the sooner it came, the better.

"I have passed," observed Miss Pennyback, "the most extraordinary and horrible night in my existence."

Mr. Scarlett raised his head and said: "Everything this morning is extraordinary and horrible. What was the cause, Miss Pennyback, of your passing such a night in my house?"

"It almost exceeds my powers to explain, sir."

"Delusions, perhaps," observed Lydia, innocently. "Another cup of tea, papa?"

"This is very singular," said Mr. Scarlett.

"It was real," said Miss Pennyback, "too, too real. I cannot, no, I cannot allow the mystery to remain where it is."

"Mystery!" exclaimed Mr. Scarlett. "Mystery! What mystery?"

"That is the question that is agitating me, sir. I beg you to believe that I am in my calm and sober senses."

Mr. Scarlett stared at her, and was suddenly haunted by a suspicion that it was she who, by her singular behavior, had made everything go wrong this morning.

"I trust, sir," she continued, "that during my residence in this honored home I have given satisfaction."

"I have no complaint to make," he answered stiffly, "nor has Lucy made any complaint."

"Oh, no, papa; oh, no, Miss Pennyback," said Lucy.

"I am happy to hear it, sir. It has been my constant endeavor to instruct my pupil in those studies and accomplishments in which society demands that a young lady should be proficient. Have I your permission to ask Miss Lucy a few questions?"

"Certainly."

"It is coming," thought Lucy, and there was a little fluttering at her heart.

"The first question, Lucy, is whether I heard you exclaim in the middle of the night, 'Miss Pennyback! Dear Miss Pennyback!'"

"Papa," said Lydia, interposing to protect Lucy, whose face had flushed up, "how *is* Lucy to know what Miss Pennyback heard in the middle of the night?"

"It is certainly not reasonable," said Mr. Scarlett; "but as Miss Pennyback appears to attach importance to the question, perhaps Lucy will answer it."

"I did say it," Lucy confessed.

"In the middle of the night, Lucy?" asked Miss Pennyback, with a lifting of her eyebrows.

"Yes, in the middle of the night."

"You were in the kitchen at the time?"

"Yes, I was."

"And you were not alone?"

"No, I was not alone."

"Then my senses did not deceive me," said Miss Pennyback, "and I *did* see them!"

"Who's 'them'?" asked Lucy. She was still disposed to put off the full shock of the discovery, much preferring that it should be left in the hands of Mme. Tussaud.

"'Who's them'!" cried Miss Pennyback, raising her hands in horror. "Is this the result of my educational efforts in the direction of an elegant expression of the English language? Who *are* them, if you please, Lucy."

"If you call that good grammar," said Lucy, demurely, "who are them?" leaving the matter little if any better than it was before.

Miss Pennyback bit her lip, and addressed Mr. Scarlett, who could not help smiling: "It was in the dead of night, sir, that I was awakened by sounds of revelry in the kitchen. I arose and descended the stairs in order to ascertain the cause of the disturbance — I arose and descended the — I arose and descended the — the —"

These repetitions were uttered very slowly, each word in a lower and more amazed key than the one that preceded it. Her voice trailed off, and she sank back in her chair, with horror in her eyes.

"You have said three times," said Mr. Scarlett, testily, "that you arose and descended, and now you look as if you had seen a ghost. Explain yourself, Miss Pennyback, or I shall begin to suspect that you are not in your sober senses."

The only explanation it was in the power of Miss Pennyback to give was to raise a trembling hand and point to the lawn. Mr. Scarlett, who was about to lift his fork to his mouth, turned his head in the direction of Miss Pennyback's finger, and on his face was now depicted an astonishment no less marked than that on the face of the governess.

He held his fork suspended in the air, and with open mouth and staring eyes gazed at the extraordinary sight that presented itself.

(To be continued.)

Johnny Lamelegs, By John Ernest McCann

Minnie Pointlace cried all day,
Because she was so tall!
Harry Velvet cried all day,
Because he was so small!
But Johnny Lamelegs laughed all day and
never cried at all!



BEFORE—



Now Sport and Spy.

Whom here you spy.

Were dandies trim

With manners grim—



They dressed in faultless style.

Whene'er they heard

That rhyme absurd :

"Let dogs delight

To bark and bite,"

This courtly pair

With high-bred air

Just smiled a supercilious smile.



AND AFTER.



But as they walked
And gaily talked,
By chance - alas! -
It came to pass
That wise old rhyme proved true.
When, near a stone
They saw a bone,
Both seized on it,
And barked and bit,
And in their fight
Shewed much delight.
(I fear it is their nature to.)





A TALE OF THE CANNIBAL ISLANDS.

BY HERBERT BAIRD STIMSON.

The following is a true story, and relates an experience of my father, the late William Stimson, who, at the time, was naturalist to the North Pacific Exploring Expedition, and who was later a member of the Natural Academy of Sciences.—AUTHOR.

It was in the days when I was very young that I heard this tale told by my father. It was during his last illness, as he sat propped up in his chair by the great pillars of the porch of our old place, Font Hill, amid the hills of Howard. When a young man he had seen strange things—wild men covered with paint, with spears in their hands, who ate one another, and great snakes and beasts, and all the wonderful life of the South Pacific. That day he was talking to an old friend, and we children sat upon the step, with wide-open eyes, listening to the tales of strange adventures of their youth.

"Tobacco certainly has its uses," said my father, as he lighted a cigar; "it saved my life once, and but for it, youngster," and he ran his hands through the curls upon my head, for I had taken my place by his side, "you would not be here to-day."

My father's friend smiled, and we who knew that a story was coming were eager at once for the tale.

"Tell us, father, tell us," I demanded eagerly, as we crowded close about his chair.

"It happened," said he, "upon our expedition to the Pacific. I was on the 'Vin-

cennes' at the time, and we were returning from our expedition to the North Pacific, stopping among the South Sea Islands to take soundings and to make surveys. This experience was a great pleasure to me, as it was the first time a naturalist had ever been in these regions, and

of feet above in the clear blue sky. In the valleys of the mountains and along the shores of the sea dwelt the South Sea Islanders. The soil being extremely rich and furnishing great quantities of food, the natives lived with little or no labor. And it is strange that these islands,



"'THEN I FELT A HAND ON MY SHOULDER, AND THREE OF US WENT DOWN TOGETHER.'" (SEE PAGE 426.)

every day I was collecting specimens which were new to the scientific world and a great addition to our knowledge of the fauna of the Pacific. Every time the commodore could spare a boat and a man or two, I would go ashore and collect great numbers of specimens, bringing them back in bags and cans to be sorted over and put in alcohol. You know that some of these South Sea Islands are very beautiful, great mountains rising, as it were, out of the bosom of the ocean and towering thousands

among the fairest upon the face of the earth, doing everything that nature could do to make man happy, were the homes of the most savage members of the human race—the abode of cannibals. We had often paid a visit of state to the cannibal kings of the different islands, but we always had a sufficient force with us to curb any desire on the part of our host to have us for his dinner. Nearly every time I went on a collecting expedition, my brother officers would laughingly tell me to beware of furnishing the

cannibals with a meal. But a day came when I was to be taught a lesson. One afternoon I received permission from the commodore to go ashore to collect, taking with me four sailors to carry my specimens and to row me. The place at which we landed was in a small bay about two miles from where the Vincennes lay. The whole place was very quiet, with not a sign of a native or a hut anywhere to be seen; everything appeared to be deserted. The beach stretched away on either hand for miles and lay glimmering in the bright sun, while the forest with its dense green foliage came within a few feet of the water's edge.

"I immediately began my collecting, and was more than ordinarily successful, giving the more common specimens to the sailors to carry, and keeping the rare ones myself. Hour after hour went by, and we strayed farther and farther from the boat, until, looking at my watch, I found we had barely time left to reach the ship in time for supper. When we were within about five hundred yards of our boat, we were suddenly startled by a terrible yell, and glancing hurriedly around, we saw a dozen or more cannibals spring out of the woods, brandishing their war-clubs and spears. My sailors immediately dropped everything and started to run to the boat as fast as their legs could carry them. I, however, valued my specimens more highly, and though I did not want to be eaten by cannibals, neither did I wish to lose my treasures. So I followed as fast as possible, carrying my specimens with me.

"Those five hundred yards seemed as many miles, as the sailors got farther and farther away from me in front and the yells of the savages sounded nearer and nearer behind. Still I held on to my specimens, and ran as I had never run before. At four hundred yards a spear whizzed by me and stuck up in the beach some yards in advance. Nearer and nearer came the yells behind me. I could hear the sound of their feet upon the smooth sand of the beach as the savages came on. The mist swam before my eyes as I nearly flew over the

ground, still clutching my beloved specimens. I could almost feel the breath of the nearest runner now, and the boat was three hundred yards away. Then I felt a hand on my shoulder, and three of us went down together, rolling over and over in the sand. The others, luckily for me, were a little farther behind. Two big fellows, frightful in their war-paint, with rings in their ears and noses, were on top of me in an instant, and I gave myself up for lost. Just then, like a flash, an idea came to me.

"I knew that these savages were passionately fond of tobacco. My right hand was still free, and I slipped it into my pocket and pulled out my pouch of smoking-tobacco. Then, exerting all of my strength, I threw it some twenty feet away. The savages saw me throw it, and from the label on the bag knew what it contained, as they had often traded for it with the passing ships. A yell, and the whole twelve made a jump for the tobacco; in an instant they were a mass of struggling, writhing, twisting, fighting men, each bent on securing the prize. I was on my feet in a second, and a moment later I was half-way to the boat.

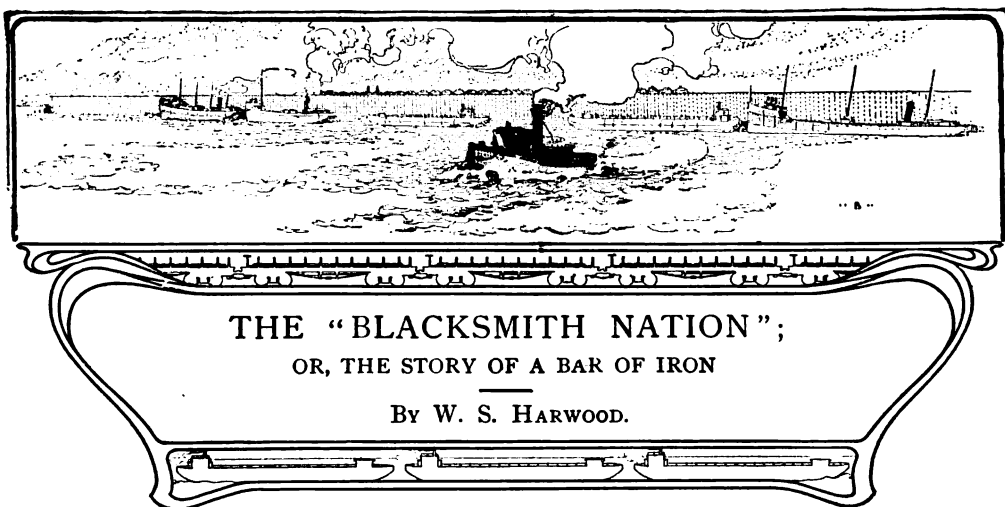
"The sailors had reached the boat in safety, pushed it into the sea, and were about rowing away, having given me up for lost. But when they saw me break away, they rested on their oars, until, nearly dead with the loss of breath, I reached the boat and they pulled me on board. I was just in time, for the savages, having torn the tobacco-bag to pieces, looked around for me, and, seeing that I was escaping, started after us; but a shot from a gun we had in the boat brought their progress to a sudden stop. Within a short time we were on board the Vincennes, and, it is needless to say, we never went on shore after that unless we were heavily armed."

"Did you save your specimens, professor?" asked one of father's eager listeners.

"I left them with the tobacco; but the next day I found that the savages had taken off the bags, leaving the specimens in a pile on the shore, so I only had had a very bad fright, and I secured my treasures after all."



Just now I caught a snowflake
And I haven't let it fall
But where it's gone I cannot tell
For there's nothing in my hands at all !



It is said that when Solomon offered a premium to the most important among the builders of the Temple, the blacksmith claimed the prize and won it, because without his work nothing else could have been done.

What was true of the man in time became true of the nations, until it seems as though the best "blacksmith nation"—the one that can make the most and the best iron and steel—is the one upon which others depend; the one that takes the prize of supremacy. Many years ago it was Russia. No country could equal her in making iron and steel. Even so great a country as England was compelled to say that only Russian iron should be used in her navy. Naturally, Russia profited by her skill. She demanded double prices and obtained them. In other words, the "blacksmith" won the prize again.

This continued until a man named Henry Cort did with the iron industry of England about what Mr. Edison and Professor Bell in this country did with the incandescent lights and telephones—that is, topped off and rounded out the work of other men, and made what was before an incomplete success a lasting and permanent one. At all events, this Mr. Cort succeeded so well that England discontinued the use of Russia's iron and used her own.

From that time on England began laying the foundations of her own iron and steel supremacy. Other nations, such as Norway and Sweden, Germany, Russia, and, later, the United States, continued to improve; but none could

compare with England in point of quantity and quality of the iron produced. She became, and until recent years continued to be, the "master blacksmith" of the world. The prize she won and the tribute paid her have been truly enormous.

It will not do to say that the one and only thing needful in establishing a nation is ability to excel in making iron and steel. Still, so long as the material needs of the world depend helplessly upon iron and steel, just so long will that nation making the most, the best, and the cheapest be a leader among the peoples of the earth.

If it is true that such vital importance attaches to the mastership in iron and steel making, then every American, young and old, will feel an interest and pride in knowing that within the past few years leadership in this important industry has passed from England and now belongs to the United States. It is hardly likely she will ever again equal us, except during some unusual and temporary check. What nation yet to come will excel us is something for the future to decide, but hardly a thing likely to happen within the lifetime of the youngest reader of ST. NICHOLAS.

Three principal things caused this change. The first two happened at about the same time, and caused the growth of the third.

First, the constantly increasing demand, custom, and habit of making things of iron and steel, in recent years, to an extent never known in the history of mankind.

Second, the discovery that there were in this country, especially in Michigan, Minnesota, and the South, deposits of iron so easily reached, so gigantic in size, and so surrounded with all needed conveniences that there has not yet been found the round world over anything to surpass, if indeed to equal, them.

With this supply on the one hand, and urgent need for its use on the other, there came,

Third, the expenditure of millions of dollars, and the efforts of armies of men in building, pulling down, and rebuilding furnaces and mills, to make the best iron and steel in the best way.

It is this last cause in which every American man and boy should take a just and reasonable pride. Not in the mere existence of our mines, but because of the splendid use we have made of them. No amount of effort and money has been too great to expend. The result has been that in skill and quality of their work American engineers and workmen are unexcelled, while the perfection and performance of our iron and steel machinery are equaled nowhere.

We, then, have become the "blacksmith nation" of the world, and it will remain to be seen what the full measure of our prize will be.

If, then, this industry is of such commanding importance, if leadership in it has always carried so great a prestige and power, and the possession of that leadership now lies with us, it would seem to be a matter of some interest to every American boy to have a clear outline idea of just what iron and steel are, where they come from, and how they are made.

To trace a bar of iron or steel from start to finish would necessitate going back to the original iron deposits. The iron in them is mixed and combined with all sorts of things, and is called *ore*.

GEOLOGY.

IN whatever way it was done, iron has been distributed practically everywhere over the surface of the globe: sometimes by itself, sometimes with other things; near the surface, and at depths below it; heaped in quantities in one place, and finely scattered and divided in others.

It has been said that the characteristic tone and coloring of rocks and soil is due to the presence of iron, and that if by some miracle

every atom of iron could be destroyed, the earth would present a dazzling whiteness. However that may be, it is certainly one of the few metals that are in greatest abundance, most generally distributed, most easily obtained, and that in all times mankind has most urgently needed.

ORE AND ORE-DEPOSITS.

THE way in which iron ore has been tossed about and deposited on the earth has of itself made varieties enough, but nothing as compared with the endless differences caused by the iron combining and uniting with other things. In school we are taught that when pepper and salt are shaken up together the salt remains salt and the pepper pepper, but that oxygen and hydrogen when properly joined cease to be oxygen and hydrogen and form practically a new substance — water.

The difference is that one is a *mechanical mixture* and the other a *chemical combination*. But iron has been both chemically and mechanically mixed up and combined with almost everything that happened to be in its immediate neighborhood when the final deposits were being made. It can be taken to be almost literally true that, as found in nature, pure iron — that is, the iron separate and distinct from every other known substance — is a thing unknown. Iron is iron all the world over, but as found in the form of ore the different deposits bear not the slightest resemblance to one another. Some are red, others black; some hard, others soft. Ores from one place are rich in iron, from another lean. Some deposits contain phosphorus, some sulphur, others silicon, manganese, etc. So, throughout an endless variety, the ores of one place differ from those of another. Those of Norway and Sweden are unlike those of England and Scotland, while those of Spain and Cuba are unlike either. All are different, yet all are exceedingly useful in mixing and blending to produce the particular kind of iron or steel required.

UNITED STATES ORES.

GENERALLY speaking, — though not always so, — iron has been found in rocky, mountainous

places, and often at a considerable distance below the surface of the ground, requiring the drilling, digging, and blasting usually associated with mining. The ore, as mined, is usually a big lump that looks like a rusty stone. Such is the character of the ore that comes, for instance, from Pennsylvania, Missouri, and Alabama.

In certain regions of the United States there have been discovered, comparatively recently, deposits of iron ore so utterly unlike this, and so unusual in every way, that particular reference to them may be of special interest. The most important of these deposits are located in northern Michigan and Minnesota, in what are known as the Mes-saba and Vermillion ranges. It is not a particularly mountainous country. There is nothing about the place to suggest the presence of iron ore. Indeed, nobody suspected that any was there until one day an uprooted tree revealed the ore beneath it.

Fig. 1 shows the character of the land—a commonplace and ordinary piece of woodland, not at all such as would be expected to yield iron ore. Yet beneath those woods is mineral wealth the vastness and value of which are yet unknown. For twenty-five years or more prospectors have been investigating, yet how broad and deep and far it goes cannot with certainty be told. This "find" has been one of the most momentous events in the history of iron and steel making, and, in connection with other resources, will probably fix for generations the center of the industry in this land. And important as these deposits are, the United States is not dependent upon them. Aside from the mines of the Middle States, those of the Far West, Alabama, and even Alaska, hold possibilities only beginning to be known.

But as showing what is being done, these northern mines furnish a startling object-lesson.

Properly speaking, the Messaba and Vermillion deposits are not mines—not in the usual

sense of the term. They are great masses of ore forming the outer surface of the earth only a little distance beneath the thin top soil.

Fig. 2 shows this clearly. In the distance at the right is seen the layer of the top soil, while to the left a huge bank of the richest ore lies stripped and ready for shipment. Would you



FIG. 1. IN THE MESSABA COUNTRY—"THERE IS NOTHING ABOUT THE PLACE TO SUGGEST THE PRESENCE OF IRON ORE."

call this a mine? No miners, cramped and stooping, work here with pick and drill, but, instead, a great steam shovel. No sunken shafts and narrow tunnels, but one great, wide, open out-of-doors. No smoking lamps and gloomy night, no deadly gas and forced drafts, but, instead, the noonday sun to work by and the winds from the Michigan woods to breathe.

Of course there have been species of open mines elsewhere, but even they are rare, and nowhere of the complete, open character of these.

The vastness of the Michigan iron deposits tempts one into seemingly immoderate language; and yet it is hard to describe in ordinary terms deposits a couple of thousand feet in length and five or six hundred feet wide, containing millions upon millions of tons of ore.

MINING.

If the term "mine" seems a strange word to use here, that of "mining" is more so. When



FIG. 2. OPEN MINING.

we speak of "mining" we usually think of picks and shovels, hammers and drills, blasts and explosions. Just think of mining with a steam shovel, and with four scoops of the dipper putting twenty-five tons of ore on a car which runs on a trestle and dumps the ore into a vessel's hold! That certainly is not mining as usually done in other places, but it is the kind of mining which is now being done in these great Michigan mines.



FIG. 3. STEAM SHOVEL SCOOPING UP ORE.



FIG. 4. STEAM-SHOVEL MINING AND LOADING CARS AT ONE OPERATION.

Figs. 3 and 4 show the operation better than words can tell it. In one the shovel is preparing to dip the ore; in the other it has just dumped it on the receiving-car.

As well call it mining when the operation is repeated and the same ore is again scooped from the hold of the vessel and put ashore, or when it is again scooped from the ore pile and dumped into the furnace. No,

this is not mining; it is simply "shipping."

True, in the Vermillion range, where the ores are a little harder, some of the more usual methods of mining are employed; yet even there the deposits are very large, and the work is done with wonderful rapidity.

But of these operations of so-called mining, that of gravity mining is the most startlingly striking and dramatic. Scooping twenty-five tons of ore with a steam shovel may be novel enough, but letting the twenty-five tons fall into the car of its own accord is far more so.

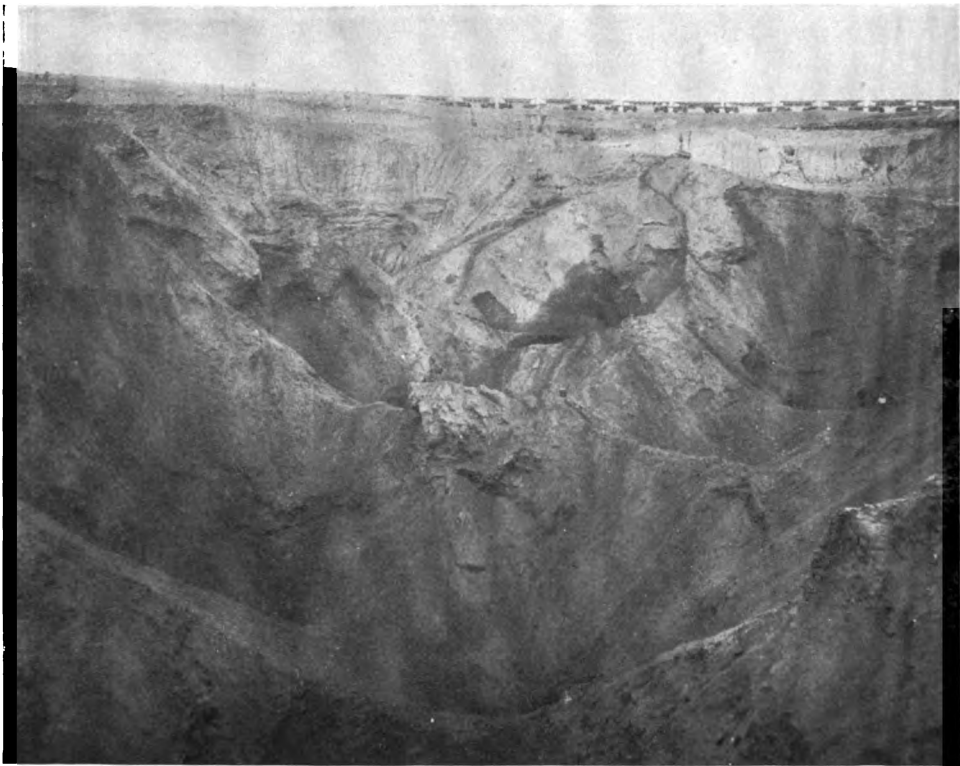


FIG. 5. MINING BY GRAVITY. THE WHOLE MASS IS ORE. CARS ARE LED BY TUNNELS TO THE BOTTOM OF THESE DEEP PITS AND ARE FILLED THERE.

That is what gravity mining does. It consists in digging a hole under a mine, running a car under, and letting the mine fall into the car. That is literally what it amounts to.

Fig. 5 shows what seems to be a yawning chasm, with four or five conical holes in the pit.

These holes, or "chutes," converge to a common center, or chamber, deeper down, from which an inclined tunnel runs to the surface of the ground somewhere out beyond the train of cars. Notice particularly the finely divided character of the ore. This is characteristic of



FIG 6. ORE-DOCKS AT DULUTH, MINNESOTA.

the Messaba mines. Much of it comes as fine as coarse gravel, not at all like the usual hard, stony ore lumps. Even the larger pieces break and crumble readily, which greatly aids the work of the steam shovel and especially the process of the easy-gravity mining.

TRANSPORTATION.

It is this characteristic that makes it as easy to transport and handle this ore as to mine it.

Fig. 4 showed the ore dropping into the car at the mine. Fig. 6 shows the cars on one of the great ore-docks at Duluth, Minnesota. Here the ore is dumped into chutes and conveyed by them to the holds of the waiting vessels, which are to carry it through the famous waterways of the Great Lakes. Fig. 7 shows the ore being "mined," as

one might say, from the hold of a vessel which has arrived at its destination. The ore hoists have just lowered the great shovel, and in Fig. 8

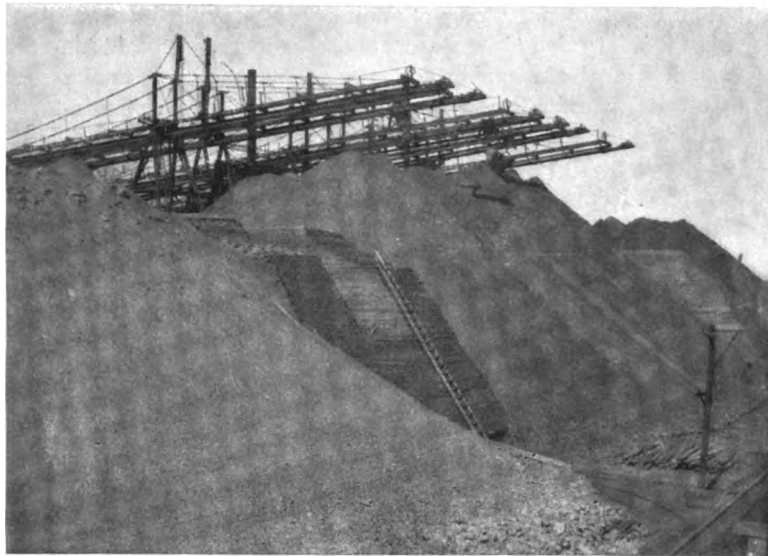


FIG. 8. DUMPING THE ORE IN HUGE PILES NEAR THE FURNACES, AFTER A LAKE VOYAGE.

the shovel is shown in the act of dumping its contents on the great ore pile. The method of keeping the big piles separate is interesting. Notice the interlaced timber-work forming an alley through which the railroad track is laid.

Fig. 9 shows perfectly this final operation in the transportation of the ore. To the right is the vessel, over it are the ore hoists, below them the ore piles, while beyond the ore, and waiting to receive it, stands the blast-furnace—that tall structure with a sort of stairway before it. Our ore has now reached its destination, ready for the first operation in the manufacture of iron and steel. All before has been but preparatory.

Enormous as these piles are, they are insignificant when compared with the masses of ore from which they came, as shown in our pictures of the mines.

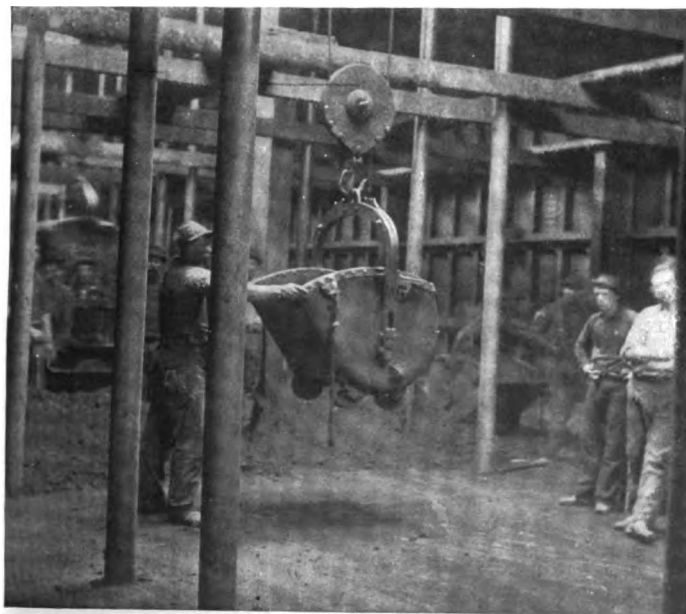


FIG. 7. HOISTING ORE FROM THE HOLD OF AN ORE-VESSEL.

BLAST-FURNACE.—PIG-IRON.

In describing manufacturing processes, reference will be had to the chart shown in Fig. 11. This is not intended to be of minute accuracy, but it is intended to be reasonably so and to show the principal stepping-stones by which iron and steel journey from the ore to the finished product. Generally, *products* are shown in large type, and *instruments of production* in smaller type below. Where this is departed from, the chart explains itself.

In the ore we found the iron combined *chemically* with some things as ingredients, and *mechanically* mixed with others as impurities.

One of the first things to be done with the ore is to get rid of these impurities. This is done by the blast-furnace (or "smelter,"

as it is called in treating other metals). The function of both, however, is the same—purification.

Figs. 9 and 10 show a blast-furnace, one being a view from the outside and above it, and the other from within the casting-house. It is a tall, tapering, tower-like structure; its outer shell is of iron, and its lining, a "refractory" material (that is, a material hard to burn), is called "fire-brick."

The inclined plane in Fig. 9, that looks like a stairway, is for conveying coal, limestone, and ore to the top of the furnace. These materials are placed in layers one upon another, and continued at regular intervals day and night, often for years, without cessation. Once started, a blast-furnace must continue. If it cools or "freezes," the entire fire-brick lining, which is

exceedingly expensive, is ruined and must be replaced. As the iron is drawn from below, there follow fresh charges of ore, fuel, and limestone above. This limestone is what is called a "flux"; that is, a substance whose presence aids in melting and rendering other substances fluid. As the whole purpose of the blast-furnace is to rid the iron of its troublesome associates, this limestone becomes of great assistance. Indeed, a blast-furnace could not well be run without it.



FIG. 9. ORE PILES AND BLAST-FURNACE.

An intensely hot blast of air, driven in at great pressure by powerful "blowing-engines," makes the coal burn, and reduces the whole charge in the furnace to a molten state. This blast is heated in what are called "stoves." Four of these are shown in Fig. 9, two on each side of the chimney. The whole interior of these stoves is filled with fire-bricks, placed crosswise, and so apart from one another as to leave spaces between, the whole thing being called "checker-work."

Two pipes will be noticed leading from the top of the blast-furnace downward. Gases from the burning fuel and ore are led through these stoves, where they mingle with air and are burned, heating the checker-work through which the air-blast is later to pass and be made hot.

Mud, rocks, earth, dirt, stones, metals, coal,

ore—everything put in melts and runs like water.

Now the molten iron in the blast-furnace sinks, while the lighter molten matter floats as a scum, dross, or "slag," as it is called.

The long trough shown in Fig. 10, leading out through the doorway to the right, is for conveying this slag to one side, while the vent for the iron is directly between the two front pillars, on a level with the floor. This floor is of sand, in which is molded the central trough, or furrow, leading to the smaller open molds at the left. Into these the iron runs, cools, and hardens. The one in the center mold is called the "sow" and the smaller pieces "pigs," or "pig-iron." The latter is the form in which it is sold to be made into steel. It comes in bars about three inches wide, four inches deep, and say three feet long.

Purification of the ore was said to be the function of the blast-furnace, and the iron as pig-iron is certainly much nearer pure iron than when it was in the ore.

Comparatively little account, however, has been taken of what goes on *chemically* within the blast-furnace, except the riddance of oxygen and the use of limestone. Rough riddance of foreign matter is all that has been attempted thus far.

IRON AND STEEL.

BEFORE going further let us have a clear understanding as to just what the real difference is between iron and steel.

When found in the ore, iron was joined in different ways with all sorts of things, many of which, as slag, were removed in the blast-furnace. The raw pig-iron, however, still contains much that was in the original ore, together with other things received from the products of combustion in the blast-furnace. Chief among these is the element *carbon*. Iron has a great attraction for this substance, and it had every

opportunity to gratify its desire when in the blast-furnace, because there great quantities of coal (carbon) were burned beside it.

CAST-IRON.

At the extreme left of the chart (Fig. 11) there appears the name "cast-iron." The only reason for giving it separate mention is because "cast-iron" and "castings" are familiar terms for the form in which a large proportion of the pig-iron is finally used.

Strictly speaking, pig-iron is cast-iron. In-



FIG. 10. INTERIOR OF THE CASTING-HOUSE, SHOWING THE LOWER PART OF A BLAST-FURNACE.

deed, heavy weights and rough floor-plates, etc., requiring mere mass, regardless of quality, are often cast directly at the blast-furnace, the iron never reaching the form of "pig." But for most purposes pig-iron is too crude. For further refinement it is again melted in what is called a "cupola."

A cupola is a little blast-furnace, and is used for further purification and refinement. It is a tall cylindrical furnace about six feet in diameter and twenty feet high. It is also lined with fire-brick, and charged in alternate layers of pig-iron and coke—no limestone this time. Combustion is sustained by an engine-driven blast, but not a heated one. The escaping gases are not used as in the blast-furnace, but can be seen late in the afternoon at any foundry, light-

ing up the neighborhood and escaping into the open air. The melted iron is diluted and improved by the addition of "scrap" or old discarded castings containing good iron. It is tapped like a blast-furnace, but the iron runs into a ladle, from which it is *poured* into sand molds to make the myriad forms in which castings are used.

It will be noticed that in the cupola the iron was again given every opportunity, by associating with coke, to satisfy its fondness for carbon. Whatever the nature of the union between the iron and carbon may be, *cast-iron*, then, is iron holding plenty of carbon. It is brittle, and when broken shows a structure of iron crystals.

MALLEABLE IRON.

LET it be said in passing that there is a process designed to modify the extreme brittleness of some kinds of cast-iron. Only charcoal-iron, or some brands of coke-iron, however, can be annealed. Castings made from such iron are given a long exposure to heat in a suitable furnace; the iron seems to undergo a partial change of structure and loses its brittleness. These are called "malleable castings."

WROUGHT-IRON.

ALTHOUGH iron attracts carbon strongly, there are other elements that attract it more so, and one of these is oxygen. If when melted the iron is exposed to the continuous action of oxygen, the carbon will all be withdrawn; it will unite with the oxygen, leaving the iron nearly pure. When thus "decarburized," or deprived of the carbon, the iron is called *wrought-iron*. It is the very opposite of cast-iron. As its name implies, it can be wrought, worked, bent, and twisted. In structure it is stringy, or fibrous.

The decarburizing of the iron is done in what is called a "puddling-furnace." It is a low brick furnace with two compartments, one for fuel and the other for iron, with an arched roof to bring the flame over and focus it upon the iron. This action is continued for some hours until the oxygen of the flame unites with the carbon in the molten iron, and decarburizes or "burns out" the carbon.

As the carbon goes the iron loses its fluid

character and becomes thick and pasty. Workmen, stripped to the waist to stand the fierce heat, approach the furnace, and with a long spade-like tool proceed to "puddle" the mass, stirring and turning it to present fresh surfaces to the oncoming flame. When sufficiently pasty it is divided into several "puddle balls," which are taken to a "squeezer," which is a sort of vertical machine like a clothes-wringer, and the red-hot liquid cinder and slag squeezed out of them, and they then take on a rough shape suitable for inserting between the rolls of a small rolling-mill. To this mill the iron is hurried before cooling, and passes back and forth between the rolls until it is a rough bar, say four or five inches wide, one-half inch thick, and about six feet long. It is then known as a "muck bar," in which form it is allowed to cool. Later it is reheated and rerolled until it is a broad smooth-finished sheet or bar, and is used for making such things as wrought-iron pipe.

It should be said that the process of puddling is not now used as much as formerly. Certain forms of steel, mentioned hereafter, perform all the services of wrought-iron, and being more easily and cheaply made, naturally have supplanted it. Not that puddling has been wholly abandoned, but its use has been greatly lessened, and generally speaking, it is a process that has gone by.

So much, then, for the difference between *cast-iron* and *wrought-iron*. Cast-iron, being full of carbon, is brittle and crystalline. Wrought-iron, with little or no carbon, is tough and fibrous. The difference between the two is one of *carbon*, cast-iron having plenty, wrought-iron practically none.

STEEL.

THAT being the difference between cast and wrought iron, the chart will at a glance show you what steel is.

Steel is cast-iron, half-way on toward wrought-iron. It has some of the stiff, harsh, stubborn traits of the cast-iron, combined with the bending, yielding qualities of the wrought-iron, and inherits from its pig-iron forefather the family trait of absorbing carbon.

Carbon, then, in varying proportions, is the

great distinguishing mark between iron and steel. The subtle play of this element, as found in steel, is one of the most marvelously fascinating exhibitions of natural phenomena. The smallest quantity, changed in the slightest degree, produces effects as different as night from day.

Take the operation of *hardening* and *temper-*

again becomes as soft and flexible as wrought-iron.

What caused the steel to do this? Certainly not the *mere presence* of carbon. That was present in the cast-iron, and in quantity too, and yet it refused to respond. *Proportion* seems to have been the controlling thing.

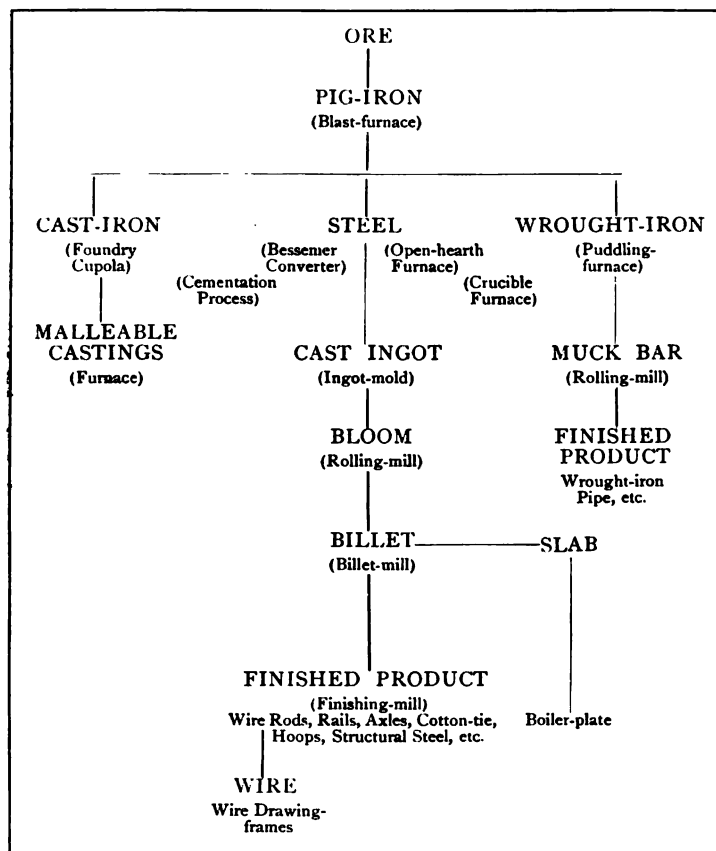


FIG. 11. THE "FAMILY TREE" OF IRON.

ing—one of the special peculiarities of steel. A piece of annealed steel as flexible as wrought-iron is highly heated and plunged in water. In a flash it "hardens" as hard as any piece of glass or cast-iron. Try the same thing with a piece of cast-iron or wrought-iron, and there is absolutely no response; they remain practically as they were before—hard and soft respectively.

Take now the brittle steel and expose it awhile to heat. It gradually loses its hardness and "tempers" to a yielding springiness. Continue the heating, and it "loses its temper" and

Here, then, is a substance—iron: brittle *with* carbon and flexible *without* it, unaffected and stubbornly remaining so under extreme exposures to heat and cold; and yet that same iron and carbon joined in some nicely balanced and exact proportion will, under the same exposures, leap like a live thing to one extreme and gently be led back and halted at any desired stage in the return.

The delicate proportions, the fine shadings and effects produced by the varied use of the carbon are simply endless. Libraries have been written about it and lifetimes spent in its development.

The dull lethargy of the iron when overcharged or undercharged with carbon only serves to throw into more striking relief its wonderfully delicate activity when the needed proportions are obtained. The range, so far as the carbon is concerned, is

exceedingly small. From one tenth per cent. to one and a half per cent. (.1 to 1.5%) of carbon is about what is usually required. Within those narrow limits, covering a little more than a hundredth part, lie nearly all the subtle differences and possibilities of most of the enormous operations of steel-making. A steel rail will have about a half of one per cent. of carbon, a furniture spring about three quarters per cent., and one and a quarter per cent. will give the fine hard edge of the knife and the razor blade.

Important and dominating as the carbon is, do not carry away the idea that it alone con-

trols. It is true that carbon is what distinguishes steel from other forms of iron, and in a large degree distinguishes different forms of steel from one another, but in this latter respect it is greatly influenced by other things.

In the ore we found with the iron, manganese, silicon, sulphur, phosphorus, etc. Any of these and others may be present and vitally affect the character of the steel. Heat usually makes metals soft, yet sulphur makes red-hot steel brittle—or "red short," as the workmen call it. Phosphorus, on the contrary, makes *cold* steel brittle—or "cold short." Or again, take the effect of mixing other metals, making "alloys." Nickle in the steel, combined with a sort of tempering process, gives all the characteristic shot-resisting effect of heavy armor-plate, hard and tough without breaking or bending.

Still, among them all carbon is king.

STEEL MANUFACTURE.

REFERENCE to the chart (Fig. 11) shows four general and characteristic methods of making steel—Cementation, Bessemer, Open-hearth, and Crucible. In the following descriptions of the various processes of steel-making, it will be interesting to observe how thoroughly

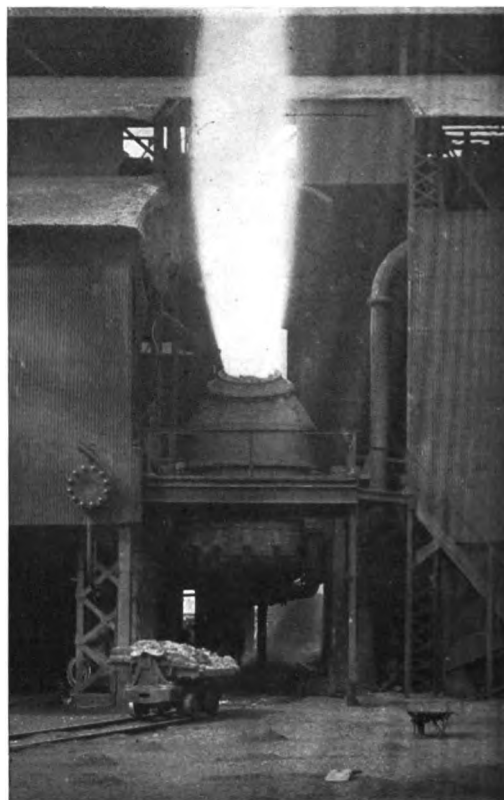


FIG. 12. A BESSEMER CONVERTER "BLOWING OFF."



FIG. 13. "POURING" INTO A LADLE FROM AN OPEN-HEARTH FURNACE.

carbon is the key-note of them all.

CEMENTATION.

THE cementation process is an old one, much less used than formerly, but it gives a high grade of steel, such as that used in cutlery. Its operation is comparatively simple and consists substantially in taking an iron box, filling it with charcoal or carbon in which are imbedded bars of wrought-iron, the whole being subjected to long-continued high heat. Gradual absorption of the carbon by the iron

takes place and the process is continued to the degree and amount desired. No great quantity of steel is made in this way.

CRUCIBLE STEEL.

THE crucible process is quite an important one, and large quantities of steel are made by it.

It will be remembered that in the blast-furnace and cupola, exposure of the iron to the flame caused many substances and impurities to unite with it.

The chief purpose of the crucible process is *protection of the steel from the action of the fuel*. To effect this the metal used is placed in a receptacle called a "crucible." This is a small affair resembling a tapering jar or vase, about eight or nine inches in diameter at the middle, and tapered to about six inches at the top and bottom. It is made of graphite to resist the action of the heat. In it broken pieces of iron and steel are placed, containing definitely known quantities of carbon and other ingredients.

The crucible is subjected to a high and long-continued heat until the contents become melted and combined. The contents of the

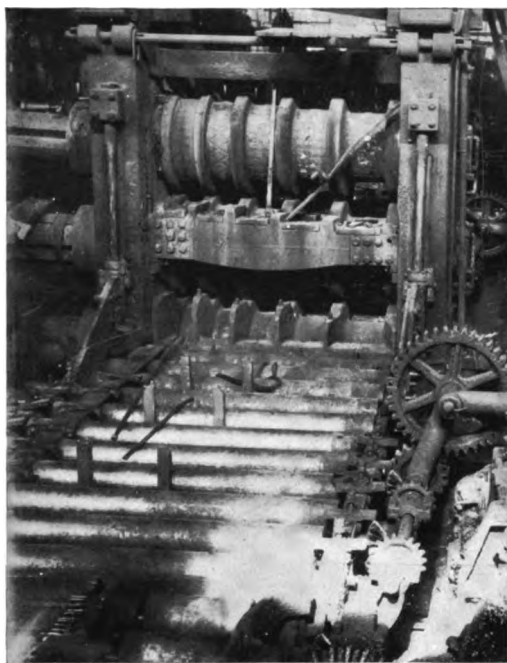


FIG. 15. A "THREE-HIGH" ROLLING-MILL.

grade, quite strong, and not at all like the brittle castings made from cast-iron. They are tough, and in that respect resemble wrought-iron a little; and indeed, for some purposes, make a good substitute.

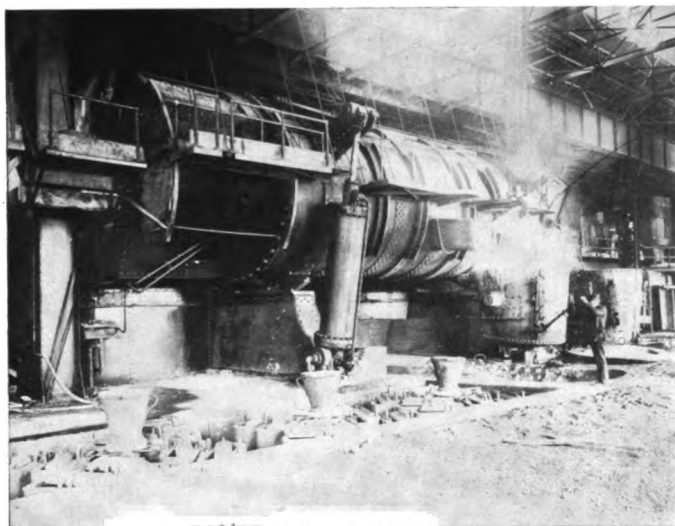


FIG. 14. REVOLVING TYPE OF OPEN-HEARTH FURNACE.

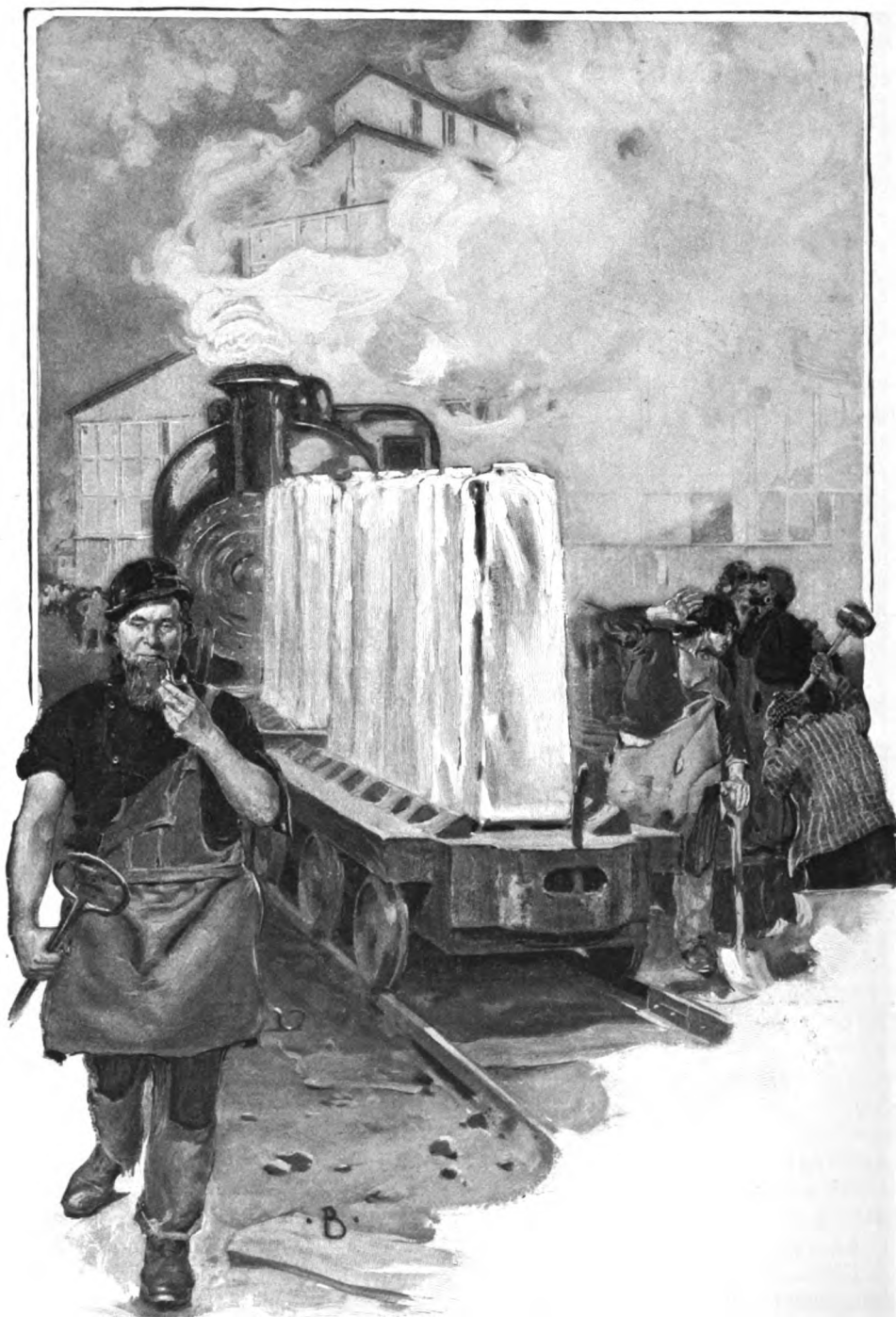
crucibles (amounting to only a few pounds each) are emptied into a ladle, from which the steel is poured into sand molds to make crucible steel castings. These castings are of a high

BESSEMER.—OPEN-HEARTH.

BUT for commanding importance and magnificence of operation, for enormous tonnage and variety of products, the steel made by the Bessemer converter and the open-hearth furnace stands at the very forefront. It will be remembered that in the puddling-furnace the carbon of the molten iron joined with the oxygen of an air-current and was "burned out." That is just what is done in the Bessemer converter and open-hearth furnace, but in widely differing ways.

BESSEMER CONVERTER.

THE Bessemer converter (named after an English gentleman, Sir Henry Bessemer, who



TRANSPORTING GLOWING STEEL INGOTS TO THE ROLLING-MILL. (SEE PAGE 442.)

is said to have invented it), shown in Fig. 12, is a large bottle-shaped vessel, mounted on trunnions like a cannon. (Comparison with the wheelbarrow in the foreground of the illustration will suggest its size.) Its outer shell is of steel, and like all these furnaces which hold molten iron, its lining is of some refractory material. Inside and just above the outer bottom is a second one filled with holes, and into the chamber between the two a terrific blast of air is forced through a pipe communicating with one of the trunnions.

The converter is tipped on its trunnions inward until it is held horizontally on its back. Molten pig-iron is then poured in, the air-blast turned on, and the converter raised again to a vertical position. Instantly there occurs the phenomenon shown in Fig. 12. It is an enormous tongue of flame accompanied by a deafening roar. From the fact that none of the molten metal runs down through the holes in the inner bottom, and that the whole weight, amounting to several tons, is supported by the inrushing air, some idea can be gained of the force of the blast and the tremendous power behind it.

Here, then, is an operation resembling a little that of the puddling-furnace in so far as burning out carbon is concerned, but performed on a magnificent scale. No current of oxygen lazily rolls over the metal's surface, but oceans of it are forced right through the whole mass with resistless fury. The flame shown in the illustration is largely the result of the oxygen uniting with the carbon. As the carbon burns out, this flame grows smaller and of a gradually changing color, which to the practiced eye of the skilled attendant shows finally the point at which the carbon has disappeared. The blast is then stopped, the converter placed again horizontally on its back, and a large ladleful of molten metal, *containing a known quantity of carbon and other elements*, poured in. It is again revolved to a vertical position, the blast is turned on,—this time for but a few moments thoroughly to mix the fresh charge,—then shut off, and the converter again rotated and the steel poured off into the large ladle waiting to receive it. This ladle is carried by a huge crane over to the casting-pit, where its con-

tents are poured into the vertical metal molds and cast into ingots.

OPEN-HEARTH FURNACE.

THE open-hearth furnace is usually made in the fixed form shown in Fig. 13. A more recent one is the revolving style, in Fig. 14, but the former is the more typical of the two.

An open-hearth furnace is an *improved puddling-furnace*—at least the operations of the two are enough alike to justify the comparison. In the puddling-furnace, you will remember, we had the molten metal in one place and the fuel in another. The flame with the oxygen came over the surface of the iron and decarburized it, but with it came also sulphur, some carbon, and all the other impurities that go to make up the products of combustion.

In the open-hearth furnace we have the same thing. The molten metal is in the furnace on the hearth, and the fuel is burned in another place, *but with this very important exception*, viz.: that of all the products of combustion from the fuel *one only is admitted to the furnace*, and that is hydrogen.

You all know that the magic-lantern operator uses a flame made by burning oxygen and hydrogen together upon a piece of lime, and that this is one of the hottest flames known.

Now the fuel in the open-hearth process is burned quite apart from the furnace in what is called a "gas-producer." In it the coal is put, and, when properly burned, yields immense quantities of crude hydrogen. It is almost the same as the gas we use in our houses for illumination, except that it is not quite so pure.

This hydrogen gas is conducted to the furnace and admitted through ports above the surface of the molten metal; thus, you see, no sulphur or carbon or other undesirable things come along with it. Simply the hydrogen.

Through other ports there is forced the outside air or oxygen. Both the oxygen and the hydrogen gases have been previously heated by hot checker-work. The moment these two gases meet they flash into one immense and terrifically hot oxyhydrogen flame, which strikes directly on the surface of the molten mass.

As you might well expect, it requires but a

short continuance of this treatment to burn out the carbon (decarburize the metal) and reduce the mass to the required proportion which makes it steel.

It is plain that the continuance of this operation will remove all or nearly all of the carbon in the steel. When so produced it is called "low carbon steel." Manifestly it must be quite near the condition of the decarburized or wrought iron when that came from the old puddling-furnace. So, indeed, it is, and it is this "low" steel that has so largely supplanted the use of wrought-iron, as already mentioned.

INGOTS.

FIGS. 13 and 14 show the casting-ladle at both kinds of open-hearth furnaces. They are very large, and hold several tons. They are emptied from the bottom into the ingot-molds rather than by pouring.

The ingots, into which form the steel is cast, are huge things about twenty inches square and five or six feet high, weighing several tons each; though when intended for boiler-plate they are cast as flat as possible, and are then called "slab ingots."

The casting is done differently in different mills. In Fig. 13 an overhead traveling-crane lifts the ladle over a row of ingot-molds mounted on wheels. In Fig. 14 the same sort of crane carries the ladle over the molds, placed in a long pit in the floor. When the ingots have become solid the molds are taken from them, very much in the same way that ice-cream or jelly molds are lifted off.

For anything as massive as an armor-plate, of course the ingots are cast much larger; but for all ordinary products, the steel starts with the ingot as already mentioned.

BLOOMS.

THE operations which follow are largely those of change in the size and form of the steel as it approaches nearer and nearer the finished product.

The ingots are taken directly from the Bessemer converter and open-hearth furnace, and each is passed back and forth between the plain rolls of a

rolling-mill, which squeezes it gradually smaller as the rolls are brought nearer together. This mill is an exceedingly strong, massive one, and when it has finished reducing the steel the ingot is in the neighborhood of eight by ten inches in cross section and increased correspondingly in length. It is sometimes cut at this point into what are called "blooms."

BILLETS.

IF cooled, the blooms are reheated in a small furnace and then taken to a smaller mill for further reduction in size. Fig. 15 shows a mill of this character. It is what is called a "three-high" mill, because it has three rolls, one placed above the other.

That row of rollers in front is a "feed-table." The rollers are kept revolving and carry the bloom right up to the "bite" of the rolls. Notice the cross marks and straight marks on the rolls. They are to increase the power to "bite" or take hold of the bloom. This mill shows passes for five reductions, beginning from right to left. When the metal comes from the smaller pass it is about four inches square. In this form it is called a "billet."

FINISHED PRODUCT.

NOT many years ago the rolling ceased at the billet, and it was allowed to cool. This was because, in billet form, the steel was ready for the finished product. These final products the manufacturers of billets did not care to make, but preferred to sell the billets to those who did. For this reason the billet market came to be an important one, and even now you will occasionally see in the papers that the steel men have had a meeting to fix the price of billets. Within the past few years this order of things has greatly changed, and many mills have been equipped for carrying the billet right on down to some definite thing. Among these are rails, wire rods, wagon-axes, and the flat, ribbon-like steel for cask-hoops and for baling cotton; also structural steel, that is, the I-beams and angle-iron used in the modern tall building. Of course, it is understood that if a beam is to be a very large one, it will be taken from the bloom or an especially

large billet. So, too, when it is known beforehand that the finished product is to be something broad and flat, like a boiler-plate, an approximately flat shape will be given to the steel at the billet stage, and instead of being square as the billet is, it will be flattened into a "slab."

WIRE.

ONE of the most familiar and universally known of the steel products is ordinary wire. When intended to be ultimately made into wire, the four-by-four billets are usually rolled to about the size of a lead-pencil—that is to say, three sixteenths of an inch in diameter. In this form they are known as "wire rods," and are so called because they literally were *rods* in early times, when the billets from which they were rolled were tiny things weighing fifteen or twenty pounds.

Rolled from the great billets of to-day, they come in the form of *coils*, weighing two hundred or three hundred pounds, and are really coarse wire.

Mention has been made of the modern practice of carrying billets right on to all the finished products, without allowing them to cool. No-

where has this been more highly developed than in the rolling of these wire rods.

The huge ingot drawn from the casting-pit of the Bessemer converter or open-hearth furnace is swung from crane to crane, run over feed-tables, rushed from one mill to another, rolled from ingot to bloom and billet, and right on through the rolls of a finishing-mill until it lies upon the floor a finished wire rod, with the red glow of the original heat of the converter still upon it.

It is a sight to behold, and one of those triumphs of steel manufacture that have helped to make the United States what it is—the great iron and steel master among the nations of the world.

Wire rods are as small as the steel can be carried by hot rolling. From the rod it is cold-drawn through holes in hard, chilled cast-iron or steel dies, from which it emerges in the form in which wire is usually known.

Be the product, then, what it may, even to the most trifling piece of wire, the steel has the same pedigree and has traveled the same long road—through mining, transporting, purifying, converting, rolling, and reducing, involving some of the greatest efforts of human ingenuity and skill.



AN OLD-TIME BLACKSMITH.



AN UNCONSIDERED TRIFLE.

BY S. CONANT FOSTER.

"THE problem of how to reach the moon
Is easily solved," said Dr. Spoon;
"If you 'll but glance at my drawing here,
The scheme, I am sure, will be quite clear.

"Now cannot you see," this man began,
"By casting an eye across my plan,
The centripetal friction is plus the strain?—
But perhaps it 's better to be more plain.

"What I mean is this: that, by your leave,
I 'll borrow the moon to make a sheave;
Then a cable I 'll use, and a mighty drum,
Which I 'll turn till the planets together come."

"How simple!" I cried, when all was explained.
"Many thanks to you for the knowledge I 've gained.
But—eh—how is the rope to be got round the
moon?"

"Hm!—well, that 's a detail I 'll investigate soon."

THE WORLD'S UMBRELLA.

BY C. D. STONE.


LITTLE Elizabeth is so queer,
She thinks that when it 's raining here
'T is raining all the world about,
And no little children can go out.

And when I tell her the earth is round,
She says that then all this our ground
Is just a great umbrella wide,
Which keeps the drops from the other side.



WHEN THE WIND BLOWS

BY JOHN ERNEST MCGANN



When the wind blows,
Nobody knows
Where the wind goes!

When the wind blows,
Everyone's nose
Is as red as a rose!



When the wind blows,
The old rooster crows.
And defies all his foes!



When the wind blows,
Do you suppose
That sea captains doze?

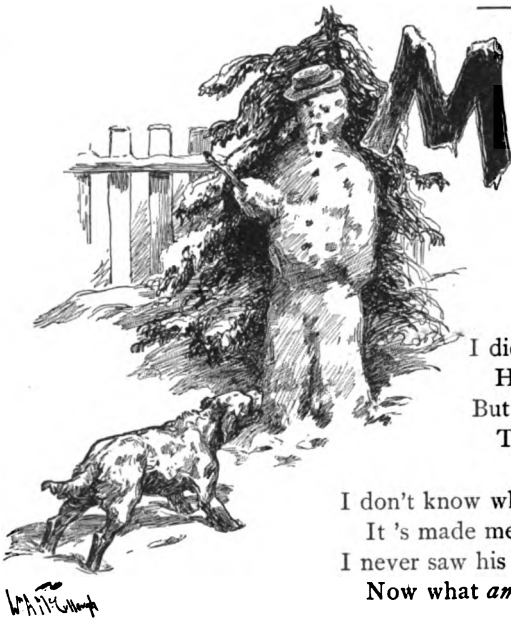


When the wind blows
At night, and it snows,
Two eyelids close,
And ten little toes
At last seek repose.



FOOLISH FIDO.

BY ANNIE WILLIS McCULLOUGH.



My duty is to drive out tramps,
But one came overnight;
The snow had covered everything,
And even he was white.

I boldly ran and loudly barked;
He did n't make a sound —
But just stood there and would n't budge,
Nor even once look round.

I did my duty like a dog:
His clothes were strangely damp;
But still he never moved a step —
This cold, unfeeling tramp.

I don't know what to think of him;
It's made me rather blue.
I never saw his like before —
Now what *am* I to do?



THE SPELLING CLASS.



THE SNOWBALL WAR—DRIVING THE ENEMY OUT UPON THE ICE
AND CAPTURING THE STANDARD.

THREE LITTLE STORIES OF JEHEE.



JEHEE is a great favorite of the Syrians, and many tales are told of him and his queer doings. The following stories are reproduced as nearly as possible from the Arabic, in which language I first heard them. The scene of the three incidents is laid in the little mountain village where Jehee had lived all his life.

When Jehee was eighteen, he married a very pretty and clever young woman, who took good care of the house and did most of the work. One morning, just as Jehee's wife had put a pot of lentils on the fire to cook for dinner, Jehee overturned a jar of water, so that his wife was obliged to go to the fountain to refill it. She told Jehee to watch the pottage, and when it

boiled over to *nakiz* it (an Arabic word which means either to scare or to stir). Jehee, like a good husband, sat down by the fire to watch the pot.

In a little while it began to boil over, and Jehee began to shriek. Finding that the pot continued to boil over, he hid behind the door and jumped out at the pot several times. As it still boiled over, Jehee took his gun down from the wall and shot at the pot. He had forgotten that his gun was loaded, and the shot broke the pot to bits, while the pottage was spilled over the fire. Then Jehee laughed to himself and said: "I thought I could scare you." When Jehee's wife returned and saw what had happened, she was in very great distress, for there was no time to cook another mess of pottage, and they had to content themselves with olives and cheese.

Late in the fall, the mayor of the village gave

a grand dinner to which Jehee and his wife were invited. The villagers were not used to spoons, but the mayor had seen them used at the king's palace, and wished to introduce them to the village. A friend told him that the longer the handles the easier it was to use the spoon and the more fashionable they would be. Accordingly the spoons were ordered with handles four feet long. When dinner was served, the people tried the spoons, but found that it was impossible to make the bowl reach their mouths while holding the handle by the end. One of the guests suggested that they should hold them near the bowl. This they tried, but with no success whatever, for the handles knocked first into each other and then into the company, so that no food could be kept in the spoons. Just as the host was about to give up in despair, Jehee came to the rescue. "The table," said he, "is rather wide: let every man feed his neighbor across the table." The plan was found to work admirably, and the dinner was a grand success.

The winter was now close at hand, and the mayor invited Jehee to go with him to the great city, where he could meet the calif. Jehee readily consented, and was presented to the calif, who received him kindly as a friend of the mayor's. On hearing of Jehee's wit, the calif offered Jehee a sum of two thousand piasters if he would spend the night on the roof, with no extra covering to keep him warm. For his wife's sake Jehee agreed to do this, for they greatly needed the money. Very early in the morning a ship came into the harbor some two miles distant, and Jehee saw a light on one of the masts. The next morning the calif was surprised to see him looking so well and happy, for the night had been unusually cold. On being closely questioned, Jehee told the calif of the light out in the harbor. "Oh!" said the calif, only too glad to find an excuse for refusing to pay so large a sum of money, "you warmed yourself by that light; you have lost your wager!"

Much disheartened, Jehee went home to his wife to think of some way in which he could induce the calif to keep his word. Finally a brilliant thought struck him, and having given his wife the necessary instructions, he told her

that he would invite the calif and his retinue to dine with him the following week.

On the day set for the feast, the calif and his followers arrived about an hour before noon, the time set for the dinner. They all had eaten light breakfasts the better to enjoy the feast; their long ride, too, had sharpened their appetites. Noon came, and the calif wondered why Jehee did not show them to the feast. At one o'clock the calif became uneasy, and at two he asked Jehee if dinner was not almost ready. Jehee said that he was sorry for the delay, but his wife had been a little detained in her work. When it was nearly three, and still no dinner, the calif became angry with Jehee and said he did not believe there was any dinner cooking at all. Jehee assured the calif that there was a fine dinner cooking, and it certainly must be ready very soon. At this the calif commanded Jehee to take him to the kitchen to see for himself. It was close to four o'clock now, and every one was nearly starved, so they all went with Jehee and the calif to see the dinner. Jehee led the way to a little garden at the back of the house, where an odd sight met the eyes of the famished company. There were two large trees hung full of pots and kettles of food prepared for cooking, and underneath the trees were built two small fires. Jehee's wife, on a little step-ladder, was busy stirring first one kettle, then another. When the calif saw this he was very angry with Jehee for playing him such a trick, and said: "Of course the food can never so much as be warmed up there in the trees, much less ever cook." Then Jehee humbly begged the calif's pardon, but said he thought that the food surely could cook over that fire if he himself could keep warm by a light two miles away. Then the calif saw how foolish he had been in refusing Jehee the wager, and he promised him, before all the nobles who were there, to pay him the two thousand piasters. Jehee then led the hungry people into the house, where, to their great surprise and joy, they found a sumptuous repast prepared for them.

After that Jehee became a great favorite of the calif's, and lived at court with his wife for the rest of his life, where many other tales are told of his bright doings and sayings.

F. M. Jessup.



THE WEIGHING.

BY JULIA DARROW COWLES.

Now, "Midnight" and "Spot," do be quiet,
Or we'll never know how much we weigh;
Miss Bessie is losing her patience,
And we really ought not to play.

There, Spot, hold your tail still a minute;
Hush, Midnight, don't purr quite so loud;
Four pounds and a little bit over?
My goodness, won't mother be proud!

HOW PROBY SAVED THE WOODS.

BY HELEN GREY.

PROBY woke up with the feeling that something good was going to happen that day. At first he could not think what, and then he remembered. He was going up into the woods on the long train of flat-cars with the president of the railroad and of the lumber company, and his father, who was superintendent of the big woods. Proby had always lived in the woods; he was nine, but had never been to school because there was no school near enough for him to attend. When the trees were cut down around his home, his father moved to where the trees grew that were to be cut, so his fam-



PROBY AND TERRY.

ily was always moving; sometimes they lived all summer in a tent. But the woods near home were very different from the wild, silent woods above on the mountains, where no one lived, only the bear and the lions and deer and little wild things which hid in the hollow logs, and which Proby "jumped" sometimes when he had "Terry," his dog, with him. There

was a new line of railroad being built into the Yosemite Valley; and Proby, sitting on a log, was telling Terry that they would really, truly go hunting, and Terry danced and yapped his approval. In a few minutes along came the train, with the president on board and three other men, but Proby was waiting for Steve, the engineer, to catch sight of him and call out, "Hello, kid, going hunting? The engine needs another engineer this morning. Hope you feel able to take the job." Steve always said something like that, and at the same time he would drop an empty soap-box out of the cab of the engine so that Proby could step on it and climb up. He did it this morning, but without his usual teasing, for the president was along and it was becoming for Steve to be polite.

When Proby was perched on the seat, with Terry squeezed into the corner, Steve let him pull the cord and blow the whistle, and he told him that when the president and his party had been left at the end of the line, he was coming back with the engine to Station N to shift some cars, and they would have a jolly spin down the mountain.

It was jolly, too, when they came down, for Proby stood in front of Steve, and his hand was on the lever so that he could feel the thug, thug of the steam turning the wheels. They spun over the shining rails, and the rocking of the engine made Proby dislike the smell of the oil, and then he began to have queer feelings under his little belt; but that was part of the fun, he said to himself, and he did not let Steve know that he was not feeling right.

At Station N there was a train of loaded cars for Steve to take to Station O, which is on a spur of the main line, in the deepest part of the forest. As the engine spun along, Proby looked out of the cab-window and saw great logs which had been trees hundreds of years ago come sliding up the mountain-side behind them, where it was too steep for a horse to go easily, and as if they had no more weight than a lead-pencil.

Steve had received orders to look at a stationary engine which had broken down out in the woods. He stopped his engine at the nearest point,—it was still three miles away,—and he left Proby alone with the locomotive and train.

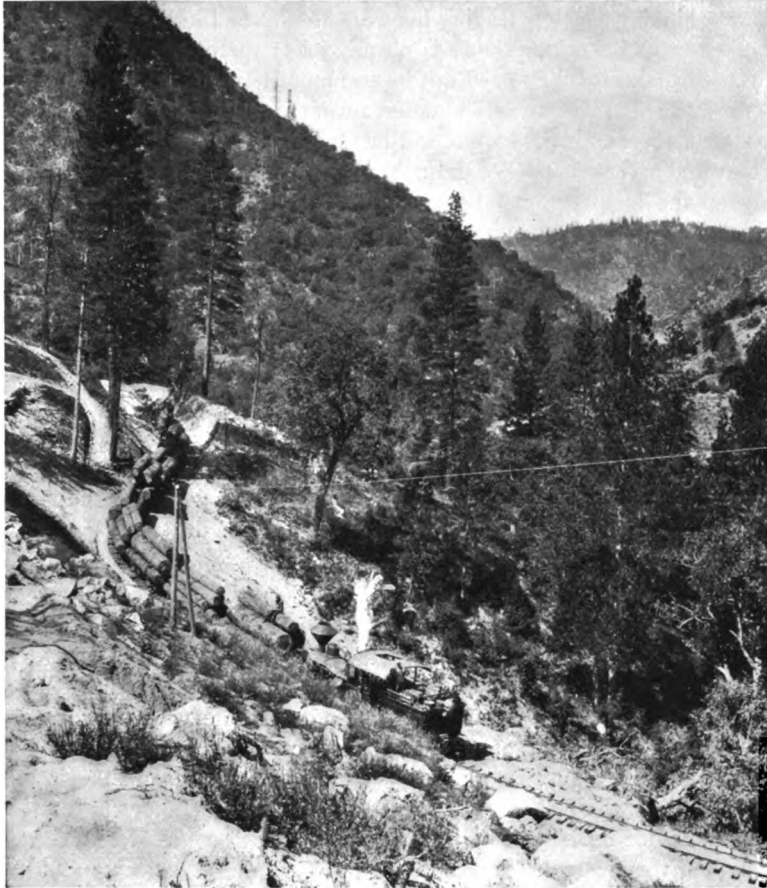
"You can hold my horse, youngster; and

dare to come near their homes. But they were not the kind of squirrels that sit still enough for a boy to get a fair aim. The quail were calling in the thickets, and Terry found a brood; but Proby called him off, and the two sat down to watch the mother, who cackled and scolded

and fussed and tried to make her wilful babies lie down behind the bushes and hide.

Just then a crackle startled Proby, and he looked up, hoping to see a deer, but there was nothing but the trees. Terry sat up, looked sharply around, and ran off to see what was going on. He came back whimpering and trembling, and looked at Proby as if he wished he could speak.

"What is it? Want me to come?" But Terry ran a few steps toward the railroad track and turned to see if Proby would follow. Proby, however, wished to know what was down in the gulch. He started off, but Terry set up a howl and would not follow. He stood shivering, watching Proby. A horse-chestnut tree stood alone in a clear space, its yellow



"SIX WHISTLES RANG OUT AMONG THE TREES. HE WAITED AN INTERVAL, AND THEN ANOTHER SIX WERE BLOWN." (SEE PAGE 452.)

there are squirrels in the gulch which are so scared to know that you are around with that gun that they are calling all the young ones home till you get away."

Steve disappeared in the trees, and Proby was alone. He was not afraid, for he loved the pines, and they whispered tales of forest things to him when there was no wind in their boughs. Terry was looking for squirrels, and he barked and tried to fly up the trees, while the gray little creatures whisked along the limbs overhead, and barked back and scolded that a dog should

low leaves dry and crisp from the long hot summer. Suddenly before Proby's eyes it became a blazing tree of fire.

In all woods the mountaineers fear the fire above everything, for it sweeps through the forest, where the long dried grass and the fallen branches feed it till it becomes a raging terror, running up the mighty trees and making a heat so fierce that the men cannot go near enough to fight it. Proby stood for a moment, and he was afraid. A circle of black in the dry grass told how a spark from some stranger's pipe had kindled

a tiny flame, and then grown till it reached the dry chestnut. The wind was straight uphill, and Proby knew it, and he knew how fast the flames would travel when once fairly started. He ran toward the track as Terry had done. There was the train, and down below was the fire, and there was only Proby. He got over his fright and was thinking.

"Why, I must whistle, of course," he said, and then he climbed into the engine. The whistle of the engine is the fire-call: five blasts mean that the nearest men are to come; six mean every one within hearing; and seven mean that every whistle on every engine in all the mountain is to take up the call, and every man within hearing must leave everything and hurry to fight the fire, for there is no time to lose. Proby had seen one fire and he knew what it meant.

He climbed into the engine. There was only a gurgle. The steam was down; could he get it up? He opened the drafts and waited as he had seen Steve do. Then he pulled the cord. A clear, sharp scream was the answer. Then he began signaling. Six whistles rang out among the trees. He waited an interval, and then another six were blown.

Then he signaled for attention — three times. Next he blew seven blasts clear and sharp. He waited another interval, and blew the seven-call over and over. Leaving the engine, he looked over the cañon. He could see a curly white roll of smoke, and in it was a red tongue. A madroño was in the path, and he saw the yellow fallen leaves under the tree dance as if a whirlwind were coming, and then they leaped, each a whirling flame, and the tongues of red ran up the tree and out on its branches, and a low pine, rich in its oozing resin, burst into a flame. The fire was fairly started.

Even in the engine Proby could feel the heat, and Terry whimpered and kept as near him as he could creep, while the boy sent the signals ringing into the mountains till the echoes answered so sharply that he was in danger of confusing the calls.

Why did not the men answer? It seemed

hours to Proby before he saw Steve running down the mountain, jumping over fallen trees. Before Proby could say a word Steve had lifted him off his feet and pushed him into the corner. Steve was angry, and shouted, "Do you think that is a nice joke to play when the president is up? Every man jack will be coming in and leaving his work to amuse a kid like you!"

"It is n't any joke; there *is* a fire, and you need not be so hateful!"

Then Steve went and looked over into the cañon, and he saw that it was a fire sure enough. He did not stop to talk, but pulled off his coat and started to beat out a trail along the track.

"Keep up the whistles," he called, and Proby did not let the echoes rest. The men came pouring in, but the fire had a start and it would not be put out.

"Make it eight whistles, Kid!" Steve called, and then he came running up and said he was going with the engine for help. They ran to the next station, where the eight whistles were already blowing, and coupling on a dozen flat-cars, a hundred men were hurried to Station O. It was none too soon. The flames had reached the train, and the logs on the cars, as well as hundreds of others on the ground waiting to be loaded, were smoking. There was no water, nothing but the gunny-sacks to use in beating out the fire.

The men formed in a line, with the foreman of each gang to direct them, and after an hour's work the fire was under control, and Steve and Proby started with the engine for the end of the line to bring down the president and his party.

When Proby's father was told of the fire he did not say anything, and Proby was afraid he had not done well enough to please him, for his father always knew what to do himself, and he wanted Proby to be the right sort of boy, who does n't lose his head when things happen.

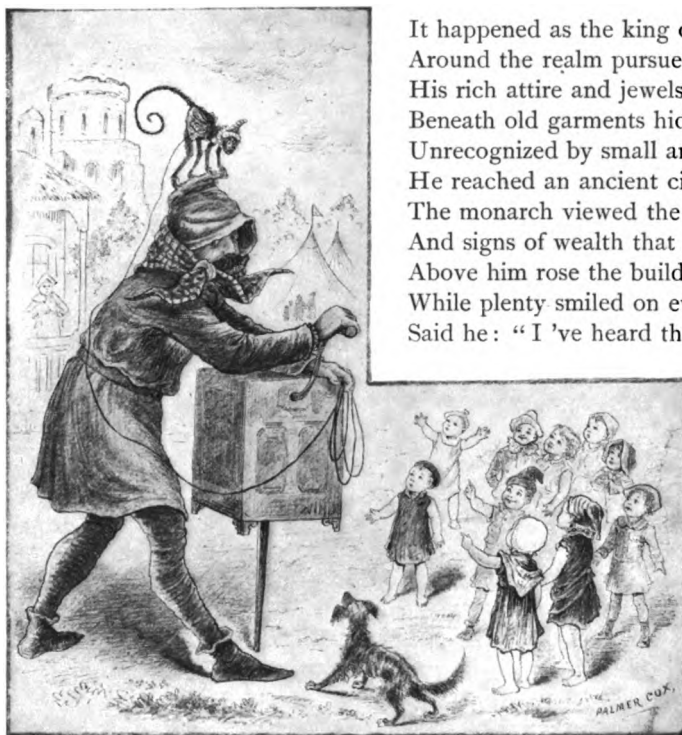
When the president shook Proby's hand just as if he were not a small boy, and said, "You are a chip of the old block; I'm proud to know you," Proby saw then that his father, who was standing near, was satisfied with him, too.

THE KING IN DISGUISE.

BY PALMER COX.

ON a far-off isle, in days of yore,
Five hundred years ago or more,
When monarchs for their country's sake
Would trying hardships undertake,
Or brave the dangers of the fight
In common with the meanest knight.

And next, discoursing pleasing airs,
He turned the crank at country fairs;
Or like a beggar lame and sore
Applied for alms from door to door;
And thus through peril, toil, and pain,
Of every class would knowledge gain.



It happened as the king one day
Around the realm pursued his way,
His rich attire and jewels bright
Beneath old garments hid from sight,
Unrecognized by small and great,
He reached an ancient city's gate.
The monarch viewed the rich display
And signs of wealth that round him lay.
Above him rose the buildings grand,
While plenty smiled on every hand.
Said he: "I've heard the story told

"HE TURNED THE CRANK AT COUNTRY FAIRS."

And ably as their scepter wield
The ringing blade and battered shield,
There lived a sovereign brave and wise,
Who often traveled in disguise
Around his kingdom, day and night,
To learn his subjects' hearts aright.

At times, in pilgrim's dress arrayed,
Before a shrine he knelt and prayed,
With relics of the saints divine
Who passed away in Palestine;

This famous town, so rich and old,
Is peopled by a worldly race
In whom no pity finds a place.
The needy here neglected lie
Or on the threshold starve and die.
As though in want for alms, I'll sue,
And prove if this report be true."
Then, feigning well the humble strain
Of one reduced by want and pain,
Along the crowded streets he moved
Until the rumor's truth he proved.



"OR LIKE A BEGGAR LAME AND SORE."

For, though he begged from
side to side,
The doors, the gates, and cor-
ners tried,
And strove to waken with a
sigh
The pity of each passer-by,
From end to end the city
through
He could not raise a single
son,
Nor could he win, howe'er he
pled,
A crumb of cheese, a crust of
bread,
A bone to pick, or anything
That one might to a beggar
fling.
But people laughed and pointed
out
His failings as he moved about,
And in a dozen ways made
light
Of his apparent wretched plight.

The very crutch he bore that day
A thief contrived to steal away!

At last the monarch's patience
went,
His form no more was weak
and bent,
But sudden rising straight and
tall,
He looked the strongest of
them all.
Across his knee the staff he
broke,
And flung aside the beggar's
cloak,
And stood before their startled
sight
The angry monarch in his
might.

Awhile they gazed in doubt and
dread,
With staring eyes and fingers
spread.



"HE FLUNG ASIDE THE BEGGAR'S CLOAK."

But when they would have formed a
ring
To pay the homage due a king,
He waved them with his hand aside.
"I've proved you all to-day," he cried.

The person who denies me bread
Shall pay the forfeit with his head!"

For years thereafter, it is claimed,
That town for charity was famed;

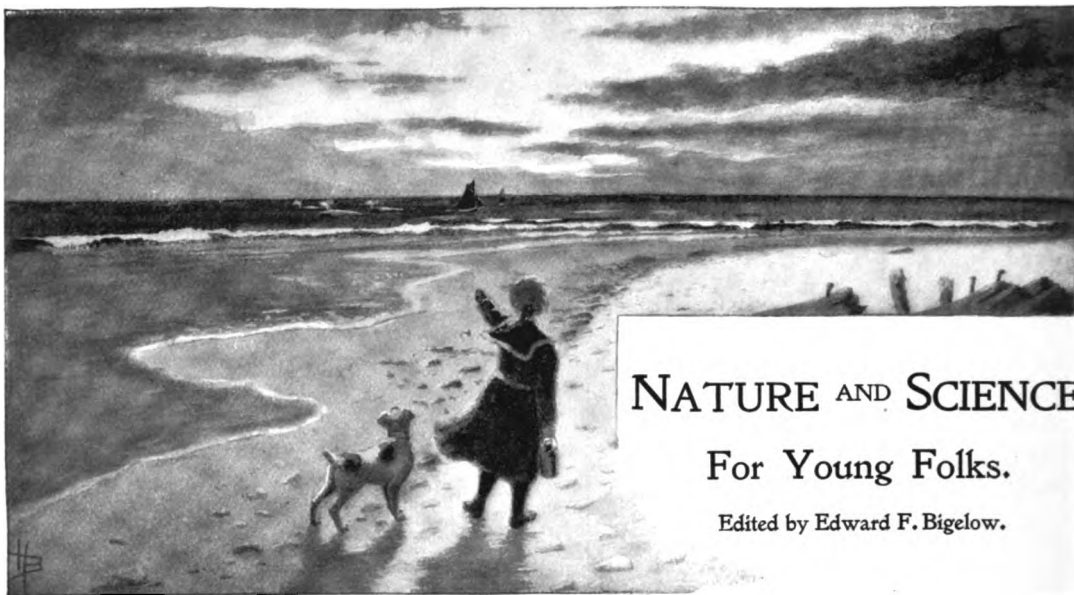


FARING WELL.

"Begone! nor turn your gaze on me,
Nor lift your hat nor bend your knee.
I only recognize the kind
Who never mock the lame and blind,
And well you may this warning heed,
To hold in memory as your creed;
In secret wandering up and down,
Should I in future reach this town,

And while the monarch lived to reign
No beggar ever asked in vain.
It mattered not how thick they pressed,
The streets and courtyards to infest,
The people entertained them well;
None dare refuse, for who could tell
But that the cap and ragged gown
Concealed the kingly robe and crown?





NATURE AND SCIENCE For Young Folks.

Edited by Edward F. Bigelow.

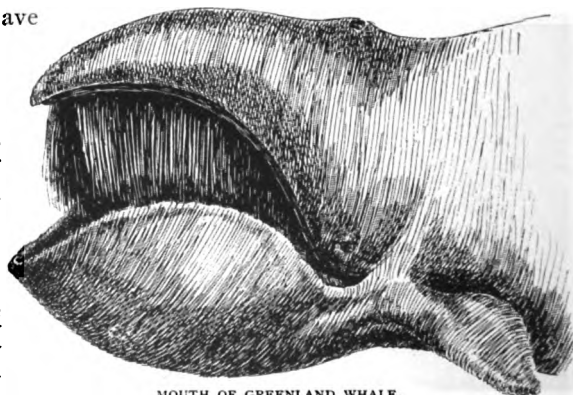
The lighthouse-keeper's little daughter carrying dinner to her father in the lighthouse. She sees a drove of whales "spouting" near to the shore and points them out to her dog.

THE LARGEST ANIMALS.

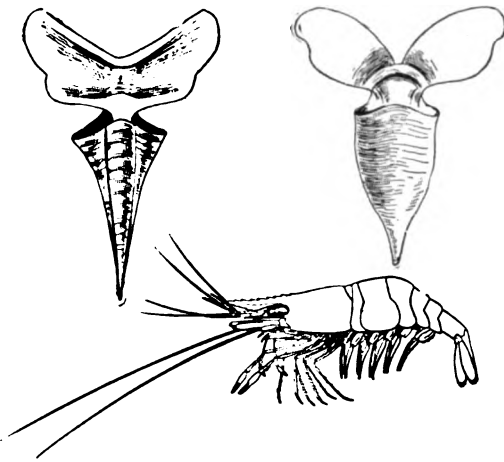
ROAMING singly or in "droves" through all the oceans, from the tropics to the poles, are many kinds of immense creatures, fish-like in shape and popularly regarded as fishes, but hot-blooded, air-breathing, and having little in common with fishes except the element in which they live. These, the whales, dolphins, grampuses, and their tribe, called collectively cetaceans, are the real monarchs of the seas, and in size and strength surpass any other animals of either land or water which now exist, or which are known to have lived in ancient times. From a very early period whales have been hunted by man, and they have added more to the wealth and prosperity of the civilized world than any other group of wild warm-blooded animals.

In order that they may keep warm, whales are completely incased in a thick layer of fat or blubber, from which is made the whale oil of commerce. In former years it was profitable to hunt whales for this oil, but petroleum and fish oils have to a great extent replaced whale oil and have so reduced its market value that whales would now rarely be killed by man if they did not yield several more important products.

One group of whales have teeth in the lower jaw but none in the upper jaw. The largest and most valuable of these toothed whales is the sperm whale, or cachalot, which has a head of strange shape and with strange contents. The lower jaw is long and narrow, and has a row of large conical teeth placed far apart; and it is so loosely joined to the skull that in feeding it may be dropped to an almost vertical position and also swayed from side to side. The upper part of the head is an immense straight-sided mass, with the blow-hole or nostril at the top of the flat nose. In the head is a natural oil-well—a large cavity filled with



MOUTH OF GREENLAND WHALE.
Showing strainers (baleen).

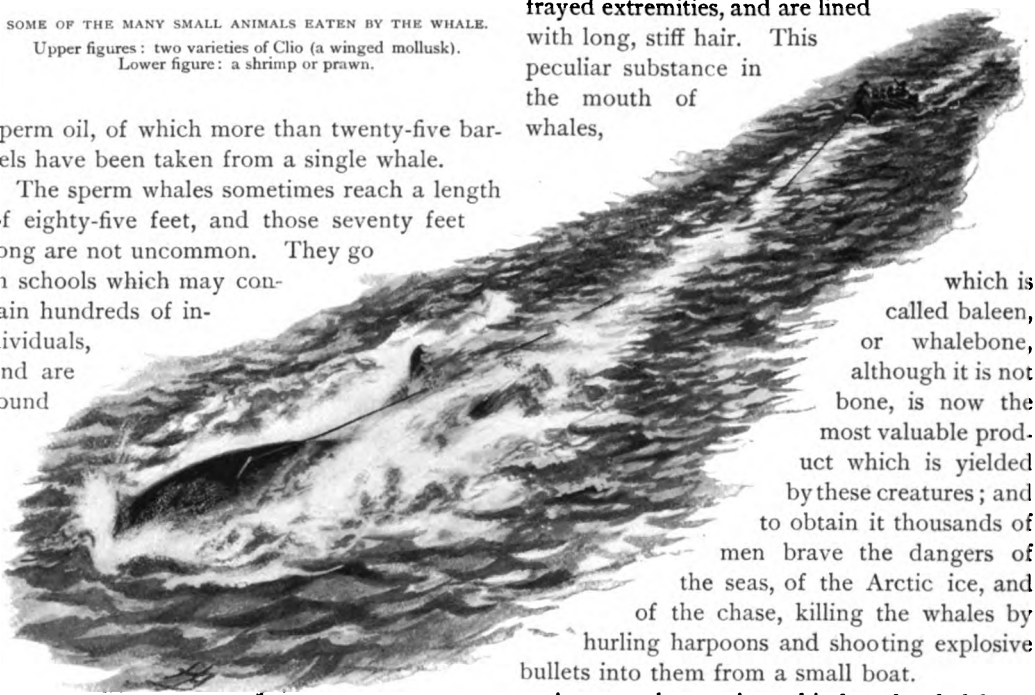


SOME OF THE MANY SMALL ANIMALS EATEN BY THE WHALE.

Upper figures: two varieties of Clio (a winged mollusk).
Lower figure: a shrimp or prawn.

sperm oil, of which more than twenty-five barrels have been taken from a single whale.

The sperm whales sometimes reach a length of eighty-five feet, and those seventy feet long are not uncommon. They go in schools which may contain hundreds of individuals, and are found



A HARPOONED WHALE TOWING A BOAT-LOAD OF WHALERS THROUGH THE WATER AT A RAPID RATE.

in all parts of the world except the polar regions. They feed mostly on squids, cuttlefish, and devil-fish, and they are able to destroy the largest of these animals.

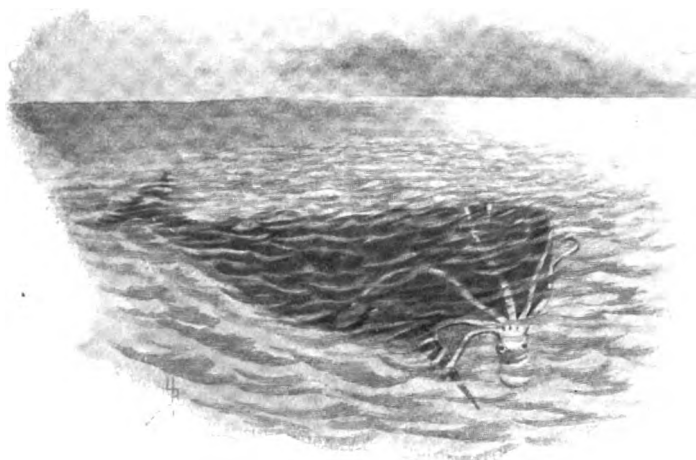
When harpooned, the sperm whale sometimes crushes boats in its jaws, or overturns them by ramming; and instances are recorded where whalers have been caught within the powerful jaws. There are numbers of cases of ves-

sels being attacked by sperm whales without provocation, and probably some vessels which have disappeared at sea were wrecked by these leviathans. In 1820 the American ship "Essex" was rammed twice by a sperm whale, and sank ten minutes after the second assault.

Another group of whales have no teeth, but the mouth is provided with several hundred closely packed horny, flexible plates or slabs suspended from the roof of the mouth and hanging on each side like a curtain, so that when the mouth is opened as wide as possible their ends are received within the lower jaw. These plates, which in some whales are nine or ten feet long, have pointed, frayed extremities, and are lined with long, stiff hair. This peculiar substance in the mouth of whales,

which is called baleen, or whalebone, although it is not bone, is now the most valuable product which is yielded by these creatures; and to obtain it thousands of men brave the dangers of the seas, of the Arctic ice, and of the chase, killing the whales by hurling harpoons and shooting explosive bullets into them from a small boat.

Among the various kinds of whalebone whales is the right whale, which reaches a length of sixty feet and yields two hundred barrels of oil and a thousand pounds of long, valuable baleen; the humpback whale, which is sometimes seventy-five feet long, but has short bone and little oil; the finback and sulphur-bottom whales, of large size but comparatively little value; and the bow-head, Greenland, or polar whale. The last is at home among the ice-fields, and is now the most sought of all the whales on account of the ex-



SPERM WHALE DEVOURING A LARGE OCTOPUS.

cellent quality and large quantity of its baleen. The maximum length is sixty-five feet and its bulk is immense; the huge head represents a third of the length, and the tail is sixteen to twenty feet across. The largest bow-heads produce several thousand pounds of bone worth five or six dollars a pound, and six thousand or more gallons of oil worth forty cents a gallon.

In feeding, the baleen whales drop the lower jaw and swim forward rapidly, and all kinds of small floating animals—fish, shrimp, winged mollusks—pass into the yawning mouth. When the lower jaw is closed, the plates of baleen are forced upward and backward, the water rushes through the sieve formed by the hairs, the food is left behind, and is swallowed by the aid of the tongue.

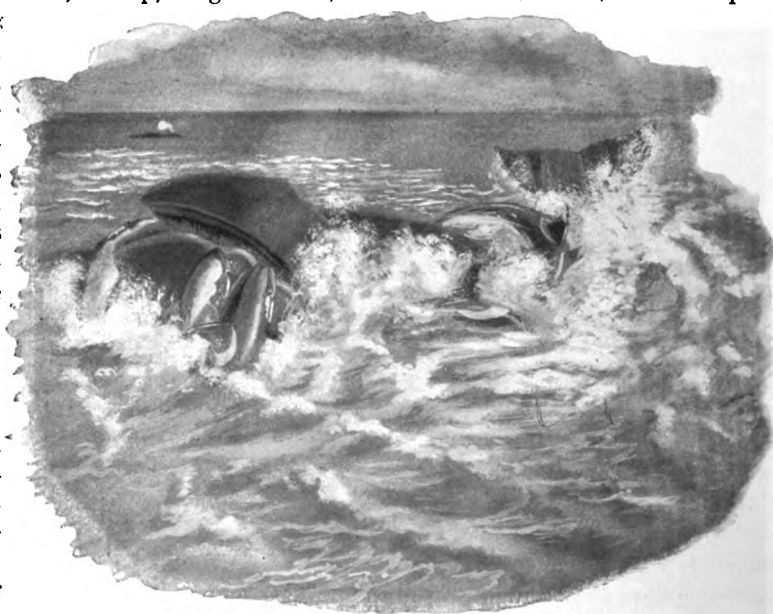
Some of the baleen whales are said to attain a length of more than a hundred feet, and there are authentic records of examples measuring between ninety and a hundred feet. The largest species of whale, and therefore the

largest of all living animals and the largest creature that ever existed, so far as we know, is the sulphur-bottom whale of the Pacific coast. One of these was ninety-five feet long and thirty-nine feet in circumference, and weighed by calculation nearly three hundred thousand pounds. The sulphur-bottom whale is further distinguished by being the swiftest of all whales and one of the most difficult to approach; it glides over the surface with great rapidity, often displaying its entire length; and when it respires

the immense volume of vapor which it throws up to a great height is evidence of its colossal proportions.

On one occasion a sulphur-bottom whale remained with a ship for twenty-four days, often passing under it and touching the hull; although it was shot with rifle-balls and struck with logs of wood and other missiles, it refused to desert the vessel until it entered shallow water.

Most savage and powerful monsters are the orcas, or killer whales, which, while compara-

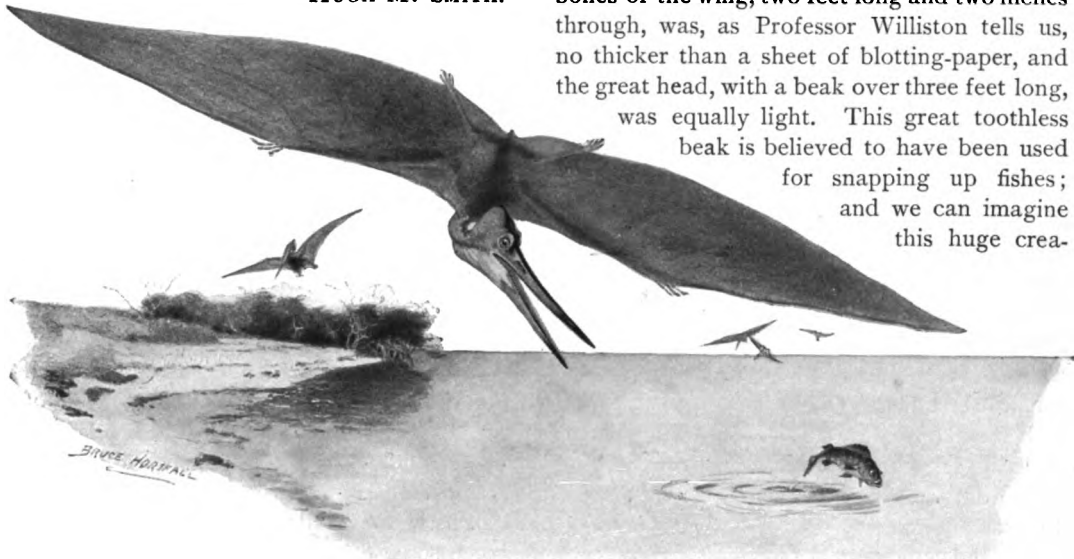


A DROVE OF ORCAS ATTACKING A BOW-HEAD WHALE.

tively small as whales, are so rapacious, active, and strong-jawed that no other animals, even the fiercest of man-eater sharks and the largest of whales, can withstand their awful onslaughts. Favorite objects of their assaults are the toothless whales, and some of the bloodiest fights occur when mother whales are attacked while guarding their young. The orcas hunt in small droves, and are veritable ocean wolves, surrounding their prey, tearing great pieces from the lips and throat and biting out the tongue, the whales drowning, or dying from loss of blood.

HUGH M. SMITH.

to the Rocky Mountains measured as much as twenty feet, the width of an average city lot, across their wings. Most of us have seen an eagle flying, and we can appreciate the size of this ancient dragon by remembering that it was nearly three times the size of an eagle. It was not, however, three times as heavy, for the body of this strange reptile was so small and its skeleton so wonderfully light that the entire animal is thought to have weighed not more than twenty-five pounds, or only about as much as a large condor. One of the largest bones of the wing, two feet long and two inches through, was, as Professor Williston tells us, no thicker than a sheet of blotting-paper, and the great head, with a beak over three feet long, was equally light. This great toothless beak is believed to have been used for snapping up fishes; and we can imagine this huge crea-



THE ORNITHOSTOMA — THE LARGEST FLYING CREATURE.

THE LARGEST FLYING CREATURE.

WE are apt to think of reptiles as creeping and crawling things, forgetting that there was a time when flying reptiles were more common than birds. These reptiles, the pterodactyls, or flying-dragons, not only flew, but some of them reached a size much greater than that of any bird, for the largest birds do not fly. The South American condor sometimes measures as much as ten and one-half feet from tip to tip of outstretched wings, and it is quite possible that the finest examples of the albatross may measure a little more. But the great pterodactyls which flew about the sea that in the days of old reached from the Gulf of Mexico

ture sailing swiftly over the sea, now and then swooping down to pick up a fish as deftly for all its size as a real swallow. But what did *Ornithostoma*—this is the creature's name—do with his wings and beak when he made an occasional visit to the land? One would think they must have been very much in his way, and that the animal was as awkward on the shore as he was graceful in the air. And how did he start to fly? With such enormous wings, we think *Ornithostoma* must have dwelt on cliffs about the sea and launched off them as the gannets do from Bird Rock. This great flying reptile lived some six million years ago; the sea over which it flew long ago disappeared, and the mud into which its bones sank

became chalk, and from the formation of these great chalk-beds the time at which *Ornithostoma* existed is called the Cretaceous Period.

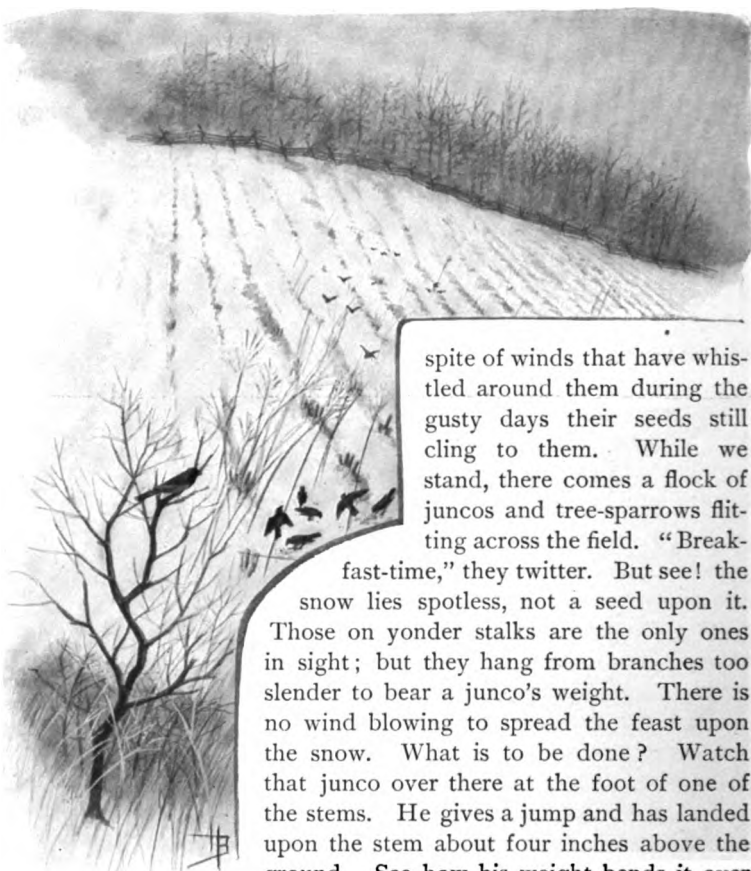
FREDERICK A. LUCAS,
United States National
Museum, Washington,
D. C.

Of birds now in existence, probably the one with the greatest expanse of wing in proportion to the body, and with the greatest power of flight, is the frigate- or man-o'-war bird (*Fregata aquila*). This bird apparently flies more by skill than by strength, for it has no great carrying powers.

The wandering albatross, the largest of all sea-birds, is also one of our strongest fliers. One bird was known to fly at least 3150 miles in twelve days. This bird was caught, tagged, released, and caught again.

HOW THE JUNCO SHAKES HIS "TREE."

SOME day when the snow has whitened the hills and valleys, climb to one of those upland corn-fields which the tree-sparrows and juncos frequent. Here and there from the snow protrude brown stems of last year's weeds, and in



spite of winds that have whistled around them during the gusty days their seeds still cling to them. While we stand, there comes a flock of juncos and tree-sparrows flitting across the field. "Break-

fast-time," they twitter. But see! the snow lies spotless, not a seed upon it. Those on yonder stalks are the only ones in sight; but they hang from branches too slender to bear a junco's weight. There is no wind blowing to spread the feast upon the snow. What is to be done? Watch that junco over there at the foot of one of the stems. He gives a jump and has landed upon the stem about four inches above the ground. See how his weight bends it over and how the seeds shake! Look! there come some fluttering to the ground. Why, he has actually shaken them down as we would cherries! And now the whole flock collects around him to share his meal. The feast over, this simple operation will be repeated, perhaps on the same stalk, more likely on one a short distance away. And again and again you may see this done, until all the hungry mouths are satisfied. How did the juncos learn to shake their "tree"?

J. HAROLD AUSTIN.



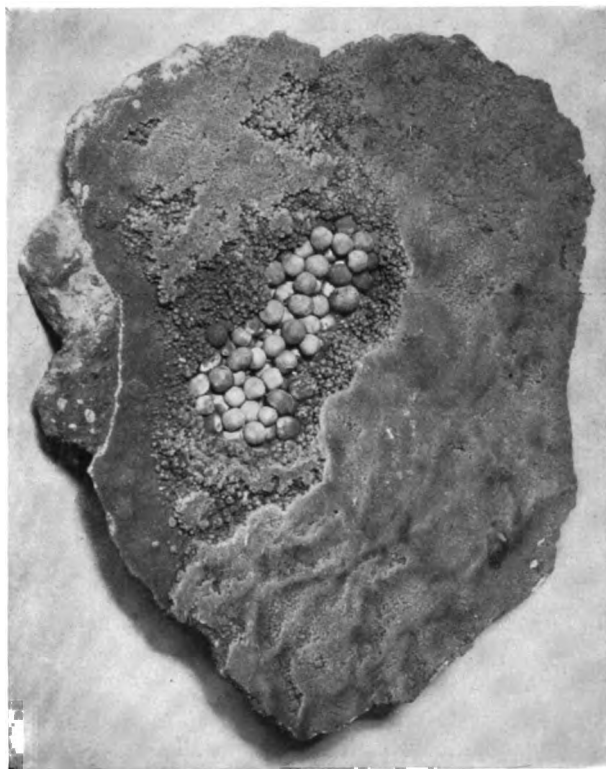
THE JUNCO, OR "SNOW-BIRD."

The junco is especially fond of the seeds of the ragweed, also of the seeds of the pigweed, chickweed, knot-grass, and foxtail. When he can get to insects, he feasts on ants, cutworms, leaf-eating beetles, and grasshoppers. Thus the junco is very useful to the farmer and the horticulturist. And we young folks all know that his sociable ways are very winning.

IMITATING A BIRD'S NEST.

ONE of nature's curious freaks is shown in the accompanying illustration of a calcite "bird's nest." The "eggs" were not laid by a bird, as might easily be supposed from their appearance, but were formed in one of the hot mineral springs at Reichelsdorf in Germany.

Each one of these "eggs" is what the mineralogists call a "concretion," and has been formed by the deposit of layer after layer of calcite around a common center. Sometimes



THE CALCITE "BIRD'S NEST."

Photograph from George L. English & Co., New York City.

the concretions are formed around a minute grain of sand or some other body. As the deposit grows thicker, of course the concretion increases in size. The rounded forms are due to the even deposition of the material and to the rubbing of the little pebbles one upon another, as is done by the pebbles with which we are familiar at the sea-shore or in the little eddies and falls of the brook.

The rock surrounding the calcite pebbles is of the same calcareous material.

"WE WILL WRITE TO ST. NICHOLAS ABOUT IT."

VARYING MOISTURE ON ROCKS.

WEST GROTON, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Yesterday I discovered a strange thing—a rock covered with drops of water. I looked about for another, and found one only half covered. The part that was wet was spread over with a greenish color, but the part that was n't wet was just like any stone. I found many of them, some in deep shade and others in sunshine. Will you please tell me what causes this kind of perspiration on a rock? I could understand it if the whole rock was wet, and if the rock was only in the sun or shade, but it is only half wet sometimes and in either sun or shade. I found some on high ground and some on low. Yours respectfully,

ARNOLD W. LAHEE.

"This kind of perspiration on a rock" probably resembles that seen on ice-pitchers. During a spell of cool weather, and especially during a clear, cool night, the ground becomes chilled. If a light wind then brings warm and moist air, the moisture may be condensed in a film or in drops on the cold ground.

This condensation is more likely to take place, or to exhibit itself, on stones than on loose soil, because the surface grains of the soil are soon warmed by the air. But the solid stones, being better conductors, remain cold longer and gather more moisture before they are warmed. The greenish color of the wet part may have been due to the growth of fungus or lichens on the damp stone.—W. M. D.

"DOWNY" IS KNOCKING AT THE DOOR OF SPRING.

SUNNYWOODS, CHATHAM, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: On our place we have a large pump-house which has a galvanized-iron roof. Every day, morning, noon, and night, can be heard the swift tattoo of the woodpecker. He must expect to find a worm because the sound is hollow, but he never does—"poor fellow!" Your devoted reader,

ANNA B. MOORE.

The woodpecker is not vainly seeking food, but thoroughly enjoying his music—comparable to the songs of most spring birds. Listen for his exultant *peek, peek* after a prolonged tat-



"HE DELIGHTS IN RAT-A-TAT-TATING AWAY ON A DRY LIMB."

too performance. He delights in *rat-a-tat-tating* away on a dry limb, on a metal roof, on a lightning-rod, or on a telegraph-pole with its tinkling glasses and resonant wires—yes, he enjoys it as much as most of our boys enjoy pounding on a drum, or on anything else that will resound to the beating of a stick.

Burroughs says of this hammering:

"It is Downy beating a reveille to spring. We listen with pleasure, . . . and credit him with a genuine musical performance." Downy is industrious, seldom idle, but never in mischief.

CECROPIA AND COCOON.

BATH, MAINE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: One of the girls in my grade at school brought in a cocoon, and it was hung up near my desk in hopes the moth in it would come out. A few days later one of the boys discovered that it was coming out. We watched it, and at last it got out and hung on the outside of the cocoon. Then its body began to grow, and the wings, that looked like wet tissue-paper, unfolded. Then the body began to get small. I could watch it nicely, because I was so near. The teacher gave it to me and I got it mounted. I send a picture of it and the cocoon. It is a cecropia, and a very good specimen.



CECROPIA COCOON AND MOTH.

PHILIP P. COLE
(age 12).

Now is the time to gather cocoons. Keep them in a warm place (not too dry) and watch the moths come out.

CAN MONKEYS SWIM?

SAVANNAH, GA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell me in Nature and Science whether monkeys can swim?

W. W. DE RENNE.

There is but very little reference in naturalists' literature to the ability of monkeys to swim. The director of one of our principal zoölogical parks states that he does not know whether a monkey can swim, as he has never seen one try. One author, however, writing of British India, states that some East Indian monkeys of the species *Macacus* can swim and dive well. On the other hand, an authority writes this department that "the distribution of many South American species of monkeys is strictly limited by certain rivers—a fact that would indicate a lack of power or inclination to cross bodies of water."

It is probable that this disinclination to swim, and the ability to cling by tail and legs, gave rise to the story of the looping chain bridge of monkeys that used to be told and illustrated even in school geographies. Nearly if not quite all naturalists now regard the monkey bridge as a myth, without any real basis in fact. No reliable person ever saw monkeys cross a stream in that way, and the idea has been the subject of ridicule among naturalists who study monkeys.



THE SPIDER-MONKEY.

It has great "ability to cling by tail or legs."

HOW THE STARFISH EATS.

NEWCASTLE, N. H.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: One day, while climbing on the rocks, I found several starfish. I picked them up and put them in a pool. When I came back I saw one on its side, with the little feelers, which are on the fingers of a starfish, around a snail. It finally turned over, and when I picked it up dropped the snail. Do starfish eat snails? and, if so, how do they get them

out of the shells? I would also like to know if the jelly-like substance in the middle is their stomach.

I am your loving reader,

KATHARINE L. RICHARDS.

The mouth of the starfish is the round hole on the under side, where the grooves of the arms meet. The stomach, closely connected with the mouth, is a thin sac folded and packed away in the center of the disk and the bases of the arms. The starfish feeds on various shell animals. If the victim is small, like a snail, it is taken into the stomach. If it is large, like an oyster, the stomach is pushed out and around it. Digestive fluids are poured over it, and the portions digested are taken into the starfish.

HOW THE STARFISH TRAVELS.

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I was down on the rocks, one day, where there was a little pool left by the tide. In this pool were a number of starfish. I thought I would like to see how a starfish turns over; so I picked one up and put it on its back. Pretty soon it began to draw two of its legs up. Then it turned over the ends of the others, and pushed or sucked, I could not tell which, with the feelers which are on the under side of all starfish. Thus very slowly it turned over.

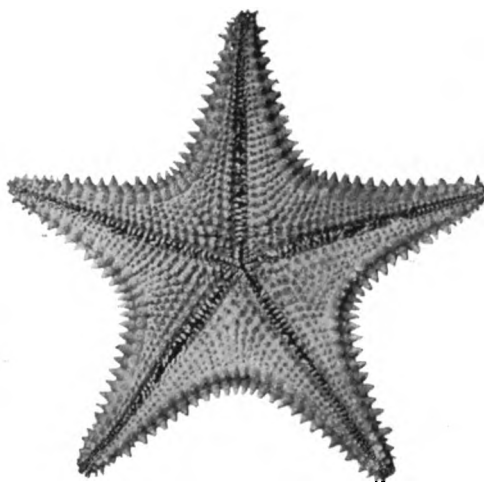
One of your many readers,

DOROTHY BULL (age 12).

Small water-reservoirs are connected with the tube-feet. Water is forced into these tubes and thus extended. The suckers at the end of the feet attach themselves to an object. Then the muscles contract and the body is pulled forward.



COMMON FLORIDA STARFISH.



UNDER SIDE OF STARFISH.

Jordan and Heath's "Animal Forms" thus describes this process:

This movement is similar to that of a boatman pulling himself to land by means of a rope fastened to the shore. When the shortening of the tube-feet has ceased, the sucking disks release their attachment, project themselves again, and this process is repeated over and over. At all times some of the feet are contracting, and a steady advance of the body is the result.

QUEER TREE-FORMATIONS AND FLYING-FISH.

COLUMBUS, OHIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In a recent number of ST. NICHOLAS I saw a picture of a curious formation on a tree. Last spring, in a redwood forest near Santa Cruz, California, I saw on one of the large redwoods a knob which on one side resembled a buffalo's head, and on the other side resembled an elephant's head with the trunk curled up on the tree itself.

The picture of the flying-fish interested me, as I saw several on a trip to Catalina Island, California. When they leap from the water it is usually because some larger fish is chasing them. The larger fish goes as fast under water, however, as the flying-fish above, and when the flying-fish falls into the water, the large fish is usually there to catch and make a meal of it. The fish looked very pretty as they went skimming through the air, the drops of water glistening in the sun.

Your interested reader, ALICE BALDWIN (age 13).

BEST LETTERS REGARDING WEEDS.

THE prize for the best letter on the interest and beauty of weeds has been awarded to Miss Mabel Fletcher, Decatur, Illinois.

Honorary mention is due to Miss May Henderson Ryan, Caliente, California, and to Miss Fern L. Patten, Richmond, Kansas.

ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE.



"HEADING FOR MARCH."
BY FLOYD L. MITCHELL,
AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE.)

In the oozy marsh is a leaf of green,
And a rift of blue in the skies of gray,
While the wind unceasingly blows between
To blow old winter away.

MARCH is the last month of preparation for the Chapter Prize Competition, which we hope is going to be better than ever before. The prize-winners who won the books in the previous competitions have been very happy over them, and some of them have started chapter libraries which may grow to be a lasting benefit to other boys and girls when the young people who started them are boys and girls no longer. And then there are those greater benefits—the hospital beds which have been endowed, and the other charitable institutions that have been helped in their beneficent work. No one may say how much good even a very little money may do when it means help to the needy and comfort to the suffering.

Our work this month is very fine. The drawings are unusually attractive, and it would take a very severe critic indeed to find fault with the heading at the top of this page. Among the good pictures are some from our old contributors who would have won prizes but for the fact that they have gained most of the awards already. The prose contributions are so good that we have had to decide on another competition on the same subject, so that a number of the contributions received may have another chance. These have been put

into an envelop and will be included in the competition for June. The editor did not suppose there were so many entertaining "family traditions" that could be told in a manner so attractive, and we must not waste so good a subject. Of course any one who wishes to do so may send a second "tradition," and this will in no way interfere with the chances of the first effort.

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 51.

IN making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

Verse. Gold badge, **Emily R. Burt** (age 16), Ivoryton, Conn.

Silver badges, **Mary Yeula Wescott** (age 13), Poplar Branch, N. C., and **Josephine Whitbeck** (age 10), 2327 Channing Way, Berkeley, Cal.

Prose. Gold badges, **Oscar D. Stevenson** (age 15), Box 302, Stratford, Ontario, and **Helen Beshgetour** (age 9), Alleghany, N. Y.

Silver badges, **Julia Inglehart** (age 15), 114 Cleveland Ave., Buffalo, N. Y., and **Donald Knipp Belt** (age 12), 613 Reservoir St., Baltimore, Md.

Drawing. Gold badges, **Floyd L. Mitchell** (age 15),



"SHADOWS." BY ADA HARRIET CASE, AGE 16. (CASH PRIZE.)

916 E. Gay St., Columbus, Ohio, and **Anna Zucker** (age 16), 1614 S. Grand Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

Silver badges, **Winifred Hutchings** (age 9), 1578 Barret Ave., Louisville, Ky., **Irving A. Nees** (age 17), 64 Greenwich St., Chicago, Ill., and **Elizabeth S.**

Fishbplate (age 11), 815 Market St., Wilmington, N. C.

Photography. Cash prize, **Ada Harriet Case** (age 16), 398 Jefferson Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Gold badge, **Madge Pulsford** (age 13), Hotel del Prado, Chicago, Ill.

Silver badge, **Gladys W. Wheeler** (age 11), 159 Gates Ave., Montclair, N. J.

Wild-animal and Bird Photography. First prize, "Opossum," by **Francis Earle** (age 15), 35 Stiles St., Elizabeth, N. J. Second prize, "Tortoise," by **Lawrence Jackson** (age 13), 2347 King St., Denver, Col. Third prize, "Swallows," by **Ruth Wales** (age 14), Hyde Park, N. Y.

Puzzle-making. Gold badges, **Madge Oakley** (age 16), 9 Bradford Ave., Newport, R. I., and **Margaret Helen Bennett** (age 13), 52 Farquhar Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham, England.

Silver badges, **William Bernard Harris** (age 12), Merion Station, Pa., and **Richard A. von Blücher** (age 10), Corpus Christi, Texas.

Puzzle-answers. Gold badges, **Agnes Rutherford** (age 14), Ottawa, Canada, and **E. Adelaide Hahn** (age 10), 552 E. 87th St., N. Y.

Silver badges, **Grace Haren** (age 12), 4575 Forest Park Boulevard, St. Louis, Mo., and **Marion Thomas** (age 14), 305 Main St., Burlington, Vt.

AWAKENED TO FORGIVENESS.

BY EMILY R. BURT (AGE 16).

(Gold Badge.)

The pine-trees moaned beside the gate,
The moon rose pale and clear;
An old wife sat beside her hearth;
These words she seemed to hear:

"Forgiveness," sighed the pine-trees;
"Forgiveness," smiled the moon;
"Forgiveness," thought the old wife—
"I can't forgive so soon."

The night-owl in the oak-tree
Began to hoot, *tu-whu*.
The old dame sat and listened.
The wild wind howled and blew.

"Forgive, forgive," it whistled;
The woman gave a start.
Were these the night-wind's warnings,
Or voices in her heart?

Long, long she sat in silence;
The fire grew dim and cold;
The hours came, the hours went,
Till morning, when, behold!

The look upon her countenance
Was calm and sweet and bright.
The light of love's forgiveness
Had filled her heart that night.

A FAMILY TRADITION.

BY OSCAR D. STEVENSON (AGE 15).

(Gold Badge.)

AN oft-repeated and interesting tradition in our family is one relating to early pioneer days in New Brunswick, after the close of the American Revolution. My

great-grandfather had left Massachusetts on account of the persecutions of some of the victorious patriots, and settled in southwestern New Brunswick.

Owing to his strong personality and his just behavior toward the neighboring Micmac Indians, he had ingratiated himself with their chief, who had made him a "blood member" of the tribe. As this was a great honor among Indians, and denoted protection by the chiefs, great-grandfather's family was not annoyed by the restless tribe.

One week in autumn, great-grandfather had gone on a trading-trip through the woods to St. John, and consequently left the buildings unprotected. This was not considered hazardous, on account of the chiefs' protection, and great-grandmother and several daughters were baking, late in the afternoon, when a group of shadows



"SHADOWS." BY MADGE PULSFORD, AGE 13. (GOLD BADGE.)

intruded upon the clean floor of the kitchen. Glancing up, the startled women beheld several young Micmacs, in the conscious glory of war-paint, feathers, and toggery, about to enter the house through the open door. "Huh!" said the foremost brave. "Heap smell! Want bread! Ugh?"

"I have no bread to spare," gently remonstrated great-grandmother; but the Indians were insistent, and demanded pork, fish, and flour.

Being considerably under the influence of "fire-water," they were in the mood to even commit murder to gain their ends.

At this crisis, when several knives were prominently and lovingly displayed, a series of thumps, heavy and muffled, was heard overhead, with sounds as of a man walking across the floor.

The Indians, who believed great-grandfather away on the St. John trail, looked dumfounded for a moment, but when they heard "bump," "thump," "bump," a heavy tread coming slowly down the stair, they turned and ran, hastily and with a great desire to get out of great-grandfather's sight before he recognized them,

for he was important enough to have them apprehended and punished.

When all was still, and the terrified women were recovering from their fright, the stair-door slowly opened and disclosed, not a six-foot pioneer, but small, nine-year-old great-uncle Alfred, almost buried in a pair of his father's heavy boots.

Explanations ensued, and, you may depend, quick-witted Alfred was a much-petted small boy.

The chief of the tribe, at the request of great-grandfather, let off the repentant culprits with a warning, and the pioneers were troubled no more.

A FAMILY TRADITION.

BY HELEN BESHGETOUR (AGE 9).

(Gold Badge.)

"MAMA," said I, at the breakfast-table one morning, "I want to write a story for the ST. NICHOLAS. The subject is 'A Family Tradition.' Are there any traditions on your side of the family?"

"Yes, many," said mama, as she poured the coffee. "From 'way back to the Revolutionary War there are very interesting stories told."

"Humph," said papa, as he helped me to the beef-steak. "If it's *age* you're after, better take a story from *my* side of the house. My family history dates back for five hundred years."

"All right," cried I; "I'll take one from your side and Ruth can take one from mama's."

So papa told the following tale:

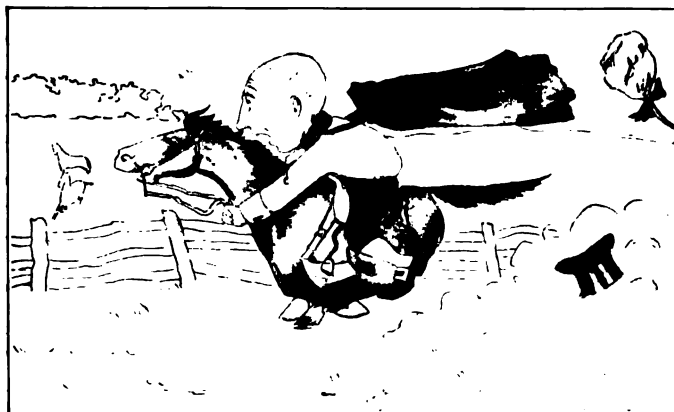
On the fertile plains of Armenia, near the banks of the great river Euphrates, lived my great-great-great-grandfather. He was very rich, counting his wealth in camels, horses, and cattle, besides much gold and silver.

One time when he was traveling, and came to count his camels at night, he found one was missing. He felt very bad, because it was one which was loaded with precious gems, jewels, gold, silver, silks from India, beautiful rugs from Persia, etc.

Then he vowed a vow that if he found it he would build a monastery in that place wherever it was.

After a few days' search he found the camel and its valuable load unharmed, on the top of a beautiful hill overlooking the river Euphrates.

True to his word, he built there a costly stone monastery, which is standing unto this day, and which bears the name of "Beshgetour."



"MY FRIEND GILPIN." BY S. DAVIS OTIS, AGE 14. (A FORMER PRIZE-WINNER.)



My BEST FRIEND.

BY ANNA ZUCKER, AGE 16. (GOLD BADGE.)

FORGIVING.

BY MARY YEULA WESCOTT (AGE 13).

(Silver Badge.)

My little friend Annie

Came over to play.

We stayed in the house,

As 't was stormy that day.

She had her doll, Susan,

And mine was named Jane;

We dressed and undressed them
Again and again.

We made them fine bonnets

For each little head.

They wore them to parties,

Then came home to bed.

Ann stepped on my finger,

And said she was glad.

I got up and slapped her,

She 'd made me so mad.

Then I knocked Susan's head off,

And Annie broke Jane.

We cried and we quarreled

Again and again.

Then I said I was sorry,

As much as could be;

So I forgave Annie,

And she forgave me.

A FAMILY TRADITION.

BY DONALD KNIPP BELT (AGE 12).

(Silver Badge.)

WHEN my mother was a little girl, her grandmother, who had come from Germany in her youth, used to tell her about an ancestor of hers, the founder of our family. He was a French count in the time of Catharine de' Medici, Queen Regent of France. The count was invited to the feast of St. Bartholomew, 1572, along with nearly all the Huguenot nobles, who came in good faith, never suspecting what terrible treachery was meditated against them.

All the gentlemen whom the king wished to save from this horrible murder were invited to his apartments beforehand, without being made acquainted with what was going to happen.

The count had just gotten inside the Louvre when he was warned of the danger that menaced him. He was trying to escape unseen, when a servant told him that he had left his hat; but he was not to be deterred by so trivial a thing, and went off leaving his head-gear. When he was just outside the palace, the bell of St.-Germain struck midnight and the work of murder was begun by the queen's minions.

He had barely gotten outside the city when he was captured and nearly killed; but he escaped, only to be chased again and again by parties of ruffians before he reached the Rhine. There he planned the city of Heidelberg and built the first house.

After it grew into a town he was elected burgomaster, which office his descendants held for nearly two hundred years, when the main branch came to America.

A FAMILY TRADITION.

BY JULIA INGLEHART (AGE 15).

(Silver Badge.)

A RECEPTION was to be given in honor of a celebrated foreigner, and the long hall in Mrs. Emma Willard's School for Young Ladies, at Troy, was aglow with the light of innumerable candles. On either side of the fireplace were jars of goldenrod, for the time was early autumn. Down the broad staircase floated the light-hearted laughter of the girls as they prepared for the evening festivities.

Slowly up and down the room walked the tall, stately principal, touching a flower here or a light there, while awaiting the arrival of her guests.

At last steps were heard at the door, and as the knocker fell, the daintily dressed young girls descended to welcome, with Mrs. Willard, the first arrivals, and be introduced in rapid succession to one after another as they appeared.

After a short time, a hush stole over the crowded rooms.

The conversation ceased for an instant as all turned

to look at the distinguished-looking, soldierly man with whom their hostess was speaking.

And then, after every one else, the inmates of the school were presented to the guest of honor. Each curtsied in response to his profound bow, and passed on.

The last in line was a sweet little maid of twelve, the youngest of all.

The great man looked at her a moment, and then bent impulsively and kissed her red lips.

Turning to the head mistress, he said courteously:

"Madam, it has never before been my good fortune to see so charming a group of young ladies."

Thus I have liked to imagine the evening when my great-aunt was kissed by the Marquis de Lafayette.



NOTICE.

This is the last month for taking part in Chapter Competition No. 3. Members wishing to take part should form chapters now. Badge and instruction leaflet will be sent free on application, and the "Book of St. Nicholas Plays" will be loaned to chapters desiring to give dramatic entertainments. See last League page.

FORGIVENESS.

JOSEPHINE WHITBECK (AGE 10).

(Silver Badge.)

"FORGIVE me, little doggie,
Forgive me, doggie, do;
Last night in a dreadful temper
I thoughtlessly hit you.

"I did not mean to hurt you,
Although I know I did;
You thought you had displeased me
And ran away and hid."

"Yes, my little master,
What you said is true;
You hurt me very badly,
But I'll forgive it you.

"You're very, very good to me—
I love you, little Joe,
And since you will not hurt me,
We'll be happy now, I know."

A FAMILY TRADITION.

BY HELEN M. PRICHARD (AGE 11).

IT was baking-day, and the morning of June 17, 1775. Mrs. Smith had kneaded her bread and put it in the oven to bake. She was

thinking hard, for her husband was a soldier and gone to fight with the brave men on Bunker Hill.

Suddenly there was a ring at the door-bell. Mrs. Smith flew to the door. A man was there; he said: "Fly, the British are burning the houses. Don't stop to save anything." Mrs. Smith replied: "I will save something." So she rushed upstairs and pulled a pillow-case off a pillow and emptied the contents of her top bureau drawer into the pillow-case.

She then went for her family; her little brother was having his hair cut, and when he went to the boat that



"OPOSSUM." BY FRANCIS EARLE, AGE 15. (FIRST PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")

was to take them to safety, one side of his hair was cut and the other was n't. As Mrs. Smith was being carried across the river in the boat the man next to her was shot. This is a true story, for she was my great-grandmother, and one of my aunts has a pincushion that came out of the pillow-case.

FORGIVENESS.

BY ELSA CLARK (AGE 9).

(A Former Prize-winner.)

"Of the Merciful Knight who forgave his Enemy when he might have slain him."*

WITHIN a forest lone wandered
a weary knight,
With heavy step and slow, in
evening's waning light;
But though his form was bowed,
as if he felt him sad,
Within his heart stole such deep
peace as made him holy-
glad.

For he had met his enemy, and
might have slain him there—
The man who would have had
his life, and caused him pain
and care.
But swift a thought winged
through his mind of prayer
repeated oft,
And angels pressed it home to
him, and bore his prayer
aloft.

So, with forgiveness in his heart,
he went upon his way,
And passing by a holy shrine, he
knelt him down to pray.

* The picture by Sir E. Burne-Jones.



"TORTOISE." BY LAWRENCE JACKSON, AGE 13. (SECOND PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")

And there a vision came to him, that from the cross
above
Bent down to kiss him on the brow, the thorn-
crowned King of Love.

OUR LATEST FAMILY TRADITION.

BY ALICE L. SIGOURNEY (AGE 11).

ONE day last winter, as I was playing in the yard with my friend, father called me and asked if I would like to go with him to the lake to get some ice for the ice-house.

I readily agreed to this proposal, and after he had hitched the oxen to the sled, we started for the lake.

In an hour's time we reached it, and began to cut the ice.

When a little of the ice had been cut away and put on the sled, there was quite a large hole in the place where it had been taken out.

One of the oxen standing by noticed the hole and thought he would take a drink. He put his nose into the water, and just as he had taken a mouthful or so he drew back his head so suddenly that a five-pound fish which had been biting his nose came flapping on the ice. I was delighted when I saw it.

We brought the fish home, and had it for supper that night. I thought he was the sweetest fish I had ever tasted, and all the family thought so too.

FORGIVENESS.

BY ALICE TRIMBLE (AGE 8).

IF while we live
Our friends do us wrong,
We must forgive,
And so be strong.

A FAMILY TRADITION.

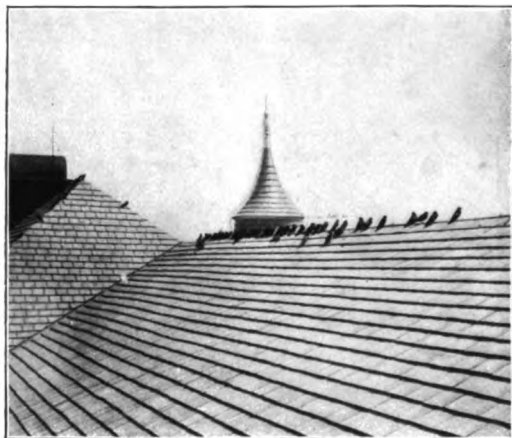
BY CAROL S. WILLIAMS (AGE 13).

LONG ago, in the troublous times, when men carried their muskets to church, and the Indians were continually surprising the settlements in New England, the Indian war-cry startled the peaceful village of Deerfield,

where little eight-year-old Eunice Williams, a distant relation of our ancestors, lived with her father. It was the year 1704 when she was carried away by the fierce Mohawks; and living among these savage people she soon forgot the English language, and became an Indian in her habits and thoughts. She married, and her grandson, Thomas Williams, who kept her name legitimately, became the chief of the tribe.

One day two men appeared, bringing with them a little stranger, who had terrible scars on his wrists and ankles. He was given to the chief to bring up, and a sum of money was yearly sent from France for his education. The boy would sit all day as if in a dream, his great brown eyes wide open and without seeming to see in the slightest what was going on around him. Even if he was spoken to his expression did not change or his eyes lose their somber stare.

Gradually, however, he awoke from this stupor, and still more slowly his memory came back to him. He remembered dimly the frightful time at Paris in the French Revolution; how finally, after days of horror, he was thrust into prison. And there he became so stupefied with fear and the strong liquors he was forced to take to drown memory that he could not recollect how



"SWALLOWS." BY RUTH WALES, AGE 14. (THIRD PRIZE,
"WILD-BIRD PHOTOGRAPH.")

he had been rescued by friends of his father. Thus the Dauphin of France, who was supposed to have died in the Temple, was brought up by the Indians, under the name of Eleazar Williams.

He was sent away to school, and after a good education studied for the ministry. He has always fervently believed that he was heir to the throne of France, and many people think now that it is true. I am only relating the facts as they have been handed down to me. Various books have been written about Eleazar Williams and his wonderful history.

I hope it is really true, for it has a strange fascination for me to think that perhaps this boy was the Dauphin.

FORGIVING.

BY MABEL E. FLETCHER (AGE 17).

"WHEN Benny takes my apple
And runs," says Polly May,
"I never say, 'You come right back!'
I let him go away.
But when it's nearly seven,
And we swing on the door,
Why, he gives me an orange
He gets at uncle's store—
And I forgive him right away,
Because it's right," says Polly May.

"When Polly takes my fish-nets
And runs," says Benny Ray,
"And puts her old rag dolls in them
And hides them in the hay,
I say I'll never, never
Play anything with girls.
But she looks up and says to me,
'Is hayseeds on my curls?'
And I forgive her right away;
It's funny, too," says Benny Ray.

A FAMILY TRADITION.

BY ANNA MARGUERITE NEUBURGER (AGE 16).

JUST as the twilight was deepening on a stormy winter afternoon, ninety years ago, my grandmother, my great-aunts and uncles, my great-grandfather and grandmother, were all gathered in the cottage in the Black Forest at Wildenstein.

Some of the great-aunts—then fresh, rosy-cheeked, flaxen-haired young girls—were helping my great-grandmother get the evening meal in the next room; and my great-uncle, Dominicus, a tall, stalwart young man, was lying on the floor before the fire, studying by its flames. Several great-aunts and great-uncles were rolling on the floor, and at my great-grandfather's side sat my grandmother, a quiet little maiden of five years.

Babette, a young person of perhaps seven summers, was seated on the other side of great-grandfather, among the fast-deepening shadows. In Babette's lap there was a slate, and she held a wee bit of a pencil in her moist little hand.

With true German industry and thrift, great-grandfather was putting the finishing touches on a shoe, before the lights were brought in. Now this finishing process was the cause of all the trouble.

The wind had lulled for a moment, and on the silence broke a nerve-shattering, indescribable sound, as of a slate-pencil slowly and painfully guided over a slate by an unsteady little hand.

"Babette," said Dominicus, with the easy authority of the oldest brother, "don't do that!"

Still the noise continued, slow, steady, and aggravating, for it was great-grandfather working on the shoe.

"I say, Babette," cried Dominicus, half rising, "don't make that noise!"

"I will if I wish to, Herr Dominicus," answered Babette's voice, pertly, from the shadows.

Here, perhaps, it would be well to state that great-grandfather was very deaf and quite feeble from age.



"SHADOWS." BY GLADYS W. WHEELER, AGE 11. (SILVER BADGE.)



"A HEADING FOR MARCH." BY W. E. HUNTLEY, AGE 16. (A FORMER PRIZE-WINNER.)

"Now look here, young woman, are you going to stop that?" asked Dominicus, angrily. And he was already groping his way toward the sound.

"No, I'm not," answered Babette, mockingly; but she noiselessly crept from her seat, and hastily retreated to a dark corner.

Dominicus groped his way to the sound, and there he dimly saw a bobbing head, which he caught and cuffed soundly!

From the corner came a frightened little gasp; the silence was profound, then—

"Anna," called great-grandfather, quaveringly, "bring me the light, for some one has boxed my ears!"

FORGIVENESS.

BY GERALD JACKSON PYLE
(AGE 10).

THE lowing herd, the gentle hind,
The setting sun, the whisp'ring
wind,
The tinted leaves of early fall,
The babbling brook—together all
Whispered, Forgiveness.

The herds of sheep upon the lea,
The song-sparrow singing in the
tree,
The evening hour, the time of
rest,
The naked tree and vacant nest
Murmured, Forgiveness.

FAMILY TRADITION.

BY CAROLYN COIT STEVENS
(AGE 13).

THE latest family tradition in our family is the one of my mother's uncle editing the first paper that was ever composed, printed, and published on a railway train.

On Monday A.M., May 23, 1870, "All aboard for San Francisco." The magnificent train started to cross the continent, the longest tour ever attempted by any train. The party was composed of members of the Boston Board of Trade.

The train was made up of eight of the most elegant cars that ever passed over an American railway, built by Pullman Company to convey the party from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

They were fitted with every convenience, comfort, and luxury, all in the latest style.

Two libraries and two organs were in the palace cars; concerts were given in the evening.

A bottle of ocean water was taken to be poured into the Pacific.

The paper was called "The Trans-continental."

The motto was, "Let every step be an advance."

It gave sketches of the principal men; described stations passed and receptions given; described the scenery and wild flowers; prophesied the future of cities, and published telegrams of current events.

At every station the platforms were crowded by persons anxious to view and cheer the party as it passed.

The largest cities gave grand receptions and took the party over the city.

They entered San Francisco seven minutes to twelve May 31, and received a warm Western welcome. The report of the "Homeward Trip" was as interesting.



"SHADOWS." BY ELSA VAN NES, AGE 13.

THE BABY'S FORGIVENESS.

BY MARY CROSS CAMPBELL
(AGE 11).

THE baby was getting his morning bath,
And was splashing the water about;
His mother called out, "Come, sweet, time's up,"
And rudely (he thought) took him out.

He screwed up his little pink nose and mouth,
And kicked her as hard as could be;
He pushed her dear, gentle hand away—
Oh, a bad little boy was he!

He cried so hard that his face grew red,
And his mother could comfort him not,
Till at last he cried himself to sleep,
And she covered him up in his cot.

But when he woke up he was happy to see
His mother's face wreathed in a smile.
So he put his fat little arms round her neck
And forgave her in baby style.

A FAMILY TRADITION.

BY ETHEL STEINHILBER (AGE 14).

IT happened a long time ago, before you or I were ever born.

In 1776 it happened, when Washington and his army, small but resolute, were fighting for liberty.

One day as the army were marching on through the cold, they came to a house close by the roadside. The officers entreated Washington to stop and get something—anything—to eat.

He did so. When he told the woman of the house what he wanted, she bustled about and soon had a good warm supper ready.

Beside Washington's plate was a small blue teapot of tea. The good woman smiled and curtsied when the gallant general told her that that was the best tea he had tasted for many days.

At last, when he and his officers were through, they took their departure, but not until Washington said:

"My good woman, truly I thank you for this great kindness. I can never repay you. If ever you are in need, just come to George Washington; he will help you. Farewell!"

That is the reason that on a certain shelf in my aunt's home there is a small blue teapot that seems to scorn everything else, even the tall blue candlesticks nearly as old as the teapot itself.

FORGIVENESS.

BY EMELYN TEN EYCK (AGE 11).

Now, pussy, you must be scolded, I'm very sorry to say;
Now take my pocket hank'chief, to wipe your tears away.

Last night as we all were singing, outdoors by the light of the moon,
You sat up on the veranda fence and sang all out of tune!

Now tell me truly, pussy, is that the best you can do?
If it is I'd ask the fairies to give a new voice to you.
But if you sang your very best, then I'll forgive you true;

I suppose it's all the voice you've got, and have to make it do.

Yes, I'll forgive you, pussy; now look happy and rejoice.

I love you for your own sweet self, and forget about your voice.

A TRUE MEMORY OF VACATION.

BY GERTRUDE LOUISE CANNON (AGE 17).

(A Former Prize-winner.)

O'er the rain-washed roofs the chilling winds of winter sweep,

And, blending with their mournful sound, I seem to hear a strain

Of sweetest music, soft and low, above the splash of driving rain—

A melody whose faintest echoes roll forever in my soul.

One summer day long, long ago, when raindrops fell (thus angels weep),
When winds blew as they blow to-night, and clouds obscured the dusky pole,
A friend's lithe fingers touched the keys and filled the air with harmony.

Whene'er the wind sweeps from the sky it bears those echoes back to me.

Again I hear the sweet, low strains, like murmur'ing ripples of the sea,

Or mother's song to lull to rest the baby sleeping on her breast.

Anon the music louder swells, and grander, nobler than before,
Such strains as fill the courts of kings or lead the pageantry of war.

Then, gliding slow in stately measure, the heavenly notes ring full and clear

As when, beneath the lofty nave of some dim church where twilight reigns,

The organ peal falls on my ear, that angels bright might pause to hear,

While echoes roll from arch to arch and strike against the storied panes.

And now once more the theme has changed, and sweeter falls, in cadence low—

A twisted chain of harmony, each note a pearl of melody.
A few soft chords—the melting strain now dies away, more soft, more slow,

And silence reigns. Yet in my soul still echoes on the wondrous lay

A master's mind had hid in notes, and Tulla's fingers found that day.

MY FAVORITE EPISODE IN HISTORY.

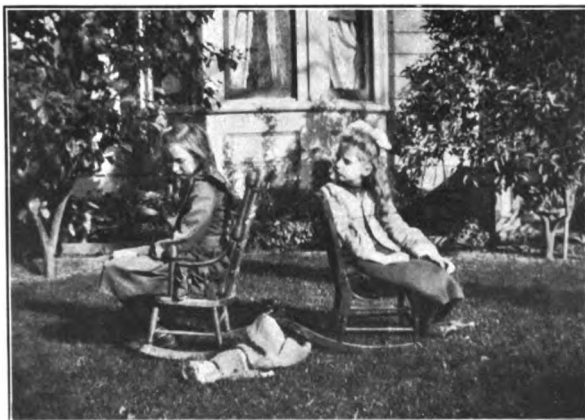
BY PHILIP HASSINGER (AGE 9).

My favorite story in history is where Washington, with a few untrained soldiers, got the better of the well-trained British redcoats.

General Howe, having captured a part of Washing-



"SHADOWS." BY DOROTHY H. COLLINS, AGE 13.



"SHADOWS." BY MILDRED EASTEY, AGE 13.



"MY BEST FRIENDS." BY WINIFRED HUTCHINGS, AGE 9. (SILVER BADGE.)

ton's army at the battle of Long Island, made up his mind to surround Washington's army by land and water on the following morning.

But, like all British generals, they did not understand Washington's ways.

Washington did not intend to sit still and let the English capture him.

He set his men to work making camp-fires and drilling and making believe to get ready for battle, but secretly he sent some men to gather boats.

His plan was to retreat to New York, and in this he was greatly helped by a fog, which hid the armies from each other.

He started to send his men to New York, and by morning all were on the other side.

When Howe looked toward the shore the next morning, he saw not a soldier, not a tent, only the smoldering camp-fires.

I like this story because it shows what a man can do when quick to plan and to act. It makes me laugh to think of Howe's surprise when he saw the empty camp the next morning. All honor to our wise Washington!

MY FAVORITE EPISODE IN HISTORY.

BY LUCILE RAMON BYRNE (AGE 15).

DURING one of the numerous truces of the French war, a vassal of King Richard's, Lord Vidomar, Viscount of Limoges, found a treasure of coins in his grounds. He sent one half of this treasure to Richard, but Richard, not satisfied with a half, demanded the whole. The viscount, justly indignant, refused to give up the whole of his treasure; the king then declared that he would storm the rebellious lord's castle and hang every defender in it.

There was an old song in Limoges to the effect that an arrow made in that place should kill King Richard. One day Bertrand de Gourdon, a youth of the besieged, saw the king riding before the castle with but a single attendant. Remembering the words of the old song, he picked up an arrow and aimed it carefully. "God speed thee," he whispered.

The arrow struck the king in the left shoulder. The wound inflicted was slight, yet it proved serious enough to keep Richard in his tent. The next day he directed an assault from his tent. When the castle surrendered, every defender save Bertrand de Gourdon was hanged. Poor Bertrand was reserved for whatever special punishment his Majesty might devise.

The wound, at first thought so slight, proved to be mortal. The king knew that he was dying, so he ordered Bertrand de Gourdon to be brought before him. The lad faced the brave and relentless monarch unflinchingly. For a moment their eyes met, and each mentally gaged the other. Then Richard, raising himself on his elbow, looked sternly at the boy and said, "Knaves, what injury have I done thee, that thou shouldst desire to slay me?" At the word "injury" Bertrand's eyes blazed. "Injury!" he cried. "Hast thou not slain my father and my brothers? Myself thou wouldst have hanged." The king seemed pleased with the lad's fearless answer. "Boy," he said, with great effort, "thou art free. Sheriff, give him money." This was Richard's last command, for a few minutes later he died.

The king's command was not obeyed, for Bertrand de Gourdon was most cruelly killed by one of Richard's officers. This episode happened in the year 1199.

LEAGUE NOTES AND LETTERS.

Amateur papers and magazines are getting very numerous. Most of them do not live very long, but there are a few that come to this office regularly, and seem to grow better each year. Perhaps "The Bubble," of Charleroi, Pa., is the first of these, and the very latest to appear on the scene is "Junior Success," of Toronto, Ontario. It is an enthusiastic effort, but when the editor announces that he is "going to make this paper like what a representative of Amateur Journalism ought to be," we somehow feel that he has words to throw away.



"MY BEST FRIEND." BY IRVING A. NEES, AGE 17. (SILVER BADGE.)

ABINGDON, VA.
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My gold badge came this morning, and I think it is lovely, and am so much obliged for it.

We were all surprised and delighted when we saw from the last ST. NICHOLAS that I was a prize-winner, and I feel very much encouraged and mean to try harder than ever on the new League competitions. I have only one more year to compete, and will be so sorry when I am too old.

Our whole family thinks the League is a great institution, and hopes it will last for many years. In my opinion, it is about the most attractive feature in the magazine.

Thanking you again for the badge, of which I am very proud indeed, I remain, as ever,

Your loving friend,
ELIZABETH PARKER.

COSCOB, CONN.
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thank you very much for the beautiful badge which I received yesterday.

It was a great surprise, for I did not dream of winning one. I have taken ST. NICHOLAS for three years, and like it very much, especially the League, and I hope to send you more and better drawings.

Gratefully, I remain,

DOROTHY OCHTMAN.

HELENA, MONT.
MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never written to you before, but I can wait no longer to tell you how much I enjoy your lovely stories. They are more interesting than those in any other magazine for girls and boys.

Among the stories you have published, I like best "Hilarity Hall," "Pretty Polly Perkins," and "Denise and Ned Toodles."

But best of all is the League department. I always look at it the first thing when a new ST. NICHOLAS comes.

I have had one story printed and several honorable mentions, and I hope some time to win a gold badge.

We girls have a club called the U. I. C. We became a League Chapter this month. We have very jolly meetings.

I have a dear "fluffy" little dog called "Dixie," and a saddle horse "Billie." This last summer we had fine times together. Some time I will send you their pictures.

But the most fun of all are the jolly winter coasts we have. Starting from the foot of Mt. Helena, we skim along for about eight or ten blocks.

Well, I must close after saying I wish you could come once a week instead of once a month.

Yours sincerely,

RUTH McNAMEE.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to thank you, not only for the beautiful gold badge, which came last week, but for what it stands for and what it means to me. I thank you for the many times you have been so good as to place my name on the Honor Roll, and for sending me the silver badge six months ago.

But most of all I thank you for the work that I have done in the years since I joined the League—that I never would have done without its encouragement.

For it has all helped me both for my life in and outside of school more than you will ever know, dear ST. NICHOLAS.

Your devoted League member,

BEULAH H. RIDGEWAY.

CHICAGO, ILL.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I received my beautiful gold badge to-day. Thank you ever so much for it. I shall always value it because it was won by such hard work. I worked two years for my silver badge, and about a year passed from the time I won my silver badge until now.

I was congratulated by two people before I knew I had won it. Your devoted reader,

LAURA E. JONES.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

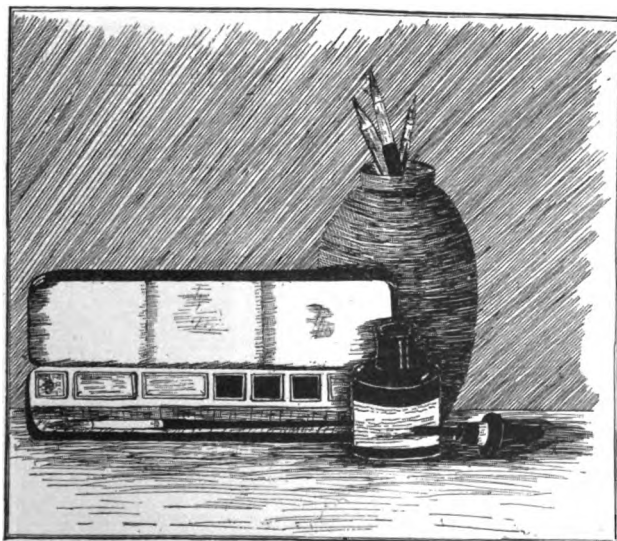
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: It was one of the most pleasant surprises I have ever experienced when I first saw my drawing in the League department, and it was an equally pleasant experience when a few days later I received the handsome gold badge.

I am delighted with it, and think it is worth going through several failures and disappointments to win. Sincerely hoping that the St. Nicholas League may ever afford to all its members the great pleasure and inspiration it has to me,

I remain, very gratefully yours,

JAMES H. DAUGHERTY.

Other interesting and entertaining letters have been received from Anna Zucker, Dorothy Nicoll, Gertrude Wilde, Ralph G. Heard, Lucia Beebe, Consuelo Salazar, Edith W. Palmer, Hartman Pryor, Margaret Richardson, Alice L. Fuchs, Freda Messervy, Kenneth Howie, John Mitchell, Marjorie H. Holmes, Marjorie Newell, Lorena Mary McDermott, Phoebe Wilkinson, Isabella McLaughlin, and Marion Beiermeister.



"MY BEST FRIEND." BY GENEVIEVE W. LEDGERWOOD, AGE 14.

VOL. XXXI.—60.

BY ELIZABETH S. FISHBLATE,
AGE 11. (SILVER BADGE.)



My best friend

THE ROLL OF HONOR.

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been published had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to honorable mention and encouragement.

VERSE 1.

Gertrude Folts
Marguerite Borden
Louise Ball
Daisy James
Walter Harvey
Katharine Monica Burton
Jessica Nelson North
Mary Lenihan
Mena Blumenfeld
Gwendoline Cheyne

Roscoe Adams

Elsie F. Weil

Marion Sellers Almy

Jessie Freeman Foster

L. Beatrice Todd

Marie V. Scanlan

Maud Dudley Shackelford

Elizabeth Parker

Carlos O. Young
Catherine H. Starker
Myron C. Nutting
Eleanor Bailey
Elizabeth Palmer Loper
Stanley Dyer, Jr.
Charles P. Howard
Priscilla C. Goodwyn
Harry Hudson
Gettine Vroom
Blanche H. Leeming
Frederick A. Coates
Ray Randall
Elizabeth Swift Brengle,
Jr.

Bessie Grammer
Stephen M. Trimble
Douglas H. D. Wooderson

Kathleen Denniston
Florence R. T. Smith
Marion Irene Reynolds

Ona Ringwood
Fern L. Patten
Alaine Langford

Ruth M. von Dorn
Williamette Partridge
Mildred Quiggle

Ivy Varian Walshe
Agnes Dorothy Campbell

Dorothy Felt
Jessie Pringle Palmer
Lola Hall

Marie Wennerberg
Susanne Wharton
Mary L. Thornton

Ruth Fletcher
Balling Hall Handy
Elizabeth Toof

Carl Olsen
Margaret Douglas Gordon
Marion A. Rubicam

Edith B. Hunt
Jessie H. Ludgate
Gertrude Boland

PROSE 1.

Netta Pearson
Philip Warren Thayer
M. S. Fleck



PROSE 2.

Howard R. Clapp
W. O. King
Dorothy Grammer
Doris Jean Bell
Gertrude Ten Eyck
Pauline S. Dutcher
Caroline Dulles
Henriette Kyle Pease
Helen Spear
Thomas A. McCorkle
Saidee E. Kennedy
Nanna Rearden
John F. Boutelle
Jacob Z. Schmucker
Martin Janowitz
Lillian May Chapman
Eloise E. Garstin
Webster Washburn
Gratia Camp
Hazel Curran
Gerald S. Hess
Ellen Williams
Frances Marion Miller
Vincent Ward
Dorothy Hastings

DRAWINGS 1.

Margaret McKeon
Margaret A. Dobson
Dorothy Ochtman
David B. Campbell
James H. Benedict
Paul A. McDermott
Meade Bolton
Julia S. Lovejoy
Albert Eisner, Jr.
Winifred M. Voelcker
Guinevere Hamilton
Rhoda E. Gunnison
Elizabeth Stoddard
Stevens
Beatrice Darling
Edward Toth
Helen M. Copeland
Arman Goebel
Eleanor F. Twining
Mildred C. Jones
Deloss K. Tracy
Dorothy Pickering
Taylor
Melville Coleman
Levey
Helen Stevens
Frances Mitchell
Phoebe Wilkinson
Byron Bennett Boyd
Cordner H. Smith
John A. Helwig
Joseph B. Mazzano
Henry P. Kasner
Urath Brown Sutton
M. H. Fewsmith
C. B. Fisher
William C. Engle
Dwight E. Benedict
Dorothy G. Stewart
Helen Rhodes
Calista W. Stout
Hester Margetson
Mary Clarke
Ethel Messervy
Margaret Lantz
Daniel

DRAWINGS 2.

Janet Orr Ewing
Oliver Margetson

"A HEADING FOR MARCH." BY FRANCES KEELINE, AGE 14.

Gladys L'E. Moore
Kathleen Bertrand
Edna B. Young
Anne Constance
Nourse
Evelyn Oliver Foster
Ella E. Preston
Richard A. Reddy
Jean Herbet
Muriel M. K. E.
Douglas
Irma Diescher
Thomas H. Foley
Augusta L'Hommiedue
Grace Allen
Grace Mailhouse
Sarah Atherton
Lois Bell
Carolyn Fisher
Uel Atkins
Margaret Ellen Payne
Ethel Reynolds
Marjorie Hutchings
Harold Locke Smith
Emily W. Browne
Lilius Ford
Nadine Bolles
Edith May Deacon
Charles Cohen
Gertrude Meade Atwell
Frances Chapin
Phoebe Hunter
Dorothy Mulford
Riggs
Elizabeth Babcock
Genevieve Bertolacci
George Haid
Florence V. Reynolds
Margaret Josenhans
Harold I. Thompson
Anne Gleaves
Aurelia Michener
Irving Cairns
Elinor J. Hosie
Anna A. Fleichtner
Oliver Mudie Cooke
Margaret King
Hudson R. Hawley
Walter Cook
Rachel T. Burbank

Walter Burton Nourse
George Warren Brett
Gertrude Behr
Eleanor Jackson
Addie Wright
Marguerite Jervis
Philip McCutcheon
Archibald S. Macdonald
Austin Babcock
Frances Hale Burt
Clara Watson
Donald McCutcheon
Mabel Colgate
Louise Converse
Hilda Burnham
Eleanor I. Town
Laurence Richardson
Clarence Jones
Louise Paine
Henry Waterman

PHOTOGRAPHS 1.

Philip S. Ordway
Catherine E. Campbell
Canema Bowers
Elizabeth L. Goodwin
Adelaide Gillis
J. E. Fisher, Jr.
Christine N. Clark
Margaret Juliet Shearer
Laura Ethel Christman
Else Buchenburger
M. N. Stiles
Margaret Scott
Harold C. H. Haas
Harold P. Murphy
Grover T. Corning
Freda Messervy
Florine Thielen

PHOTOGRAPHS 2.

Lawrence H. Riggs
Cecilia J. May
Margaret Spence
Harold K. Schoff
Elizabeth Edmond
Amary King
Earle Waters
Loring Carpenter
George Wanger
Edwin Shoemaker
Samuel C. Stocker
Marie Davenport Russell
Mildred Ockert
Lucile W. Rogers
Roger W. Straus
Julia Hunger
George C. Morgan

PUZZLES 1.

Dudley C. Smith
Doris L. Nash
Alice Moore
Margaret Murrish
Alice Garland
Edward Horr
Everett G. Frank
Alfred Lynd
Margaret Abbott
Eleanor Marvin
Minnie E. Horn
Marjorie Holmes
Virginia Arter
William Ellis Keyser
E. Beatrice Reynolds
Allan P. Fowler
Corinne Sherman
Marjorie Shriver
Philip Stark

PUZZLES 2.

Joseph Wells
Marion A. Gordinier
Elizabeth Yardley
Paul Ockert
Louise Roberts
Malcolm R. White
Caroline C. Johnson
Rudolph Miller
Christine Graham
Dorothy Stabler
Albert S. Beaumont
Herbert A. Wise
Henry H. Armsby
Edward M. Armsby
Marguerite B. Hill

CHAPTER COMPETITION NO. 3.

PRIZES FOR THE BEST CHAPTER ENTERTAINMENTS.

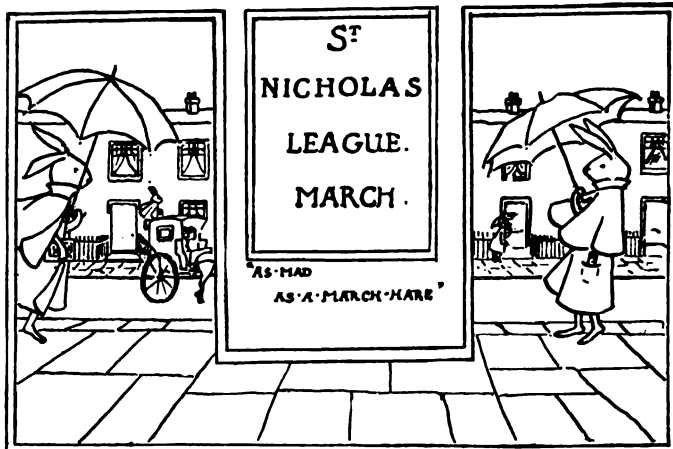
To encourage chapter formation and further to promote the aims and purpose of the St. Nicholas League, the following prize offers are made to chapters already formed, and to those that may form in time to take part in the competition.

To the chapter that on or before March 25 of the present year shall give the most successful public entertainment, and devote the net proceeds to the best use, *fifty dollars' worth of books*, to be selected from 'The Century Co.'s latest published catalogue, which will be sent free on application.

To the chapter ranking second, as above, *twenty-five dollars' worth of Century publications*.

To the chapter ranking third, *fifteen dollars' worth*.

To the chapter ranking fourth, *ten dollars' worth*.



"A HEADING FOR MARCH." BY MARGERY BRADSHAW, AGE 15.

RULES FOR THIS COMPETITION.

1. The entertainment may be of any sort, provided that a majority of the features are selected from the ST. NICHOLAS magazine.
2. "The most successful entertainment" shall be understood to mean the entertainment realizing the largest net proceeds after legitimate expenses have been deducted.
3. The "best use" shall be understood to mean that most in accordance with the St. Nicholas League aims and purpose, and it may be educational, charitable, patriotic, or humane, or for the best advancement of the League itself as represented by the chapter giving the entertainment. It is not necessary that the sum realized be all devoted to one purpose. The matter is left entirely in the hands of each chapter, and a full report must be made to the League editor by the chapter president and secretary, and indorsed as correct by those to whom the money has been paid.
4. In all public announcements of the entertainment, and upon the printed programme, the chapter number and the name of the League must appear, as per following example:

Given by the St. Nicholas League,
Chapter No. —, —,
Of (Town), (State).

If the chapter has a name, the name should also appear.

5. Whenever practicable, it shall be allowable for chapters to obtain free use of hall, accessories, costumes, and any other form of contribution possible, in order to swell their net proceeds—in fact, to



"A HEADING FOR MARCH." BY ALINE J. DREYFUS, AGE 13.

make any honest effort to reduce the expenses of giving the entertainment.

6. Where a dramatic entertainment is to be given, the St. Nicholas League will, upon application signed by chapter president and secretary, send, postpaid, the "Book of St. Nicholas Plays," from which any play may be selected, said book to remain the property of the League for use in future entertainments, and must be returned care of The Century Co., when the entertainment is over.

7. The report of each entertainment, with a copy of its programme, must be received by the League editor on or before April 1, 1904. The awards will be announced in the League department for June.

REMARKS.

This competition ought to result in a great deal of good for everybody. Whether the entertainment be dramatic, musical, recitative, a fair, or a combination of all, it cannot fail to result in much wholesome interest and pleasure, while the fund obtained, whether small or large, whether it wins a prize or not, will benefit any good purpose to which it is applied.

Do not let the fact that you live in a small town, or even in the country, discourage you in the undertaking. Many of the most successful and profitable chapter entertainments heretofore have been those given in small villages. Wherever there is a school there is a place for a chapter and a chapter entertainment.



"MY BEST FRIEND." BY HELEN SLOATS, AGE 3.



PRIZE COMPETITION NO. 54.

THE St. Nicholas League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle-answers. Also cash prizes of five dollars each to gold-badge winners who shall again win first place.

Competition No. 54 will close **March 20** (for foreign members **March 25**). The awards will be announced and prize contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for June.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines, and may be illustrated, if desired, with not more than two drawings or photographs by the author, and to relate in some manner to "A June Song."

Prose. Article or story of not more than four hundred words. Title, "A Family Tradition," repeated from March. (See introduction.)

Photograph. Any size, interior or exterior, mounted or unmounted, no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "Reflections."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash (not color), interior or exterior. Two subjects, "Companions" and "A Heading or Tailpiece for June."

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full.

Puzzle-answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS.

Wild Animal or Bird Photograph. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird taken in its natural home: *First Prize*, five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize*, League gold badge.

RULES.

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent on application.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied*, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back*. Write or draw on *one side of the paper only*. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only.

Address all communications:

The
St. Nicholas League,
Union Square,
New York.

BOOKS AND READING.

**"SOME DAY"
HAS COME** THERE are many good books which we all mean to read "some day." But we do not always reflect that there is in our calendars no such time as "some day." It is "any day," and that may mean "to-day." In fact, when you think of it, if "some day" should come, it would be called "to-day." All of which serves to introduce a quotation which may be worth pinning up over your desk or table:

"Lose this day loitering, 't will be the same story
To-morrow; and the next more dilatory.
The indecision brings its own delays,
And days are lost lamenting o'er lost days.
Are you in earnest? Seize this very minute!
What you can do, or think you can, begin it.
Boldness has genius, power, and magic in it.
Only engage, and then the mind grows heated.
Begin it, and the work will be completed."

**AMERICAN
AUTHORS.** IT is in some sense your duty to know the greater writers of one's own land. So, without neglecting Shakspeare, Tennyson, Scott, Thackeray, Dickens, and others from over the sea, the young American should find place for some of the works of Hawthorne, Emerson, Poe, Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier, Irving, Cooper, and other great men of our own, for each of these has his own peculiar merits and charm, the power of saying what no other would say in the same manner. Keep upon your table a volume by any of these, and you will soon learn its worth.

**A FATHER'S
ADVICE.** WHEN Sir Philip Sidney was twelve years old he had made such good progress in his studies that he wrote to his father a letter in Latin and one in French. In those days, we must remember, if one was to read at all, it was necessary to read in Latin, and French was the language of courts, so both tongues were begun early and studied more practically than we nowadays think requisite. But young Philip's letters seem to have greatly pleased his father, for in return Sir Henry Sidney wrote a charming letter of advice and counsel, well worth reading in full.

We can quote only a little of it, but advise you to read it all. As to study, he wrote, in the old spelling:

"Apply yowr study to suche howres as yowr discrete master dothe assigne yow, earnestlye; and the tyme, I knowe, he will so lymitt [limit] as shal be both sufficient for yowr learninge and saf for yowr health. And mark the sens and the matter that yow read, as well as the woordes. So shal yow both enreiche [enrich] yowr tonge with woordes and yowr witte with matter; and judgement will growe as yeares growyth in yow. . . . Yf yow heare a wise sentence, or an apt phrase, commytte yt to yowr memorye, with respect to the circumstance when yow shal speake yt."

Good advice, is it not? And yet how differently a modern father would write, even if he chose the same ideas to express. Would he not put it more like this?

"You'd better be regular in studying your lessons, for you will find that your teacher knows about what you can do without hurting yourself. Put your mind into it, and try to get the sense out of it, and you'll acquire a good vocabulary as well as learn something. Then the older you grow, the more sense you'll have. If you find something well said, store it away, so you can repeat it when it will tell."

Yet the two fathers, he of the sixteenth and he of the twentieth century, mean the same thing.

**BOOKS YOU
DON'T LIKE.** WE have all heard much of books we are fond of; lists of them have been made, and we have spoken now and again of the most popular. But the books we don't like are sometimes the very ones of which we have most need. Especially is this the case when our reason for disliking the book is our disagreement with its views. You know this to be true as it applies to persons we meet; if we go only with those whose opinions are like our own, we are likely to become narrow, or at least to miss learning much that would do us good. In illustration of this we have only to take up some of the books

of fifty years ago and read their views of the Chinese and Japanese. It is amusing, though mortifying, to see how little was known of these two peoples and their ideas; and we have learned much from them since, to our advantage. The Japanese, certainly, have taught the whole world much about art and workmanship; and both races have shown the rest of us that patriotism and bravery are beneath a skin of a hue duskier than ours. It may surprise some of our readers to learn that there are many arguments made by a recent English writer in favor of Chinese as a universal language. The subject is too big for this department, but we may at least learn from this Englishman that there is some reason for being willing to learn from those who do not in all things agree with us. One of his arguments points out that Chinese writing is readable in any language, just as are the figures we use. The German says "*drei*," the Frenchman "*trois*," and the Greek "*treis*," but all write "3," and all can read the idea meant by that symbol. So in Chinese the words written are symbols of ideas, not letters; and once learned, they can be read in all languages. It would be very convenient, would it not? if by writing Chinese symbols we could make ourselves understood by every other race. The little signs we use in arithmetic and algebra and musical notes are other examples of things all can read in their own languages.

"STRIKE AT THE KNOT!" Two men were chopping wood the other day, when they came upon a very gnarled and knotty log. Some talk followed as to the best way of splitting it into kindling, and one quoted the old saying, "Strike at the knot!"—a piece of advice worth remembering, if it be applied with good judgment. Tasks will often yield quickest if one chooses the hardest part and makes a sturdy attack there, instead of making a timid approach. Often in a lesson there is one hard part—a *knot*, so to speak; and that once cracked, the rest must yield easily. There must be good sense used in applying the maxim, however, for sometimes it is wiser to begin with the weakest part. Thus a general who chose to attack the strongest portion of the enemy's line might find he had made a serious blunder, be-

cause the defeat of one part tends to defeat the whole force.

It is interesting to match proverbs that seem to contradict one another, but it will usually be found that the contradiction is only in seeming.

SINGLE TOPIC **YOU** may make for your-
SCRAP-BOOK self an interesting book by

constructing a scrap-book devoted to one subject. One young girl with a strong interest in the life of Mary Queen of Scots has collected from magazines and other sources articles, illustrated or not, as it happens, verses, pictures of buildings and localities, and portraits relating to this heroine, and has put them into a single scrap-book, making a volume in which she takes much pride. When she cannot obtain a printed copy of an extract she wishes to add, she does not hesitate to copy it out neatly upon the pages of her book—which is merely a large "composition book."

The educational value of such work is by no means slight, since to know one thing well one must needs learn much of many others. Indeed, it has been said more than once that to know one thing completely we should have to know all things.

There is a good suggestion here. You will be surprised, if you begin to gather material upon some topic, to see how much is printed about your favorite subject. One word of caution. Do not choose too wide a subject. Make your limits narrow enough to be within your scope. Your scrap-book need not be upon history or literature, but it should be concerned with something worth the time you mean to spend upon it.

"YE" FOR Do all young readers
"THE." know that the word so often printed "*ye*" (as in "*ye* olde fashioned singinge schoole") is to be pronounced simply "*the*"? The *y* is only a substitute for an Anglo-Saxon character that was used for the softer sound of *th*. You may read how the *y* came to be used by turning to the word "*the*" in the Century Dictionary, where the matter is clearly explained. And while looking in that same volume, turn over to the end and glance at the long list of authorities quoted in making up a dictionary.

THE LETTER-BOX.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

WE desire to call special attention to the article, beginning on page 428 of the present number, entitled "The 'Blacksmith Nation'; or, The Story of a Bar of Iron." It may be read with profit, not only by boys of a mechanical turn of mind, but by every American boy who is old enough to understand it (and by American fathers as well). For it is a clear and concise statement of the progress of a bar of iron from the ore to the finished product, and it also presents forcibly the fact of our country's advancement to the forefront in the world's greatest industry—the manufacture of iron and steel. We commend the article most heartily to all the boy readers of ST. NICHOLAS between the ages of twelve and eighteen.

In addition to the description of the process of manufacturing the iron for market, it will be interesting to learn of the huge deposits of iron ore in the regions of northern Michigan and of the more recently discovered deposits in northeastern Minnesota.

A CORRECTION.—By a printer's error a mistake was made in the head-note on page 424, the final phrase of which should read: "and who was later a member of the National Academy of Sciences."

READERS of the two anecdotes concerning General Washington printed in our last number will be interested in the following account of Washington's "muslin horses":

OSWEGO, N. Y.

GEORGE WASHINGTON's pet hobby was a horse. His stables, well stocked with valuable horses, were always in the finest order, and his equipage excellent, both in taste and quality.

In the old colonial days, when Lord Botetourt held viceregal court in Williamsburg, Virginia, a friendly rivalry existed between the equipages of Colonel Byrd, a distinguished citizen and a magnate of the old régime, and Colonel Washington—the grays against the mettlesome bays.

After the death of General Braddock, Bishop, the celebrated body-servant of the brave general, became the manager of Washington's stables. Under his strict régime the fine animals in his charge came to be styled "muslin horses," for this reason:

At peep of day the stable-boys began their labors; at sunrise the severe Bishop stalked into the stables, carrying in his hand a muslin handkerchief, which he applied to the glossy coats of the animals, and if the snowy *mouchoir* showed the slightest stain, alas for the luckless grooms! The veteran Bishop, bred amid the iron discipline of the Old-World armies, could not tolerate the slightest sign of neglect.

While General Washington was in Philadelphia he had as head groom a man known as "German John," under whose care were the celebrated white chargers. The grooming of these magnificent animals would be a revelation to the stablemen of to-day. The night before the horses were to be ridden, the grooms covered them

with a paste having whiting as an ingredient; then, arrayed in swaddling-clothes, the night-capped and body-wrapped chargers were left to sleep on their beds of straw. Early the following morning the horses were well rubbed, curried, and brushed; from which process they emerged with coats as beautiful, glossy, and satiny-like as human ingenuity could make them. But their toilet was not complete until each hoof had been blacked and polished, their mouths swabbed and teeth cleaned! It seems strange, yet it is history. When they were led forth, arrayed in their beautiful leopard-skin housings, they showed by their arching neck and their flashing eyes that they were highly bred and splendidly groomed.

Such were George Washington's "hobby-horses."
FLORENCE E. WHEELER.

HERE is a truly gory story by a nine-year-old author. As it is told from the bear's standpoint, it is only natural that it should be rather bloodthirsty; and though Master Bruin seems somewhat boastful of his father's prowess and his own, he modestly owns up at the last to having headed for his cave, and generously supplies a novel climax by including himself among the slain!

THE STORY OF A BEAR.

ST. ALBANS, VT.

My name is John. I was two years old last November. It was a cold winter night, and all in the cave was dark, when suddenly I heard some queer sounds outside. My mother and I sat up, till suddenly a shot whizzed by my leg and struck mother in the chest. Her great heavy body fell to the ground, but there was one more to save me, and that was my father. He was a great big strong fat bear. The men made a rush; but when father made a rush, too, they stopped and fired. It hit father, and he made a plunge again and again and again. He had killed six men already, but he meant to kill them all, and now was my chance. I crawled out, and went behind the men, and suddenly I made a rush and knocked three men down and killed them; but there was one more, and father had him in his arms and was killing him. So I thought I would go in the cave again, when my father fell dead, and another man in the woods shot me, and I, too, fell to the ground dead.

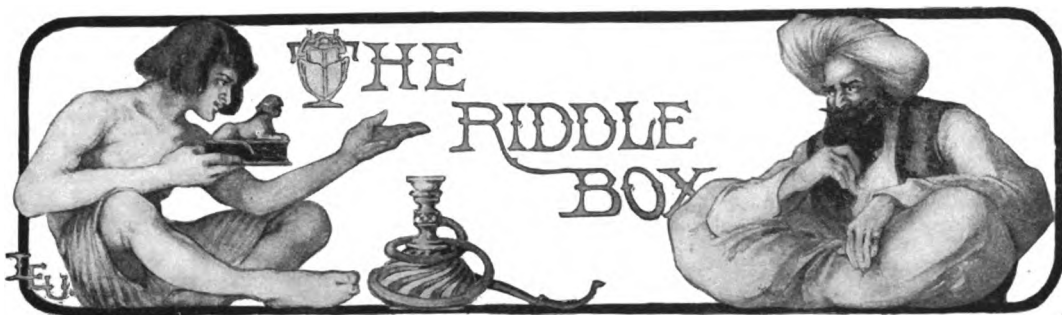
EDWARD F. SMITH (age 9).

DURHAM, CONN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have had my name in the League honor list No. 1 twice, and hope in the future to get a badge. I especially like the long stories complete in one number. We have a new library here which has over two thousand books, and it has almost all of those books in the ST. NICHOLAS series. I have twenty-five dolls, though now I don't play with them much. And my brother has twelve cats. I also have a stamp collection of over eight hundred (all different) stamps set in an album, and about eight hundred others that are duplicates. Wishing you all possible success, I remain,

Your interested reader and well-wisher,

MARY HULL.

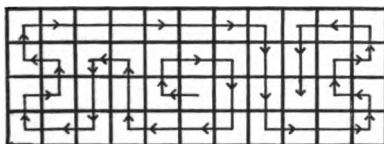


ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Lincoln. 1. All. 2. Pit. 3. One. 4. Act. 5. Son. 6. Ill. 7. And.

DOUBLE BEHEADINGS. Sweethearts, St. Valentine. Cross-words: 1. Sy-stem. 2. Wi-thin. 3. En-vied. 4. El-ate. 5. Tu-lip. 6. He-ed. 7. En-noble. 8. At-tract. 9. Ru-in. 10. Te-net. 11. Sl-edge.

A LABYRINTH OF LETTERS. George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, Saint Valentine.



CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Washington. Cross-words: 1. Two. 2. Saw. 3. Ash. 4. Who. 5. Whist. 6. Ant. 7. Ingot. 8. Satin. 9. Ton. 10. Inn.

NOVEL ACROSTIC. Initials, Washington; middle row, Valentines. Cross-words: 1. Waves. 2. Awake. 3. Silly. 4. Hyena. 5. Inner. 6. Notes. 7. Grind. 8. Tongs. 9. Obeys. 10. Nests.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER were received, before December 15th, from "Teddy and Muvver"—Joe Carlada—Helen Osborne Harris—Adeline Wiss—Mabel, George, and Henri—"Allil and Adi"—Marion Thomas—E. Adelaide Hahn—"Chuck"—Grace Haren—Walter Yenawine—Agnes Rutherford—Erl H. Ellis—Tyler H. Bliss—Florence R. Elwell—George T. Colman.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER were received, before December 15th, from Frances F. Oldham, 4—Agnes Peaslee, 3—Mary D. Loomis, 1—Oscar Koch, 10—"Get," 8—John Curran, 1—Rita Coffey, 2—Eleanor McManus, 2—Elizabeth T. Harned, 10—Margaret C. Wilby, 10—Ashleigh B. Turner, 1—"Johnny Bear," 7—Grove P. Converse, 3.

TRIPLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

My firsts are in shepherd, but not in guide;
My seconds, in earnestly, not in chide;
My thirds, in monastic, but not in nun;
My fourths are in watchman, but not in gun;
My fifths are in tired, but not in lame;
My sixths are in honor, but not in fame;
My sevenths, in boats, but not in bar;
My eighths are in nephew, but not in "ma."

My wholes are three lovely spring flowers.

MARGARET HELEN BENNETT.

NOVEL TRANSPOSITIONS.

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

TAKE out the central letter of the first word described, insert another letter and rearrange the letters so as to form the second word described. Example: Change a soft substance to a small wax candle. Answer, pa-s-te; take out s and put t in its place: taper.

1. Change certain plantgrade animals to perforates.
2. Change perspiration to remains.
3. Change lovely June flowers to imaginary monsters.
4. Change dainty trimmings to strong currents of air.

WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Last. 2. Ante. 3. Star. 4. Term. II. 1. Wire. 2. Idol. 3. Roam. 4. Elms.

RHYMED NUMERICAL ENIGMA. Saint Valentine's Day.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Constitution; finals, "Old Ironsides." Cross-words: 1. Confess. 2. Observe. 3. Niggard. 4. Semi. 5. Temples. 6. Iron. 7. Tyro. 8. Uncover. 9. Termini. 10. Ignored. 11. Optical. 12. Nero.

BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILINGS. St. Valentine's Day. Cross-words: 1. Con-sign-ing. 2. Pro-test-ing. 3. Pre-va-le-nce. 4. Gro-an-ing. 5. Rep-let-ion. 6. Thr-eaten-ing. 7. Sto-new-are. 8. Dis-tort-ion. 9. Bar-it-one. 10. Bur-no-ose. 11. Ven-era-ble. 12. Cou-singer-man. 13. Ver-dig-ris. 14. Bip-art-ite. 15. Can-y-ons.

DOUBLE DIAGONAL. From 1 to 2, Roberts; 3 to 4, Turenne. Cross-words: 1. Reflect. 2. Doleful. 3. Liberal. 4. Federal. 5. General. 6. Animate. 7. Empties.

NOVEL DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Longfellow; finals, Portland, Me. Cross-words: 1. League. 2. Ostium. 3. Nereid. 4. Garden. 5. Farina. 6. Enamel. 7. Lament. 8. Labor. 9. Outgo. 10. Warship. 11. Ague. 12. Suit. 3. Erie. 4. Dare. 5. Rain. 6. Mane. 7. Name. 8. Boa. 9. Tug. 10. Hairs.

DOUBLE DIAMOND. From 1 to 2, Elephant; 3 to 4, Hedgehog. Cross-words: 1. Beech. 2. Italy. 3. Nerve. 4. Lamps. 5. Ashes. 6. Egret. 7. Ovoid. 8. Thugs. 9. Sheep.

5. Change the remains of a fire to relieves.
6. Change a deep chasm to an alloy of copper and zinc.
7. Change pointed stakes for a fence, to a word meaning to analyze grammatically.
8. Change bumpkins to instruments.
9. Change lessons to a large pile of hay.

The letters taken out (read downward), the greatest of the Greek tragic poets; and the letters inserted (read upward), a famous Italian painter.

MADGE OAKLEY.

DIAGONAL PUZZLE.

I	3	5
.	.	.
.	.	.
6	4	2

CROSS-WORDS: 1. To utter with a melodious voice. 2. A distant country. 3. Joyful. 4. A beautiful woman who was the cause of the Trojan war. 5. To have a whirling sensation.

From 1 to 2, outer garments; from 3 to 4, a fruit; from 5 to 6, a small wax candle.

E. ADELAIDE HAHN (League Member).

DIAGONAL.*(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)*

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the diagonal beginning with the upper left-hand letter and ending with the lower right-hand letter, will spell the name of a large city of the United States.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. The sole right to print a book. 2. Pertaining to the planets. 3. A preacher. 4. Preparation. 5. Going before. 6. A kind of fruit jam. 7. A republic of Central America. 8. Watchful. 9. To advise.

RICHARD A. VON BLÜCHER.

ILLUSTRATED ACROSTIC.*(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)*

WHEN the ten tools shown in the above picture have been rightly guessed, and the words (of unequal length) written one below another, one of the rows of letters, reading downward, will spell the name of a famous general. Puzzle made by

WILLIAM BERNARD HARRIS.

CROSS-PURPOSES.

If I go out and you go in,
Lively becomes curt. (Br-i-sk, br-u-sk.)

1. A deception becomes a wagon.
2. Dexterity becomes the large bones of the head.
3. Vanity becomes a prim person.
4. A little fissure becomes a lump.
5. Sorrowful becomes confidence.
6. Rigid becomes material.
7. To infect becomes a gibe.
8. To cut off becomes to escape.
9. An instant becomes an armistice.

A. W. CLARK.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of fifty letters, and form two lines from a well-known poem.

My 24-42-1-33-27-16-9-4 is an English lord who became governor of Virginia and saved the Jamestown colony from ruin. My 29-11-19-41-14-38 is the surname of one of the most noted of the Pilgrims. My

30-24-16-49-44 is the surname of the man who was called the "Colossus of Independence." My 7-19-33-23-34-47-2-31 is the surname of an American diplomatist who was awarded the Copley medal in 1753. My 18-20-35 is the surname of an American general who disobeyed Washington's orders at the battle of Monmouth. My 22-9-3-40-15-8 has been called the "Founder of American Literature." My 7-45-39-12-36-31 built the steamer "Clermont." My 21-6-38-19-48-26 is the surname of the man who established the Bank of North America. My 27-10-46-5-12-50-38 is the surname of the man who said, "I was born an American, I live an American, I shall die an American." My 46-11-17-12-48-32-36-9-28 was the founder of Maryland. My 29-6-39-37-13-46-25-43 was the greatest of discoverers.

HELEN DEAN FISH (League Member).

ANAGRAM.

A famous man:

O REVEL, TO SHOOT DEER.

A. R. L.

CENTRAL SYNCOPATIONS AND REMAINDERS.

1. SYNCOPATE the central letter from a black man and leave an emperor. 2. Syncopate the central letter from foremost and leave a clenched hand. 3. Syncopate the central letter from an animal and leave the most desirable. 4. Syncopate the central letter of to wash lightly and leave to ascend. 5. Syncopate the central letter of a motive power and leave barren land.

The syncopated letters will spell the surname of a noted American.

MARGUERITE E. STEPHENS (League Member).

ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE.

EXAMPLE: Subtract a letter from to throw; add a letter to the remaining letters and transpose them to make a luminous body. Answer, cast—c—ast—t—r—star.

1. Subtract a letter from open hostility; add a letter to the remaining letters, and transpose them to make a beam of light.

2. Subtract a letter from lateral; add a letter to the remaining letters, and transpose them to make a quantity of medicine.

3. Subtract a letter from human beings; add a letter to the remaining letters, and transpose them to make a large Australian bird.

4. Subtract a letter from to pull along; add a letter to the remaining letters, and transpose them to make to caution.

5. Subtract a letter from an obstinate animal; add a letter to the remaining letters, and transpose them to make an illuminating fluid.

6. Subtract a letter from musical measure; add a letter to the remaining letters, and transpose them to make a measure of length.

7. Subtract a letter from to mislay; add a letter to the remaining letters, and transpose them to make an auction.

8. Subtract a letter from a heavenly body; add a letter to the remaining letters, and transpose them to make part of a ship.

9. Subtract a letter from any precious stone; add a letter to the remaining letters, and transpose them to make to beseech.

10. Subtract a letter from something to hold cut flowers; add a letter to the remaining letters, and transpose them to make to rescue.

The subtracted and added letters will each spell something associated with March.

FLORENCE HOYTE (League Member).



DOROTHY.

AFTER A PORTRAIT BY LYDIA FIELD EMMETT.

From a Copley print, copyright, 1900, by Curtis & Cameron.

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XXXI.

APRIL, 1904.

No. 6.

THE GENERAL'S EASTER BOX.

BY TEMPLE BAILEY.

THE General did not look at all as one would expect a general to look. He was short and thick-set and had a red face and a white mustache, and he usually dressed in a gray tweed suit, with a funny Norfolk jacket with a belt, and wore a soft cap pulled down almost to his eye-glasses.

And he always did his own marketing.

That is how he came to know Jimmy.

Jimmy stood at a corner of Old Market and sold little bundles of dried sage and sweet marjoram, and sassafras and cinnamon, and soup-bunches made of bits of vegetables tied together — a bit of parsley and a bit of celery and a bit of carrot and a sprig of summer savory, all for one cent. Then at Christmas-time he displayed wreaths, which he and his little mother made at home, and as the spring came on he brought wild flowers that he picked in the woods.

And that was how he came to know the General.

For one morning, just before Easter, the General came puffing down the outside aisle of Old Market, with his colored man behind him with an enormous basket. The General's carriage was drawn up to the curbstone, and the gray horses were dancing little fancy dances over the asphalt street, when all at once Jimmy thrust a bunch of arbutus under the General's very nose.

"Go away, go away," said the General, and

trotted down to the carriage door, which a footman held open for him.

But a whiff of fragrance had reached him, and he stopped.

"How much?" he asked.

"Three cents," said Jimmy, in a hoarse voice.

The General looked at the little fellow through his eye-glasses.

"Got a cold?" he inquired gruffly.

"Yes, sir," croaked Jimmy.

"Why don't you stay in the house, then?" growled the General.

"Can't, sir," said Jimmy, cheerfully; "business is business."

The General looked at the little stand where "business" was transacted — at the little rows of dried stuffs, at the small basket of flowers, and at the soup-bunches.

"Humph," he said.

Then his hand went down into his pocket, and he pulled out a lot of change. After that he chose two bunches of sweet, pinky blossoms.

"Two for five, sir," said Jimmy.

"Hum," said the General. "You might give me some parsley and a soup-bunch."

Jimmy wrapped up the green stuff carefully and dropped it into the basket carried by the colored man.

"Nine cents, sir," he said; and the General handed him a dime and then moved to the next stall, holding the flowers close to his nose.

"You forgot your change," cried Jimmy, and rushed after him with the one cent.

"Keep —" But one look at the honest little face and he changed his sentence.

"Thank you, young man," he said, and away he drove.

After that Jimmy looked for the General, and the General for Jimmy. Their transactions were always carried on in a strictly business manner, although, to be sure, the General's modest family of two did not require the unlimited sage and sweet marjoram that were ordered from time to time.

On the Saturday before Easter the little stand was gay with new wares. In little nests of dried grasses lay eggs — Easter eggs, bright pink and blue and purple and mottled. Jimmy had invested in a dozen at forty cents the dozen, and he had hopes of doubling the money, for work surely counted for something, and he and the Little Mother had dyed them.

But somehow people passed them by. Inside of the market there were finer nests, and eggs gilded and lettered, and Jimmy began to feel that his own precious eggs were very dull indeed.

But when the General appeared around the corner, the boy's spirits rose. Here, at any rate, was a good customer.

The General, however, was in a temper. There had been an argument with the fish-man which had left him red in the face and very touchy. So he bought two bunches of arbutus and nothing else.

"Any eggs, sir?" asked Jimmy.

"Eggs?" said the General, looking over the little stand.

"Easter eggs," explained Jimmy.

"I've no use for such things," said the General.

"Oh!" said Jimmy, and in spite of himself his voice trembled. When one is the man of the family, and the Little Mother is sewing for dear life, and her work and the little stand in the market are all that pay the rent and buy food, it is sometimes hard to be brave. But the General did not notice the tremble.

Jimmy tried again:

"Any children, sir? Children always like Easter eggs, you know."

"No," said the General; "no one but a son in the Philippines — a son some six feet two in his stockings."

"Any grandchildren, sir?" hopefully.

"Bless my soul," said the General, testily, "what a lot of questions!" And he hurried off to his carriage.

Jimmy felt very forlorn. The General had been his last hope. The eggs were a dead loss.

At last it came time to close up, and he piled all of his wares in a basket. Then he took out a little broom and began to sweep in an orderly way around his little stall. He had a battered old dustpan, and as he carried it out to the street to empty it, he saw a stiff greenish gray paper sticking out of the dirt. Nothing in the world ever looks exactly like that but an American greenback, and, sure enough, when Jimmy pulled it out it proved to be a ten-dollar bill.

Jimmy sat down on the curb suddenly. His money always came in pennies and nickels and dimes and quarters. The Little Mother sometimes earned a dollar at a time, but never in his whole life had Jimmy possessed a ten-dollar bill.

Think of the possibilities to a little, poor, cold, worried boy. There was two months' rent in that ten-dollar bill — two months in which he would not have to worry over whether there would be a roof over their heads.

Then there was a basket stall in that ten-dollar bill. That had always been his ambition. Some one had told him that baskets sold well in other cities, and not a single person had opened a basket stall in Old Market, and that was Jimmy's chance. Once established, he knew he could earn a good living.

As for ten dollars' worth of groceries and provisions, Jimmy's mind could not grasp such a thing; fifty cents had always been the top limit for a grocery bill.

But — it was n't Jimmy's ten dollars. Like a flash his dreams tumbled to the ground. There had been many people coming and going through Old Market, but Jimmy knew that the bill was the General's. For the old gentleman had pulled out a roll when he reached for the five cents. Yes, it was the General's; but how to find the General?

Inside the market he found the General's

butcher. Yes, the butcher knew the General's address, for he was one of his best customers, and would keep Jimmy's basket while the boy went to the house.

It was a long distance. Jimmy passed rows of great stone mansions, and went through

puffing down the stairs. "Well, well, and what do you want?"

"Please, sir, did you drop this?" and Jimmy held out the tightly rolled bill.

"Did I? Well, now, I'm sure I don't know. Perhaps I did, perhaps I did."



THEN THE GENERAL, WITH KNIFE UPRAISED, STOPPED IN HIS CARVING OF THE COLD ROAST CHICKEN, AND TURNED TO JIMMY. (SEE PAGE 486.)

parks, where crocuses and hyacinths were just peeping out.

At last he came to the General's.

A colored man answered the ring of the bell.

"Who shall I say?" he inquired loftily.

"The General is very busy, y' know."

"Say Jimmy, from the market, please"; and Jimmy sat down on the great hall seat, feeling very much awed with all the magnificence.

"Well, well," said the General, as he came

"I found it in front of my stall," said Jimmy.

What a strange thing it seemed that the General should not know! Jimmy would have known if he had lost a penny. He began to feel that the General could not have a true idea of *business*.

The General took out a roll of bills. "Let me see," he said. "Here 's my market list. Yes, I guess that 's mine, sure enough."

"I'm glad I noticed it," said Jimmy, simply. "I came near sweeping it into the street."

"And what can I pay you for your trouble?" asked the General, looking at the boy keenly.

"Well," said Jimmy, stoutly, "you see, business is business, and I had to take my time, and I'd like to get back as soon as I can."

The General frowned. He was afraid he was going to be disappointed in this boy. What, after all, if he was a beggar —

"And so," went on Jimmy, "if you would give me a nickel for car-fare, I think we might call it square."

The General fumbled around for his eye-glasses, put them on, and looked at Jimmy in astonishment.

"A nickel?" he asked.

"Yes, sir"; Jimmy blushed. "You know, I ought to get back."

"Well, well," said the General. The boy had certainly the instincts of a gentleman. Not a single plea of poverty, and yet one could see that he was poor, very poor.

Just then a gong struck softly somewhere. "I'm not going to let you go until you have a bit of lunch with us," said the General. "I have told my wife of Jimmy of the market, and now I want you to meet her."

So Jimmy went down into a wonderful dining-room, where the silver and the cut glass shone, and where at the farther side of the table was the sweetest little old lady, who came and shook hands with him.

Jimmy had never before eaten lunch where the soup was served in little cups, but the General's wife put him at his ease when she told him that his very own soup-bunches were in that soup, and if he did n't eat plenty of it he would n't be advertising his wares. Then the General, with knife upraised, stopped in his carving of the cold roast chicken, and turned to Jimmy with a smile of approval in his genial face, and said that it was his sage, too, that was in the chicken dressing.

They made Jimmy talk, and finally he told them of his ambition for a basket stall.

"And when do you expect to get it?" asked the General, with a smile.

"When I get the goose that lays the golden egg, I am afraid, sir," said Jimmy, a little sadly.

Then the General's wife asked questions, and Jimmy told her about the Little Mother, and

of their life together; but not one word did he tell of their urgent need, for Jimmy had not learned to beg.

At last the wonderful lunch was over, somewhat to Jimmy's relief, it must be confessed.

"I shall come and see your mother, Jimmy," said the General's wife, as Jimmy left her.

Out in the hall the General handed the boy a nickel. "Business is business, young man," he said, with a twinkle in his eye.

That night Jimmy and his mother sat up very late, for the boy had so much to tell.

"Do you think I was wrong to ask for the nickel, Mother?" he asked anxiously, when he had finished.

"No," said his mother; "but I am glad you did n't ask for more."

Then, after Jimmy had gone to bed, the mother sat up for a long time, wondering how the rent was to be paid.

On Easter Monday morning Jimmy and the Little Mother started out to pick the arbutus and the early violets which Jimmy was to sell Tuesday at his little stall.

It was a sunshiny morning. The broad road was hard and white after the April showers, the sky was blue, and the air was sweet with the breath of bursting buds. And, in spite of cares, Jimmy and his mother had a very happy time as they filled their baskets.

At last they sat down to tie up the bunches. Carriage after carriage passed them. As the last bunch of flowers was laid in Jimmy's basket, a victoria drawn by a pair of grays stopped in front of the flower-gatherers.

"Well, well," said a hearty voice, and there were the General and his wife! They had called for Jimmy and his mother, they said, and had been directed to the wooded hill.

"Get in, get in," commanded the General; and, in spite of the Little Mother's hesitancy and timid protests, she was helped up beside the General's wife by the footman, while Jimmy hopped in beside the General, and away they went over the hard white road.

The General was in a gay mood.

"Well, my boy, have you found your golden egg?" he asked Jimmy.

"No, sir," said Jimmy, gravely; "not yet."

"Too bad, too bad," said the old gentleman, while he shifted a white box that was on the seat between himself and Jimmy to the other side.

"You 're quite sure, are you, that you could

The General leaned back and laughed and laughed until he was red in the face; but Jimmy could see nothing to laugh at, so he merely smiled politely, and wondered what the joke was.



"'OH!' SAID JIMMY, AND SAT DOWN ON THE STEP, BREATHLESS WITH JOY." (SEE PAGE 488.)

only get it from a goose?" he asked later.

"Get what, sir?" said Jimmy, whose eyes were on the gay crowds that thronged the sidewalks.

"The egg," said the General.

"Oh — yes, sir," replied Jimmy, with a smile.

At last they reached Jimmy's home, and the General helped the Little Mother out. As he did so he handed her a white box. Jimmy was busy watching the gray horses, and saw nothing else.

"For the boy," whispered the General.

The Little Mother shook her head doubtfully.

"Bless you, madam," cried the General, testily, "I have a boy of my own—if he *is* six feet two in his stockings." Then, in a softer tone, "I beg of you to take it, madam; it will please an old man and give the boy a start."

So when good-by had been said, and Jimmy stood looking after the carriage and the prancing grays, the Little Mother put the white box in his hand.

Jimmy opened it, and there on a nest of white cotton was an egg. But it was different from any of the eggs that Jimmy had sold on Saturday. It was large and gilded, and around the middle was a yellow ribbon.

Jimmy lifted it out, and found it very heavy.

"What do you think it is?" he said.

"Untie the ribbon," advised his mother, whose quick eyes saw a faint line which showed an opening.

Jimmy pulled the yellow ribbon, the upper half of the egg opened on a hinge, and there, side by side, were glistening gold coins—five-dollar gold pieces, and five of them.

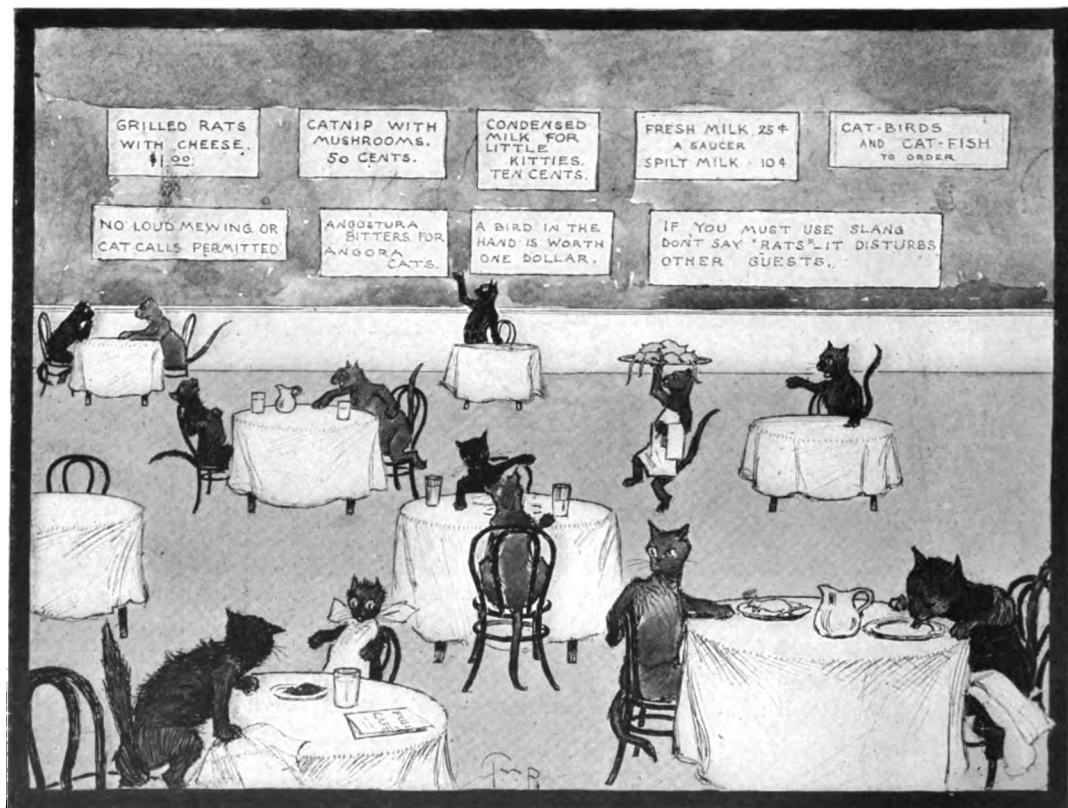
"Oh!" said Jimmy, and he sat down on the step, breathless with surprise and joy.

A slip of white paper lay between two of the coins. Jimmy snatched it out, and this is what he read:

Please accept the contents of the golden egg, with the best wishes of
THE GOOSE.

And then at last Jimmy saw the joke.

AT THE SIGN OF THE PUSSY CAFÉ



GNOME VERSES.

BY CAROLYN WELLS.

THE WISE GNOME.



WITHIN a deep and darksome wood there lived a learned gnome,
And in an ancient saucepan he made his cozy home.
His name was so impressive, it filled every one with awe—
'T was Diomed Diogenes Demosthenes de Graw.
His fame for wisdom was so great that even passing birds
Would stop and listen eagerly to Diomed's wise words.

One day two little jub-jub birds were walking by that way.
They paused and said: "Oh, Diomed, do teach us something, pray."
"Ay, ay," the ancient gnome replied; "now listen well, you two;
A bit of information I will gladly give to you.
Yon lustrous luminary,—empyrean queen of
night,—

Our libratory, vibratory, lunar satellite,
That rotatory orb revolving round our sphere
terrene,
Is but coagulated curds, tinged chromium berylline!"

Although a bit bewildered, the jub-jub birds said, "Oh—
Oh, thank you, dear Diogenes; that's what we wished
to know."

GNOME MATTER.

THERE was once a dear little gnome
Who rode from his home on Cape Nome;
Said a lady, "My dear,
Do you know why you're here?"
He looked up and answered, "Why, no 'm."



FUTURE WIVES.

BY MARGARET SHEPPARD.



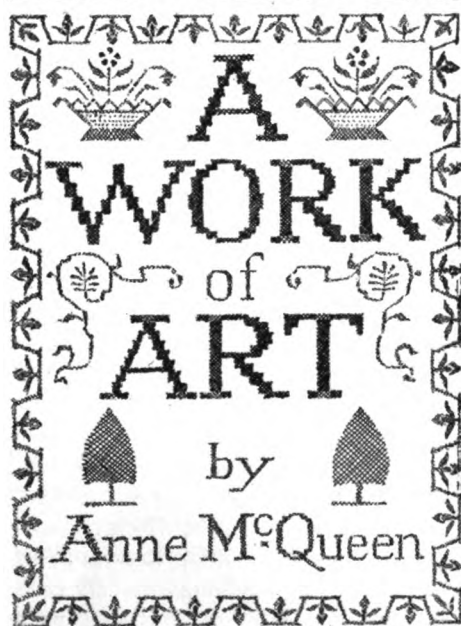
I.

“ ‘ RICH man, poor man,
Beggar man, thief,
Doctor, lawyer,
Indian chief.
Rich man ’ — Mercy,
What a relief!
Thought I ’d have to marry
That Indian chief! ”

II.

“ ‘ RICH man, poor man ’ —
Alas and alack !
Are there only two buttons
Down my back ? ”





"To ye one among my Granddaughters who shall have accomplished ye greatest Work of Art within one Year from ye date of my Death, I do give and bequeath ye Sum of Five Hundred Dollars in Gold, ye same to be set aside for her Wedding Dowry; or, if she have ye ill fortune to remain a Spinster, to be disposed of as she may see fit, after her Twenty-Fifth Birthday.

"And this I do to encourage ye Art of Industrie among my Granddaughters; ye same being a Quality much to be commended in a Gentlewoman. Also: Ye above-mentioned Sum of Five Hundred Dollars in Gold hath been deposited with John Lawrence, M.D., till ye time mentioned; when ye same John Lawrence, M.D., shall appoint Five Persons in this Town, as Judges of ye Works of Art wrought by my Granddaughters. Ye same Judges to be Men or Women, as ye said John Lawrence shall choose (my advice to him is to choose Men, as being of more temperate Judgment). At which time ye said Five Hundred Dollars in Gold shall be awarded to ye one of my said Granddaughters who hath, in ye opinion of ye Judges, wrought ye best Work of Art."

The lawyer, old Dr. Doskyn, who had just finished reading the above codicil to Grandfather Merrivale's will, looked with eyes that twinkled with a little sly merriment, as he wiped his heavy gold-bowed spectacles, at "ye Grand-

daughters" of the testator, who sat primly erect in their high-backed chairs, their hands decorously folded in their laps, and their round young faces struggling to keep down any expression of astonishment which they might naturally be supposed to feel at hearing this extraordinary communication read. But they were well-bred maidens, and had early been taught the importance of good manners, so that if Grandfather Merrivale had left orders in his will that each maid was to be shut up on bread and water for the space of a year, their faces would still have remained gravely expressionless, though in their hearts they might have been as rebellious as any girls of to-day.

All the very near relatives of old Mr. Merrivale were gathered in the big drawing-room of the old colonial mansion, for the reading of the will, the day after the funeral. Grandfather Merrivale had not been noted for eccentricities, and this codicil was as much a surprise to his other relatives as it was to the girls. Each mother at once resolved, in her heart, that one of her own daughters should be the favored

individual to carry off this reward of "Industrie." The sons and daughters of the old gentleman were all well-to-do people, and their daughters had received all the "finishing" deemed necessary in those days.

Each maid was secretly casting over her list of accomplishments: one could paint on glass; another was noted for her curious skill in the making of paper flowers; another was noted for her fine lace-work; others for embroidery, or for working samplers in cross-stitch, most beautiful to behold—in the eyes of the maid who worked them! In imagination each saw herself the proud recipient of the five hundred dollars, to be added to her wedding dower. It is needless to say that the horrid thought of passing her twenty-fifth birthday unmarried, and so entering upon the dreary state of spinsterhood, never for an instant crossed the mind of any of those well-bred damsels.

Now it is not my intention to relate in detail how each maid undertook the task, nor what particular work she wrought; I merely undertake to relate the true story of my great-grandmother Hopewell's "Work of Art," which has been an heirloom in our family since its completion in the year 1800, one year after the death of Grandfather Merrivale. My great-grandmother, whose maiden name was Millicent Blair, was one of "ye Granddaughters" before mentioned. At the time of her grand-sire's decease she was a small maid of thirteen, with a mother who was a notable housekeeper, but who had little patience with "fripperies," as she called those accomplishments most mothers were eager to see their daughters possess. Consequently, the little Millicent, whose home was on a big plantation a few miles from Charleston, South Carolina, where her grandfather had lived, was skilled in pickling, preserving, spinning, knitting, sewing, and weaving beautifully smooth webs of cloth for the use of her family, but had scant acquaintance with the fine arts. Down in her childish heart she desired the five hundred dollars as much as any of her cousins, who were all older than she, and had the double advantage of living in the city and possessing their share of "accomplishments."

"Mother," spoke this small maid, one even-

ing the following week, sitting on the wide portico of her plantation home, knitting busily on a yarn sock for her father's winter wear, "mother, may I try for grandfather's money?"

"Why yes, child. Grandfather, you may be sure, had some useful work in mind when he wrote that codicil—he could never abide fripperies. Your little hands can, maybe, do some work which will be both useful and fair to look upon. Now what task is it which my little daughter has in mind?"

So spoke her mother, a kind woman and gentle, albeit a strict disciplinarian, and one whose rule was that no member of her household should sit in idleness. She sat in her high-backed chair of hickory-wood, its seat of white-oak splint, woven in and out, basket fashion, made by the plantation carpenter; her hands were busied with some fine needlework—a fine white linen shirt which she was making for her husband, putting rows of tucks down the bosom, and counting carefully each stitch she put in. How oddly that sounds in this day of the sewing-machine! counting every tiny stitch, that each tuck might have the same number! Yet in those days of fine needlework few women wore spectacles till very old.

In the broad fields belonging to the plantation the "hands" were picking cotton; it was ideal "picking weather" in October, bright and calm and warm; the bolls were rapidly bursting under the influence of the warm sunshine, and the "lint" promised to be of extra quality, for not a drop of rain had fallen for weeks, and the fields resembled great drifted heaps of snow. The negroes' songs came floating faint and sweet, borne on the still October air.

Millicent, looking out on the white fields, had suddenly become possessed of an idea, which she proceeded to communicate to her mother, receiving that lady's hearty approval.

The next morning, Millicent, accompanied by her own little maid, Venus, a negro girl about her own age, put on her big sunbonnet, stiffened with strips of thin white oak, and her home-knit gloves of cotton yarn, and, each carrying one of the big splint baskets, went to the cotton-field nearest the house. The overseer had had orders to leave a certain portion

of this field for Millicent's own picking, and here she and Venus filled their baskets in undisturbed quiet—save for their own busy tongues. Millicent picked in her own basket, and Venus received strict orders from her little mistress that she must not put in it even a single handful of her picking. "Because this work must be done by myself alone, Venus," she said importantly, "and I must not take help from any body—else it will not be my own handiwork."

She picked till noon, filling her own big basket high with the fleecy stuff, and only stopping when the great plantation bell rang, calling the hands home to dinner. One of the men came by and carried their baskets to the house for the children; but when the negroes went to work again at one o'clock, this resolute maid followed, picking till sundown. At night, while her father smoked his pipe and her mother knitted, she busily picked the seeds out of the fiber, putting the lint, or separated cotton, in a basket by itself.

Remember, in the year 1799, Eli Whitney's cotton-gin had only recently been invented, and all the cloth made from that fiber, after the cotton was picked from the seed as Millicent did hers, was woven on the small hand-loom on the plantations. A laborious process, truly, but in those days people did n't rush as they do now; they had plenty of time.

"Can't I help you, lass?" asked her father, looking with tender eyes on his busy little daughter.

"No, sir; for then I won't be doing all the work myself," answered this scrupulous maiden.

Day after day this went on, Millicent picking her cotton in the day, and at night separating it from the seed, till enough for her purpose was gathered.

Then through the long winter days she stood at the spinning-wheel, spinning her cotton into fine yarn. Her anxious mother had to remind her that "haste made waste," and that it were better to do a thing methodically and at the right time than to hurry so and maybe do it badly; she had a year in which to complete her task, and children needed play as well as work: so Millicent was forbidden to work at her labor longer than certain hours at a time.

The secrecy of the task delighted the child, she felt so important keeping a secret; for, though all knew she meant to try for Grandfather Merrivale's money, no one save her mother and she knew what the wonderful work was to be.

The summer came, and now she worked in the loom-house, weaving; and when her web of cloth was completed, there were long hours of stitching up long, white seams; then came much dyeing of brilliant Turkey red and indigo blue thread, and much needlework.

Finally Millicent's task was finished, with plenty of time to spare, and the precious work which received her mother's praise—for it was really very well done—was folded with rose-leaves between the folds, and packed safely away in the great cedar chest, waiting the day of the final trial.

At last the great day came, and the judges were assembled to pronounce on the work of "ye Granddaughters," in the drawing-room at the old Merrivale mansion, where the will had been read.

All the judges appointed by old Dr. Lawrence for this delicate task were men. I do not know if this was due entirely to deference for old Mr. Merrivale's opinion, or because the doctor himself was a crusty old bachelor, and had small faith in the ability of a woman to judge anything fairly and impartially.

The judges were very dignified old gentlemen, with small opinion of newfangled things like painting and embroideries. The "Works of Art" were all placed conspicuously, so that their merits could be seen at a glance, and the granddaughters who had wrought them were in a state of delightful suspense in another room. Each, as became modest and well-bred girls, said she hoped one of the others would get the prize, as she cared but little for it; she expected to be an old maid, so it would do her little good, and her cousins were sure to be married!

A paper was fastened on each object, bearing a legend setting forth the name and age of the maker, and the date.

There was a portrait in oils, called "Aurora Walking in ye Fields," representing a damsel in a short-waisted frock, with balloon sleeves

and very skimpy skirt, smiling down upon a curious object which she held in her hand; this resembled nothing so much as a small cabbage, but we suspect the fair artist would rather it were called a rose.

Then there was a wonderful bunch of flowers painted on glass, and a large bouquet of wax blossoms under a glass case, and there was a beautiful scarf of tissue, worked in a pretty design of grapes and leaves with gold thread, and a large collar and pair of cuffs done in Irish point. Besides these, there was a large counterpane, displayed at full length, with a pair of small pillow-slips to match. The counterpane was of fine white cloth, with a wide knotted fringe around it, and a border worked in chain-stitch of red and blue thread, consisting of a rather sprangly vine with clusters of unknown flowers at intervals, and, in the middle, a pot of flowers of the same red and blue hues, the flowers branching out to form a garland round the name of the maker; then came the year, and a stanza

from Dr. Watts's hymns, all nicely worked in red and blue letters in cross-stitch design. A paper was pinned on this announcing it to be

Ye Handiwork of Millicent Blair, age Thirteen Years and nine mos., who herself picked and seeded ye cotton, spun ye Thread and wove and Worked this Counterpane and ye pillow-slips, receiving help from no Person.

Everybody was delighted with this piece of work. The practical judges awarded the five hundred dollars to Millicent, much to the joy of her family. And even the other granddaughters were good enough to say that they were happy to see Millicent win the prize, as she had chosen so great a task and had done her work so beautifully.

The counterpane and pillow-slips were used to adorn the big feather bed in the best room of Millicent's own house when, four years later, she married great-grandfather Hopewell.

And there you have the true story of great-grandmother's celebrated "Work of Art."



A RAINY APRIL AFTERNOON IN THE NURSERY.



DANIEL DEFOE.

From a copperplate portrait in the British Museum.

THE AUTHOR OF "ROBINSON CRUSOE."

By W. B. NORTHROP.

ONE hundred and seventy-three years ago this month, or, to be more exact, on April 26, 1731, there died in the city of London a man who gave to the boys and girls of the whole reading world a book of adventures that probably has not its equal for interest and the number of its readers. This man was Daniel Defoe, the author of "The Life and Strange Surprising Adventures of Robinson Crusoe, of York, Mariner."

Daniel Defoe was born about 1661 in London, at Cripplegate, one of the East-End districts, and was the son of a butcher. His father

was named simply Foe, but our author probably put the "De" on his name in order to make his pen-name sound more "sonorous," the suggestion, it is thought by some, having originally come from writing his name "D. Foe."

He had a knowledge of Spanish, Italian, Latin, and Greek, and could speak French fluently. His intimate acquaintance with geography, coupled with a great ease of expression and invention resulting from years of activity as a newspaper editor and writer, equipped him for writing his famous work with that wonderful plausibility which has made it a classic.

Defoe's career was a very eventful one. Living in the stirring times between the years 1661 and 1731, a man of his character could not but be prominent in any part which he took in the doings of the day.

He was educated for the ministry, but he

greatly attached to Defoe,—took the sting from his trying ordeal; for, instead of hissing and jeering at him as he stood with his head and hands in the pillory board, they formed a guard of honor about him, and decorated with flowers the instrument of punishment.

In the reward which at one time was offered for the capture of Defoe for one of his publications against the government, he is described as follows, the extract appearing in the "Gazette" of January 10, 1702:

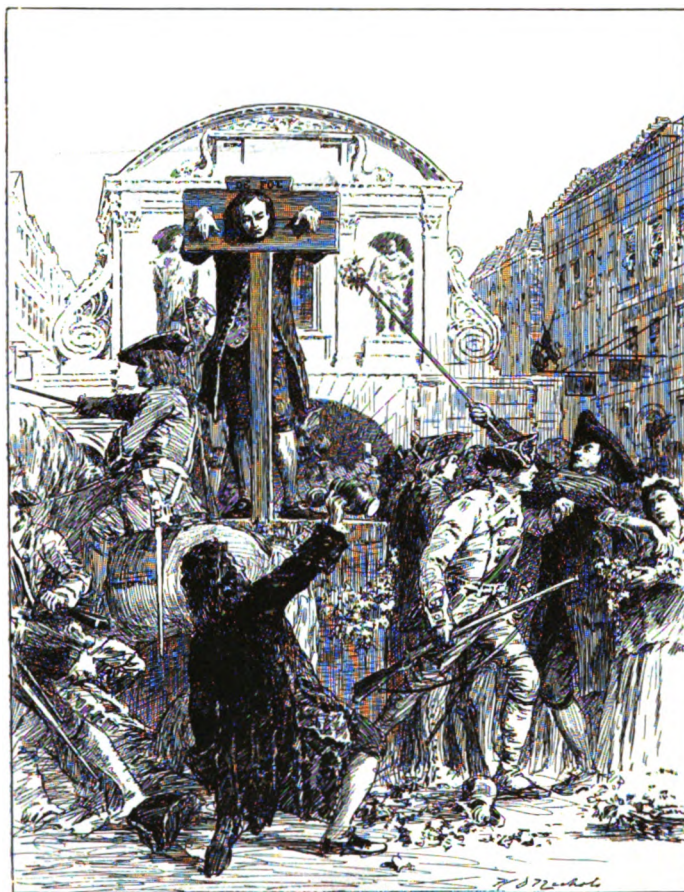
"A middle-sized, spare man about forty years old, of a brown complexion and dark brown colored hair, but wears a wig, a hooked nose, a sharp chin, gray eyes, and a large mole near his mouth."

Defoe—before he wrote "Robinson Crusoe"—was a very hard-working newspaper man. For a number of years he edited a semi-weekly paper called the "Review," and during that time published many pamphlets, and contributed every line of the matter to each issue of his paper, with the exception, of course, of the few advertisements on the back pages.

The "Review," published by Defoe, probably suggested to others the famous "Tatler" and also the "Spectator," both of which, on their first appearance, bore close typographical resemblances to Defoe's publication.

At one time, he conducted the "Review" from Newgate Prison. This "Review," even when Defoe was a prisoner, was published simultaneously in Edinburgh and London.

In later years Defoe conducted another paper, called the "Mercator," and brought out the first paper which may be said to have been on the lines of a modern daily. It was called the "Flying Post," and was an evening paper. The title of the periodical was subsequently changed into the "Whitehall Evening Post."



DEFOE IN THE PILLORY.

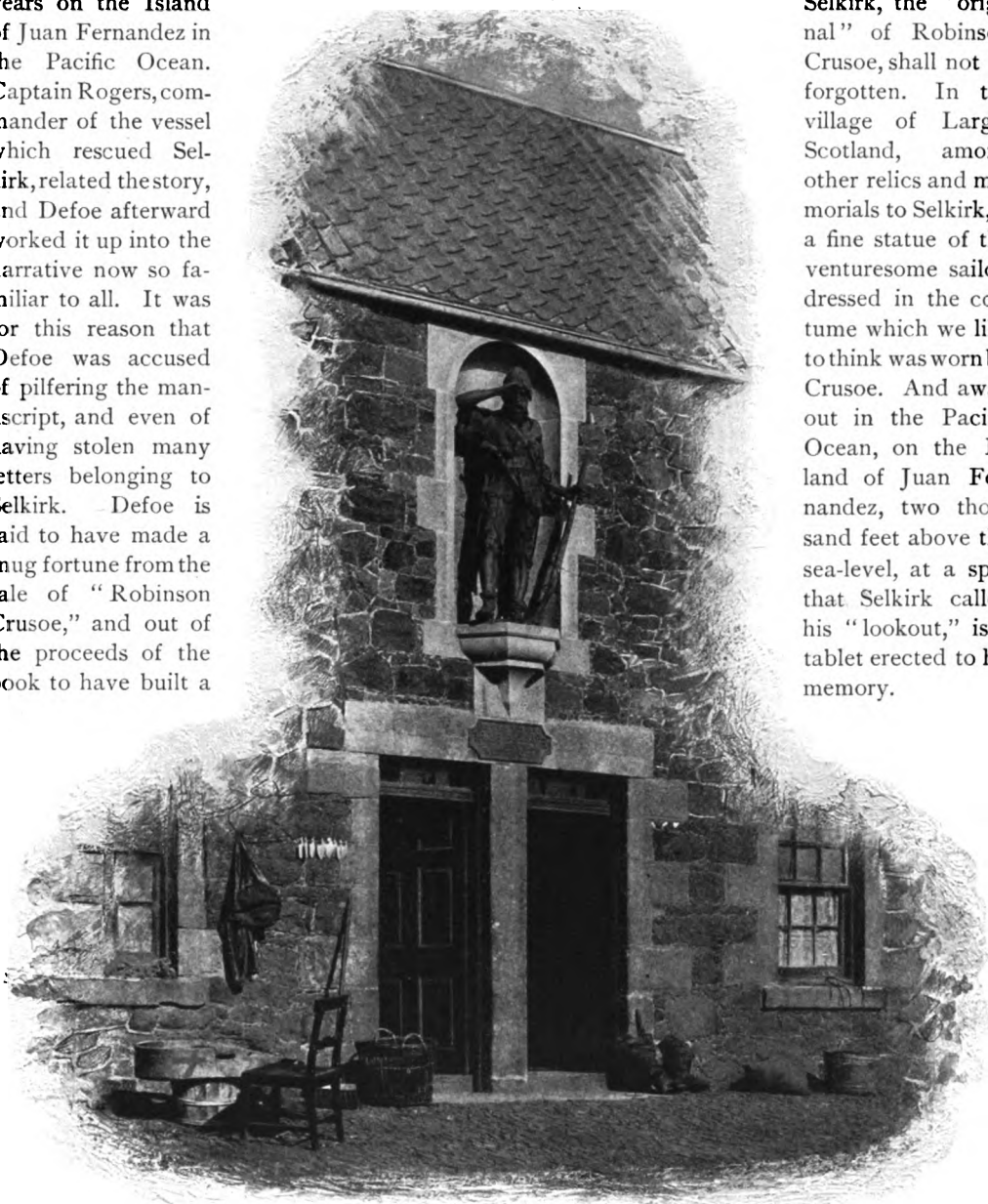
never entered it, engaging instead in the hosiery trade. It seems, however, a strict attention to business did not prevent him from writing numerous pamphlets on topics of the day, and especially political subjects.

One of his early pamphlets—"The Shortest Way to Deal with the Dissenters"—was condemned by the House of Commons and ordered to be burned, and Defoe was fined two hundred marks and had to stand three times in the pillory for its authorship.

The people, however,—who seemed to be

The novel "Robinson Crusoe" was founded on the experiences of a certain Alexander Selkirk, who resided four years on the Island of Juan Fernandez in the Pacific Ocean. Captain Rogers, commander of the vessel which rescued Selkirk, related the story, and Defoe afterward worked it up into the narrative now so familiar to all. It was for this reason that Defoe was accused of pilfering the manuscript, and even of having stolen many letters belonging to Selkirk. Defoe is said to have made a snug fortune from the sale of "Robinson Crusoe," and out of the proceeds of the book to have built a

carefully preserved, enthusiastic admirers of this charming story have been no less diligent in seeing that Alexander Selkirk, the "original" of Robinson Crusoe, shall not be forgotten. In the village of Largo, Scotland, among other relics and memorials to Selkirk, is a fine statue of the venturesome sailor, dressed in the costume which we like to think was worn by Crusoe. And away out in the Pacific Ocean, on the Island of Juan Fernandez, two thousand feet above the sea-level, at a spot that Selkirk called his "lookout," is a tablet erected to his memory.



THE STATUE OF SELKIRK AT LARGO, SCOTLAND.

fine house for himself in a suburb of London. So it must have won instant popularity.

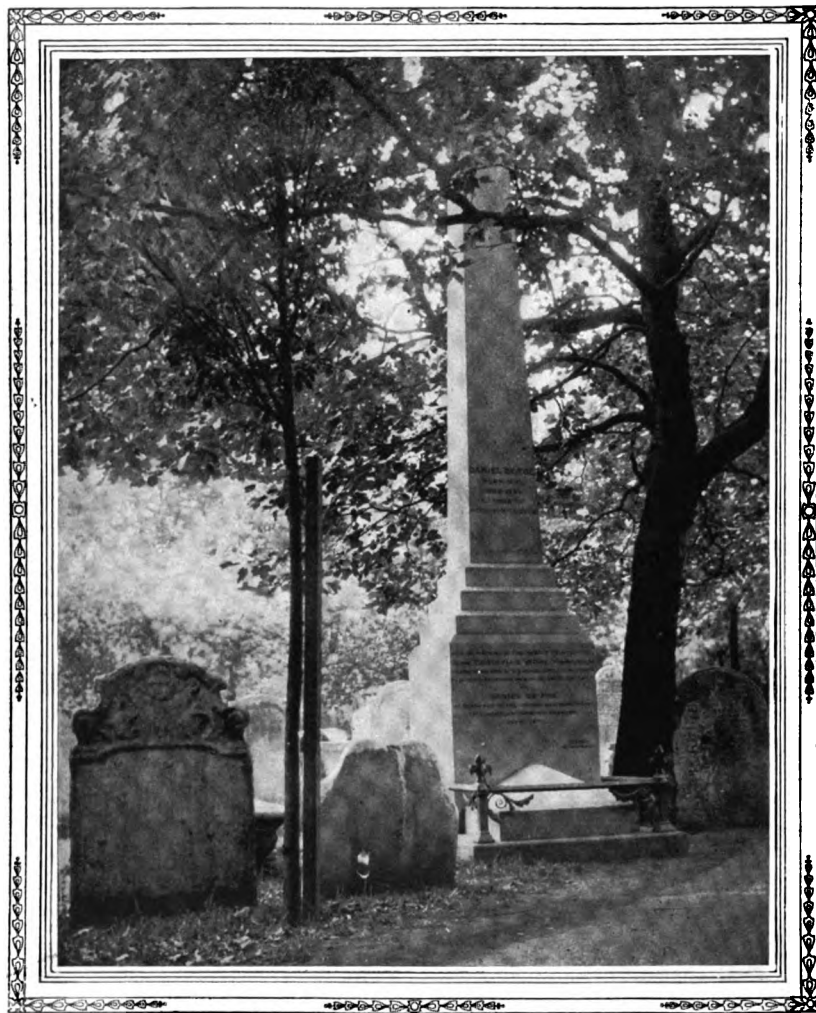
It is interesting to know that while the memory of "Robinson Crusoe's" author has been so

"Robinson Crusoe" was not Defoe's only novel, by any means. He wrote many works of the "dime-novel" order, some of their titles being, "The Highland Rogue," "Jona-

than Wild," "The King of Pirates," and the like. He was enterprising, industrious, and untiring, and, had he lived to-day, he would doubtless have been a successful reporter or correspondent for a daily newspaper.

in danger from his being taken for a spy; but authentic accounts of these adventures are difficult to find. No doubt many of them have been greatly exaggerated.

Defoe died suddenly in 1731, at the age of



From a photograph by W. B. Northrop.

THE MONUMENT TO DEFOE AT BUNHILL FIELDS, LONDON.

One of his journalistic feats, for instance, was to interview, on the scaffold, the famous Jack Sheppard. He obtained from the outlaw a message for publication just as the noose was being adjusted around the man's neck.

Defoe acted as the agent of the government in some important secret undertakings, which required his journeying all over the continent of Europe. It is said that his life was often

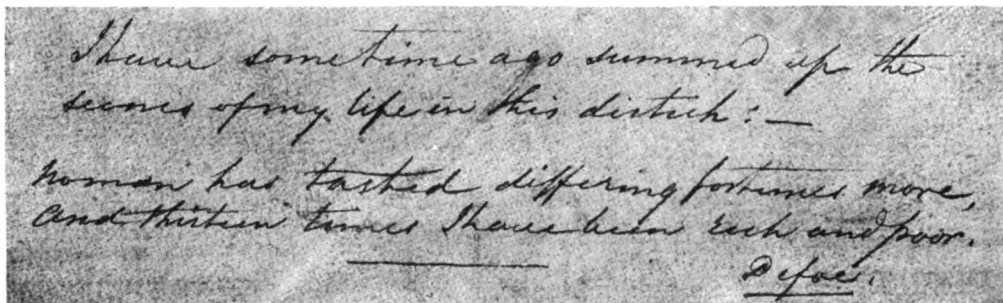
about 71. In a small obscure graveyard in the heart of London stands a white marble column. It marks his last resting-place, and records the date of his birth and death.

This little cemetery, which has for some years been converted into something resembling a garden, is located on City Road, London, immediately opposite the chapel built by John Wesley. Not far from Daniel Defoe's grave

is the grave of John Bunyan, the author of "Pilgrim's Progress."

A small plane-tree grows over Defoe's grave. Into the leaves of this tree projects the upper portion of the monument. For many years the grave of this celebrated author was practically unmarked; but, a few years ago,

through the efforts of a London religious weekly paper, the children of Great Britain sent in subscriptions to a fund, which speedily grew large enough to defray the cost of the monument to the author of their favorite book, and in course of time a suitable monument was erected over the spot where Defoe's body lies.



AN AUTOGRAPH OF DANIEL DEFOE. FACSIMILIE OF A COUPLET WRITTEN ON THE BACK OF A PROOF IN THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY, LONDON.

ROBINSON CRUSOE'S ISLAND. (TWO HUNDRED YEARS LATER.)

BY FRANCIS ARNOLD COLLINS.

WHAT boy would not feel perfectly at home on Robinson Crusoe's island? The cave hollowed in the rock, the garden where he grew his wheat and tended his goats, the forests and plains of Crusoe's island-domain, have been the playgrounds in imagination of boys for generations. We have all wandered with Crusoe over the familiar paths, explored the cave, or sat upon the lookout watching, with a delightful sense of disappointment, for a sail.

And the island of Juan Fernandez, where the real Robinson Crusoe lived so long alone, looks exactly as we would expect it to appear. The island was visited a few months ago by a Chilean war-ship, and a party of her officers—remembering Crusoe with affection, as people do the world over—carefully explored Crusoe's kingdom and took a number of photographs. Although these photographs are now looked upon

for the first time in the United States and Europe, they seem, nevertheless, strangely familiar. They serve to bring the old playgrounds of our imagination suddenly to life.

It is exactly two centuries since the actual Crusoe landed upon this solitary island. His name, it will be remembered, was Alexander Selkirk, though, strangely enough, he, too, like Defoe, spelled his name differently from the form used by his father before him, for Selkirk's father spelled his name Selcraig. Of all the labors of the immortal Crusoe, time has left few traces. Selkirk lived much the same life which Daniel Defoe describes in the story. The cave hollowed from the rock, with the rude remains of its stone supports, may still be recognized. The lookout,—the conical hill, "very steep and high,"—where Crusoe watched so many weary hours, rises near by. A large

bronze tablet commemorating Selkirk's sojourn on the island was placed near the base of the lookout by the officers of an English war-ship in 1868. Crusoe's garden is buried beneath two hundred years of tropical vegetation. The long flat beach where he landed, however, is readily identified.

So closely has Defoe followed the actual story of Selkirk's adventures that "Robinson Crusoe" might even now serve as a guide-book for his island. The scenes as Defoe describes them, often with surprisingly few words, have, in two centuries, lost nothing of their charm. The photographs of these scenes do not in any sense contradict the narrative. With the actual photographs of the lookout before us, where Crusoe—or rather Selkirk—first climbed to look about him, Defoe's description borrows a new meaning. "There was a hill not above a mile from

my great affliction, viz., that I was in an island environed every way with the sea." Or, again, study the photograph of the cave, and Defoe, it will be found, has not used a word amiss. "I found a little plain on the side of a rising hill, whose front toward this little plain was steep as a house side. . . . On the side of the rock there was a hollow place, worn a little way in, like the entrance or door of a cave, but there was not really any cave or way into the rock at all."

The adventures of Selkirk differ only in detail from the story of Crusoe. The real Crusoe, as we may call him, was not shipwrecked, but came ashore voluntarily. He was a Scotchman, and landed from an English ship, the "Cinque Ports," a little vessel of but ninety odd tons burden, carrying eighteen guns, commanded by Captain William Dampier, in 1704. Selkirk was the sailing-master of the vessel, and, in



THE SCENE OF CRUSOE'S SHIPWRECK.

"I got to the mainland, where, to my great comfort, I clambered up the cliffs of the shore and sat down upon the grass, free from danger and quite out of the reach of the water."—ROBINSON CRUSOE.

me," says Crusoe, "which rose up very steep and high. . . . I traveled for discovery up to the top of that hill, where, after I had, with great labor and difficulty, got to the top, I saw my fate, to

reality, he had had a "falling out" with the captain some time before, and had begged to be put ashore. Just what this quarrel may have been is not known, since the account

comes from the captain himself. Selkirk lived alone on the island for four years and four months, and was then rescued by Captain Rog-

tobacco, a hatchet, a knife, a Bible, and his mathematical instruments and books.

Four years and four months later, when Sel-



CRUSOE'S CAVE.

"I found a little plain on the side of a rising hill, whose front toward this little plain was steep as a house side. . . . On the side of the rock there was a hollow place, worn a little way in, like the entrance or door of a cave, but there was not really any cave or way into the rock at all."—ROBINSON CRUSOE.

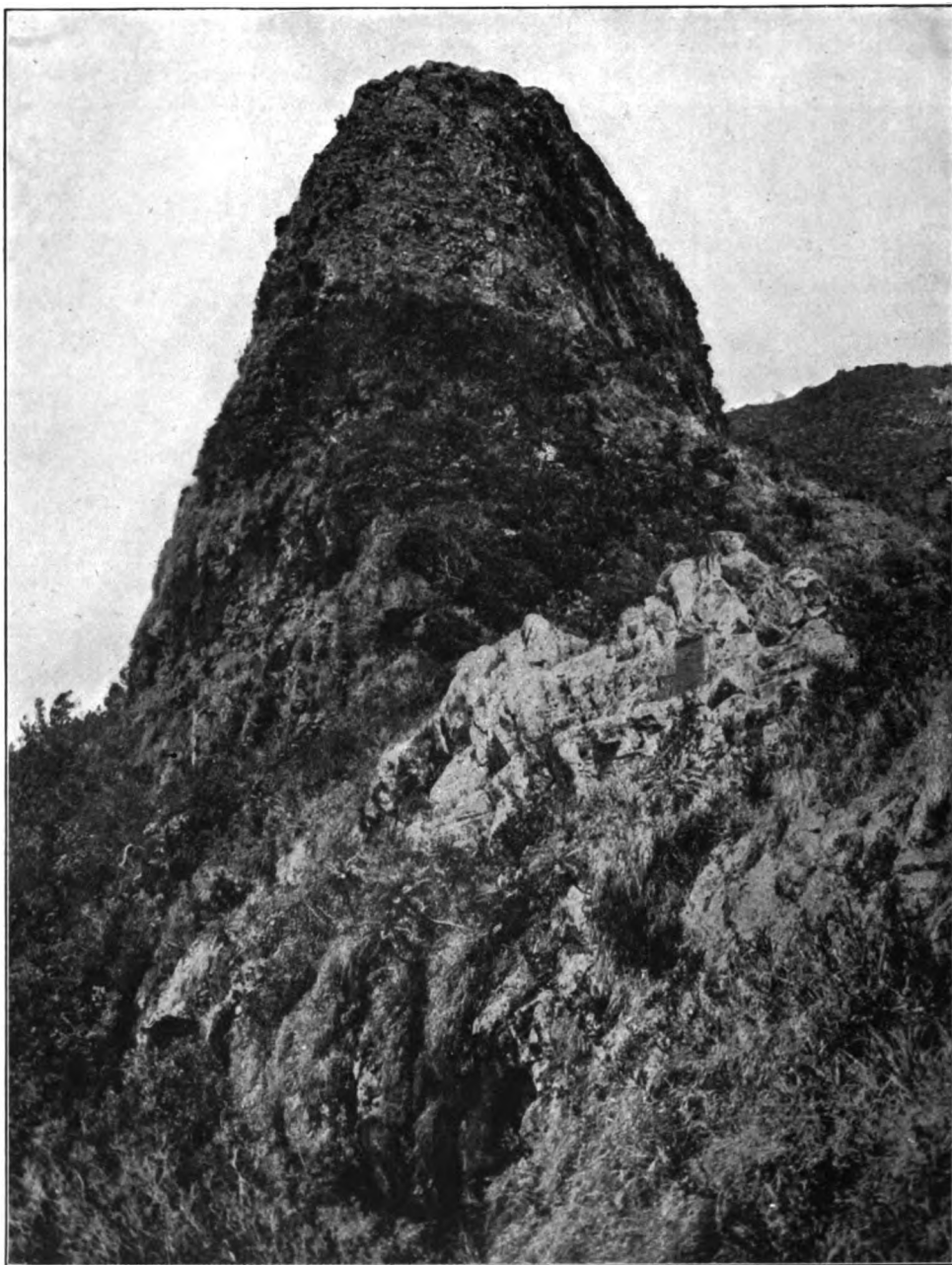
ers, of the "Duke," and taken back to England. Captain Rogers wrote the original account of Selkirk's adventures, so that we have the true story of this famous romance at first hand.

When Selkirk landed to take possession of his island-kingdom, he carried fewer provisions than did the Crusoe of the story. A boat from the Cinque Ports brought him to the beach with his seaman's chest and meager possessions and put him ashore.

As the boat pulled away, Selkirk quickly regretted his act, and begged on his knees to be taken back to the ship. The sailors refused, returning alone, so that the original Crusoe found himself an unwilling prisoner. There was little romance in the situation. His entire possessions comprised only some clothes and bedding, a firelock, one pound of powder, some bullets,

kirk — now safely on board the Duke — told the story of his adventures, the misery of those first hours on the island were still clear in his memory. As the ship disappeared, he sat upon his seaman's chest in utter dejection. He ate nothing for many hours. His greatest fear was that with the coming of night he would be attacked by wild animals. In his own words, "I went to sleep when I could watch no longer." For a long time he remained in such low spirits that he could eat only at rare intervals. His first food was the flesh of seals and the coarse food picked up along the beach.

For several weeks Selkirk continued to eat raw food. He carried flint with him, but could find no tinder to start a fire. He would not use his shirt, since he preferred to go without cooked food to going undressed. The famous



CRUSOE'S LOOKOUT. IN THE CLIFF AT THE RIGHT CENTER OF THE PICTURE WILL BE SEEN THE TABLET
ERECTED TO SELKIRK'S MEMORY.

"There was a hill not above a mile from me, which rose up very steep and high. . . . I traveled for discovery up to the top of that hill, where, after I had, with great labor and difficulty, got to the top, I saw my fate, to my great affliction, viz., that I was in an island environed every way with the sea."—ROBINSON CRUSOE.

suit of goatskins was not thought of until later. The cooking problem was finally solved by rubbing two sticks together, Indian fashion, to start a fire. The flesh of young goats remained his principal food to the end. His favorite method of cooking was to impale a large piece of the meat on a splint of palmetto wood and broil it by turning it slowly before the fire.

The island was well supplied with wild goats, as it is to this day. Nevertheless there were times when poor Crusoe—or rather Selkirk—had great trouble to secure a meal. He shot the goats at first, but his supply of powder soon failed him. After that there was nothing to do but to catch the goats on foot, and many a

the end of Selkirk's first year on his island he commenced to write his famous diary. In reproducing this incident later, Defoe, for all his genius, could improve but little upon the interest of this original manuscript. Selkirk began the story of his life by telling of his terror of the sea, his dread of wild animals, and his



TABLET ERECTED NEAR SELKIRK'S "LOOKOUT" ON THE ISLAND OF JUAN FERNANDEZ, BEARING THE FOLLOWING INSCRIPTION:

In memory of ALEXANDER SELKIRK, mariner, a native of Largo, in the county of Fife, Scotland, who lived on this island in complete solitude for four years and four months. He was landed from the "Cinque Ports" galley, 96 tons, 18 guns, A.D. 1704, and was taken off in the "Duke," privateer, 12th Feb., 1709. He died Lieutenant of H. M. S. "Weymouth," A.D. 1723,* aged 47 years. This tablet is erected near Selkirk's lookout, by Commodore Powell and the officers of H. M. S. "Topaze," A.D. 1868.

chase the nimble little creatures led him. In time, however, Selkirk learned to run so swiftly and to dodge and leap so quickly that he had no trouble in winning these curious races. Selkirk killed in all more than five hundred goats; and, not content with supplying his present needs, he caught many young goats and tamed them, that he might be sure of his food when he grew too old to run. Toward

fright at the barking of the seals. He was finally compelled by hunger to look about him. He found abundance of raw meat and cabbages and herbs. Eight months after his landing on the island he wrote that he was at last entirely reconciled to his lot. His life in the years that followed has been the envy of many men and boys in many countries. There was little cold or rainy weather, so that he was constantly

* This date has since been proved to be wrong. The year, as we have seen, should be 1721.

out of his cave. By day he worked in his garden or explored his island-kingdom. On clear evenings he amused himself for hours at a time by lying on his back and counting the stars.

Selkirk soon tired of the famous cave which he had so laboriously hollowed in the rock. An earthquake had loosened a part of the roof, and he feared further accidents. He had attempted to give the rock support meanwhile by building a crude pillar of stones, part of which still stands. Toward the end of his first year of exile Selkirk set about building a house. He finally completed two little huts, using one for a bedroom, and the second and smaller one for a kitchen. The little cottages were built with the wood of the palmetto, which he had laboriously hewn from the forest. The walls and roof were formed of long grass, which was from time to time renewed. The furniture of the two rooms was also, in a very literal sense, home-made.

The few chairs and the table were made of palmetto and upholstered with goat-skins. The bedstead was Selkirk's especial pride.

For all Selkirk's terror of wild animals, nothing ever visited him more ferocious than the rats. He complains of them bitterly in his journal, however, telling of their inroads on his larder, and of how, growing more ferocious, they even bit his feet as he lay asleep. But Selkirk proved equal to this new call upon his ingenuity. The story of Robinson Crusoe tells the exact truth about it. Selkirk made a business of raising cats, feeding them with goat's milk. Thereafter he slept with hundreds of his cats lying about him, and as a reward of his ingenuity slept soundly.

Meanwhile most of Selkirk's scanty store of shirts had worn threadbare. Once more his ingenuity, which had served him so well throughout his stay in the island, came to his rescue. On looking about him for material, he hit upon the idea of his famous suit of goat-skins. In

the story of Crusoe, it will be remembered, Defoe carefully reproduces this incident. Selkirk skilfully dried the skins and made for himself a complete suit, consisting of trousers, jacket,

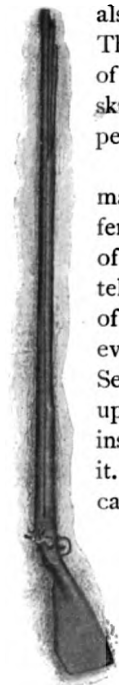


SELKIRK'S CHEST AND CUP.

and cap. For this extraordinary piece of tailoring Selkirk used a nail for a needle, stitching with thongs of the skin. Later, finding a piece of iron hoop on the beach, he made several new blades for his knife. In the attempt to make shoes, however, his skill failed him, and this despite the fact that Selkirk had once been a shoemaker. All the shoes that he had made fell apart, and in the end he was forced to go barefooted.

Life was not all work, however, even for the industrious Crusoe. He spent many hours, for instance, his journal attests, in taming young kids. Another amusement was to cut his name, with the date of landing, on innumerable trees in different parts of the island. The tropical growth of two centuries has left no trace of these labors visible on the island to-day. It was from this incident, doubtless, that Defoe conceived the idea of having Crusoe keep a calendar with notched sticks. Throughout his stay Selkirk was also in the habit of praying, reading, and singing in a loud voice each day, often for an hour at a time. He explained candidly in his journal that he did so for fear he might lose the power of his voice from disuse.

It was only after Selkirk had watched from his familiar lookout, in fair weather and foul, for more than four years that he was finally rewarded by the sight of his old ship. When Captain Dampier landed upon the beach, Sel-



SELKIRK'S GUN.

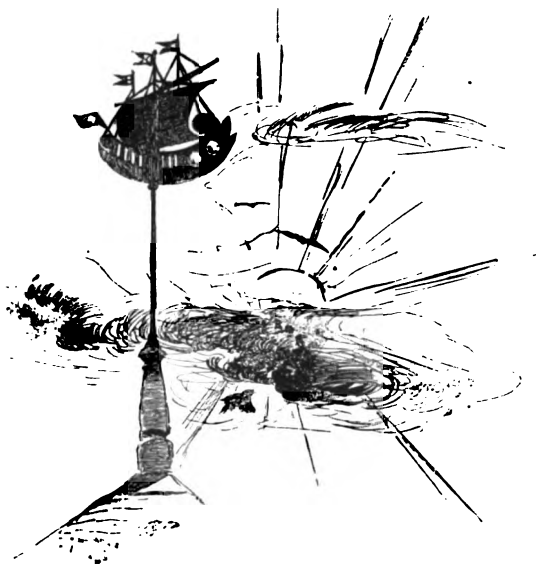
kirk was already standing on the edge of the forest, waving a white flag. In honor of the visit, he wore his last shirt, which he had carefully kept for years for this occasion. The captain afterward noted in his account that Selkirk spoke in a voice which, for all his pains, sounded scarcely human. His feet had been hardened like leather from long exposure. For many weeks he refused to touch any liquor, nor had he any appetite for civilized foods. Selkirk greeted his old shipmates with a delight that may be imagined, and before leaving his island he entertained the ship's crew in his "house."

The island was visited but once by any ship during Selkirk's long exile. A Spanish ship once landed on the island a small company who caught a fleeting glimpse of Selkirk. In those days the Spanish were the deadly enemies of the English, and doubtless Selkirk had recognized the ship's colors from his lookout, and drawn his own conclusions. In the story of Crusoe, it will be remembered, Defoe makes much of this visit of the Spanish, and has them prostrate themselves before Crusoe as the "governor of the island." As a matter of fact, however, Crusoe (or Selkirk) played a much less dignified part than Defoe would have us believe. The Spanish shot at and chased him

for some distance without success. A bulldog which they had brought ashore was pressed into the service; but Selkirk, from his long training with the goats, outran the bulldog. Growing tired of the chase, Selkirk finally climbed a tree. The Spanish built a fire and camped near his hiding-place, but finally left without discovering him.

The solitude and many hardships of this lonely life would doubtless have driven most men crazy. Selkirk, however, kept his wits throughout it all, and when he finally returned to Scotland, after an absence of eight years, was able to take up his old life where he had dropped it, and, despite his barbarous life, was still a civilized man.

In writing "Robinson Crusoe," Defoe, with a story-teller's license, took many liberties with the original narrative. One of these changes has been to tell us that Crusoe's island was situated on the east coast of South America, near the mouth of the Orinoco River. There can be no doubt, however, that the Island of Juan Fernandez, with its cave and its lookout, was the island which Defoe has described; nor that the adventures of Alexander Selkirk have been faithfully reproduced, with an added charm, in the story of "Robinson Crusoe."



A WINDY MORNING.

A COMEDY IN WAX.

(*Begun in the November number.*)

BY B. L. FARJEON.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A GREAT MANY THINGS OCCUR.

NEVER since Marybud Lodge had been a boarding-school, and the boys had scampered over the grounds in their play-hours, had the lawn presented an appearance so animated, and never at any time a picture so astounding. It was so electrifying, so inconceivable, incredible, and unimaginable as to deprive Mr. Scarlett of the power of speech.

All the celebrities were there with the exception of the Headsman, who, with his ax, was still locked up in the school-room cupboard. They had had a good breakfast and were enjoying the open air in the blithest spirits. Henry VIII was walking between Mary Queen of Scots and Mme. Sainte Amaranthe, and amusing them with his merry chatter. Queen Elizabeth and Tom Thumb were strolling side by side, engaged in sprightly conversation, he playing the squire of dames as if to the manner born. Richard I, Charles II, and Oliver Cromwell were having a game of leap-frog, and roaring with laughter when one of them came to grief, which Richard III was maliciously endeavoring to compass by putting out his leg to trip them up. Guy Fawkes, with folded arms, was moodily looking on. Houqua was walking from one group to another, with the eternal childlike smile on his face, and saying softly to himself: "Velly good. Can do. The philosopher Mencius observes, 'The great man is he who does not lose his child-heart.'" Loushkin had climbed to the top of the cedar-tree, where he seemed to be hundreds of feet in height, and Mme. Tussaud was standing below, looking up at him one moment, and the next chiding those of her celebrities who were transgressing the rules she had set for them.

It was truly a startling scene, and the dazed expression on the countenances of Mr. Scarlett

and Miss Pennyback was a sufficient indication of their feelings. Their state of mind was by no means reassured by the astounding behavior of Belinda, whose rotund face seemed to be in great danger of exploding with suppressed laughter. They were, so to speak, paralyzed, unable to move or think; and they might have remained in this state for a considerable time had not Lucy rushed out of the room, quickly followed by Lydia, who had no desire to stop and be questioned by Miss Pennyback and her papa.

Even this interruption only partially restored the senses of Mr. Scarlett and Miss Pennyback. Feebly turning his head, he said in a broken voice:

"Do my eyes deceive me? Am I the victim of an enchantment?"

"I do not wonder, sir, at your asking whether your eyes are deceiving you," replied Miss Pennyback. "You are but experiencing my own sensations in the middle of last night, when, having fainted away in the kitchen, I found myself in my bedroom. It is even yet a mystery to me how I reached that refuge; I could not have walked to it. Can you offer a solution, sir, of an incident so unparalleled?" Mr. Scarlett gazed before him in blank bewilderment, and Miss Pennyback continued: "This is a strange sight that we behold. I perceive that that immensely tall man has come down from the cedar-tree, and is now engaged in conversation with that little old woman in black."

"There is no doubt that we are awake, Miss Pennyback?"

"It does not admit of doubt, sir. You used a word which appears to me appropriate to what we have gone through, and to what we are at present witnessing."

"I have no recollection of any word," said Mr. Scarlett, rubbing his brow in a vacant

manner. "So far as I am aware, I have no recollection of anything in particular."

"The word I refer to, sir, is 'enchantment.' We are not under the spell of a delusion: we are the victims of an enchantment, and the 'Arabian

with Miss Lydia is the great King Henry VIII come to life again—if such a thing *can* be. And surely I recognize the great and good Queen Elizabeth. I perceive also a personage who bears a remarkable likeness to Guy Fawkes,



"ALL THE CELEBRITIES WERE THERE WITH THE EXCEPTION OF THE HEADSMAN."

Nights' comes irresistibly to my mind. In the drama that is being enacted on the lawn we have no part; we are, as it were, the audience. Lucy is seemingly employing herself in the ceremony of introducing Miss Lydia to her friends. For friends they undoubtedly are, or she would not be on smiling terms with them. The regal gentleman who is shaking hands

and an exceedingly small but very active individual. The Little Old Woman in Black is the busiest of the party, and seems to be the ruling spirit. And there! do you perceive, sir, there come all your domestics,—Molly, Maria, Belinda, Mrs. Peckham, Rowley, and Flip,—and that some communication is passing between them and the little old woman?"

"The servants do not seem to be frightened, Miss Pennyback."

"They do not, sir, though I detect an expression of anxiety on Mrs. Peckham's countenance. And, I declare, there is Belinda talking to that abnormally tall person who is dressed in a foreign military costume. She is actually making eyes at him, and Molly and Maria are following her example."

"He is probably a soldier," said Mr. Scarlett. "Our servant-girls adore the military, and the taller the man, the more they adore him. Belinda looks as if she could fall down and worship the giant."

But what was going on out on the lawn in the meantime?

The purpose of Loushkin climbing to the top of the cedar-tree was to make a survey of the surrounding country, and report thereon to Mme. Tussaud. This was accomplished when Lucy and Lydia came on the lawn; and then followed Lydia's introduction to the celebrities. She was overwhelmed with flatteries and compliments, and of course it was Henry VIII who was the most outspoken in his expressions of admiration.

"Welladay," he cried, "the maiden is passing fair! Lucie, ma belle, if thou art outshone, it is because thy fair sister is in her springtime, which thou hast not yet reached. Beshrew me! a lovelier maid we never set eyes on."

This caused Lydia to blush and Mary Queen of Scots to sigh.

It was at this point that the domestics of the establishment made their appearance.

Mrs. Peckham was in a perplexing difficulty. Last night's raid upon the larder, and the ample breakfast she had provided for the celebrities,—whose appetites were enormous, and who kept on crying for more bacon and eggs,—had exhausted her resources. Dinner had to be provided for at least a score of persons, and she had nothing to cook. She had not the courage to go to her master, so, accompanied by her subordinates, she appealed to Mme. Tussaud, and asked what was to be done.

"This is very serious," said Mme. Tussaud. "Lucy, is that your papa in the breakfast-room, staring at us?"

Lucy looked up and replied, "Yes, ma'am."

"And, if I don't mistake, that lady with him is Miss Pennyback."

"Yes, it is, ma'am."

"The supplies which Mrs. Peckham requires will cost a great deal of money. Your papa does n't seem to be in a good humor, and I have to say something to him before I can venture to make a demand on his purse; but money we must have."

"I have five pounds," said Lydia.

"Why, where did you get it, Lyddy?" asked Lucy.

"Papa gave it me before breakfast," said Lydia, laughing as she gave the five sovereigns to Mme. Tussaud. "When Harry comes, he will give us as much as we want."

"Money is not our only difficulty," said Mme. Tussaud, patting Lydia's cheek. "We dare not let any of the domestics out of the place to purchase supplies. They would gossip to the tradesmen, and all the fat would be in the fire."

"You can trust Harry," said Lydia.

"Good," said Mme. Tussaud. "We will appoint him our controller of the commissariat. He alone shall be allowed to go in and out the house."

She hastened to Mrs. Peckham, told her that things would be all right, and desired her to make out a list of her requirements. Then she called a council of war, at which, after solemn deliberation, the following articles were drawn up:

1. That Marybud Lodge be declared to be in a state of siege, and be regarded as a fortress.
2. That only two persons be admitted into the fortress—Harry Bower and Lorimer Grimweed.
3. That none of the celebrities, nor any of the domestics, nor any member of the Scarlett family, nor Lorimer Grimweed, be permitted, under any pretext whatever, to leave the fortress or the fortifications.
4. That only Harry Bower shall have free ingress and egress.
5. That by day and night the strictest watch be kept upon the two entrances to the fortress, and that all the gentlemen take this duty upon themselves, the duration of each watch to be two hours, when the guard will be relieved.
6. That knocks at the door and rings at the bell be answered by Sir Rowley and Flip of the Odd, under the surveillance of the guard, who shall keep tight hold of their collars when the door is opened, and shall not allow themselves to be seen by the persons calling.

A further article, proposed by Richard III, that any person transgressing any of the articles be instantly put to death, was rejected, much to that monarch's displeasure.

During the time employed in these deliberations Mr. Scarlett and Miss Pennyback remained in the breakfast-room, and it was with trepidation that they now observed the Little Old Woman in Black advancing toward them. There were French windows to the room, opening out upon the lawn, and upon one of the panes Mme. Tussaud tapped and motioned them to admit her.

As Miss Pennyback did not stir, Mr. Scarlett opened the window himself, and when Mme. Tussaud entered he had the politeness to offer her a chair.

"Thank you," said Mme. Tussaud; "for the present I prefer to stand. Now, why do you two foolish people remain indoors on such a fine day as this? Why do you not enjoy the air?"

"Are we free to issue forth?" asked Miss Pennyback, in the voice of one who has suffered imprisonment for a great number of years.

"Perfectly free. But perhaps it will be as well that we come to an understanding. Miss Pennyback will do me the favor to retire while I confer with the master of Marybud Lodge."

"You have addressed me by name," said Miss Pennyback. "Allow me to observe that you have the advantage of me."

"You wish to know who I am, but if you were familiar with the attractions of the metropolis you would not ask the question. All the civilized world—and even some barbarians—know that I am Mme. Tussaud."

"Of waxwork fame?" inquired Miss Pennyback.

"Precisely. Of waxwork fame."

"That, madam, is simply impossible. I am not *quite* out of my senses."

"Not quite, I hope," said Mme. Tussaud, with a waggish nod. "So you think it impossible I can be Mme. Tussaud?"

"The idea is ridiculous."

"Is it? I was under a different impression. However, we will not argue. Kindly retire. I have matters of private interest to discuss

with Lucy's and Lydia's papa. Sweet girls! You are to be envied, sir. It is not many fathers who are blessed with daughters so charming. Miss Pennyback, did you hear me ask you to retire?"

"So far as I am aware," replied that lady, "my sense of hearing is not impaired. I hear every word you say."

"Well?"

"I consider it advisable to remain; I prefer to remain. You made the remark that every one is free to do as he (or she) pleases."

"Within limits, Miss Pennyback," said Mme. Tussaud, with a genial laugh. "Be advised. If you stay here it will be at your peril."

"I shall stay here," said Miss Pennyback, "unless Mr. Scarlett commands me to retire, or you use force to eject me."

"I shall not use force," said Mme. Tussaud, her eyes twinkling with fun, "but I shall take steps to render you deaf to the conversation between me and your employer. Listen. I am going to count three slowly, to give you time to change your mind. If when the last number passes my lips you are still in the room, I shall practise upon you a harmless little piece of magic."

"If you think to frighten me," said Miss Pennyback, making a brave show of resistance, though she was inwardly quaking, "you are greatly mistaken."

"Very good," said Mme. Tussaud. "One—"

"I shall not stir from this room," said Miss Pennyback, in a trembling voice, "unless Mr. Scarlett commands me."

"Two—"

"You may count till you're blue in the face, madam."

"Three."

"I have heard some absurd things in my life," said Miss Pennyback, "but of all the—"

Mme. Tussaud touched her with the magic cane, and she became instantly dumb and immovable.

CHAPTER XIX.

HOW MME. TUSSAUD BRINGS PAPA TO REASON.

"Now we can have our chat in comfort," said Mme. Tussaud to Mr. Scarlett, who was gazing with astonishment at the remarkable

appearance of Miss Pennyback. Her eyes were wide open and fixed, her hand was raised as though to ward off a blow, her lips were parted, but not another word did she utter.

"It *is* enchantment," he murmured.

"Yes, my dear sir, if you like to call it so," said Mme. Tussaud. "You need not be at

but the fashion has died out, as most fashions do. There is, however, one fashion, Mr. Scarlett, that since the day of creation has never changed, and that to the end of time never will change."

"Pardon me a moment," said Mr. Scarlett, casting a troubled glance at the rigid form of



"THEIR STATE OF MIND WAS BY NO MEANS REASSURED BY THE ASTOUNDING BEHAVIOR OF BELINDA." (SEE PAGE 506.)

all alarmed about Miss Pennyback. She is perfectly happy, and will be none the worse for her little nap when I awaken her. As we are to discuss family matters, I thought it advisable in your interests that she should not be present."

"But she *is* present," said Mr. Scarlett, his breath coming short and thick.

"In body, but not in spirit. To all intents and purposes she might be at the north pole. Lucy tells me you indulge in snuff. Oblige me with a pinch. Thank you. Try mine. In my young days snuff-taking was all the fashion,

Miss Pennyback. "Are you sure she is comfortable?"

"Perfectly so. The sight of her seems to annoy you. Shall I put her behind this screen?"

"No, no! The consciousness that she was lurking behind a screen would distress me. You were observing—"

"That there is one fashion which will never be out of date. I allude to the fashion of falling in love. I mean no offense, sir, but may I ask if you married for love?"

"I did," Mr. Scarlett blurted out. The confession seemed forced from him.

"You were not forced to marry a lady you detested?"

"No, certainly not."

"And the lady you married, the mother of Lucy and Lydia, was not forced to marry a man *she* detested?"

"N-n-no."

"And you were happy? Neither of you ever had occasion to repent it?"

"No. But, if you will excuse me,—"

"Excuse *me*. Following the good example of her parents, Lydia has fallen in love, and it is to bring happiness to her young heart that I and my celebrities have journeyed to Marybud Lodge."

"There is no deception, is there?" asked Mr. Scarlett. "You are what you represent yourself to be?"

"Upon my honor as a lady of world-wide fame," replied Mme. Tussaud, "there is no deception."

"And the ladies and gentlemen playing on my lawn?"

"Are what *they* represent themselves to be. The public journals would soon bring me to book if they were not. The public labors under a delusion respecting us. They think that we have no feelings, that we have no heart. They are mistaken. We are ever ready to come forward in defense of the weak, to take up their cause and make it our own. When next you visit my show and gaze upon my motionless form, you will perhaps believe that nothing escapes my eyes or ears, and that when I hear a little child sob quietly to herself, it is my earnest desire to ascertain the cause of her grief, in order that I may relieve it. That is what happened last night, when most of my visitors had gone down to the refreshment-room.

"A little child had been brought to my show, and her friends, who were young lovers, had lost sight of her. So she was left to herself, and was sitting on a bench near me, with a sorrow on her sweet face that penetrated my heart. No persons were near her to witness her distress. The tears in her eyes grew larger, her little breast heaved. It was an inward grief which was oppressing her, a secret trouble for which I thought there must surely be

a remedy. I sympathized so deeply with the dear girl that I could no longer restrain myself. I spoke to her—I learned the cause of her misery—"

"Stop a moment, please," said Mr. Scarlett. "When you spoke to her did n't she run away?"

"No. I never speak to a child except in kindness. Ah, my dear sir, it often happens that, wrapped in our own selfish wishes and desires, we elder people are apt to be careless in regard to the happiness of the young children dependent upon us, are apt to forget that we draw our sweetest happiness from them, that our lives would be desolate without them, and the world a desert. The gratitude which our children owe to us for the sacrifices we make for them is small in comparison to the gratitude we owe to them for the daily, the hourly pleasure they bring into our lives."

She wiped her eyes, and Mr. Scarlett wiped his.

"Shall we, then," she continued, "be deaf to our child's pleading—our child, now grown to be a woman, and one of the sweetest flowers in the garden of our house—shall we change the love she bore for us to hate?"

"Hate!" cried Mr. Scarlett, clasping his hands. "No, no—not that!"

"Yes, that," said Mme. Tussaud. "Put yourself in the maiden's place; see with her eyes, feel with her heart, judge with her mind, and find the answer. You know that the little child I speak of as being overwhelmed with grief is your daughter Lucy."

"Yes, I know."

"And that the maiden I speak of is Lydia."

"Yes, I know."

"Oblige me by telling me if you consider Harry Bower a despicable character."

"By no means a despicable character. Quite the reverse."

"Can you bring evidence to prove that he is unworthy the love of an English maiden?"

"No, I cannot."

"Is he not an earnest, upright young fellow, and does he not love your daughter as a girl should be loved, truly, sincerely, and for her sake alone?"

"Yes, I think he does."

"Now, can you give the Grimweed man as good a character?"

"N-no, not exactly. I don't believe I can. They are different kind of men, you know."

"Oh, I know. How old is Harry?"

"Twenty-five."

"And Lydia is eighteen. Very suitable. How old is the Grimweed man?"

"He says he is forty-five."

"He says! Then we can put three years on, at least. That will make him forty-eight. When Lydia is forty he will be seventy. How does that strike you?" Mr. Scarlett was silent. "Well, well, I'll not press you, for you have met me very frankly. Now about this lease of Marybud Lodge, which the Grimweed man will not renew unless Lydia consents to marry him. Suppose we make him give you the lease without any such stipulation, will you consent to Harry's engagement with Lydia?"

"Willingly, willingly! I always liked Harry Bower better than Mr. Grimweed. But, you see, it would well-nigh break my heart to be compelled to leave the Lodge—"

"Best not speak of breaking hearts," said Mme. Tussaud, grimly. "I told Lydia to write to Harry, and he will soon be here. You have no objection?"

"None in the least. Though it is rather awkward, for Mr. Grimweed will be here, too, with the new lease drawn up, ready for signature."

"Never mind that. I will attend to the awkwardness. There will be such an array of signatures on that lease as witnesses as would make autograph-hunters stare. I suppose, Mr. Scarlett, that we may look upon ourselves as welcome guests."

"Quite welcome—but rather distracting and bewildering, you know."

"I dare say; but, as I heard Queen Elizabeth remark to Tom Thumb this morning, 'There are more things in heaven and earth' (Mr. Scarlett) 'than are dreamt of in our philosophy.'"

"Queen Elizabeth! Genuine? Really genuine?"

"Really genuine. And Henry VIII and Mary Queen of Scots and Oliver Cromwell, and others, with whom you will presently make

acquaintance. There is positively no deception. You will find them very pleasant company. Do you invite us to dinner, Mr. Scarlett?"

"Yes, certainly—though I fear we are not very well provided for such a large number of guests."

"We will attend to all that. That dear Lydia of yours has given us five pounds, and of course you will contribute toward the expenses. Thank you." Mr. Scarlett had handed her two five-pound notes. "Mrs. Peckham, whom Henry VIII has created Marchioness of Barnet—"

"What!" shouted Mr. Scarlett. "My cook a marchioness!"

"It is quite true," said Mme. Tussaud, holding her sides with laughter, "with a thousand marks a year in land, and another thousand from his royal treasury to support her dignity. And he has made Rowley a knight—he is Sir Rowley now."

"Marchioness of Barnet! Sir Rowley!" gasped Mr. Scarlett, great beads of perspiration bursting out on his forehead.

"Yes. At what hour do you dine?" asked Mme. Tussaud, in a matter-of-fact tone.

"At any hour convenient to their Majesties," replied Mr. Scarlett, the feeling of strangeness at being surrounded by such singular visitors beginning to wear away.

"We will say seven o'clock," said Mme. Tussaud, "and we will lunch upon the lawn at half-past one. Afternoon tea, of course?"

"Of course. We always have a cup."

"Most refreshing. Was I right in supposing that you would not have wished Miss Pennyback to hear our conversation?"

"I should not have wished it."

"It is quite private between us. Honor—"

"Bright," he added briskly.

"Honor bright. As my dear little Tom Thumb would say, shake."

They shook hands, and then he looked at the statuesque figure of Miss Pennyback and said: "Will she remain in that state long? I am really anxious about her."

"I will now restore her to consciousness."

"One moment, I beg. Could you do that to me?"

"I can do it to any one who displeases me,

or whom I wish to punish. It is done with this cane. Very simple."

"Far from it. It is most astonishing. Oblige me by bringing her to."

Mme. Tussaud deliberately arose, and reaching over, touched Miss Pennyback with the magic cane.

"—I never heard a more absurd thing than that," said Miss Pennyback.

"Than what?" asked Mr. Scarlett, his eyes by this time almost starting out of his poor bewildered head.

"Did you not catch what I said, sir?" said Miss Pennyback, with extreme vivacity. "I remarked to this ridiculous old lady that I had heard some absurd things in my life, but of all the absurd things I ever heard, nothing was more absurd than her threatening to practise her magic arts upon me. Magic arts, indeed! I should like to know if we live in a civilized age or not."

"Miss Pennyback," said Mr. Scarlett, "when you were making that remark to Mme. Tussaud, did you happen to look at the clock?"

"I cast my eyes in that direction, sir, and observed that it was a quarter to eleven. Merciful powers! It is now five minutes to twelve!"

"An interval of an hour and ten minutes," said Mme. Tussaud, "during which Mr. Scarlett and I have had our little chat on some private family affairs without your hearing a single word of it."

"Quite true, Miss Pennyback," said Mr. Scarlett. "We have been discussing private matters while you were asleep. As you perceive,"—he waved his hand familiarly toward the lawn,— "a number of distinguished guests are paying me a visit, and we must show them proper hospitality. Lunch at half-past one, afternoon tea at half-past four, and dinner at seven."

"The whole company, sir?"

"The whole company. It does not come strictly within the scope of your duties, but perhaps you will kindly see that all the leaves are put in the dining-table, and I shall be

pleased if you will assist us in entertaining. My daughters will attend to the flowers. I particularly wish the dining-room to be bright and cheerful."

"And every room and every person in the house," said Mme. Tussaud. "Bright and cheerful."

"You shall be obeyed, sir," said Miss Pennyback, meekly.

"Lydia and Lucy and I will assist you in the domestic arrangements," said Mme. Tussaud, "and I recommend you to make yourself agreeable. If you do not, I shall send you to sleep for two or three days, and have you conveyed to your chamber, as I did last night when you swooned in the kitchen. And please be nice and amiable with my people. Henry VIII is a most generous monarch, and scatters rewards with a lavish hand upon those who please him. He has already made Mrs. Peckham a marchioness, and Rowley a knight—"

"Merciful powers!" ejaculated Miss Pennyback.

"And who knows that he may not confer a title on the intellectual lady who instructs Lucy in history? There are more unlikely things than that. Now, *will* you make yourself agreeable?"

Miss Pennyback was conquered; she was incapable of further resistance. "It shall be my endeavor," she said in a faint voice.

"That's a sensible creature. Mr. Scarlett, will you give me your arm? You can join us when you wish, Miss Pennyback. In ratification of our friendship oblige me by taking a pinch of snuff."

Miss Pennyback dared not refuse. She applied a pinch to her nose, and was instantly attacked with a violent fit of sneezing. When she recovered she saw Mme. Tussaud and Mr. Scarlett walking toward the celebrities on the lawn.

"It seems real, it looks real, it feels real," she murmured. "What am I to think? Have all the years of my life been nothing but a dream, or is the world coming to an end?"

(To be continued.)

A JAPANESE "MIDDY."

RECOLLECTIONS OF SERVICE IN THE MIKADO'S NAVY.

BY TEIICHI YAMAGATA,

Late Ensign in the Japanese Imperial Navy, and Nephew of Marquis Yamagata, Field Marshal of the Japanese Army.



THE AUTHOR IN HIS "MIDDY" UNIFORM.

breast of many of the boys of Japan, but in Japan the larger percentage of boys who are eager to serve his Imperial Majesty, Mutsu-hito Ten-wo, prefer the navy to the army.

Almost as far back as I can remember, I had no other ambition than to seek fame as an officer in the Japanese navy. It may seem rather odd, therefore, that the writer's career afloat began in the *Chinese* navy and ended practically in the *French* navy, with a long interim of service under the naval flag of the Mikado.

That I would have to take up arms in the imperial service was a foregone conclusion, for I belonged to the *samurai*, the old hereditary fighting class of Japan. To have avoided the profession of arms would have been almost equivalent to inviting disgrace. Besides, I was as eager to embrace my inherited calling as any son of the *samurai* could possibly be; hence all that remained was to make a choice between the army and the navy.

While visiting relatives at Nagasaki, early in the winter of 1878-79, that seaport city was visited by the "Yu-yen," the first Chinese war-ship that ever sailed in Japanese waters. The Yu-yen

I HAVE often observed that many healthy American boys aspire to become either a naval cadet at Annapolis or a military cadet at West Point. The same longing for martial glory fills the

was making a round of visits to the principal Japanese ports, and Yokohama was to be among the number.

Thanks to the kind offices of my relatives, the position of Japanese interpreter to the Chinese admiral was secured for me, and thus it was that I sailed from Nagasaki in the ward-room of the Yu-yen. The admiral, who was a stout, red-faced, and very genial man, was, if I mistake not, the same Admiral Ting who was afterward defeated by the Japanese Admiral Ito.

As long as I live I shall always have very kind recollections of my treatment by the Chinese officers among whom my lot was cast during the next few months. Early in 1879 the Yu-yen reached Yokohama, where a protracted stop was made. Here my services as interpreter were to end; but the Chinese admiral, whose especial protégé I had become, urged me to remain with him a month longer, which I did.

Then came my parting from the Yu-yen and her officers. From Yokohama I went by rail to Tokio, and there began my new life as a proud aspirant for honors in the royal Japanese navy.

Being already a graduate of the public schools, the first step was now to enter the Kanda Naval Preparatory School, an institution presided over by Lieutenant Hasegawa. It was a private school, conducted under the sanction of the government, and was at that time the only naval preparatory school in the empire. This excellent school still exists; but, in addition to it, there are to-day two other naval preparatory schools, both conducted by the government, one on the grounds of the Naval College at Tokio, and the other at the Yokosuka Navy-yard.

Japan's system of selecting naval cadets is

altogether unlike the American system of appointment by Congressmen. If a Japanese boy wishes to become a naval cadet, he must first graduate from the public schools. Then he must pay his own expenses at a naval preparatory school. These expenses are equivalent, in American money, to about six dollars a month. Having graduated from the preparatory school, he forthwith enters the Naval College, and from that time on, his expenses are borne by the government. Any Japanese boy who has the necessary mental, physical, and financial qualifications can thus become a naval cadet.

It was a very proud moment for the writer, you may be sure, when he first donned the uniform of the Kanda School and became one of the four hundred students there. The uniform was plain, consisting of a simple blue jacket with a single row of brass buttons, plain blue trousers, and a naval cap of English pattern.

Our arms were not of a kind to strike terror to even the most timid heart, since they were nothing but mock wooden guns. Yet we boys must have fancied that the martial spirit of the old-time samurai dwelt in those harmless make-believe muskets, for it would have been difficult indeed to find a fiercer-looking lot of youthful warriors than we were at drill.

What did we study? First of all, the Japanese and Chinese languages, delving a little into the classics of both. Then we were obliged to write compositions in Japanese and Chinese, and disliked the tasks just as heartily as American boys do their English and Latin compositions. We were taught English also, and compositions in that language were added to our other tortures. Arithmetic, algebra, a short course in Japanese history, a short course in geography and free-hand drawing, including map-work—surely this was enough for boys of thirteen or fourteen years of age! I feel sure that all of my young American readers will agree with me on this point. Elementary military drill and instruction in rowing were elective branches; but there were few boys who did not take them up.

Five and a half days every week were devoted to these studies. The discipline was not unnecessarily strict, and, on the whole, our life

was even jollier than American boarding-school life. We were a fun-loving lot of boys, and many were the pranks we played upon one another. Even our instructors did not always escape. But "hazing," as the term is understood in the United States, is unknown to Japanese students.

Graduating from the preparatory school, I entered the Naval College in the fall term of 1881. Now I was a full-fledged naval cadet, in my first year. With what withering contempt did my classmates and I look down upon the boys of the preparatory school! We were cadets; they were, as yet, nothing!

Perhaps our new attire had much to do with our new grandeur. Our cadet uniforms were of navy blue, and the jacket of Eton pattern. On our jaunty naval caps were embroidered the insignia of our cadetship—a design in which two crossed branches inclosed an anchor and cherry blossoms. Still another honor was ours: we were now permitted to wear short swords!

A three years' course was before us—three years of downright hard work and study. At the outset each cadet was allowed to choose the department for which he preferred to fit himself, whether the navigating, medical, or engineering department. The writer chose the navigating department.

There was an average attendance of about five hundred cadets during my time at the Naval College. Many of my old classmates won fame in the late war between Japan and China. Not a few of them were killed at the naval battle of the Yalu; others lost their lives at the bombardment of Wei-hai-wei.

Discipline was far more strict here than at the preparatory school, yet we cadets did not fail to have good times, as I will presently endeavor to show. But first of all let me tell you what we studied. During our first year we devoted the forenoons to plane and solid geometry, trigonometry, history, and especially the naval history of the world. In this latter study we read many works printed in English. Japanese and English composition followed us even into the Naval College. In the afternoon an hour was devoted to military drill, while another hour was spent in mastering the details of a ship's masts, rigging, and sails.

For this latter branch of drill, a barkantine's three masts were rigged up on the grounds of the college, and, at the commands of the instructors, we scampered up and down the masts like so many squirrels. At first we were sent to the top-yards and thoroughly drilled in handling the ropes and sails there; but gradually, as we became more proficient, we were "promoted downward," reaching in time the main-yard.

(In more recent years the barkantine's masts have been replaced by an actual barkantine, moored in the river that flows by one side of the college grounds.)

The second year's course comprised lectures and recitations in mathematics, literature, naval tactics, weather observations, map-drawing, mechanical drawing, astronomy, platting from coast-survey notes, naval architecture, chemistry, and explosives.

Well do I remember some of the jokes that were perpetrated upon our instructors during that second year.

Our lecturer on literature was a civilian of very effeminate manners. One morning he came into the lecture-room, bowed to the assembled cadets, wished them a good morning, and then opened his desk. He sprang back again with a cry of dismay, for out jumped some fifty frogs. Frogs were his pet aversion. A dozen cadets less timorous than the professor rushed to his rescue, and, in great glee, soon cleared the room of the little hopping animals.

Our professor of mathematics, a naval officer detailed to that duty, was made of sterner stuff. It was a more startling surprise that, on another occasion, we prepared for him. A few of us gathered in the class-room one morning some minutes before the time for recitation, and placed inside the stove—in which, of course, there was no fire at the time—a huge cannon-cracker around which was wound a long fuse. We had calculated almost to a second the length of time that fuse would burn.

Lieutenant Takeda entered the room exactly on time, as he always did, consumed the same number of seconds as usual in crossing to his desk, bowed with his usual deliberateness, and said, "*Ohayo, mina san*" ("Good morning, young gentlemen").

Bang! The cannon-cracker exploded with

great noise and force, overturning the stove and incidentally blowing the bottom out of it.

Lieutenant Takeda turned as coolly as if on parade, glanced at the demolished stove, comprehended the situation, and again faced the class of innocent-looking youngsters.

"The length of that fuse was very well calculated, young gentlemen," he remarked.

In neither instance, I am glad to say, did the professor make any complaint against the cadets; investigation into either joke might have involved the present writer in unpleasant disciplinary consequences.

It was during the summer vacation between the second and third years that we experienced the event to which we had all looked forward—the practice cruise at sea. There were about one hundred and twenty-five in our class on that cruise, on the training-barkantine "*Junkei*," commanded by Captain James, an officer who had left the English navy to enter the Mikado's service.

That summer cruise was the hardest part of the course, the cadets being obliged to work like common sailors. Our time was largely spent in scrubbing decks, scouring the metal-work, making, taking, and furling sail, manning the boats, going through laborious gun drills—in short, applying practically all the theories we had learned at the Naval College, and fitting ourselves thoroughly to command and to instruct sailors as soon as we ourselves should reach the quarter-deck.

At the beginning of the cruise most of us experienced to the fullest possible extent the terrors of that peculiar malady known as seasickness. What a wretched, miserable lot we were for a few days! How we longed to be back in that safe, steady-going old land-craft, the imitation barkantine on the college grounds!

On the morning of the third day out from Yokohama, the *Junkei* was rolling and pitching in what appeared to most of us to be a terrifically violent sea. I remember crawling up on to the deck and lurching across to the rail. I must have looked as utterly woe-begone as I felt, for none of my superiors had the heart to order me to duty.

"I will throw myself overboard and end all this misery," I thought; and, while I had that

purpose in mind, the sea looked actually inviting.

Furtively I glanced at the watch officer, but his gaze was fixed upon me, and I thought his shrewd, searching eyes penetrated my intention. Two or three sailors, I observed, were also watching me.

"It will be useless to jump overboard," I groaned. "If I do those sailors will jump overboard, too, rescue me against my will, and bring me back again to endure this horrible illness until it finishes me."

That view of the case decided me not to attempt the leap.

"After all," I reflected, "if I am to die of this horrible seasickness, it is better to meet death like a man."

And suddenly my sickness vanished as if by magic!

Amusing and grotesque all this seems to me now; but I assure you that at the time it was tragically real.

The summer cruise over, we came back to the Naval College to enter upon our last year of academic studies. We completed our course, and the writer was one of the happy lot of youngsters who, in the spring of 1884, graduated from the Imperial Naval College.

Then began a peculiar stage in my naval career. I was a full-fledged midshipman at last, but quickly realized that that nondescript rank carried with it rather more of tribulation than of joy. In the Japanese navy the young "middy" is derisively known as a *hanbun*, which, literally interpreted, means "half." He is half sailor and half officer. On the sleeve of

his coat he wears only half of a gold stripe. His epaulets are "halved" by being denuded of fringe. Even his sword, the distinctive emblem of his noble profession of arms, is but half the length of that worn by his superiors. Not only his officers, but the sailors as well, seem to delight in impressing upon him the undeniable fact that he is but a "half-fledged" officer.

Soon, however, I emerged from the chrysalis stage of *hanbun* into the more complete existence of an ensign. I was happy at last in all but one respect—I longed to take part in a modern naval battle or two. That ambition was gratified, for the Franco-Chinese war had broken out, and my uncle (then Japanese Minister of War) prevailed upon his fellow cabinet member, the Minister of the Navy, to secure for me from the French a commission by courtesy as ensign in the French navy.

As a representative of the then youngest naval element in the emperor's service, I was sent to observe, study, and report upon French methods of naval warfare. It was my lot to take part in the naval battle of Fuchau, and in the field operations in Tonquin.

Afterward I returned to duty on the Japanese cruiser "Heyei," but a few months later resigned from the navy in order to take up my studies in the United States.

Upon my experiences in the Franco-Chinese war I have not dwelt in this article, as it has been my main purpose to afford a glimpse at the life of a "middy" in the then new and modern navy of Japan, although during a period when it was even newer and less modern than his Imperial Majesty's splendid fleet of to-day.



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ONE HUG IS ENOUGH.

PAPA, when business-hours are done,
 And home he comes at set of sun,
 Greets with wild joy his little girl;
 As up he swings her, with a whirl,
 Calls her his pet, his heart's delight,
 And kisses her and clasps her tight—
 So tight, sometimes, that she cries
"Please!"
 Don't give me such another squeeze!

Why, dear papa, I do declare
 You're like a great big, burly bear!"
 Then "daddy" smiles and sets her down,
 And gently pats her curls of brown,
 And says: "My Lady Pinafore,
 I will not do so any more—
 Until to-morrow!"
 And next day
 He greets her in the selfsame way!

But one fine evening, after tea,
 Wee Betty climbed upon his knee
 (She had her slate and pencil, too),
 And said: "Now I've a rhyme for you.
 We made it up, mama and I;
 I'll say it for you by and by.
 But first—before I let you see
 My slate—you'll have to promise me
 That you will not get in a huff,
 For our rhyme says, 'One hug's enough!'
 You need n't pout, papa, nor grieve;
 It's plain as figures, by your leave.

"Now I'll our little verse recite,
 And you'll own up that we are right!

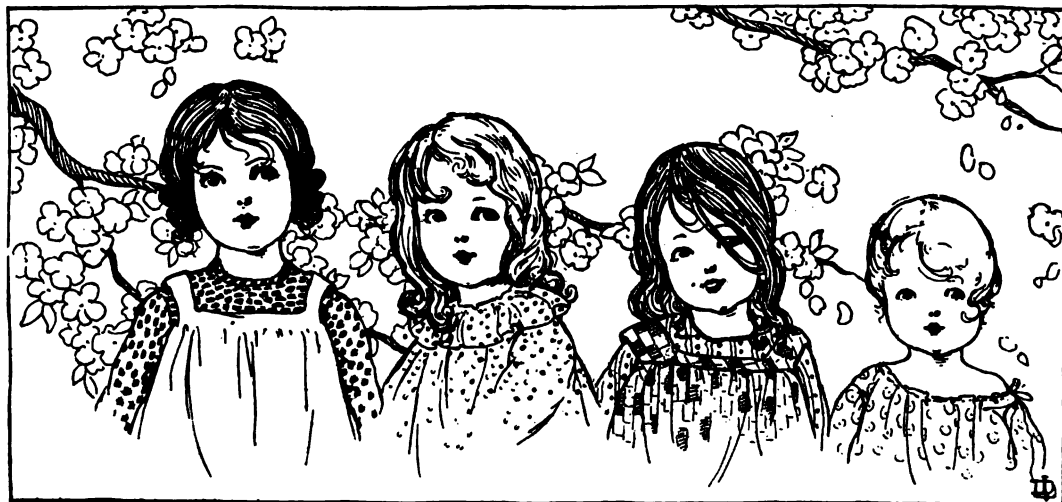
BETTY'S RHYME FOR PAPA.

"Excuse me if I say to you,
 'One hug's enough,' and prove it, too.
 'Enough' has letters six, you see—
 Enough for two words, you'll agree.—
 And those two words, most strange to say,
 Are 'one' and 'hug,' as plain as day;
 For here's your *o* and *n* and *e*,
 And there's your *h* and *u* and *g*."

Then papa laughed and said: "My dear,
 You've proved your claim, that's very clear.
 Enough's enough. Well, have it so—
 Just one good hug, and off you go!"

Walter J. Kenyon.





FOUR LITTLE GIRLS AND THEIR FOUR LITTLE STORIES.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

AWAY up on the middle fork of the one big and beautiful river of Oregon, wedged down deep between two great black mountains topped with trees and clouds and snow, a little log house nestled close by the bank of the foamy river, alive with shiny fishes. A narrow, shady road ran close by the door. Back of the house on the hillside was a clearing, set thick with apple-trees, peach-trees, and the like, and all loaded down; while the air was full of busy bees, and every one of the great dark trees up and down the steep mountains was musical with the song of birds.

Dot and Puss and Dimples and Pudge—these were the names of the four little girls who lived in the log house, but where they got their names no one but their father could tell.

It was ten miles through the thick woods to the next house; it was quite as far to their first neighbor in the other direction: and as this was a sort of stopping-place for the very few travelers who ventured on horseback over this portion of the Oregon Sierras, I drew rein at the door and shouted: "Hello the house!"

In a moment four little girls blossomed in the door—rosy, round-faced, brown-faced,

sunny-haired, hearty, happy. Beautiful? They looked as if they might have escaped from the upper world and slid down the great snow-peaks to that little home by the beautiful river.

"Might I stay?" There was a welcome to the tired stranger in every "yes," as four pretty mouths opened in chorus.

Dot, the eldest, a strong, self-reliant little girl of ten years, led my horse to the stable across the road; Dimples led me into the cabin; Puss brought water from the spring; little Pudge brought her apron full of chips from the wood-pile in the back yard; and all four were soon busy preparing supper.

The father came home, a weary man, tall and strong, lonely-looking and very silent, and swung his gun and game-pouch on the great elk-horns over the fireplace.

We had supper by the firelight; Dot with her little hands kept piling on the pine knots till the gloomy little cabin was light as day.

After a hearty meal on wild meat, Indian corn, and fish, the little girls cleared off the table, and then grouped about it with their books. But no, they could not read. They

wanted to hear about the great big world — the world that was to them like fairyland. I told them many wondrous things, the half-sad and very silent father sitting all the time back in the dark and alone.

By and by I asked them to tell me something of their books. And how learned they were! They knew much indeed of books. But their geography was mixed. All history, the "Arabian Nights," novels of all kinds, all these were jumbled in their little heads together. Yes, their mother, they said in whispers, as they glanced back at their father, had taught them ever so much. They had never seen a school-house or a church. Once they had been to camp-meeting. Yes, mother — when she was a young woman — had come from a far-off country, — from Boston, — had married, settled in the woods there, away from all the world, and, only last year, had died.

Seeing his children were now as sad as himself, as they thought of their mother, the man rose, came forward, kicked the fire till it blazed up more cheerfully, and suggested to the children that they should tell me some stories in return for mine.

"And oh, let 's make 'em up ourselves!" shouted Puss, as she clapped her dimpled hands and hitched up her chair, as did all the others, with their elbows on the table and their bright faces all at once as merry as the May.

"Certainly," answered matron Dot, "we will make 'em up all by ourselves; and you shall tell the first; only don't put in any boggy-man or ghost to scare little Pudge." And with that Dot put an arm about Pudge and drew her close to her side; while Puss smoothed down her little gingham apron, hitched her chair again, and, clearing her throat, gravely began:

"Once upon a time in Arabia — in Arabia — where — where all the giants are born and brought up and educated, there was a great giant who had no castle. So this great giant — he got up and took his club and set out to walk and walk till he could find a great castle, where he could put people in and lock 'em up and — ahem — and eat 'em. Well, he walked and he walked — ahem. And he was barefooted and he had no shoes at all. And he was bareheaded

and his hair was long — ahem, ahem. And he walked and he walked till he came to a great high mountain. And he went up to the top of that high mountain, for he thought it might have a castle on it. But he found there only a great big flat rock on the edge of a great steep precipice, with — ahem — with a railroad running along in the valley below. Yes, the — the — ahem — the Erie Railroad! Well, he lay down on the flat rock and went to sleep, and in the night he waked up and went down in the valley to get something to eat. For — for like all great and good giants he was — ahem — always hungry. Well, he found a milk-house, and he drank up all the pans of milk, and he ate up all the fresh butter, — ahem, — and he could n't find any bread, and he hurried back to his big flat rock on the mountain above the precipice, for he was getting very tired. And he lay down on his back on the big flat rock, with his hands a-holdin' tight on his head, for he felt — ahem — very queer. Well, by and by he heard a rumblin' — oh, such a rumblin'! And he was, oh, so certain his head was going to break open! And — ahem — he held tight on to his head with both his big hands. Then he did n't hear any rumblin' any more, and all was still; and he went to sleep. Ahem! But by and by such another rumblin' — oh, such a rumblin' that it made the mountain shake! And he held so tight on to his head that he almost screamed out for pain. And then he listened. And then he began to laugh. And he let go of his head and he laughed and he laughed and he laughed. For what do you think it was that rumbled so? Why, it was n't his head at all. It was only the Erie Railroad. Yes — ahem — yes, and he laughed and he rolled and he rolled and he laughed till he rolled right over that precipice, and he fell — ahem — and fell a hundred thousand feet, and he landed with his neck in the fork of a tree, and — and — ahem — died! Yes. And if you can go to foreign countries and find the Erie Railroad, and find that precipice, and stop the train, and get off and measure how high that tree is, you can tell just how tall that giant was, for, for — ahem — for if his foot could have touched the ground he could have stood up and it would n't have killed him, you see!"

"Oh! oh, Puss!" "Oh, Pussy!" cried Dot and Dimples.

"I 's glad he 's dead, anyhow, for I don't like giants," said little Pudge, as she nestled closer to Dot; and the father again came forward out of the dark and poked up the fire.

"And now, Dot, it's your turn," said Dimples, as she reached over and buried a hand in the cloud of yellow hair that nestled on Puss's shoulder.

"Yes; and I 'll make it short, for Pudge has yawned twice. And remember, now, this is a story that has to be all told over again from the first if any one asks a single question. So don't one of you speak or I 'll never get through to-night.

"Once upon a time in a far-off country there was a flock of sheep feeding on a sloping hillside above the sea. On the great black mountain back of them there was a forest of pines, and in this forest there were a hundred thousand bears."

"Oh, my! So many?"

"Once upon a time in a far-off country there was a flock of sheep feeding —"

"Please, please, sisser Dot, I won't speak any more," pleaded Pudge.

"Well, then, don't, Pudge, because, you see, every time anybody speaks I have to go right back to the beginning and tell it all over from the first. This is one of that kind of stories, you know. But I can go ahead this once. Well, the flock of sheep went sliding their noses along on the ground very fast, and a little lamb got very tired and lay down by the side of a rock—a gray rock, I think. Yes, it went to sleep there, while its mother went on with the flock, with her nose on the ground, nibbling grass. After a while the lamb felt a cold nose moving up and down on the back of its neck, and thinking it was its kind, good mother who had come back with the flock on the way home, it lazily opened its eyes and looked up. And what do you think it saw? A great black bear!"

"Oh! And did it—?" But Pudge clapped both chubby hands over the rosy mouth with its rows of pearl just in time; and with just a little frown the story-teller went on.

"Guess I 've got you," said the bear.

"Spec' you have," said the lamb. "But you better not eat me."

"And why had I better not eat you? Humph! Come, get ready to be eaten. I 'm hungry."

"Oh, please, Mr. Bear," said the little lamb, "if you won't eat me I will take you to where there is a big Popwopsus. And if you have n't got enough after you eat the big Popwopsus, you can eat me."

"And oh, Dot, what 'is a—?" Just in time Pudge got her two hands over her mouth, so the story did not *quite* have to be told over from the first.

"Now this was a very ignorant bear, and did not know what a Popwopsus was."

"No more do you, nor anybody else," chuckled Dimples aside to herself.

"But, like all very ignorant people, it pretended to know a great deal, and said it was a bargain; and as the lamb gladly led the way up the hill to a great pine-tree, the bear muttered to himself that he could eat them both and not half try.

"There you are, sir," said the lamb, pointing to a great high heap of gum that had oozed from the tree. "Help yourself."

"Now this bear thought this must be delicious food indeed; so, pretending to know all about it, he gruffly bowed his thanks to the lamb, and reaching up, he opened his great red mouth, threw his arms about the fat wax Popwopsus, and hugging it tight, greedily bit off its sticky head!

"Well, you should have seen that bear's mouth! And jaws! And feet! Gum! Gum! Nothing but gum!

"And you should have seen that little lamb laugh! He just stuck his little fists in his little sides and danced up and down for delight.

"And the bear pawing at his own teeth! And gnawing at his paws! Oh, my! And he rolled over, and the leaves stuck fast, and he began to look as big as an elephant. And so the lamb pitied him and said:

"Come, I 'll take you back to where I found you." And so he went back down the hill, and the poor bear hobbled and rolled on after.

"But pretty soon they met the sheep. Then

a big ram with great bent horns bowed to the bear. And the bear thought it was all right. But, I tell you, whenever a ram bows to you, look out! Well, the rams all bowed to that bear, and then they began to come. Jump! Bump! Thump! And over that bear went,

country, and was very nearly crying with fright, she meekly held her head to one side and managed to go on. "Once upon a time, in a very foreign country, there lived in a great coal-mine a man with a leather nose. Now this man was a Norwegian, and he had a name that was so



"AND YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN THAT LITTLE LAMB LAUGH!"

heels over head, till he rolled into the sea and was turned into a great big island that was all surrounded by water."

"Oh, my! Who ever heard a lamb talk! Now I don't b'lieve that t'other story, too!" said Pudge.

"Pudgey, Pudgey! But now Dimples; and then little Pudge."

"Once upon a time in a foreign country a—very, very foreign country," and here little Dimples stopped, rolled up her dimpled hands in her coarse apron as if they had been cocoons in silk, and began it all over again. She did this two or three times in her great embarrassment, and at last, after assuring us over and over again that it was in a very, very foreign

long that it took a man a day and a half to pronounce it, and—"

"Now, Dimples! Oh, Dimples!"

"Well, Dot, I'll pronounce it if you like. It may not take a day and a half, but it will take some time."

"Skip the name, then, and hurry up, for Pudge is very sleepy."

"Well, then, they called him Old Leather Nose. And whenever anybody called him Old Leather Nose there was a fight; for he was very, very sensitive on that point. Now this was in California.

"After a while he got sick; and the doctor, who was afraid of him and wanted to get him out of the way, told him he had a certain kind

of disease. And it was a Latin disease that was even harder to pronounce and longer than his name; so we will skip the Latin disease, although I know it and can pronounce it very well, sister Dot.

"Now the doctor told Old Leather Nose that the only way to cure him was to plant him in the ground in a deep hole up to the chin, under a great pine-tree up on a great high mountain, and keep him there, with only one pipe to smoke, till the sun rose in the morning.

"And so the doctor took ten men, and they carried Old Leather Nose from the Norwegian coal-mine up on a high mountain somewhere in Florida, where there are a great many ferocious walruses, and they planted him up to the beard, and gave him a pipe to smoke. Yes, and when they began to plant him he took off his leather nose and laid it carefully down on a chip by the side of—"

"And did it cure him all well, Dimples? Did it, Dimples?"

"Pudgey dear, the walruses came down in the night and ate his head off smooth with the ground. And that's all."

"Oh, how dreadful! My sakes alive! But he tum'd to life again! he tum'd to life again! —did n't he?"

"Yes, little Pudge, but that is another story. And don't go to sleep just yet. It's your turn now. Only a little one, dear, and then papa will put Pudge in her little trundle-bed."

"Once upon a time in a—in a—" And the little fists dug and doubled about the great, dreamy eyes, and tried to push away the mass

of curls that curtained them, and with much effort the sleepy little girl got through with this little fragment of a story: "Once upon a time dey was mice an' mice an' mice. Oh, my, such a mice in a fur—furrin tuntry. An' a man he goed a fousand hundred miles to brin' a fousand hundred tats for to tatch 'em. An' he do an' he dit a wadon an' dey brin' him tats. An' dey brin' him a fousand hundred tats. An' he put 'em in a wadon, an' he start for to do for to tatch 'em mice. An' he tame by a house, an' de dog bark, an' de tats back up on de wadon look like a load o' hay. An'—an'—oh, my, I is so s'eeepy! An'—an' he tame by a tamp-meetin'. An' de tamp-meetin' sin' er hymn; an' den er tats sin' a song, too. An' den er tamp-meetin' have to stop—an' den—an' den—er—"

And the little round face bowed down and buried itself in the folded arms on the table. The silent father came forward from his now very dark corner, and taking the little sleeper from her sister, placed her in the trundle-bed. In a few minutes one more was beside her, and two in the little bunk over the trundle-bed. The father and I were soon in bed in the adjoining room, with the door open between.

And when he thought I slept, he rose up softly, went into the other room, drew out the trundle-bed noiselessly, and kissed his four little motherless girls, with only God to see him. Then he stepped to the door, drew a great bolt across it, and, taking his rifle from the rack, set it in reach at his bedside, ready to defend his babes. And then we slept.





"WANTED."

BY MARGARET VANDEGRIFT.

MRS. JOHN CLAYTON and her only son were at breakfast in the smallest breakfast-room possible to a small house. There was nothing small about the breakfast, however; the porridge-dish and milk-pitcher were of goodly size, and both well filled.

"You 're sure you don't mind it, dear?" asked John, Jr., tenderly, as he held out his bowl for a second help. His mother laughed brightly.

"Oh, Jack! if your father were only safe at home again I'd be willing to live on porridge and milk to the end of my days!"

"But then, you see, I don't intend you to do that," answered her son, stoutly. "This is the third day — 'three times and out,' you know. I'm bound to find something this morning. I'll just look over the 'wanted' column before I start; there may be somebody in search of a young fellow of my pattern." He ran his eye over the column. "There's only one that 'looks likely,'" he said, pulling open his knife to cut the advertisement out, and reading as he cut:

"'Wanted, a young man not under seventeen nor over twenty-five, who is not afraid of work. Call at 47 W. Blank Street.'"

"But that may mean a porter, or a gardener, or a footman, or anything," said his mother, doubtfully. Jack laughed.

"I could n't conscientiously recommend myself as footman or gardener," he replied, "but I'd make a capital porter; for instance —" and he picked his good-sized mother up, and,

after almost setting her on the sideboard, let her gently down to the floor.

"You disrespectful boy!" And she boxed his ears lightly.

"I'll take that for my accolade," he said, kissing her heartily. "I'm going out to fight the world for you, lovely woman!" And with a gay laugh he was gone.

"Dear fellow!" murmured his mother, as she gathered up the spoons, "how brave he is! How proud John will be of him. Never one word about his disappointment, when he had chosen his profession and all. He seems to think only of me."

Meanwhile Jack's long legs were carrying him rapidly over the forty or fifty blocks which lay between his home and 47 West Blank Street. The keen air and quick motion brought a bright color into his brown cheeks, and a more pleasantly hearty and healthy-looking young man than the one who rang at the aforesaid number at precisely nine o'clock would have been hard to find. A dignified butler opened the door of the quaint, old-fashioned house, and ushered Jack into a large, cheerful library. Every curtain was drawn back, every shade raised, and the room was flooded with autumn sunshine. A fire of unsplit oak and hickory logs burned upon brass andirons, on a wide and deep hearth, and a plump white cat, stretched upon the hearth-rug in friendly proximity to a huge St. Bernard dog, gave the finishing touches to this picture of comfort. The room was lined with

well-filled bookcases; a convenient library table stood in the center, surrounded by deep, cushioned chairs and a luxurious lounge. A small revolving book-rack stood on one corner of the hearth-rug, between the lounge and an easy-chair. In giving his card to the stately butler, Jack had mentioned that he came in answer to the advertisement; and the servant, after showing him into the library, took the card upstairs, and returned presently, saying:

"My master begs that you will wait half an hour, as he is particularly engaged, and that you will amuse yourself with the books."

"All right," said Jack, cheerfully, adding to himself, as the solemn man withdrew, "It 's not a bad place for spending half-hours or half-days in, by any means!"

He turned to the small open book-case, in preference to attacking the larger ones, and smiled at the singular medley he found there. One side held the latest scientific works; another, grammars of living and dead languages; a third, a fine collection of antique books, with covers worn and torn; and the fourth, a most remarkable array of fiction—French novels, translated and in the original, the latest trash from the most notably sensational pens, both American and English.

"Ah! I wonder what he 'd think if I should ask him to lend me this book"; and Jack pounced upon a valuable and expensive work upon mechanical engineering. He read for a few moments standing, then dropped into the nearest chair and read on. The white cat, as if mistaking him for the usual occupant of the chair, sprang upon its arm and nestled down, purring. The great dog rose slowly, stretched himself, and laid his splendid head upon Jack's knee. "Good fellow!" said Jack, giving him an absent-minded pat; and the dog stood contentedly, slowly waving his banner of a tail, and did not move, even when Jack drew out note-book and pencil and began taking notes from the book he was so eagerly reading.

The half-hour passed quickly. Jack was quite unconscious of any presence save that of the friendly brutes, when a short, dry cough and a strongly interrogative "Well?" made him suddenly twist his chair around and look up.

Before him stood a keen-eyed old gentleman,

in an immaculate black suit, with very white linen and hair. Jack rose at once, and too suddenly to please the feelings of the dog and cat.

"I 've been standing within three feet of you for five minutes," said the old gentleman, in a voice which somehow made Jack think of parchment. "What were you reading? A French novel or an English one?"

"Neither," replied Jack, coloring a little under the steady gaze of the earnest gray eyes. "I found a work on engineering which I 've been wishing to see, and I was reading that. I beg your pardon for keeping you standing, but I assure you I did not know you were there."

"I accept your apology," said the old gentleman, dryly, "and now we 'll proceed to business. I did not choose to state fully, in my advertisement, what I wished. I preferred seeing the applicants first. What reference have you as to your character?"

Jack promptly named two or three well-known professional men.

"Hum!" said the other. "You understand, young man, that it 's a reference as to character, and not attainments, for which I 'm asking?"

"Yes, sir," replied Jack, with a significant quietness. "These gentlemen are all old friends of my father's and lifelong friends of mine."

"Very good!" and the inquisitor smiled a little. "Who, and what, is your father, by the way?"

"His name is Clayton"; and Jack held his head up proudly. "He is a scientist, and he is absent just now upon a scientific expedition to South Africa."

"Pleasant place for an excursion!" muttered the old gentleman, adding suddenly: "And why are n't you studying for a profession, I 'd like to know?"

"The man whom my father left in charge of his affairs has absconded with the greater part of our money, and I have postponed my studies until I see my way clear to take them up again," answered Jack, stiffly.

"Only postponed 'em, eh?" and the old gentleman chuckled. "What did you mean to be?"

"I *do* mean to be a lawyer!" Jack did not know how defiantly he said that.

"Then what do you want with a book on engineering?"

"I am offered the chance to study, and afterward enter as junior partner, in the office of a man whose practice is chiefly railroad litigation, and he told me that it would save me time and trouble hereafter if I would post myself upon mechanical engineering first. And now may I ask what are the duties of the situation you are offering?"

"Very good! Very good!" cried the old gentleman, briskly. "But I have just one more question to ask—old folks are apt to be idly curious, you know"; and he chuckled once more. "Will that offer of which you spoke keep, or is it to be taken or left at once?"

Jack's face clouded as he replied:

"I do not know positively, but I am afraid that it will only keep a few months, at furthest."

"So! now we'll proceed to business. I want a night-watchman in my warehouse." He eyed Jack narrowly, but the young man made a tolerably successful effort not to look disconcerted.

"I want a young, strong, wide-awake fellow to watch for two weeks over the largest and most valuable cargoes that my ships ever brought from India, China, and Japan. If I find the man I'm looking for, he may have the chance of a better situation at the end of the two weeks, but I make no promise as to that. For the two weeks I'll give, to a suitable person, one hundred dollars and his board; he will not be needed through the day, and should he prefer to board at home I will allow him twenty dollars more. I see no reason why you should not be the man, if your reference proves satisfactory, but I never do anything important without sleeping on it, so I'll give you my answer to-morrow morning, and then you can give me yours."

"I can give you mine now," said Jack; "I shall be glad to accept the situation, should you be satisfied with my reference."

"Very well," replied the old gentleman. "Now you may go. I'll lend you that book you were reading, if you like. Or, stop a bit—I wish you'd sleep here to-night. I have a special reason for wishing to be called at six,

sharp, to-morrow morning, and you look as if you had some sense. If I tell Jenkins to call me, he'll knock once, and go away. I'm a heavy sleeper sometimes, and this is important. You'll be doing me a favor if you'll stay and get me up at six—in spite of myself, if need be."

"Very well," said Jack; "I'll do so, with pleasure"—and he could not repress a little smile at the anticipation of shaking up the inquisitive old gentleman the next morning. "But," he added, "I must go back and tell my mother about it, and find some one to sleep in my room—I cannot leave her alone in the house."

"Where are the servants?" asked the old gentleman, abruptly.

"We don't keep any, at present," replied Jack, with equal abruptness, adding: "I will be here by nine o'clock, if you wish."

"I do," said the other, and nothing more was said on either side, except "good morning."

When Jack recounted this strange interview to his mother, she did not know whether to laugh or cry, and so did a little of both. When the story was finished, "You may depend upon it that he's insane," she said apprehensively. "Don't have anything more to do with him, dear; write and say that you've changed your mind."

"But I have n't, Madam Clayton," answered Jack, laughing. "He's not a bit insane, only queer; and, even if he were, I'm about twice as large as he is and equal even to the strength of his insanity—and, just think! one hundred dollars for two weeks! It's princely! We can pay a half-year's rent in advance to begin with, and by the time the rest is gone we shall have the money from the sale, and it's a poor story if I can't find something permanent before that is gone."

"But I can't bear it," faltered his mother, "that you should be a night-watchman, when you have graduated from college and stood high in everything."

"This from you, unworthy descendant of a 'Signer'? Shades of my ancestors!" And Jack began the Declaration of Independence, and kept on until his mother stopped her ears. Then he went out to engage his most intimate friend to sleep in his room, and after a merry supper he started briskly off for 47 West Blank Street.

He found his prospective employer at the library table, apparently engaged with a mathematical problem.

"By the way," said the old gentleman, as Jack was shown into the library, "I forgot to tell you my name; it's Tyler—Thomas Tyler. I'm tempted to close our engagement to-night. Your references will do very well. But I can't break a life-long habit—I must sleep on it."

He paced the room for a few moments, apparently absorbed in his own thoughts. Then, as if laying aside a rough outer garment, he began to discourse upon books and authors, and held Jack entranced till the clock struck eleven. At the last stroke he rose and held out his hand, with "Good night! You're not a bad listener. Your room is next to mine, and I shall not lock the door between, for you may have to come in and shake me. My man has set the alarm-clock at five-forty-five; that will give you fifteen minutes to stretch in. The alarm has lost its effect upon me, but perhaps you're not used to it. Not, eh? Very good. Then there's no doubt of its waking you. We'll breakfast at six-thirty sharp, and by seven I shall be off. I'll give you your answer at six-forty-five."

He said the last words over his shoulder as he trotted upstairs, and Jack followed, smiling and half inclined to adopt his mother's idea that the man was crazy. But Jack's two long walks and the most comfortable of beds conspired to cut short speculation and amusement.

He placed the clock close by his head, and it seemed to him that he had just turned over after doing so when he was waked by what he at first believed to be an earthquake. He sat up, rubbing his eyes, and saw by the dim and chilly light that the hands of the clock pointed to five-forty-five.

Making a brief and temporary toilet, he knocked first lightly, then loudly, at the door of the adjoining room. Hearing no response, he repeated the knock, and then opened the door. There, peaceful as an infant, lay the sleeping Mr. Tyler. A gentle, satisfied snore rose and fell with his respiration, and Jack, with a feeling of profound pity, gave him an equally gentle shake. His limpness was discouraging. "I can't shake his poor old head off," muttered Jack, after repeating the treatment as long and

as hard as he dared, "and he would n't like it if I were to stick a pin in him—I'll try pulling the clothes off!" He tried it. The sleeper snored on. In despair, Jack lifted him bodily and tried to set him in an arm-chair. He collapsed, slipping through Jack's arms into a helpless heap in the chair, and slept on. Desperate, Jack looked about the room for a suggestion. He was not long in finding one. The door into the adjoining bath-room was half open. Jack hastened thither, and seizing a large sponge, turned the cold water upon it, gave it a hasty squeeze and then rushed back to his charge. "There's no help for it," said Jack to himself, grimly. "He told me he *must* be waked!" And he thrust the wet sponge against the nose and mouth of his apparently unconscious victim, and held it there. As if the touch of the water had been an electric shock, the old gentleman stiffened, sat up, gasped, sputtered, opened his eyes wide, and remarked politely:

"Young man, you can go and dress yourself. It is my lifelong habit to take a cold bath every morning."

Too much astonished to reply, Jack returned to his room, took his own bath, dressed, and entered the breakfast-room by one door as his host, fresh and rosy under his white hair, came in by another. No allusion was made to the involuntary awakening, but at six-forty-five Mr. Tyler said:

"Young man, I engage you for the two weeks. I shall look for you at four o'clock this afternoon, when I shall show you over the warehouse. Then you can go home, get your supper, and sleep till nine o'clock. I wish you to be at the warehouse for the night at ten o'clock punctually." He talked pleasantly with Jack until both had eaten a hearty breakfast, and then dismissed him.

Jack's two weeks as night-watchman passed with but one event. Mr. Tyler had objected to firearms in the building, asserting that if a stout club and the burglar-alarm proved insufficient, he would bear the responsibility. It was, however, with something very near to fear that Jack, on the last round of his last night, suddenly found himself confronted by a man in a cloak and black mask, who, pointing a revolver at his head, said coolly:

to study law under my immediate supervision, subsequently to share, and eventually to inherit, my practice, which is large. My importing business is in the charge of long-time associates and partners. When I began the search I had no idea of what I was undertaking. I am fatigued with it, and with the duties of my profession. If your career continues as it has begun, you will succeed me sooner than you would have done if I had found you ten years ago, but not without working for it, sir. I can assure you that you will *not* be carried to the skies on flowery beds of ease! These are my terms: I will pay you, for the first year, one thousand dollars. For this I shall expect your diligent service, the first half of every day, at whatever I ask you to do, copying, errand-going, hunting up references for me,—my memory does n't work as it once did, I find,—anything, in short, which I should ask my son to do, if I had ever had one. The afternoon and evening will be entirely your own, and I shall expect you to make good use of them for your own advancement. The second year, and the years to come, will depend upon your use of the first. Do you agree to these terms?"

Jack sprang up, holding out his hand. His eyes were sparkling, his breath came fast. "Do I agree?" he cried. "Oh, Mr. Tyler, how can I ever thank you enough? I thought—I was afraid—" His voice broke, and he stopped.

"Tut, tut, young man!" said Mr. Tyler, severely. "You need n't go on like this. You 'd have hacked your way out somehow—I 've only sharpened your ax for you. Let me see," and he pulled a note-book from his pocket. "You 're the twenty-eighth. Of the others, I found all but three reading novels: seven the translations, thirteen the English, and four the American ones. Of these three two failed on the waking test and one on the burglar test. I almost condoned the latter failure, but not quite; a lawyer wants all his wits where he can lay his hand on them at once and in the dark. To the other twenty-four I mentioned that the position I had to offer was that of night-watchman merely to see the effect. In every case it was declined with visible scorn."

"And do you mean to say," exclaimed Jack, "that you were shamming sleep—that you were n't asleep that morning when I so rudely attacked you with the sponge?"

"Not at all—not at all. I was uncommonly wide awake."

"But you snored."

"That snore was the result of careful practice. Practice, and nothing but practice, makes perfect. Keep that in mind, young man—that, and the fact that, as some sensible man has said, 'Opportunity has no back hair'—and you 'll succeed. Remember, there 's no such thing as luck."



ABOUT OLD INK-STANDS.

BY TUDOR JENKS.



"TINY ELVES THAT HOLD COURT BEFORE A POMPOUS LITTLE JUDGE WHOSE BENCH IS THE INK-STAND COVER."

In the old fairy stories magicians are said to have made their customers read the future by looking into little pools of black liquid. We shall try to read a little of the past by looking into a few old ink-stands.

All boys and girls should read Thackeray's poem to his gold pen, wherein he makes the pen say:

"Since he my faithful service did engage
To follow him through his queer pilgrimage,
I've drawn and written many a line and page."

But the ink-stand speaks of the pen thus:

"Day after day still dipping in my *trough*,"

and this does not seem quite respectful. We may rather think of an ink-stand as a magic well

out of which, when no human eye is watching, come swarms of tiny elves, that play at school, sitting in rows, or hold court before a pompous little judge whose bench is the ink-stand cover, who argue, quarrel, and joke among themselves, and then, on the coming of a human being, plunge into the invisible depths of the black well, there to remain till the pen's magic can summon them forth to play their part in fairy stories and gay verses.

In ink—ordinary ink, at least—modern science has made no improvement. The ink



AN OLD POTTERY INK-STAND.

of our forefathers was worse than that of their ancestors, and ours is yet worse. The Chinese still produce perfect ink, for their so-called "India ink" has all the virtues an ink should possess. It flows freely, writes black, remains black, and is permanent in all climates.

Ink-stands, however, are merely mechanical, and they have shared with other mechanical devices in the improvements science has introduced. To-day you may buy ink-stands of wonderful ingenuity: they prevent the ink from drying up, they keep it always at the same level, they protect it from dust; they are made to hold various sorts and divers colors; they are combined with all the requisites for the desk, with calendars, watches, memorandum-pads, paper-weights; and they offer receptacles for the small odds and ends that have to do with writing.

Perhaps the greatest invention in "ink-stands"



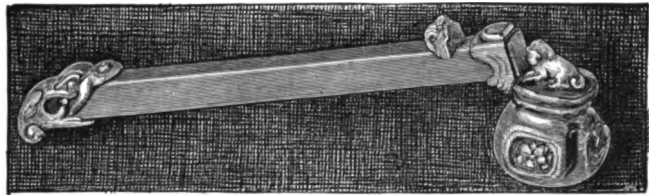
AN OLD-TIME INK-HORN.

is the fountain-pen, for it is nothing but a portable ink-stand combined with the pen. I do not know that even the Chinese claim anything that may be considered a forerunner of this modern triumph of convenience.

The earliest form of ink-stand was undoubtedly a mere paint-pot—a gallipot, or little cup

of pottery glazed so that it would hold liquid; indeed, the word "gallipot" means glazed pot, as the dictionary will tell you. A form of this early vessel is seen in the "Greek royal ink-stand" here pictured. This is of pottery, and is in the primitive shape, except for the improvement made by the addition of a cover to keep out dust. After the cover had been invented, it was not a difficult matter to cut a hole in the top to make a place for the pen—probably a split reed, such as was used by the Egyptian scribes for writing upon their papyrus leaves. There is nothing whereby we can determine the date of this stand, but the simplicity of its design and decoration would

suggest that it belonged to an early period, perhaps about 500 B.C. We may see its direct descendant to-day in the solid glass ink-stands



A JAPANESE INK-STAND.

exposing the ink only at one small opening in the top, though these later ink-stands have the advantage that they do not spill ink when overturned.

With this simplest form of ink-holder we must class the ink-horn, and the clay stand that has a ring-handle for carrying. The ink-horns, too, needed either a support, when used on a table, or a cord when carried upon the scribe's person.

A compromise between ink-horn and fountain-pen is found in the Japanese contrivance that holds both brush and ink. In order to be understood, the picture needs a little explanation. The round portion of the apparatus is the ink-holder. Within it is a sponge soaked



A GREEK ROYAL INK-STAND.

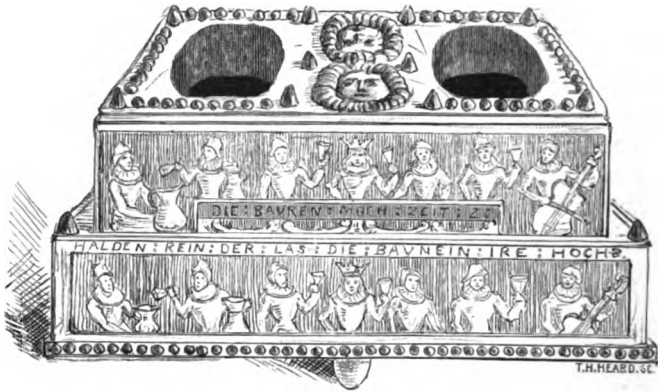
with ink until it will yield ink to the brush on slight pressure. The long square box holds the

"pen," which is a brush, of course. The lid of the ink-stand is hinged at the top of the brush-box, so it swings clear over to the stop or stud, opening both brush-box and inkstand at once.

These most convenient little writing-cases are carried thrust through the girdle, like a dagger. Often they are beautifully decorated by the artistic Japanese and made very valuable by their material.

The use of colored inks is almost as ancient as writing itself, since we find in the oldest manuscripts black, red, green, violet, and yellow inks, usually applied only as ornaments, except the old "stand-bys," black and red; and consequently we are not surprised that ink-stands with two or more wells were known to the most ancient peoples—and probably, therefore, those old writers often

a piece of work, the same design is repeated upon the upper and lower portion.

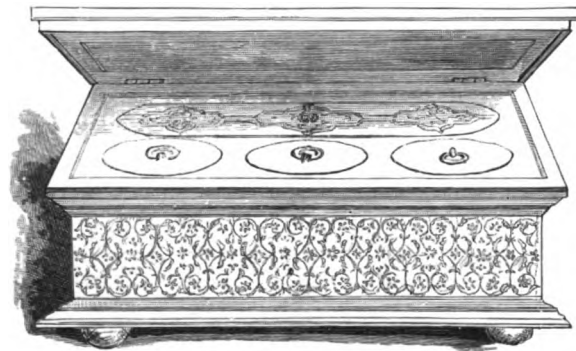


A DUTCH DELFT INK-STAND.

It will be interesting to compare the ink-stands of some great scholars who lived many years apart in the history of the world. It may be that we shall find a story still left in those ink-wells whence they dipped so many arguments.

Here, to make a beginning, is the stand used by Bernard of Clairvaux, called St. Bernard. We do not need the old quillpens that project from it to tell us that this belongs to the days of primitive things, and to a man who cared little for the luxuries of life. Except for the broad, saucer-like base, here is the old gallipot that is much the same as the pottery cup of pre-historic times.

And yet St. Bernard was of noble birth, and became so great a power in Europe that he founded seventy monasteries, secured the recognition of a pope against a rival claimant, and aroused all France to the Second Crusade.



A MOORISH STEEL INK-STAND.

knew the irritation that comes of having put the pen into the wrong ink-well.

The two examples here shown bear evidence of the people who made them: the steel stand, exact and finished in workmanship, and decorated only in arabesques, tells us of the Moorish craftsmen, skilled in metal-work, but forbidden to use the likeness of any creature in their designs; and the Delft stand of pottery, with its Gothic banquet scene and its big openings, speaks of the Dutch worker who makes an ink-stand easy to keep clean and convenient for use—with racks for pens and a good solid base to make all stable.

One is puzzled to know why, in so elaborate



ST. BERNARD'S INK-STAND.

As a writer he produced four hundred epistles, three hundred and forty sermons, and twelve theological treatises, as well as hymns that became famous; so his ink-stand was an important article of furniture in his house. This great monk died in 1153, more than seven and a half centuries ago; so we may regard his ink-stand as belonging to the days of the early Norman kings of England, or to the days of the Crusades, before the learning of the East had come to awaken interest in the great scholars of Greece and Rome.



SAVONAROLA'S INK-STAND.

Our next example is of three hundred years later, and shows the influence of the renaissance of knowledge of the classic times. This belonged to a great Florentine — Girolamo Savonarola, also a monk, for he belonged to the order of St. Dominic. This is a Roman writing-case rather than an ink-stand, and would not have been out of place in the library of Virgil or Horace. The picture shows a roll of manuscript, a book, a bit of parchment, and an ink-horn, probably, from which projects a quill-pen. The whole might well stand for a symbol of the learning of the time, in its imitation of the Roman form and its indispensable volume — undoubtedly some classic author. Its date may be remembered as nearly that of the discovery of America, for Savonarola died six years after 1492. Savonarola restored popular government in Florence, but at last was put to death.

But the studies of the Renaissance led to the science of later ages, and we shall now look upon the ink-stand of a professor of mathematics, the great Galileo — who will never be forgotten so long as a pendulum swings. It was Galileo who invented the pendulum, as you know, for all have read of his watching the swinging lamp in the cathedral at Pisa. Galileo's equipment for writing seems to be complete, since he has the

ink-well, a sand-box, a pounce-bowl, and a pen-cleaner, all neatly held upon a metal stand. From 1564 to 1642 the great discoverer and inventor lived, giving to the world, besides the pendulum, the hydrostatic balance, the thermometer, and other fruits of his long study.

Great thinker as he was, the outcome of this ink-stand must have been very different if it had not been for the work of such men as Bernard and Savonarola in the preceding ages. The monk, the reformer, the scholar, each did good work to prepare the way for his successors.

Next comes the statesman. Count Cavour, a native of Turin, died only about forty years ago. The words written by his pen did much to make of Italy a united nation. In our own time the most notable change in the history of the nations has been the uniting of small states into large nations; and so the work of Cavour is a good type of the most progressive step made by nations in the nineteenth century. Cavour's ink-stand, strangely enough, may be fancied to be a symbol of his work. It seems to be an antique Roman lamp, possibly a figure of Silenus, to which have been added modern improvements — a tablet and hook for a watch, and the cup and jar. Thus it is an ancient instrument repaired and restored to fit modern needs — just as the old Roman governments were altered and amended to adapt them to



GALILEO'S INK-STAND.

modern Italy and the conditions of a changed world.

Each of these was a man in whose hand the pen was mightier than the sword, and all

four ink-stands were part of the equipment with which they changed or directed the history of the world. Before their time was the age of

he might practise the art he found so much harder than conquering his neighbors. For Charlemagne never could train his mighty sword-hand to skill with pen, or stylus.

And you, young reader, must not think Bulwer's words,

In the hands of men entirely great
The pen is mightier than the sword,

are only theatrical mouthing of false sentiment. They are the simple truth — the truth which history confirms. Nations founded by the sword, sustained by the sword, pass and are forgotten. But the written words, the words of "men entirely great," outlast the very civilization amid which they were penned. Who can leave out of account, even to-day, the work of Homer, Virgil, Dante, Shakspeare, Molière, Cervantes, Goethe? Even to-day every thinking man must acknowledge their sway, must live in the kingdoms of thought these men have founded.

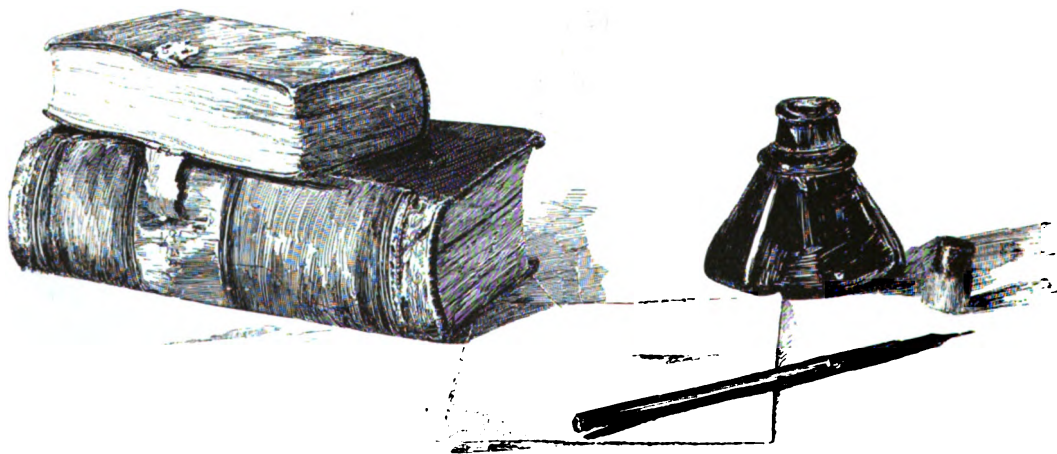
Let us, then, put among the relics of the great the tools of their government — and let us hold precious the pens and ink-stands that have outlasted and overcome the swords of conquerors, the scepters of the kings.



CAVOUR'S INK-STAND.

the sword — the age that was coming to an end when Charles the Great (Carolus Magnus, or "Charlemagne") kept his writing-tablets under his pillow in order that at odd moments

of the great the tools of their government — and let us hold precious the pens and ink-stands that have outlasted and overcome the swords of conquerors, the scepters of the kings.



WHAT BEFELL PRINCE SNAPSANDSNAILS.

BY ELSIE SCOTT.



ONCE upon a time, in a country so far away that you never even heard of it, there lived a king called Twankeydillo. Now this king and his queen were very happy and fortunate, and they were even more happy than usual at the time when

my story begins, for the fairies had just sent them the most

lovely prince in the world—at any rate, that is what his parents thought, and perhaps they were not far wrong. He was a merry, good-tempered little soul.

But the question of his name distressed his fond parents. The king would have had him called Twankeydillo after himself, and the queen, whose name was Strephona, wished to have him named Strephon, because she considered it a much prettier name than Twankeydillo.

One day they were sitting together in the garden, and the prince was lying on a rug on the grass, gazing at the sky with that air which is peculiar to babies—a sort of “the-world-was-made-for-me-to-enjoy” air.

Well, as I was saying, the king and queen were discussing a name for him, when a harsh, croaking voice, which seemed to come from the tree under which they sat, said: “Snaps and snails and puppy-dogs’ tails—that’s what little boys are made of, and I never yet heard that princes were any exception to the general rule.”

The voice ceased, and as the king glanced hastily around to see who spoke, he beheld the ugliest of dwarfs peeping out of a hole in the tree at some distance from the ground.

“Wait a minute,” said he; “I have something to say to you.”

Then he disappeared, and presently a little door flew open at the foot of the tree, and

out stepped this terrible spectacle. Imagine to yourself a little man about twelve inches high, of a bright yellow color, with pink eyes like a white rat, and not a scrap of hair on his head, which was partly covered by a green cap, and which, together with his costume of green and purple, completed a sight calculated to strike terror into the heart of the boldest king alive.

Queen Strephona gazed at him a moment in horror, and then, seeing that the corners of the prince’s mouth were turning downward and that a wail was just coming, she snatched him up and ran into the palace with him.

“Rather nervous, eh?” grinned the dwarf, watching her hurried exit. “Well, I suppose she had never seen anything as ugly as I am, and probably she never will again. I’m the ugliest thing on this earth. That’s something to be proud of, is n’t it?” and the little man slapped his chest and smiled at the king, who stood as if turned to stone. “But now to business. I am the messenger of the Queen of Butterflyland, who has been greatly distressed by the difficulty you seem to have in choosing a name for your son. She has carefully thought over the matter, and has sent me to you now with this offer. If you will call the prince “Snapsandsnails,” she will become his godmother, and, when he attains the age of twenty, will permit him to visit her, and will marry him to the most beautiful princess in the world.

“But—” said the king.

“Wait,” replied the dwarf; “you have not heard all yet. If you do not agree to this proposal, I have orders to take the prince back with me.”

The king turned quite white, and sat down suddenly in his chair. “Horrors!” he ejaculated. “What can I do but accept, though what the queen will say I dare not imagine. ‘Snapsandsnails!’ What a terrible name for a prince, to be sure!”

And the king almost wept as he thought of it.

"My dear sir," said the dwarf, "pray don't distress yourself so much; try to look on the bright side, and think what a beautiful daughter-in-law you will have in about twenty years' time. Cheer up, and go and break it to the queen. I am glad you have been reasonable enough to accept Queen Papillon's offer. Now it only remains for me to give you this portrait and this emerald ring; on his twentieth birthday give him both, but until then do not open the box in which I now place them."

So saying, the little man put the box into the king's hand, made him a polite bow, opened the door in the tree-trunk, and was gone. When, however, he reached the hole from which he had first addressed the king, he put his head out and said: "I forgot to say that you must bring Prince Snapsandsnails up nicely or he won't get the princess. Good-by."

Queen Strephona was very angry at first when she heard what her precious son was to be called, but on the whole she was rather relieved at the question being settled without any more trouble.

Prince Snapsandsnails grew up to be a very handsome young man, and was a favorite with every one. On the day that he was twenty, his father took him into a room that had always been kept locked, and gave him a little box made of ebony, saying: "In this box, my son, you will find two presents from your godmother which I imagine will change the current of your life completely. Open and see."

The prince opened the box, and taking out the ring placed it on his finger, and then looking at the portrait, he fell so violently in love with it that he almost fainted.

"Father," he exclaimed, "I must start at once to find this lady! My mother has many beautiful ladies in her court, but never before have I seen a face of such exquisite loveliness."

Twankeydillo begged him to wait till the next day; but the prince would not listen. He put on his best suit, kissed his mother, and said good-by to the king and court, who escorted him to the edge of a beautiful lake which lay between Twankeydillo's kingdom and that of the Butterfly Queen.

Here he was just about to get into his own boat, when it was pushed away by another

which he had not noticed till that moment. In the boat sat a little man dressed in bright green and gold, who beckoned to Snapsandsnails to enter, and who then pushed off and rowed up the lake.

Finding that nothing he could say would make the boatman talk, the prince amused himself by watching the scenery as they glided over the water. Far away in the distance there were beautiful snow-clad mountains which were reflected in the clear water of the lake. The country he had left was very lovely, but as they neared the upper part of the lake he thought he had never seen anything so exquisite as the scene now before him. The lake here was quite narrow, and the banks on either side were covered with flowers of every kind and color. Roses, pink, white, red, and yellow, were dipping their scent-laden heads into the water, while above them grew hedges of lilac, laburnum, pink and white cherry blossoms, and other flowering trees.

Presently Snapsandsnails saw before him an island, and on that island a castle, and almost before he knew it the boat had drawn up at the foot of a flight of marble stairs.

The prince sprang out and turned to thank the little green man, but he and his boat had vanished. "Well, that is queer," thought he. "I wonder where he could have gone!"

However, as he was not to be found, our prince mounted the stairs, and finding a little page at the top, he sent him to tell Queen Papillon that he had arrived and awaited her pleasure. The page soon returned saying that her Majesty would see him at once, and he was ushered into her audience-room.

There at the end, on a golden throne, he saw the Butterfly Queen, and a very gorgeous sight she and her court presented. Her maids of honor sat around her, all in robes of palest blue, which the prince noticed later on were made entirely of the feathers of the little blue cliff butterflies. The queen herself was clad in cobweb silk woven with sunbeams, and had a magnificent pair of butterfly's wings of peacock hues on her shoulders.

The guards who stood just inside the door wore armor of green beetles' wings tipped with gold, and carried lances of peacocks' feathers.

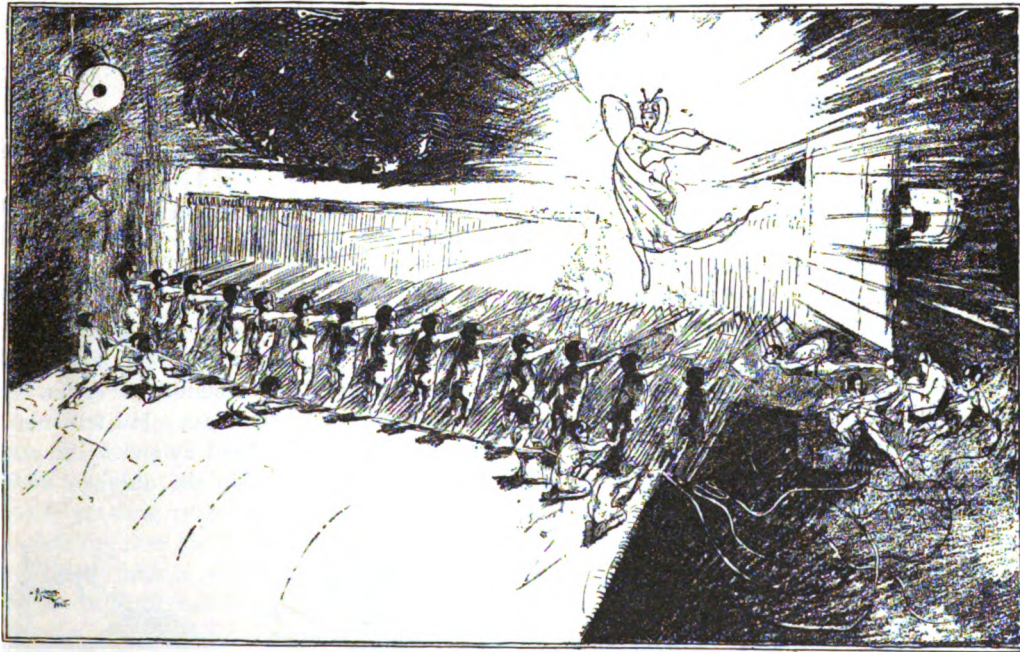
As Snapsandsnails advanced toward the queen, she rose to meet him, and, taking him by the hand, made him sit beside her. "You were in a great hurry to get your princess, my dear godson," she said laughingly; "I did not expect you till to-morrow. Such enthusiasm must be rewarded, and I suppose you are longing to hear where she is and how to get her."

"Indeed I am," replied the prince, earnestly. "Please, dear godmother, tell me, and let me start at once on my journey."

The queen shook her head at him. "I will tell you about the princess to-night," she said,

Queen of Niemandland welcomed a daughter. Your father and mother quarreled over your name—hers did likewise; and messengers were sent to her father and yours at the same time. So far you were treated alike, but now mark the difference.

"Your father did as he was told: hers refused; and, consequently, she fell into the power of an evil fairy, who has hidden her in the Lake of Fire under the Emerald Mountain. There you must seek her. The ring which you wear is a little bit of the mountain; be careful of it, as only by its virtue can you find the mountain



THE ROYAL LOOM.

"but you must not start till to-morrow morning, as the country through which you must pass is enchanted, and, except when the sun shines, I have no power over it. You may start, however, as soon as the sun rises; but remember to be back before it sets if you would keep your princess. Now for her story. Perhaps when you hear it you will not care to go farther, in which case say so and you may return."

"Nothing will ever abate my ardor, madam!" cried Snapsandsnails.

The queen smiled and continued: "On the same day that you were born, the King and

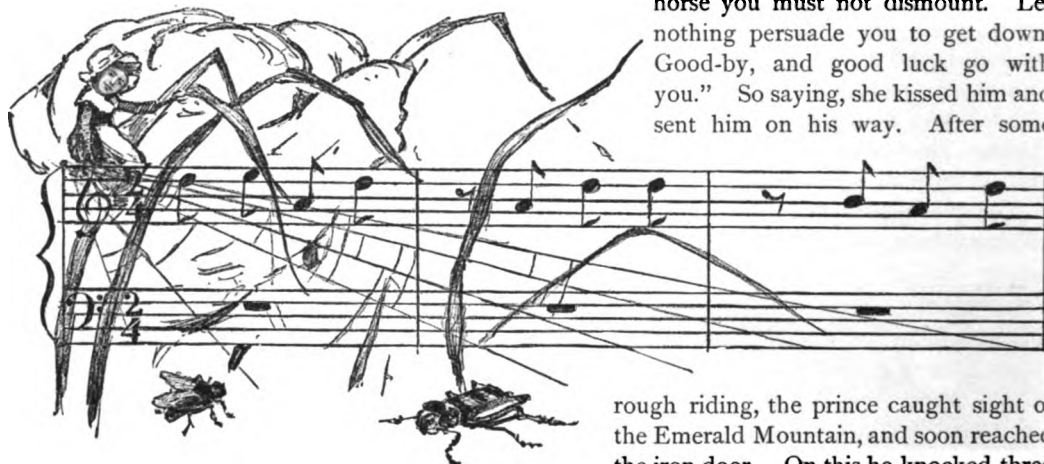
and your princess. To-morrow go to my stable and choose a horse, and saddle it with the golden saddle you will find hanging on the wall. Choose with regard to speed rather than beauty, and then come to me for final instructions."

That night there was great feasting and rejoicing in the castle, and Snapsandsnails saw so many wonderful things that he was obliged to pinch himself several times to make sure that he was really awake and not dreaming. In one corner of the palace was the royal loom, before which a score or more of elfin weavers were pulling and twisting the silken threads, all keep-

ing time to the moving wand of a beautiful little fairy, who shone resplendent in the light of the silver moonbeam thread. And when the prince sauntered out into the garden, he

'Emerald, Emerald,— open, I pray,
For I come to take Sugaryspice away.'

Then the door will open; and remember this: until you have the princess safely on your horse you must not dismount. Let nothing persuade you to get down. Good-by, and good luck go with you." So saying, she kissed him and sent him on his way. After some



"A LITTLE FAIRY 'SCHOOL-MA'AM.'"

was no less delighted to see a quaintly dressed little fairy "school-ma'am," sitting upon a grass-blade, and from a cobweb music scale teaching young insects how to sing. Farther on, near the lower end of the garden, where a large salt-water pond gleamed in the moonlight, he stopped to observe a jolly little merlad swinging in a hammock that two prickly little sea-horses were holding for him. Indeed, the strangest sights that he had ever beheld delighted his gaze at every turn, and when at last he retired to slumber he half doubted whether he had not been in a dream the whole day long.

He rose the next morning before the sun, and having chosen a gray horse with very long legs, and saddled it, he went to see Queen Papillon.

"You have chosen well," she said, when she saw him. "Now, as the sun has risen, start on your journey. You must go straight to the Emerald Mountain, which you will have no difficulty in finding while you have the ring. There in the side you will see an iron door. Knock three times, and each time say,

rough riding, the prince caught sight of the Emerald Mountain, and soon reached the iron door. On this he knocked three times, saying each time:

"Emerald, Emerald,— open, I pray,
For I come to take Sugaryspice away."

The door creaked slowly open, and the prince rode in. He went on for some time in the green light which the emerald gave, and then plunged into utter darkness. He felt that he was going downward, and by and by he saw a faint glimmer of light in the distance toward



A HAMMOCK RIDE IN FAIRYLAND.

which he made his way. Presently he found himself in a large cave, the only tenants of which were three little men who seemed to be hard at work, and as they worked they croaked:

"Snaps and snails and puppy-dogs' tails —
That 's what boys are made of.
Sugar and spice and all that 's nice —
That 's what girls are made of.

"And this must be Prince Snapsandsnails,
Who, unless his courage fails,
Will ride through seas of fire and ice,
To rescue Princess Sugaryspice."

"They seem to be singing something about me," thought the prince. "What are you doing, friends?" he asked.

"Wishing you well, your Highness," said one of the dwarfs, doffing his little green cap in salute, and adding, "if, as we think, you are Prince Snapsandsnails, and if you are come to rescue Princess Sugaryspice."

"That is my name, and that my mission," said the prince.

"Then be of good courage; remember and faithfully obey your instructions, and you cannot fail," said one of the little men.

The prince thanked the dwarfs heartily for their kindness, and rode on into the darkness again—and this time truly terrible darkness. Frequently his horse stumbled and nearly threw him; and all around him were voices laughing at him, now raging, and again others weeping. Many times he was told that he had taken the wrong path; many times there were awful chasms and precipices before his horse's feet, which had to plunge through sudden bursts of flame or slide upon moving, slippery stretches of ice; and now and again flashes of light would come, showing him horrible faces and forms closely pressing round him. Boldly, however, he rode on, now and again kissing his precious ring; and after a while, to his great relief, he saw a faint red light glimmering in the distance, and making for it in spite of the threats and warnings shrieked into his ears, he found himself in a cave like that in which he

had seen the little men, only this one was twice as large.

There in the center stood his princess,—he knew it was she,—but all around her rose flames of fire, and his horse, terrified almost to death, refused to go a step farther, and began backing into the passage they had just left, and the voices laughed and jeered and shouted behind him. The princess stretched out her hands to him imploringly, and when he saw the tears in her eyes, he hesitated no longer. Dashing his spurs into the horse, he made it bound forward, and though it started back with a snort next moment, he had snatched up the princess in that short time.

Then, on the instant, the flames went out, leaving them to find their way out of the cave in utter darkness.

"Perhaps the horse can find the way better than we can," suggested Sugaryspice, and so the prince dropped the reins and let the horse pick its way over the rough ground. And, in this way, after what seemed a long and toilsome journey, they at last emerged into the cave of the three little dwarfs.

The dwarfs were greatly pleased to see them return safely, and saluted them with hoarse little cheers as they passed through the cave.

The prince and princess got back to the Butterfly Queen's castle just as the sun set, and she at once sent her messengers to Twankeydillo and the princess's father, and the next day both kings, with their queens and courts, arrived, and Snapsandsnails and Sugaryspice were married amid great rejoicing. Even the dwarfs and fairies left work for the day to come and see the fun, and the royal pair lived happily ever after.



The Adventures Of A City Bear



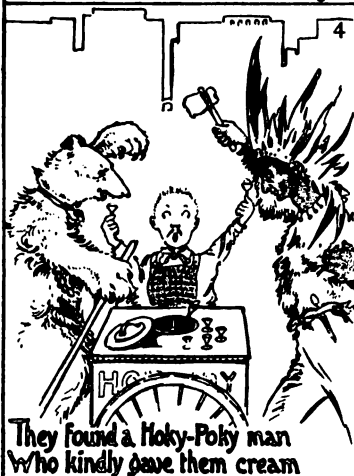
I have a proposition
Which I think I'll make to you



I'm open to suggestions
Said the newly painted Sioux



We'll leave our business cares behind
And see what we can do



They found a Hoky-Poky man
Who kindly gave them cream



They tried to catch a ferry-boat
But landed in the stream



The Indian wrapped the bear up tight
In blotting-paper blue



Necessity made Bruin bright,
He started up a zoo.



The Bear then practiced fancy steps
The Sioux sang soothingly



For a circus troop had found them out
And off they went with glee.

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

BY PALMER COX.

THERE was a great philosopher
Lived years and years ago;
And such a merry soul was he
They called him Laughing Joe.



"THEY DROVE HIM FROM THE TOWN."

For laugh he would throughout the year,
Let things go wrong or right;
Let Fortune smile or Fortune frown,
His heart was ever light.

And little children every day
 Would gather round his place
 To listen to his hearty laugh
 Or see his smiling face.



"NOW CHILDREN SEEKING AFTER JOE
 WOULD ROUND THE RUINS STRAY."

But gloomy-minded people said
 They thought it was a shame
 A man should be disposed to laugh
 At good and bad the same.

At last they gathered in a crowd
 And pulled his dwelling down;
 They hustled him around the streets
 And drove him from the town,

To find a home beyond the sea
 Upon a foreign strand,
 And never dare to set a foot
 Upon his native land.

But when they chased him from the realm
 Those people little knew
 What even one good-natured soul
 And smiling face can do.

Now children seeking after Joe
Would round the ruins stray,
And grieve because the people drove
Their laughing friend away.

And long before a year went by
Those bad-behaving men
Sent messengers across the sea
To coax him back again.

And out they ran with princely gifts
To meet him at the shore,
And begged him there to live and laugh
In peace forevermore.



A VISIT TO A COLORADO GLACIER.

By F. H. KELLOGG.

IN the northern part of Colorado, a spur range of three peaks extends in an easterly direction from the Front Range of the great Continental Divide. This little spur is called the Mummy Range, from a fancied resemblance to an Egyptian mummy reclining at full length. The highest point, Hague's Peak, forms the head, and a somewhat lower summit two miles to the north and west marks the knees of the prostrate figure; the feet extend to the Front Range, where the third peak, Mount Fairchild, raises its gigantic form.

On the northern slope of the second peak there rests an immense mass of snow and ice, which, in the light of recent investigation and discovery, has greatly increased in interest to the mountain-climber and explorer. The very existence of this snow-field is a comparatively new discovery, and until a few years ago the number of visitors to the spot might easily have been counted upon the fingers of one's hands. That this is so is due partly to its isolated and concealed situation, and also to the distance to be traversed and difficulties to be overcome in making the trip.

This mountain, the Mummy, lies twelve or fifteen miles directly north of Long's Peak, in a portion of the country scarcely ever visited, either by neighboring residents or tourists from abroad. The nearest settlement is Estes Park; and from this point the expedition requires three or four days, for great difficulty is experienced in carrying blankets and provisions necessary for so long a stay over the devious and difficult route which affords the only possible means of access to this range.

Upon the occasion of a visit to Estes Park during the summer of 1890, vague reports of the wonderful object on the Mummy came to the ears of a party of several university students, of whom I was one. We were then camping in Willow Cañon. It extends in among the

mountains, and it then furnished a site for the last human habitation this side of the Continental Divide. As soon as we heard that an actual glacier was within reach, we at once resolved to see it, and active preparations for the trip were immediately begun.

The history of the discovery of this glacier is an interesting one. An old bear-hunter chanced upon the field on Mummy Mount, which he called "the largest snow-field in the Rockies." Before his death, which occurred shortly after, he mentioned this discovery to a gentleman then living in Denver, who devoted much time to the exploration of new mountains and strange localities in and about this neighborhood.

In 1882 this gentleman, a Mr. Hallett, visited the spot entirely alone. In trying to ascend the north side of the ice-field, he suddenly broke through the bridge of a hidden crevasse; but by extending his elbows, he managed to extricate himself from his perilous position and returned in safety to his camp. This incident finally led him to wonder whether this might not be a glacier. In 1886 and 1887, Mr. Hallett, in company with an experienced mountaineer who was as familiar with the Alps as with the Rockies, twice revisited the spot. Upon the first of these expeditions, after a careful examination, the true nature of this vast expanse of snow and ice was, for the first time, positively determined. Here, in the heart of Colorado, existed a true glacier showing crevasses, moraines* — in short, all the characteristics of the well-known Alpine glaciers of Switzerland. To this was given the name it now bears, "Hallett Glacier," in honor of the man who, in such a startling way, made the first real discovery.

We had no guides and few directions; but we could, from a distance, distinguish at least the Mummy from the surrounding mountains, and we trusted in our ability to find some way,

* A moraine is an accumulation of sand, broken stones, and rocks along the edge of a glacier.

unhampered as we were by any great amount of luggage.

Just before leaving Estes Park we halted at a ranch for a final adjustment of "Billy-the-Burro's" pack and a general making ready for the climb, now just ahead. On the way we encountered an old mountain stage-driver, grizzled and weather-beaten, who seemed much interested in our party. After carefully inspecting our various equipments, he asked: "Whar mought ye be a-goin'?" One of us replied: "To the Mummy. Ever been there?" "Bin

ing steadily on, we arrived, at about dusk, at the base of a peak which we thought to be our destination, the Mummy. We halted here for the night, and pitched our camp, which process consisted merely in throwing off our packs and starting a fire. A threatening storm induced us to gather a great pile of logs near the fire, in order that a rain might not deprive us of this the one great solace of a night in the open. We had barely finished our supper when the storm broke upon us, cold rain and sleet, for at that elevation, of about ten thousand feet, it



"WE WRAPPED OURSELVES IN RUBBER BLANKETS AND, WITH FEET TO THE FIRE, LAY DOWN TO SLEEP."

thar? Bin thar? W'y, looky here, young chap; I've bin thar when you did n't hev no more sense 'n a tarmidgun [ptarmigan]. But yer better take an ol' man's advice an' stay ter hum; fer ye 'll never git back ag'in — nobody ever has. Take my advice, and let ol' Mummy alone."

We wondered how *he* got out alive, but we refrained from questioning him further.

Undaunted by this terrible warning, we trudged gaily along, and, leaving Estes Park, entered Black Cañon, carefully noting, for possible guidance on our return, peculiarities along the route as we traveled.

Soon we were completely enveloped in the mysterious shades of an immense forest. Push-

was cold, and there was snow on the mountain peak above. At this height the small scrubby trees afforded but little protection against the rain, so we wrapped ourselves in rubber blankets and, with feet to the fire, lay down to sleep.

Early the next morning all was bustle and activity. As we prepared our breakfast of ptarmigan and coffee, eked out with cold supplies, the clouds rapidly disappeared, and the first rays of sunlight tinged the peaks and forests with a delicate pink. Delighted with this favoring weather, we started again on our search for the glacier. We made rapid progress, and in a few hours stood just at the foot of the topmost cap of the huge mountain under whose

shaggy mane of spruce we had encamped for the night.

We rounded the cap, expecting, as we reached the north side, to come upon the glacier. In-



THE HALLETT GLACIER — NEAR VIEW.

stead we saw nothing but great rocks strewn everywhere upon the bald top of the mountain. Ahead for several miles we saw a deep chasm, presenting the only possible location for a snow-field of great size.

This chasm, within whose inclosing walls might be concealed the object of our search, really cut into the mountain lying next to the west; and this, we thought, could not be the Mummy. We were, therefore, undecided as to our course. By this time it was late in the afternoon, so we divided our party into two sections and started off in slightly differing directions; but the day was now too far gone, so we were soon obliged to return to camp without being rewarded in our search.

The next morning we made a long detour around the side of Hague's Peak, avoiding the most difficult climbing, and soon found ourselves within the former pathway of the glacier, an immense chasm strewn with rocks piled on rocks for miles and miles, a most wild and desolate scene. From this point, however, we could see the upper snows of the great mass, and, greatly encouraged, plodded on. After some two hours' scrambling over rocks, we neared an immense rocky ridge or dike extending across the gorge, which we rightly took to be the terminal moraine of the glacier lying above.

I ran, jumped, and fell in a wild scramble over the irregular piles of rocks, my camera bouncing and bumping on my back and shoulders. After a distance of about a half-mile was thus traversed,

I climbed the dike, and the whole mass was in sight. Before pausing to really admire the grandeur of the scene before me, I adjusted my camera and made five quick exposures. In a few moments the clouds came twisting and curling in at the head of the gorge; then, settling down, the whole view was obscured in a dense sea of mist and fog.

An immense snow-field, about a quarter of a mile in width, extended to the top of the mountain, a thousand feet above. Its whole extent was covered with grooves, markings, and cracks. A little lake, formed by the melting of the snow and ice above, nestled at the foot of the ice-field, its waters imprisoned by the great dike. This lake was partially frozen over, and in the occasional open spaces large blocks of ice were floating round. Moved by the force of the wind, they grounded upon rocks or firmer ice underneath, then were lifted up with a groaning and creaking, varied by sudden splashes, as large fragments broke off and fell into the water. The lower edge of the ice and snow projected over the water, rounded off in beautiful combings and rolls, apparently about to drop off into the lake. Even as we looked, our attention was attracted by a sharp crack, followed for a few seconds by a continuous crackling sound; then, with a loud report, an immense block of ice broke off and fell into the water with a great splash, showing us in miniature the process by which great floating icebergs of the arctic seas are formed.

Our visit was made during the month of August, yet the whole surface of the glacier was covered with snow. Situated far up there, at an elevation of almost fourteen thousand feet, and sheltered from the sun and wind by the high walls of its inclosing amphitheater, only a very

little actual melting occurs — just enough firmly to pack the snow upon the ice, and so prevent its breaking up.

The possible presence of other, smaller crevasses, hidden under a thin bridge of snow, suggested extreme caution in our movements. However, we determined to attempt the ascent of the icy slope to the rocky ridge above. After numerous slips and falls, and narrow escapes from sliding into the lake, but luckily with no serious mishap, we reached the jagged cliff extending above the mass.

Encouraged by our success, we followed the crest of the ridge around the head of the glacier; then a short but steep climb brought us to the topmost cap of the Mummy.

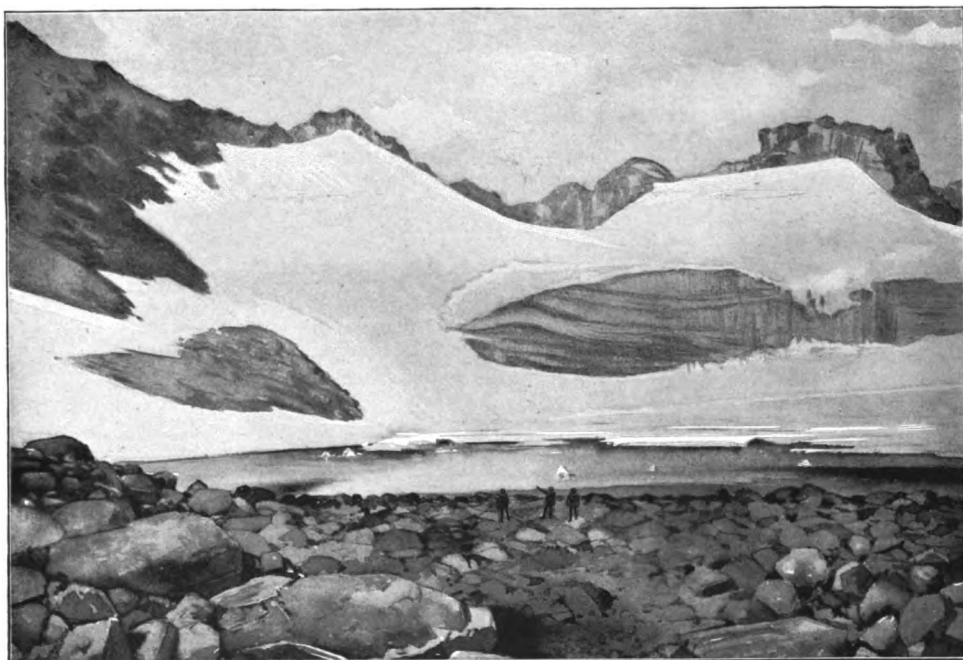
When the top was reached, we were amply repaid for our labor and pains. From this vantage-ground is obtained a view probably unsurpassed in all Colorado; for this peak is about fourteen thousand feet above the sea-level, and stands out on a spur from the Great Divide, thus affording a reach of vision much more extensive than from some of the higher peaks of the divide itself.

In the east appeared the plains of Larimer County, dotted with lakes, sparkling gems in an

emerald setting, a view pleasing and restful to the eyes. Farther toward the south, a dark blotch of smoke marked the location of the smelters in Denver. To the south, Long's Peak presented the only obstruction to our gaze in that direction; while in the west the Park and Medicine Bow ranges of snow-clad mountains showed something of the magnitude and extent of the great Rocky system. To the north stretched away the plains of Wyoming, bounded in the distance by great white mountains. Immediately at our feet we looked down upon the glacier, the sun's rays glistening upon the ridges and blocks of ice and refracted in a dozen different colors.

So extensive and apparently limitless was the view that our eyes finally became weary with gazing, and we determined to return home.

Frequently losing our way, then recovering it, we went on by day and night, until, on the second day, we reached a clearer field; then we pushed along at a rapid pace, and at about 10 P.M. arrived at our cabin in Willow Cañon, cold, wet, tired, and hungry, but full of praises of the grand view from the top of Mummy, and of the only known glacier in the interior of our continent.



HALLETT GLACIER FROM ACROSS THE LAKE.

SPRING.

A LITTLE bit of blowing,
A little bit of snow,
A little bit of growing,
And crocuses will show.
On every twig that 's lonely a new green leaf will spring;
On every patient tree-top a thrush will stop and sing.

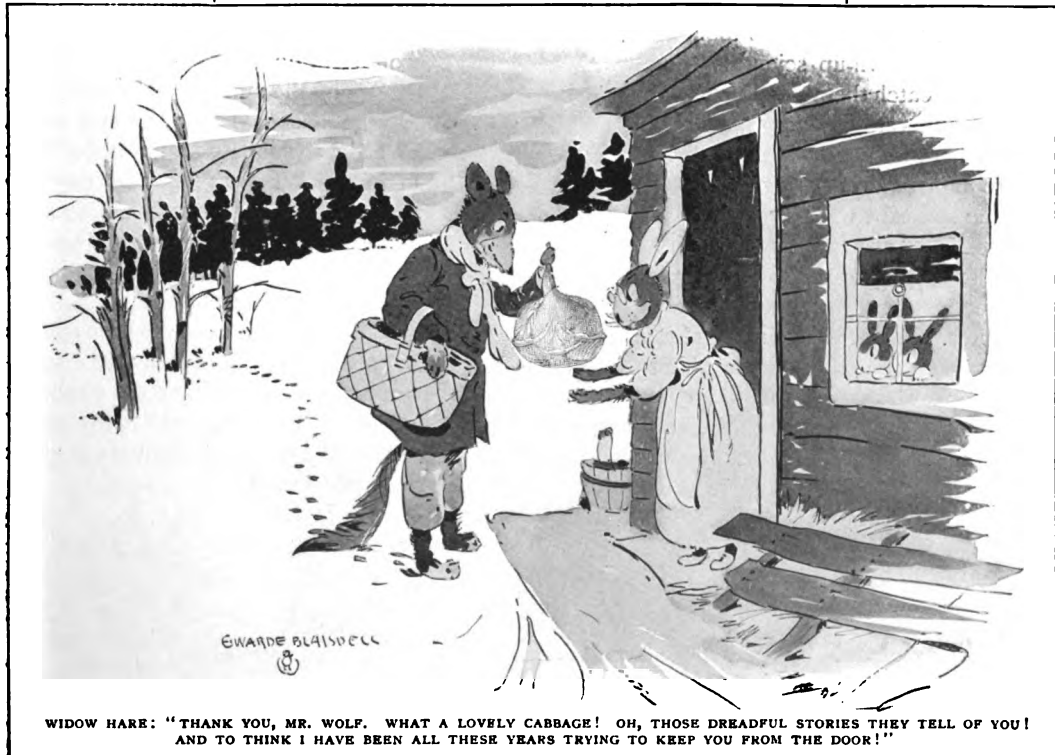
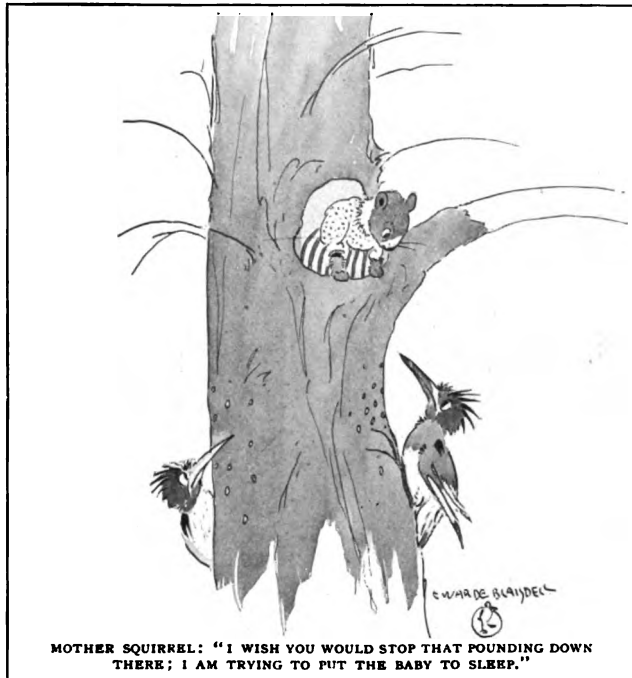
A little bit of sleeting,
A little bit of rain,
The blue, blue sky for greeting,
A snowdrop come again.
And every frozen hillside its gift of grass will bring,
And every day of winter another day of spring.
Carolyn S. Bailey.



CAUGHT IN THE ACT.

"OH, YOU NAUGHTY, NAUGHTY DOG! WHAT *SHALL* I DO WITH YOU?"

WOODLAND ECHOES.



NATURE and SCIENCE For Young Folks.

Edited by Edward F. Bigelow.



COLLECTING THE ROOT-FOOTED ANIMALS (RHIZOPODS) FROM A SMALL POOL.

April, dressed in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in everything.
SHAKSPERE.

April is the initiative month; it opens the door of the seasons.
JOHN BURROUGHS.

THE ROOT-FOOTED ANIMALS.

MANY microscopic animals you can find—if you know where to look, and have some grown-up scientific friend to help you catch them—in small pools, ditches, and various damp places.

But, because you can find microscopic animals even in large numbers in some stagnant water, you must not believe that "all water is full of little animals," as we sometimes hear very incorrectly stated by people who do not know. The scientific man takes a drop of water in which some plants have decayed, and shows, by the aid of a powerful microscope, many interesting swimming and wriggling forms. He sometimes omits to ex-



One of the many forms assumed by an amœba with its leg-like extensions. In this the appearance is decidedly root-like. The little animal can take small particles of food into any part of itself.

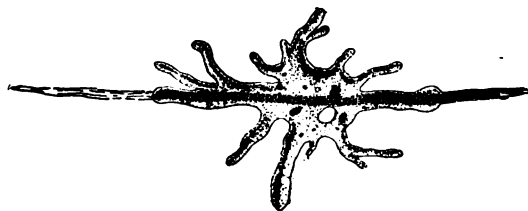
plain that this is not ordinary drinking water; hence a wrong idea of microscopic life in water is often held by those who have not studied nature's wonderful homes.

Among the most wonderful of these tiny animals in water is the amœba, that looks when at rest like a tiny fleck of jelly. When the amœba starts to walk it can thrust out leg-like extensions from various portions of this jelly mass, and use those that point in the direction it wishes to go.

These extensions of the little amœba and of other members of the family have somewhat the appearance of the tiny roots of plants; hence the little animals are called "root-footed."

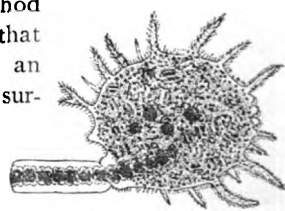
The little amœba can eat a plant much larger than itself, in a method somewhat similar to that of a starfish eating an oyster—by merely surrounding it.

Scientists claim that the amœba never dies—except, of course, when destroyed by accident



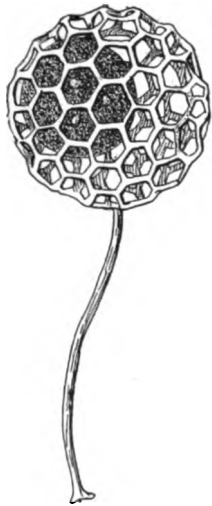
THE COMMON AMŒBA.

Eating a shred of water-weed by surrounding it. The leg-like projections (pseudopodia, or "false legs") can be extended from any part of the body.



AN AMŒBA SWALLOWING A DESMID.

The desmid, a microscopic plant, is the stick-like extension at the lower left.



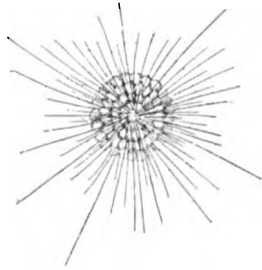
A RHIZOPOD (*CLATHRULINA ELEGANS*) THAT LIVES IN A MICROSCOPIC GLOBE OF LATTICE-LIKE GLASSY MATERIAL.

or eaten by some larger animal. When the amoeba becomes above the ordinary size it extends itself out, somewhat in the shape of a dumb-bell. A little later the two globe-like ends are entirely separated, when each portion swims away as a complete little animal.

But the amoeba is only one of a large number of these strange "root-footed" animals.

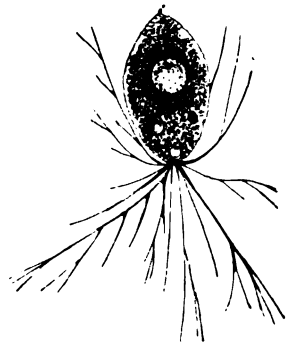
Many of these others live in the ocean, while still others live in fresh water, or even in damp places on land. In fact, they occur almost anywhere that is not too dry and the water is clean. We can find them on the bark of trees, on the dripping rocks near waterfalls, in the ooze at the bottom of ponds and ditches, in the slime on submerged objects, on the under side of floating leaves, and in the water which we squeeze out of bog-moss. And many live in shells which, like the shell of clams and snails, are formed from the creature's own body, or are built up of sand grains and the hard parts of other minute animals and plants. Some of these little fellows are green, some are red or brown, some are nearly black, and some almost as

clear as glass. They are often shaped like an egg, or a helmet, or an Indian pot, and have a single opening at the bottom of the shell. Through this opening the animal thrusts out its legs, and with them crawls along and seizes its food.



THE SUN-ANIMALCULE.

These rays are extended nearly all the time.



AN INTERESTING FORM.

Pictured by Dr. Leidy, and called *Pamphagus mutabilis*.

Instead of blunt, irregular "make-believe" feet, some have straight, slender rays two or three times as long as the body. One of these is the sun-animalcule, common among floating plants in standing water. It is so named



STUDYING THE ROOT-FOOTED ANIMALS.

A drop of water is taken from that in the pail by the aid of a slender glass tube. This drop is placed on a glass slip and then examined under the microscope.

because, with the round body and projecting rays, it looks for all the world like the picture of the sun in old prints. When some smaller creature touches one of these rays it seems to become paralyzed, and is drawn down the surface of the body to where a sort of lump rises up and swallows it. If the prey is too big for one ray to manage, half a dozen will surround it, becoming more or less fused together, while the lump which rises up to engulf the morsel is half as large as the animalcule itself.

The sun-animalcule floats, and moves onward in a mysterious and unknown way, while some others, not very different in appearance, do not move about except when they are very young, but stand on long stalks and have a sort of latticework shell, the rays streaming out through the holes. As many as forty individuals of still another kind will tie themselves together by long bands, so that, being bright green, they look much more like some minute water-plant than like a colony of animals.

These are only a few of some hundreds of different kinds, many of which are likely to turn up unexpectedly almost anywhere. Indeed, one of the charms of studying these rhizopods (which is simply Greek for root-footers) is that one never can tell what queer thing he will find next.

EDWIN TENNEY BREWSTER.

A CRAZY FLICKER.

MR. BURROUGHS somewhere has said that if the flicker ever goes crazy he will go crazy boring holes. Now I never doubt anything Mr. Burroughs says about birds and beasts,



THE FLICKER LEAVING THE FOREST TO GO TO THE VILLAGE.



THE FLICKER CUTTING A HOLE INTO THE RAIN-PIPE.

and so, for a good many years, I have confidently expected that if ever I found a crazy flicker I should find him, as Mr. Burroughs predicted, boring holes.

Of course I never expected to find a real crazy flicker, though I have long been convinced that the whole flicker family is queer and, indeed, somewhat crack-brained.

But I have found one—a real crazy, insane flicker; and he was boring holes—boring holes in tin rain-pipes: for he seemed to have been possessed.

He appeared last spring in Newton, a beautiful suburb of Boston. It was in the spring-time, and Highhole (Highhole is one of his six common New England names), inheriting a delicately balanced mind, was drilling into the rain-pipe. Doubtless he thought he was preparing a place for a bride. Now the average young flicker bride is about as "spoony" and as ready for "love in a cottage" as any bride; but I have yet to see one who would go to the length of a rain-pipe.

No; the young flicker was mad, insane. He arrived in April, and announced himself by beating a thunderous tattoo on a galvanized-iron chimney. The persons in the rooms below jumped as if the roof were falling. The passers-by on the street stopped and gazed around in wonder. There was nothing to be seen. Again the rattling, ringing roll, and up out of the chimney popped Highhole, in an ecstasy over his new drum.

Then across the way on the top of another house he spied another, bigger drum, and flew over there. It was a big ventilator. He struck it. To his apparent delight it boomed; and catching his toes around an iron hoop that encircled it, he beat out a roll that a drummer-boy might have envied.



A FLICKER BORING A HOLE INTO A TELEGRAPH-POLE.
One can expect almost anything of a flicker.

The mystery is that his bill did not fly into splinters. But it did n't. The sound, however, seemed to go to his head, and he got crazier and crazier over galvanized iron until he discovered the rain-pipe.

Up to this time the neighbors had looked upon him as a youthful and devoted lover, who could not express half of his feeling upon an ordinary rotten stub, and so had taken to the sounding hollow chimneys. They had been amused. But suddenly all that changed. They woke up to the fact that the bird was a raving maniac: for what did they see, one morning, but the flicker, high up under the corner of a roof, clutching a small iron bracket in the side of the house and diligently trying to drill a hole through the hard metal rain-pipe.

He was hammering like a tinsmith, and already had cut an opening half as big as one's fist when discovered. He had not tried to drill before; he had been happy with the mere sound.

But something either in the size or shape or ring of the pipe suggested "nest" to his wild wits, and right through the pipe he had gone.

He was scared off finally, but not until he had let himself in and had had a look down through the strange bottomless pit that he had opened.

DALLAS LORE SHARP.

A FROLICSOME MOUSE.

MANY of the young people who have stayed at an old farm-house have been awakened at night by a squeak and a scurry of small feet over the attic floor.

Now the young folks' bedtime brings play-hours for the mice, and if we steal softly up the steep garret stairs, where the sweet-smelling herbs are hanging from the rafters, we may catch the mice at play.

One night when I was standing perfectly still in the wood-shed with a lantern, something rustled like a leaf over the floor, and I soon discovered a half-grown mouse chasing its tail in regular kitten fashion. He whirled round and round like a top, then scampered across the floor and repeated the performance until he was fairly out of breath. At first I thought fright caused this strange little frolic; but in a moment I changed my mind, for the fearless little fellow sat up and washed his face while he looked me over. In a twinkling he had started off in another mad little whirl.

Mice evidently roll and tumble together in kitten style over the attic floor when we are fast asleep in our beds.

W. C. KNOWLES.



"A HALF-GROWN MOUSE CHASING ITS TAIL IN REGULAR KITTEN FASHION."

? "BECAUSE WE
? WANT TO KNOW
? ?????????????

St. Nicholas
Union Square,
New York.

WINTER GRASSHOPPERS.

COTTAGE CITY, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As I was walking in the fields to-day (March 2) I saw several grasshoppers. They were about an inch long and of a dark gray color above and of a light gray below. I am sending by this mail four specimens of the grasshoppers. Is it not early in the season to see grasshoppers? I enjoy the Nature and Science department very much.

Your constant reader,
NANETTE NORRIS
(age 9).



FOUR YOUNG WINTER GRASSHOPPERS.

Most species of grasshoppers pass the winter in the egg stage. The eggs are deposited in the ground in autumn, and begin to hatch about the middle of April. But not all grasshoppers pass the winter in the egg stage. A few species hatch early in the autumn, and the young in various sizes can, in certain localities, be seen jumping vigorously about even on any warm sunny day in midwinter. It is these young winter grasshoppers and not the spring-hatched grasshoppers that you found.

PERFORATED WOOD.

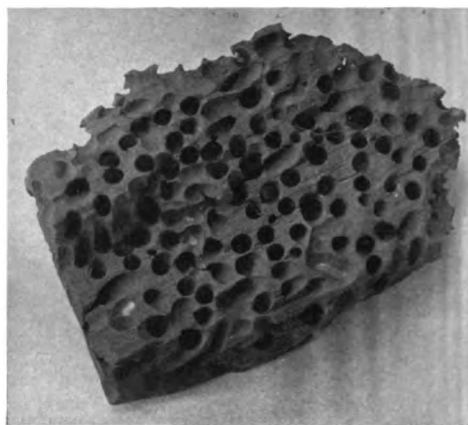
NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We inclose a piece of "honeycombed" wood that we found in the garret. Will you tell us what made the holes in it? I hope you will publish a picture of the wood if you think it interesting enough.

Your interested readers,

MARGARET and ALLAN RICHARDSON.

These holes were cut out smooth and round by the sharp jaws of some of the many species of wood-eating insects.



A PIECE OF PERFORATED WOOD.

Nature and Science has received many specimens of wood-cutting by insects. Sometimes, as is probably the case in this specimen, the holes are cut by the full-grown insects for homes, just as some animals burrow in the ground. Many insects cut holes in wood only for a hatching-place for the eggs.

A ROCK RESEMBLING A SHEEP'S HEAD.

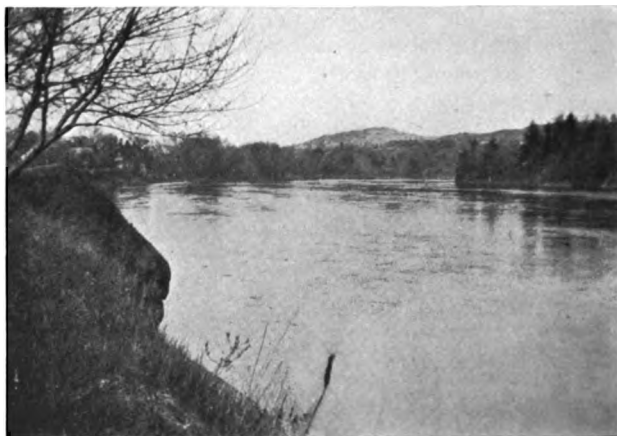
WATERFORD, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I send a photograph of a rock that we think shows a striking resemblance to a sheep's head.

The rock is on the west bank of the Hudson about one mile above Waterford and a little more than one hundred and fifty miles from New York. The river here is very beautiful, but too shallow for steamboats. I often go rowing on it in a skiff.

Yours very truly,

EMILY P. BURTON.



A "SHEEP'S-HEAD" ROCK.

The lower part of the rock, especially, resembles the nose and mouth of a sheep.

SPIDERS.

[The editor of Nature and Science gratefully acknowledges assistance from Professor J. H. Emerton, Boston, Mass., in the answers and comments to these letters regarding spiders.]

SPIDERS are not insects, although many young folks (and older people, too) often make the mistake of regarding them as insects. If spiders were as large as crabs they would be mistaken for crabs, for they more closely resemble crabs than they do insects, except in size.

Spiders have eight legs, while insects have six. Spiders do not always use the whole eight legs for walking. When they are groping about in a strange place or when they feel angry or proud, they lift up the front pair and walk perfectly well with the other six. In climbing about their webs they get along with only three or four legs and use the others to guide a new thread they are spinning or to carry something. But they always have the eight legs unless some have been lost by accident. Another difference between spiders and insects is in the eyes. Insects usually have two large compound eyes, one on each side of the head, but spiders usually have eight single, small eyes in a bunch on the front of the head, sometimes in two rows and sometimes in pairs on different parts of the head.

A SPIDER THAT LIVES IN A HOLE IN THE GROUND.

THE BOULDERS, WATCH HILL, R. I.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I send you a specimen of a spider that I found. A friend saw a hole in the ground that was too big for an umbrella hole, and not big enough for a snake's, so I got the hatchet and dug it up. I put my finger in it, but I drew it out quickly enough when this spider made his appearance. I put a glass over him and a saucer under him, and took him to the drug-store and had him chloroformed. Please tell me his name, what family he belongs to, if he is poisonous, and something about his habits. HELEN GREENE.

The specimen you send is the *Lycosa*—a spider that digs a deep hole in the ground. The young are frequently carried on the mother's back.

A ROUND-WEB SPIDER.

GERMANTOWN, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I like you very much indeed, and so does my brother. In the summer-time I catch a great many spiders and put them in a glass case. Some of them get very large; I have had some over an inch long. It is very interesting to watch them. They

eat other spiders, and do not seem to think anything of it. There is a spider around here that has a spring net. When anything gets on the web it lets go of a thread of silk and the net springs forward and catches the insect. I have often put little ants on the web and I have seen the web spring. My brother and I collect butterflies and other insects and we have quite a number. There is a very small spider only about an eighth of an inch long, and it makes a round web. Can you tell me what it is?—"because I want to know." It is greenish and has a web about three inches in diameter.

Yours truly,

MAYBURY SMITH.

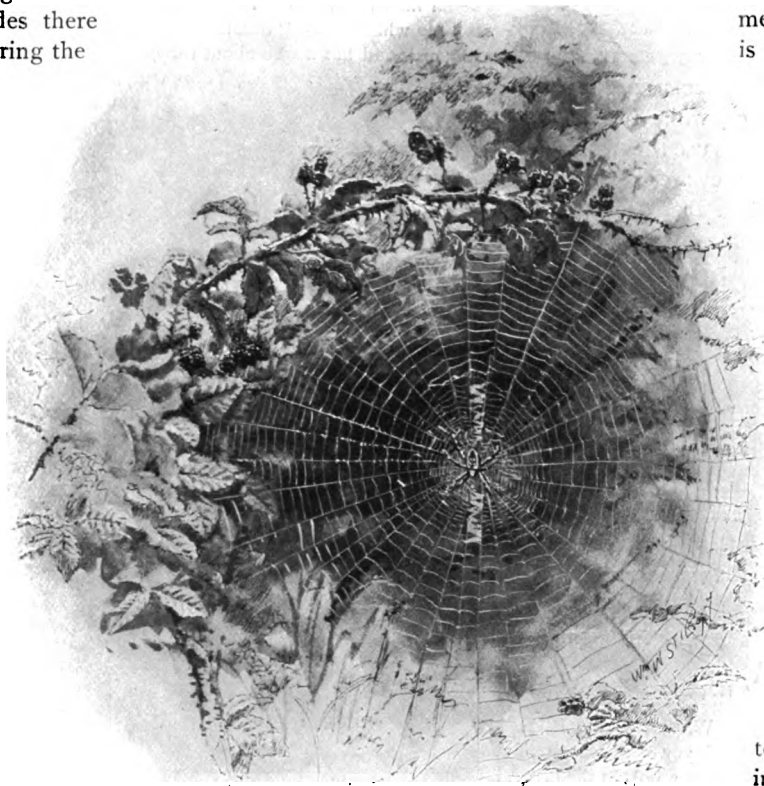


THE GARDEN-SPIDER AND ITS COCOON.

On page 559 is an illustration of a little spider with its round web. Of course all spiders begin little, and those that in August make webs half a yard across may in the spring make circular webs no bigger than a watch-face.

That picture shows a common round-web spider about half grown as it lives in the early part of June among the dead tops of last year's grasses. In the most exposed and unsteady places on the ends of the grasses it makes a nest much too large for itself and

hides there during the



A ROUND WEB OF THE GARDEN-SPIDER, WITH A ZIGZAG WHITE BAND ACROSS IT.

day. In the evening it makes the round web as near the nest as convenient, and gets its living from the mosquitos and such little insects as happen to fly into it. It usually has a strong thread from the nest to the center of the round web, and toward morning goes back to the nest, and while hidden there can tell by feeling the thread if any more insects get caught in the web. The round web is usually so much injured by use or by the wind that a new one has to be made every evening.

As the spiders grow larger they find steadier places, and make larger webs and smaller nests, and sometimes even no nest at all. The

second nest sketched in the letter from this young correspondent and shown on this page is plainly that of one of the best known of our round-web spiders, *Argiope riparia*, which

is nearly an inch long, brightly marked with black and yellow. In the early part of summer nobody notices it. It is then small, and marked with yellow and gray, like the lower part of the grass; it lives near the

ground and drops out of its web at the least sign of danger.

In July it grows up rapidly, and about the first of August, when people begin to look in the pastures for berries, it reaches its full size, and makes webs a foot or more in diameter, with a zigzag white band across the middle, usually among the weeds near a ditch, where it drains away the plants so as

to make an oval clearing in which the web can have room to hang without touching anything. In Sep-

tember it lays its eggs, several hundred

of them, and makes around the eggs a cocoon an inch in diameter, with a neck like a water-bottle, as shown in the sketch. The outside is stiff and brown like brown paper and the cocoon is fastened to the lower branches of berry-bushes or among stout grass near the ground, where it is out of sight and not likely to be disturbed through the winter. The young hatch in the cocoon, and when warm weather comes in May they find their way out of the cocoon, and, after keeping together a short time, and no doubt occasionally eating one another, scatter through the grass and begin to make webs each for itself.

A SPIDER IN AN ELECTRIC GLOBE.

FRONTENAC, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In our rooms at the hotel "New Frontenac," Thousand Islands, New York, I saw a little spider on the electric globe. My maid touched it and it fell to the floor. Then by bouncing it on the palm of your hand it would curl up. I turned on the light, and there was the most beautiful web I think I ever saw. I would like to know how the spider can fasten his delicate thread on a slippery globe. Then, how can it work up and down so fast on its thread?

I remain your interested reader,

FRANCIS MAULE.

The walking of spiders on smooth and upright surfaces is not easy to explain. Probably surfaces that seem smooth and clean to us are rough and dirty enough for such little animals as spiders to take hold with their feet and walk up as we go up a steep hillside, taking hold of stones and stems with our hands and feet. The feet of spiders have each two little claws, and those that climb best have very fine teeth on the claws, while the rest of the foot is covered with flattened hairs. A spider shut up in a clean bottle keeps trying to get to the top. It falls back again and again, but keeps trying, and sooner or later succeeds. It helps itself by spinning a thread, as it goes, from the hind part of the body, and attaching this to the glass, so that where it has been once it has a thread by which to hold on when it goes to the same place again. The thread as it comes from the body is soft and sticky and can be attached anywhere.

THE CLICKING OF A SPIDER.

BROOKLINE, MASS.

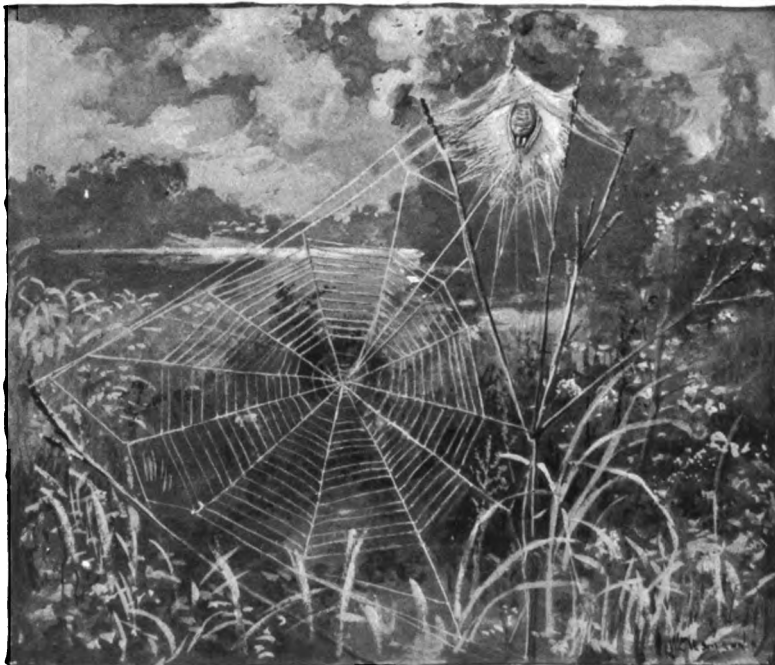
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In the early spring, when I was out on a little excursion, I happened to be standing perfectly still in some woods, waiting to catch a *Vanessa antiopa*. While thus standing I heard a series of clicks or rustles, and on looking down saw a spider was making the noise. I watched it closely, and saw it

apparently feel about a leaf with its body, by raising it up and down. Then it would cause the click to be heard; but while it was actually in the act I could not detect the slightest movement anywhere. The noise sounded as if one gently scraped the rough edge of a leaf with a knife, repeating the action twice—a grating sound twice repeated. The spider would do this on one leaf, and then hurry off to another and renew the action. I heard the same sound in another direction, and found it was another spider of the same kind. The spiders were the usual gray ones seen in the woods, about an inch and three eighths across the legs. Can you tell me whether there is any meaning in it? Has it been observed before? Yours truly,

FRED H. LAHEE.

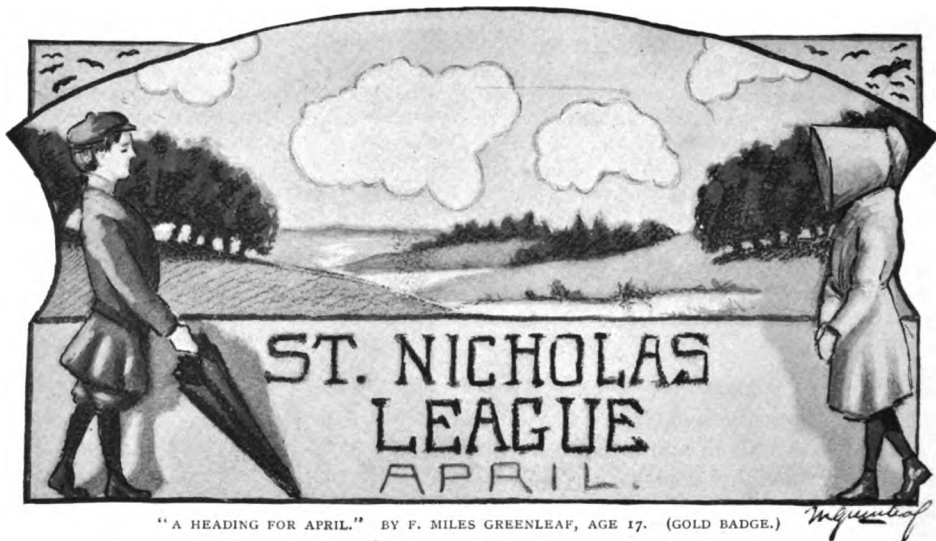
Professor Emerton was so much interested in this letter that he at once went to the home of Master Lahee and assisted him in his observations. The professor writes:

There have been several published accounts of such noises from spiders, and this one is worth recording. I have never heard spiders make any noise except the sound of their feet on the web when it was stretched



A SPIDER'S ROUND WEB.
Showing the "nest" at the upper right.

tight. I questioned Master Lahee, and he seems very positive that the sounds came from the spiders, which were probably *Lycosas* of one or two or three species that mature early in the spring. I hope he and I will have an opportunity to look after them this season.



YOUTHFUL DAYS.

BY ALLEINE LANGFORD (AGE 15).

(Gold Badge.)

THERE 's a play-house by the hemlock,
Where the woods are dark and still;
There 's a shanty by the "deep hole,"
And a fortress on the hill.

There 's a bonfire in the woodland,
And the branches overhead,
Crackling as the flames rise higher,
Start the rabbit from his bed.

And the war-whoop from the valley,
Where the underbrush is deep,
Tells that spring has filled the forest
And the world is not asleep.

There is laughter from the meadow,
From the thicket dark and dense;
There are sounds of childish laughter
From the wigwam by the fence.

Oh, the whole wide world is laughing,
In the balmy springtime haze,
To the hearts that know not sorrow
In the happy childhood days!

THERE were thirty contributions received this month that could not be considered because the ages of the senders were not given. Of course, this is not a great number, but when among the lot there were some very good poems, stories, and drawings, the editor feels sorry for the senders, who do not even have a chance to compete or to get on the roll of honor. You see, all contributions are judged according to the ages of the members, and what might be a very excellent poem or story or drawing for a member of ten would be rather poor for one of fifteen. Hence there is no possible way for us to judge how good a contribution is unless we know how old a boy or girl sent it. There are only a few rules, but they are very important, and most of them will be just as im-



"SHADOWS." BY CHARLES E. JACKSON, AGE 15. (CASH PRIZE.)

portant by and by when the young artists and writers have become grown-up artists and writers, doing work for "grown-up" papers and magazines.

And this reminds us that we should like to have a list of all those who have graduated from the League into the ranks of paid workers. We know of a dozen or more—some of them illustrating for papers, magazines, advertising firms, etc., some of them writing stories, poems, articles, and what not.

The editor would like to publish a full list of these ex-members, and to keep track of their work. Of course, our "classes" have been organized only four years, and even those who were seventeen when we began could be only twenty-one now, so that the percentage of paid workers could not be very

large. But every year will add to their ranks, and we who have watched their growth from month to month and from year to year do not like to lose sight of those who have persevered so faithfully and are becoming a part of the world's progress.

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION NO. 52.

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

Verse. Gold badges, **Alleine Langford** (age 15), 7 E. 3d St., Jamestown, N. Y., and **Charles Irish Preston** (age 11), 1322 Fulton Ave., Davenport, Ia.

Silver badges, **Ruth Peirce Getchell** (age 16), 8 Linden St., Worcester, Mass., and **Louisa F. Spear** (age 14), 6 Williams St., Newark, N. Y.

Prose. Gold badge, **Dorothy Elizabeth True** (age 13), Honolulu, Hawaii. Silver badges, **Fannie Crawford Golding** (age 15), Dunbar, Miss., and **Marcia Edgerton** (age 10), Negaunee, Mich.

Drawing. Gold badges, **F. Miles Greenleaf** (age 17), 132 N. 38th Ave., Omaha, Neb., and **Harold Breul** (age 14), 235 Benefit St., Providence, R. I.

Silver badges, **Laura Gardin** (age 14), care of A. L. Beyea, Harrison, N. Y., **Frances Raymond** (age 13), 1444 State St., New Orleans, La., and **Margorie Newcomb Wilson** (age 11), 34 Gramercy Park, New York City.

Photography. Cash prize, **Charles E. Jackson** (age 15), 5426 Pennsylvania Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Gold badge, **John W. Gatch** (age 11), Terrace Park, Hamilton Co., Ohio.

Silver badge, **John S. Perry** (age 16), 2110 19th St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

Wild Animal and Bird Photography. First prize, "Squirrels," by **Horace J. Simons** (age 14), 1824 E. Broad St., Columbus, Ohio. Second prize, "Seagulls," by **John C. Williams** (age 17), 6609 Stewart Ave., Chicago, Ill. Third prize, "Tree-swallow," by **Samuel D. Robbins** (age 16), Box 64, Belmont, Mass.

Puzzle-making. Gold badges, **Dorothea M. Dexter** (age 15), 178 Prospect St., New Haven, Conn., and **Howard Hosmer** (age 12), Nashville, Ill.

Silver Badges, **Frank Dolin** (age 16), 4313 Morgan St., St. Louis, Mo., and **John V. S. Bloodgood** (age 14), 56 W. 37th St., New York City.

Puzzle-answers. Gold badges, **Marion Thomas**

(age 14), 305 Main St., Burlington, Vt., and **Emerson G. Sutcliffe** (age 12), 47 Allerton St., Plymouth, Mass.

Silver badges, **Florence R. Elwell** (age 15), Amherst, Mass., and **Katharine C. Bowley** (age 12), 27 Enos Place, Jersey City, N. J.

THE CAVE OF SAFETY.

BY DOROTHY ELIZABETH TRUE (AGE 13).

(Gold Badge.)

MANY years ago, in a sunny land, there lived a powerful king whose name was Kamehameha.

Now the place where this king lived was called Oahu, and there was a war brewing between his island and another called Hawaii.

At last it was decided, and great preparations were made for the coming battle.

The first thing was to place the queen in safety while the war was raging.

The king, with a party of chiefs and attendants, searched for two whole days, till at last they came to a beautiful valley full of palms and taro plants. It was surrounded by high mountains, all but the lower end, which ran down to the sea. As they walked up this valley they saw an opening in the side of the mountains. To their great joy they found it to be an immense cave. It was lined with gray lava, and from this were hanging green ferns. At the door were banana-trees and tree-ferns, and hanging over the door of the cave were vines. Near by was a beautiful grove of fruit-trees and an avenue of palms.

The king was very much pleased with this place of safety for the queen.

They hurried back, and the next day returned with goods to furnish it with. There were exquisite tapa-cloths that were hung on the walls, and large fans, and on the floors were put banana-leaves and then mats woven out of rushes and bamboo. The throne-room was hung with tapa-cloths, and in different places capes made of feathers. The throne was a mat so finely woven that it was almost like cloth. At the sides were *kahilis*, also made of feathers, that were waved to and fro. And so they fixed a place of safety for the queen, and there she stayed while the war was raging. It was a fearful war, but victory came to King Kamehameha, for he drove his enemies over a cliff which was called the Pali, and that ended it all.



"SHADOWS." BY JOHN W. GATCH, AGE 11. (GOLD BADGE.)

As soon as this war was over the queen returned to her palace, but never was the cave of safety forgotten.

On each side of the path that led to the cave and planted by the queen herself, was a cocoanut-tree. And to this day one may see four of those trees still remaining.

YOUTH.

BY CHARLES IRISH PRESTON (AGE 11).

(Gold Badge.)

WE proudly speak of modern times,
And of inventions great;
We call ourselves so civilized,
And of our comforts prate.

Yet people of some future day,
When looking back on us,
May wonder how we got along
And never made a fuss.

They'll say: "There lived some people once
Who never left their world—
Who never even went to Mars,
Or knew why planets whirled.

"Such savages were this queer race,
They did n't even know
What filled the space beyond the air.
Their vehicles were slow;

"They could not even reach the speed,
One hundred miles an hour;
We do it in a minute now,
And use but little power."

So, though the earth is very old,
You certainly can see
It still is in its youth, compared
With all the years to be.



"SHADOWS." BY JOHN S. PERRY, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE.)

THE OPTIMISTIC YOUTH.

BY LOUISA F. SPEAR
(AGE 14).

(Silver Badge.)

THE day dawned slowly in the east,
The air was warm and dry;
The bumblebee buzzed drowsily,
And lazy was the fly.

Down to the brooklet Tommy ran
With little rod and line.
Said he, "I'll surely have some fish
Before 't is time to dine."

He fished and fished till nearly noon;
The sun shone warm and bright;
But, sure 's you live, he did n't get
One solitary bite.

Was he discouraged? Not a bit.
He only fished away,



"A HEADING FOR APRIL." BY FLOYD L. MITCHELL, AGE 15.
(A FORMER PRIZE-WINNER.)

And said, "Of course I'll
catch a few
Before the close of
day."

As he was going to his
home
He met his brother Jim,
And when he saw his
empty hands
His brother said to
him:

"Well, Tommy, did you
catch your fish?"
The blunt reply was,
"No;
I did n't get a single one.
I've been a-fishing,
though!"

HOW THE CHILDREN MADE A CAVE.

BY FANNIE CRAWFORD GOLD-
ING (AGE 15).

(*Silver Badge.*)

THE children lived in the coun-
try, and near their home was a
woody hillside on which they
loved to play. At the foot of
this hill ran a deep ditch, though
the stream which flowed at the
bottom was very shallow.

At one place the bank had
crumbled away and left a semi-
circular gap, and 't was here the
children made their cave.

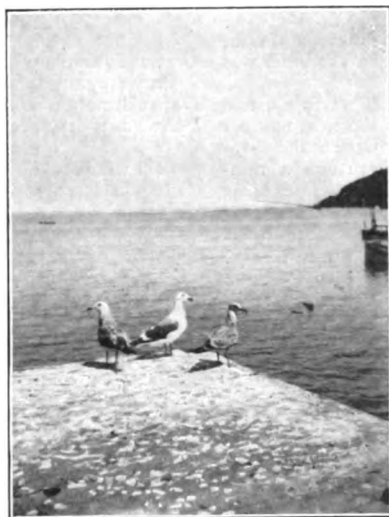
First, the boys cut pine poles
in the wood and laid them over
the top, close together. Then the
girls brought pine straw and
thatched the roof. They left a
hole at the back for a chimney,
and made a sort of fireplace of
stones, in which the dearest little
fires you ever saw were kindled.
The children also made a little
bridge to go from the door of
the cave to the other side of the
ditch. They dug steps in the
bank to come down to the
bridge.

The boys made seats inside,
and drove pegs in the wall on
which to hang their bows, ar-
rows, and other weapons. They
also manufactured marvelous
peace-pipes, and wore feathers
in their caps. The girls roasted
potatoes in the fire, and made
a little garden, in which they
planted onions, potatoes, and
squash, and corn.

The squash never came up,
the corn died in its infancy,
and the potato-vines ran a good
deal but had no potatoes under
them. As for the onions, though
they grew very well they were
never cooked, for when the hun-



"SQUIRRELS." BY HORACE J. SIMONS, AGE 14. (FIRST PRIZE,
"WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")



"SEA-GULLS." BY JOHN C. WILLIAMS, AGE 17.
(SECOND PRIZE, "WILD-BIRD PHOTOGRAPH.")



"TREE-SWALLOW." BY SAMUEL D. ROBBINS, AGE 16.
(THIRD PRIZE, "WILD-BIRD PHOTOGRAPH.")

gry warriors and hunters
came home after fierce
battles with imaginary
palefaces they devoured
everything in sight; and
as the onions were very
nice, they had soon, like
the Walrus and the Car-
penter, "eaten every
one."

All through the sum-
mer the children played
in the cave; but with au-
tumn came school, and so
the Indian plays had to
end, as all things do.

'T was years ago that
they made the cave, but
one of the children has
never forgotten it. I

know, for I was one of them
myself.

THE CAVE AT THE CAROLINE.

BY MARCIA EDGERTON (AGE 10).

(*Silver Badge.*)

KENNETH lives in the mining
region of northern Michigan, and
when the miners go by his home
he watches them with the great-
est interest. Often his papa
takes him to one of the mines
for a walk, and Kenneth looks
down the shaft and watches the
skip disappear with its burden
of men into the darkness.

One day, when he came home,
he went to the barn for a shovel,
and soon he was digging busily
in the back yard. For "If the
miners can make the sand fly,
why can't I?" said he.

Kenneth was a very persis-
tent miner, and he and his little
friends soon had a big hole in
the ground, which they named
the Caroline Mine.

One day Kenneth came run-
ning to the house, tugging
something he had dug from the
mine, and shouting:

"Oh, mama, I've struck
ore!" But it proved to be only
a piece of an old bolt, so the
company did n't get rich very
fast.

At last the hole was so large
that the boys thought they must
have a bucket to raise the sand
from the mine, and a bushel-
basket answered very well for
that. But now the trouble be-
gan. The boys became so en-
thusiastic that they made sev-
eral tunnels in the walls of the
mine.

One morning Kenneth went
out as usual, and found that the
surface over the tunnels had



"A HEADING FOR APRIL." BY MARGARET MCKEON, AGE 14.
(A FORMER PRIZE-WINNER.)

caved in, burying Lord Fauntleroy, Kenneth's doll, in the ruins.

All efforts of the boys to rescue the doll were in vain, and the fall of earth was so great that the mine was abandoned.

One of Kenneth's friends has a midget press, and publishes a little newspaper; and in the next number there were the following head-lines: "Cave at the Caroline! One Life Lost!" And as there was a rain-storm about that time, Harold added, "The Mine Rapidly Filling with Water!"

IN GRANDMA'S YOUTH.

BY DOROTHEA BECHTEL (AGE 10).

In winter, in the days of yore,
When the cold wind howled at the door,
And the needles went click, click,
click,
While the clock kept time, tick, tick,
tick,
In grandma's youth,

The children sat with folded hands,
And never thought to make demands,
But spoke when they were spoken to,
And did as they were told to do,
In grandma's youth.

They all went to the meeting-house,
And sat as still as any mouse;
And, like the little busy bee,
They studied hard as hard could be,
In grandma's youth.

Yet they were much the same as I,
Those little girls of days gone by;
They thought and played just as I do,
And made mistakes and blunders too,
In grandma's youth.

JUDGES' CAVE.

BY WILLIAM WEBER (AGE 12).

In 1660, when Charles II came to the throne of England, he said those judges of his father who did not surrender within a certain time would be executed. Some of the judges were dead and others had fled. Among those that fled were three judges named Goffe,

Whalley, and Dixwell. These men went to the Puritan colony of New Haven, where the king sent soldiers after them. After a while the soldiers went home, saying the fugitives could not be found.

From New Haven they went to Boston and then back to New Haven. While in New Haven, Goffe and Whalley stayed in a cave on a high mound west of New Haven. This cave is formed by several large boulders, grouped here, it is thought, by a glacier. It has three entrances, one of which is almost hidden by a boulder. It is about fifteen feet high, but has just room enough for three men inside.

While the two judges were in the cave, Richard Sperry brought them food in a basket.

The city of New Haven has recently put a railing around the cave to keep curiosity seekers from chipping it. On the largest rock is an iron tablet telling how the cave got its name—Judges' Cave.

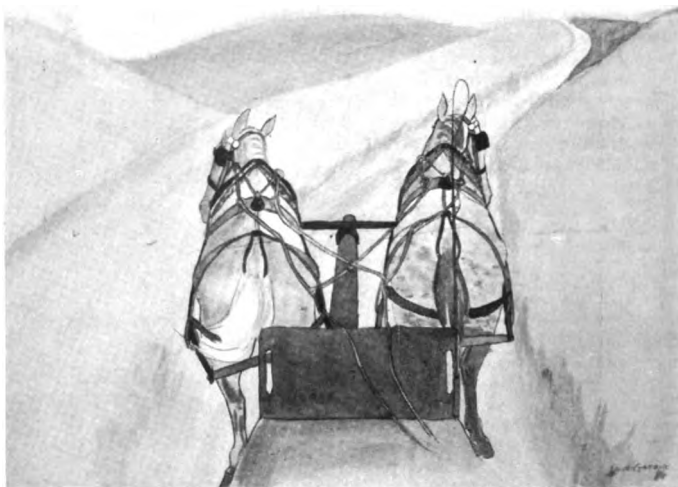
YOUTH.

BY RUTH PEIRCE GETCHELL (AGE 16).

(Silver Badge.)

Go not so fast, O Time, I do entreat thee;
Pray stay thy steps awhile and rest thee here.
Oh, rush not on so fast; there's none to greet thee,
And as a day speeds on each flying year!

O cold winds of the north, pray come not, come not;
Stay back, stay back, where cold doth always lie!



"THE OBJECT BEFORE ME." BY LAURA GARDIN, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

O come not near this quiet, peaceful valley,
Where by thy hand the flowers droop and die!

What! dost thou rush, O Time? Pray tell me,
tell me,
Why dost thou hurry on so swift and fast?
Oh, let me be a happy child forever,
And every year be young as in the last!

No answer! All my prayers and my entreaties,
They do not check him on his flying way.
He pays no heed; each fall the flowers
wither,
And I am growing older every day!

AN OLD MAN'S SONNET TO YOUTH.

BY ELSIE F. WEIL (AGE 14).

OH, for those careless, happy, golden hours
Spent dreamily in childhood days by me!
Then Mother Nature's simple scenes were free—
The little babbling brook, the dear wild flow'rs,
The moist green ferns that grew in shady bow'rs,
The blithesome bird that sang so merrily,
The luscious apples on the bending tree,
The tinted rainbows after April show'rs.
I loved all nature with my youthful heart;
To her my deepest secrets were laid bare;
For she was kind, and soothed to peaceful rest
My untamed soul with motherly, mild art.
Now, old and wearied of this world of care,
I shall return to Mother Nature's breast.

WHAT CAVES TEACH.

BY WILLIAM G. MAUPIN (AGE 13).

IN ancient times caves were regarded with superstitious wonder by men. In Greece, the temples of Pan, Pluto, and Bacchus were caves, and the famous oracles of Delphi were delivered in a cavern, around which a magnificent temple was built by Cleisthenes, an Athenian in exile.

Prehistoric man dwelt in caves, as has been shown by explorations in France, where also were found skeletons of the mammoth, the reindeer, and the wild horse. Tusks of mammoths, skilfully carved with representations of the reindeer and ibex, have been found in France and Belgium. In a cave explored near Plymouth, England, in 1816, bones of the rhinoceros were discovered, conclusively proving that the rhinoceros existed in Britain in prehistoric times. Remains of huge bears, much larger than any that exist now, have been found in many European caves; also of hyenas, small hippopotami, and a species of pigmy elephant, discovered in Sicilian and Maltese caves. The discovery of the skeletons of these animals leads to the belief that Africa was connected by a bridge of land to the European continent, centuries ago in the Pleistocene age.

The human inhabitants of the ancient caverns of France, Switzerland, and Belgium, in all probability, lived by hunting and fishing alone. They were wholly ignorant of spinning and of the art of making pottery. They were clad in the skins of animals, sewn together with sinews. Their weapons consisted of stone and ivory hammers, lances, harpoons, and short spears, rough and unpolished, but eminently useful to these early hunters. Whether these ancient cave-dwellers buried their dead or not, we do not know; probably they did not. They had no domestic animals.

The most ancient men in Europe are thought to be the same as the Eskimos. Their styles of carving on bone are identical, as are also several of their weapons. The ancient European cave-dwellers split the bones of animals which they killed, and ate the marrow; this custom is still carried on by the Eskimos. The manner of sew-



"A HEADING FOR APRIL." BY RAY SAPP, AGE 16.

ing the clothes is the same, and the bone instruments and needles are almost identical.

Thus the remains of animals and the bone instruments and weapons of the primitive man found in caves furnish us with almost all of our information concerning the ages when the world was young, and render valuable assistance to the work of science.

THE YOUTHFUL BOOKWORM.

BY MIRIAM A. DE FORDE (AGE 15).

SAID one bookworm to another, as they stopped one day to talk,
"I am getting so rheumatic, it is hard for me to walk;
But, in spite of close confinement, you are youthful,
fresh, and gay.

Now what could cause the difference in our constitutions, pray?"

Answered then the youthful bookworm, "There's no need to feel so blue;

There *was* a period, long ago, when I was sickly too.

But for thirty years or more, since first it went to press,

My sole and daily diet has been ST. NICHOLAS."

N. B.—Is that the reason why bound copies of ST. NICHOLAS usually look so worn? We think not!

A CONCERT IN A CAVE.

BY DOROTHEA DA PONTE WILLIAMS (AGE 16).

I WONDER how many readers of dear old ST. NICK have ever been to a concert in a cave? Unless it is no extraordinary feature of amusement in America, I do not think there are many.

During a vacation in Newquay, Cornwall, England, I had one of the most pleasant and novel experiences that it was ever my lot to come across.

One day, in walking through the little town, a poster caught our eyes on which was stated that a concert would be shortly held in the "Cathedral Cavern" at Porth, a few miles away.

Many well-known artists were engaged, and it promised to be a very good concert.



BY FRANCES RAYMOND, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)



"THE OBJECT BEFORE ME." BY HAROLD BREUL, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE.)

At the foot of the advertisement was a note:

"Visitors are requested to bring with them camp-stools and candles."

The eventful day dawned clear and bright, and nearly all the visitors were going. Armed with camp-stools and candles, we joined in the procession wending its way to the cave.

The concert was to take place early on account of the tide.

Arriving at the "Cathedral," we saw an immense boulder in front of a large opening, over which we had to climb, with the aid of coast-guardsmen.

Inside all was dark, and the first thing we did was to walk into a pool of water. We accordingly lit our candles, and found a dry spot, upon which we planted our camp-stools and waited for the concert to begin.

The cave was an immense structure, not unlike a cathedral, and a grand piano was placed ready, but how it was got in I cannot say.

The concert itself was excellent; but occasionally one heard "Oh!" in the middle of a song, as somebody received upon his nose a drop from the roof.

Very solemn and grand it seemed, in one of nature's buildings; but finally, when it was over, we had to scramble out through a narrow hole termed the "back door."

On the way home, people were heard to declare that they never enjoyed anything so much before; and in all my life never shall I forget that novel experience of a concert in a cave.

THOUGHTS OF YOUTH.

BY DOROTHY BERRY (AGE 12).

We do not know the "why" of things—
We do not know the "how";
We know, but always seem to miss,
The swiftly passing "now."

We dream of things to
come,
We dream of things
gone by;
But when there's any-
thing to do
We do not even try.

Sometimes the more
ambitious ones
Try just a thing or
two;
But do they ever stop
to think
How much there is
to do?

So let us learn the
"why" and "how"
A battle may be
won;
And let us learn the
time is "now"
That things ought
to be done.

TWO INDIAN CAVES.

BY LUCIA LUCILE CAD-
WELL (AGE 15).

ONE morning in July, 1902, papa, my sister, two cousins, and myself went on a ramble over the first range of the Santa Ynez Mountains, where my cousins told us there were some Indian caves.

One cave was quite large; there was room enough for forty or fifty people to get in at once. Papa was the only one who went into it, though, as a mountain fire had caved the front in, so he could hardly squeeze through.



"THE OBJECT BEFORE ME." BY MARJORIE NEWCOMB WILSON, AGE 11. (SILVER BADGE.)

The other cave was so hidden in the rocks that we could hardly tell there was one there. At one side was a small hole, just large enough for a person to get through on his hands and knees.

Inside were some pieces of large feathers that would drop to pieces if any one picked them up, several arrow-heads, two unbroken Indian baskets, and lots of small pieces of baskets that rats or age had destroyed, leaving only pieces, hardly two alike. Some of them were very prettily woven together.

The smallest basket was jug-shaped, and lined with asphaltum to keep water in.

There was room enough in this cave for ten or twelve Indians, and tall enough to stand up in.

On the way home we passed a Spaniard's house, and the occupant, who was seventy-five years old, told us a short history of these baskets.

The baskets are more than two hundred years old, and were kept in these caves filled with water and provisions by the Indians: the caves were their storehouses. In time of war the squaws could stay there, and the warriors, when hard pressed, would flee there for refuge among the rocks.

These baskets were made of tules or bulrushes, that grow in swamps near the ocean.

The Natural History Society in Santa Barbara, California, now have these baskets as relics.

YOUTH IS BEST.

BY FRANCES PAINE (AGE 12).

OH, how I dread to grow!

I'd rather stay just twelve;

I'd hate to have a beau,
Or else to work and delve.

I'd rather stay just small,
And romp and laugh and play,
And not to grow at all,
But just have fun all day.

THE LURAY CAVE.

BY HILDA RYAN (AGE 11).

ABOUT a mile from the little village of Luray, which is in the Shenandoah Valley in Virginia, lies a gently sloping ridge, beneath which is the entrance to a cave.

The Luray Cave is so far superior to the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky that a visitor has compared them to a handsomely furnished parlor and a big barn.

The first thing that meets one's eyes is a hall in which the ceiling, walls, and floors are covered with stalactites and stalagmites, which resemble immense icicles. In some places these have met and formed graceful columns.

Around a bend in the path is the Vegetable Market. Here may be seen piles and piles of vegetables, all formed in limestone, which any one would imagine had just arrived from a neighboring farm.

Near by is the Fish Market, where all kinds of fish lie in orderly rows. The illusion is completed by the drops of water hanging from their tails.

One of the many marvelous things to be seen is the Saracen's Tent. Everything is perfectly represented in limestone.

Then there is a great room called the Elfin's Ramble. If ever fairies wish for a place to play hide-and-seek in, they will find what they seek here, for there are many narrow passages. If we entered one of these, we would find that it led to the Giant's Hall, which is an immense room, less beautiful than grand.

Then there is the Bridal Chamber, also the Bridal Veil, which is a beautiful thing, transparent and delicately traced with the most exquisite patterns. No loom of Brussels ever made anything half as lovely as this.

There is a pit in which lie some petrified human bones. It is said that these are bones of an Indian chief, who was punished for deserting his squaw to marry a "paleface."

At one place there are a great many statues, whose features are very indistinct, but at a distance one would imagine that he had entered the Louvre in Paris.

Is it not hard to believe that nature alone is to be thanked for the wondrous beauties of this cave?



"THE OBJECT BEFORE ME—TO WIN THE CASH PRIZE."
BY ALICE GOSS, AGE 16.

(Miss Goss had, unknown to herself, been awarded the cash prize for February before this sketch was received.)

WIND CAVE, SOUTH DAKOTA.

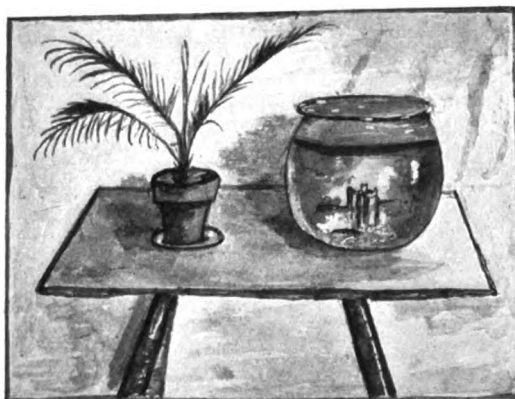
BY JESSIE POUND (AGE 11).

ON the night of the Fourth of July, several years ago, when I was four years old, papa, mama, and I started on a visit to my uncle in Montana. We stopped off at Hot Springs, South Dakota, to spend several days. Ten miles from here is the famous Wind Cave. It is thought to be the largest in the world. It has one hundred miles of passageways, three thousand rooms, and eight levels.

It was discovered first by a cow-boy in 1884. While riding through a small gulch, he noticed a very strong rush of wind coming from a hole in the ground. He looked and found the beautiful cave.

One bright, sunny morning we started for the cave, and when we got there papa made arrangements with the guides to take us through. They said that I could not stand the walk; but papa persuaded one of the guides to carry me if I got tired. We had only a day to stay, and they advised us to take the eighth level.

First we went into a small room. The guide closed the door tightly behind us, and then opened a trap-door in the floor. The wind came rushing up. We went



"THE OBJECT BEFORE ME." BY DONALD W. CAMPBELL, AGE 11.

down a stairway over four hundred steps long. We went into some of the rooms where the walls looked as though they were covered with pop-corn and have great pop-corn balls hanging from the ceiling. In others the walls seemed to be covered with brown honeycomb. The guides called this boxwork.

Some of the rooms were all blue, all white, all pink, or all yellow. Some of the passages were so low that the grown people had to stoop, but I could run through them all.

In some of the rooms the guides lighted coils of magnesium wire to show the beauties.

The United States government has possession of the cave now. The government is going to make a park out of the ground around the entrance, and put electric lights in the cave and an elevator at the steep places.

YE RHYME OF YE WYCKED YOUTH.

BY MARIE WENNERBERG (AGE 13).

Ye gude wyfe wyth ye kyndlye
hearte
Sayed to herself, "I'll bake a tarte
So large and rounde and goode to see
That yt wyll serve ye guests at tea."

Ye bakyng done, ye tarte she tooke
And set yt yn ye wyndowe nooke
To coole, that yt myghte toothsome be
For all ye noble companie.

Ye wycked youth came strollyng bye;
Ye goodlye tarte dyd catch hys eye.
"T was fyrst a nybble, then a byte,
And soone ye tarte was out of syght.

Ye evenyng came, ye supper too,
And all ye guests, goodlye and true,
They sat them down, ye tyme soon came
When for ye tarte went the goode dame.

But back she ran and sadlye cryed,
"I fear yon rogue ye tarte espyed,"
And, poyntyng to hys jam-smeared lyp,
Ye dame ye ladde began to whyp.

Ye goodlye guests wyth eager vymme
Dyd all unyte ye youth to trymme,
And how ye wycked youth dyd smarte
Because he stole ye goodlye tarte!



BY PEARL STOCKTON, AGE 7.

MY EXPERIENCE IN A CAVE.

BY JOHN MITCHELL (AGE 8).

WHILE at the sea-shore last summer, I went one afternoon to the beach to play with some of my little friends. It was very low tide, and we amused ourselves hunting horseshoe-crabs and cockles. Before we knew it we had gone a long way, and to our great surprise we found a good-sized cave, which had been made by the ocean in a high sand-bank at the top of the beach. We also found an old bench and a box which had been washed up on the beach, and these we put in the cave, and made a very comfortable little play-house and called it the "Discovered Cave."

When it was time to start for home we found the tide had changed and was now quite up to the mouth of the cave, and we were obliged to wade up to our ankles in the water to reach the dry beach. We did not mind that, but thought it was great fun.

We often went to our cave, which we had fixed up quite nice; but always after that we took care to watch the tide, and did not get caught again.

OUR TRIP TO AMETHYST CAVE.

BY EDITH M. GATES (AGE 17).

WE started from camp, four English girls and I, about nine o'clock, one August morning, to explore Amethyst Cave.

Proceeding along the stony beach for two miles, we found the little fissure in the bluff, and enthusiastically began our search for the purple stones which have made the cave famous.

To the left of us stretched the sparkling waters of the Bay of Fundy. Above us towered high bluffs.

We found no amethysts, but we burdened ourselves with fine, though heavy, specimens of agate, and after trying vainly to photograph the cave, we started for camp. But in our enthusiasm over our surroundings we had forgotten the tide. To our horror, it was in.

We tried to climb the rocks which separated us from the other beach. They were too high! The water was too deep to wade! Should we stay and be drowned?

Time was precious. Snatching our kodaks and specimens, we hurried up the beach until we found a stream we had noticed before. Following its course for about a mile along its banks, we struck a narrow path.

We felt very thankful when we thought of the possible peril we had escaped.

But the worst was to come, for suddenly the path ended at the foot of an enormous bluff. We must retrace our steps and wait for the tide to turn, or climb the bluff. We chose the latter.

The ascent was almost perpendicular, and our way was blocked by many obstacles. Up, up we climbed. Our way grew more dangerous. We dared not look behind. Our feet sank into deep moss at every step, and we were obliged to cling to stumps and weeds for support.

At last we reached the top, and, plunging through a miniature evergreen forest, found ourselves on level ground.

There were "fields to the right of us, fields to the

THE
OBJECT
BEFORE
ME

left of us." We sank exhausted on the ground and rested. At last we struck across the fields in the direction of the bay. The sun was hot. We struggled along for several miles until we struck a rocky path.

We descended, single file, and at last, to our relief, found ourselves on familiar ground. A short walk and we were again in camp, thoroughly exhausted, but with great appreciation of Amethyst Cave.

YOUTH.

BY DORIS FRANCKLYN (AGE 16).

(Winner of Former Prizes.)

THERE is a story that beyond the sea
Deft toilers weave fair tapestry;
And, working only on the under side,
They see but tangled knots and stitches wide,
Until at last 't is turned, when they behold
The vivid splendor of the pattern bold!

So shall not we, upon the loom of time,
Devote our youth and strength to plans sublime?
Patiently work in the appointed way,
Nor seek reward or recompense to-day!
Perchance, when we are bid our work to turn,
A pattern all divine we shall discern!

A TRIP TO MAMMOTH CAVE.

BY MILDRED WHITE (AGE 10).

WE were going to make a trip to Mammoth Cave, so we made our bloomers, with short skirts and woolen waists.

When we went in we could feel the change of atmosphere, as it was warm out of the cave and so cool inside. Every couple had lanterns. One old woman weighed about three hundred pounds and she looked so funny in her bloomers. Her husband was very small and had but one eye. How he got his wife through the cave I could not see. The women all wore bloomers.

One woman was very frightened, and when I next saw her she had hold of the negro guide's coat-tails, and there she swung the rest of the journey. Some one laughed at her, but she cried, "I paid him extra! I paid him extra!"

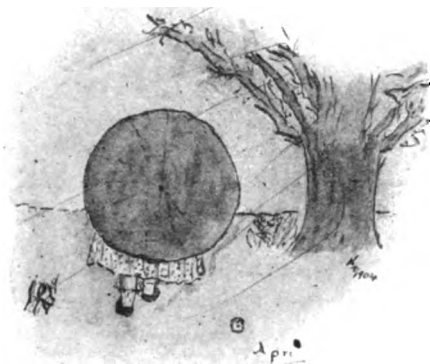
When we came to Fat Man's Misery, they tugged and they pulled, and at last they got the fat woman through.

I thought the most dangerous part was crossing the Echo River. The boats were flat, and in one place the rock came out so far that we had to stoop down to keep from hitting our heads against it. In this river there are fishes with no eyes, as it is so dark they could not see anyway.

The Star Chamber is very pretty, too. In the top of the chamber it looks as if there are stars and a comet. The guide takes the lanterns away, and goes behind the rocks; then he brings the lanterns back in a bunch, and on the side of the chamber it looks like the sun rising; then he holds them higher, and so on, until it looks like the sun up in the skies.

It was hard for some to climb the Corkscrew, but at last we climbed it.

There is a place where you stop to eat dinner. We had two large baskets of lunch, and as there was a table there, we set it and ate our dinner. Some went on and finished the route, but we went back. When we got to



"A HEADING FOR APRIL." BY KATHARINE THOMPSON, AGE 10.

the mouth of the cave the atmosphere changed, and for the first time that trip we felt tired. One lady fell in a swoon and had to be carried out. But, nevertheless, we had a very good time.

YOUTH.

BY MARGARET I. LARIMER (AGE 12).

WHEN we young children laugh and shout,
And jump and yell and run about,
And turn the chairs all upside down,
And tear big rents in our best gown,
Our mother says: "Now you must stop;
You jump and run and skip and hop
As if you had been brought up wild.
Why don't you sit up nice and mild?"
But grandpa says: "Just let 'em run
And jump about and have some fun,
They 'll never have their youth ag'in,
And I just say it is a sin
To make the children sit up straight
And think about their future fate;
So let 'em run, that 's what I say,
And have some fun while well they may."



"THE OBJECT BEFORE ME." BY DAVID DEAN, AGE 11.

MY FAVORITE EPISODE IN HISTORY.

BY MARY CROMER (AGE 13).

THE surrender of Lee at Appomattox Court House on April 9, 1865, is my favorite episode in history. The Union was tried severely and was nearly dissolved; but it stood the test, and the North and South are bound together even more closely than ever before.

On that eventful day of April 9, 1865, the troops in blue and gray were drawn up at the foot of a ridge, on each side of Appomattox. The two chiefs met, shook hands, and went into a house near by, where Lee signed Grant's terms of surrender. Grant showed his magnanimous nature by permitting Lee and his staff to keep their swords. He also permitted the Southern troops to keep all their horses, as he said they would need them in tilling the soil.

Thus was the war ended, and oh, how sweet it was to have peace again! Let us be thankful that it is all over, and in all probability there will never be such a war in this great Union again.



"A HEADING FOR APRIL." BY HELEN E. JACOBY, AGE 15.

THE ROLL OF HONOR.

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been published had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to honorable mention and encouragement.

Lois M. Cunningham
H. Mabel Sawyer
Mary Blossom Bloss
Pauline Kessel
Mabel Robinson
Katharine R. Wells
Edith Kaufman
Laurita Lois Olds
Stanley Dyer, Jr.
Lucie Clifton Jones

VERSE 1.

Marion E. Lane
Hilda van Emster
Edith J. Minaker
Harold K. Norris
Gertrude E. Ten Eyck
Margaret Smith
William Richards
Margaret Spencer
Smith
Saidee E. Kennedy
Harry A. Rosenberg
R. A. Kilduffe
William Laird Brown
Emily R. Burt
Helen Spear
Margaret Minaker
Pauline K. Angell
Maude Dudley Shackelford
John Griffith Maguire
Philip Stark
Beulah H. Ridgeway
Frieda Muriel Harrison
Carolyn Bulley
Katherine G. Robinson
Margaret F. Grant
Alison Winslow
Sarah McCarthy

VERSE 2.

Margaret Stuges
Kate Huntington Tiemann
Eilene Peck
Byron B. Boyd
A. Elizabeth Goldberg
Helen Luise Norris
J. Paul Kauffman
Minnie E. Chase
Dorothea Gay
Edith Julia Ballou
Annie S. Ramsey
Mary Yeula Westcott
Baldwin A. Manil
L. Beatrice Todd
Jessie Freeman Foster
Irene Weil
Florence Isabel Miller
Helene Esberg
Nannie C. Barr
Marguerite Reed
Anna E. Foster
Ray Randall
Lotta E. Walworth
Carrie Noel Scott
Augusta Frank
Florence M. Smith
Clara P. Pond

PROSE 1.

Philip Warren Thayer
H. Munro Gere
Marie Hill
Remsen Holbert
Frances Renshaw
Latzke
Mary Graham Bonner
Florence R. T. Smith
Charles P. Howard
Willia Nelson
Elizabeth R. Eastman
Elsie Kimball Wells
Ivy Varian Walshe
Elsie Turner
Frederick A. Coates
Mildred Ockert
Nancy Moore
Jeannette Nelson
Julia B. Chapin
Gertrude Hodgson
Stella J. Liotard
Tyler H. Bliss
Joe Pound
Mary Pemberton
Nourse
Helen Davenport
Perry
Abigail E. Jenner
Dorothy Dickinson
Francis Marion Miller
Camille Bowie Adams
Lyle Vincent Nelson
J. Herbert Hodgins
Hilda Braun
Kathleen Bertrand
Lucile Doty
Milton C. White
James Pryor
Eloise E. Garstin
Marion Dillard
Marguerite M. Cree
Martha Olcott Willis
Mignon de Neuf
Gertrude M. Corbett
Halsey Ackerman
Elizabeth Hirsh
Alexis Tardy Gresham
Charlotte Wykoff
Dorothy Conson
Mildred Schoendew
Ruth S. Goddard
Sarah Brown
C. Norman Bartlett
Henry B. Dillard
Marie Craighead
Brown
Carolyn B. Albrecht
Margaret Douglas Gordon
Marjory McQuiston

George I. Foster
Ella Harrison
Kate M. Horton
Philip C. Gifford
Blanche H. Leeming
Elizabeth C. Field
John M. Walker
Emelyn Ten Eyck
Marjorie Macy
Edna E. Wise

PROSE 2.

Natalie Wurtz
Rita Wannigh
Ethel Bernan
Mark Finley
Carolyn C. Stevens
Agnes Dorothy Campbell
Margaret R. Busso
Gladys T. Vaughan
Robert Paul Walsh
Julia Hutchinson
Jacob Z. Schmucker
Millicent Pond
Florence W. Montague
Helen J. Simpson
Fanny C. Carver
Herbert Atkinson
Margaret Boland
Ruth P. Cornwall
Archibald S. Macdonald
Henry Herman Hitchcock
Margaret Spahr
Paul S. Arnold
Madeleine Fuller McDowell
Ruth Elizabeth Kellogg
Paul Whipple
Ruth Elizabeth Sherman
Robert Bartholomew
John Rice Mines
Dorothy Hastings
Vincent Ward
Ottile Wright
Pauline Flint
Andrew Miller
Frances Brookman
Dorothy Place
James E. Moran
Helen W. Edgar
Gertrude W. Boland
Prudence Ross
Millie B. Hess
Eleanor L. Halpin
Miriam Abbott
Fanny J. Walton
Ellen Stolpe
Dorothy Potter Bower
Carrie B. Simpson
Marion Prince
Ralph C. Tobin
Gratia B. Camp
Margaret Elliott
Dorothea H. Smith
Eunice M. Schoff
W. Seldon Wakem
James K. Angell
Wynonah Breazeale
Mable Luscombe

DRAWINGS 1.

Walter C. Corbett
Walter Josephs
Phoebe U. Hunter
Dorothy Hardy Richardson
Anna Waddell
Mildred Wheat
Frances Keeline
Elizabeth Abbott
Anna Zucker
Phoebe Wilkinson
Muriel C. Evans
James H. Daugherty
Florence Murdock
Marguerite Strathy
Isadore Douglas
Marion Jacqueline Overton
Delmar G. Cooke
Meade Bolton
Josephine Arnold
Bonney
William Whitford
Beatrice Andrews
Russell S. Walcott
Grace Mailhouse
Paul A. McDermott
Laura Janvrin Aldrich
Charlotte Ball
Katherine G. Parker
Byron Derr
Margaret J. Naumberg
John Sinclair
Anna A. Flichtner
Katherine D. Barbour
Dorothy Ochtman
Vieva Marie Fisher
Corinne Loney

DRAWINGS 2.

Gertrude Natalie Bigelow
Marie Day
Cordner H. Smith
Marion H. Tuthill
Floyd Godfrey
Elinor Burleigh
Muriel Ivirney
John A. Hellwig
Madge Oakley
Bessie Townley
Griffith
Emilie C. Flagg
Eugenie B. Baker
Kathleen Gaffney
H. Kasner
Alice Paine
Mildred Curran Smith
Gladys G. Young
Walter Swindell Davis
Helen de Veer
Margaret Peckham
Mary Hazeltine
Fewsmit
Floyd L. Mitchell
Margaret Ellen Payne
Alice E. Kingman
Henriette Barney Burt
Vernon Radcliffe
Florence E. Marceaux
Elizabeth Burt
Elizabeth Wilcox
Pardee
Elizabeth Freedley

Katharine Andrews
Gladys A. Lathrop
Julia Murray
Jacob Bacon
Eleanor I. Town
Genevieve A. Ledgerwood

PHOTOGRAPHS 2.

Queenabelle Smith
Dorothy F. Smith
Emily W. Brown
Marcia Hoyt
Ruth Shaw
Winifred Littell
Irving Cavins
Sidney Edward Dickinson
Edna B. Steck
F. Lloyd Wright, Jr.
Ruth Collins
Helen Mather Brown
Anne Furman Goldsmith
Beatrice Crane
Edna Waddell
Elizabeth Brown
Elizabeth Burgess
Ruth P. Brown
Constance Freeman
Elizabeth White
Rose Marie Naething
Lisbeth Harlan
Clara B. Shanafelt
Norine Means
Maude Maddock
Albertina Pitkin
Lucy DuBois Porter
Marcia Gardner
Bessie B. Stryon
Roger K. Lane
Persis Dewey
J. Forman Goebel
Florence Hartmen
Edith Phillips
Harold Curtis
Harry Wade
Dorothy G. Stewart
Mary Shepley Coolidge
Sarah L. Coffin
Gretchen Stirling
James
Helen F. Price
Margaret J. Koser
Louise McGilvra
Edna Chapman
Elizabeth McCormick
Ruth Kellogg Pine
Sara Homans
Katharine Avery
Leeming
Florinda Keester
Dow Harvey
Stanley Gibson
Irene Loughborough
Donald Tyler
Beatrice Brougham
Marie Mohr
Stephanie Balderston
Lucy Bruggerhof
Glenn Stanley
L. Phaon Grossart
Jamie Taylor
Victoria Robertson
Frances Hale Burt
Doris Portmann
Ellen Perkins
Mary T. Atwater
Gladys Nelson
Wilfred Jones

PUZZLES 1.

Louis Stix Weiss
Richard B. Thomas
Walter P. Bliss
Charles Brooks
Elizabeth O. Camblos
Henry Morgan Brooks
Margaret H. Bennett
Helen Shaw
Roger Griffin
Elizabeth Roby
Gerald Smith
Helleene Kingsley
Margaret Stevens
Adeline Thomas
George Boulton Thorp

PUZZLES 2.

Floy Lewis
Elizabeth Palmer
Loper
Aida C. Barnes
Mary E. Dunbar
Anna Marguerite Neuberger
Simon Cohen
James Brewster
Alice Knowles
Josephine Godillot
Edward Roffe Thompson
Katharine Camblos
Ward Swain
S. Lawrence Levengood
Isabel Adami
Kenneth Connelly

NOTICE.

MEMBERS sometimes complain that their names are not correctly printed on the Roll of Honor. Perhaps they do not always write very plainly. Names should always be *very carefully* written.

PHOTOGRAPHS 1.

Alberta Cowgill
Dunton Hamlin
Henry Hand Hickman
Edith C. Houston
Shirley Alice Willis
Carola Glasgow
John Fry
Edward B. Fox, Jr.
Mary Arrowsmith
Ellen Day

CHAPTERS.

No. 690. "Zenita." Bourniece Cowon, President; Eva Seely, Secretary; eight members. Address, Conde, S. D.

No. 691. "Workers." Florence Lewis, President; Josephine Horwitz, Secretary; sixty members. Address, care of Miss Fuld, 130 E. 110th St., New York City.

No. 692. "X. Y. Z." Jessie Riall, President; Alma Rothholz, Secretary; nine members. Address, 2108 Bolton St., Baltimore, Md.

No. 693. "The Goop Girls." Margaret Gordon, President; Dorothy Doyle, Secretary; six members. Address, 20 South Market St., Staunton, Va.

No. 694. "Butterflies." Lois Noel, President; Carolyn Scott, Secretary; two members. Address, 2319 Albion Pl., St. Louis, Mo.

No. 695. "Starlight." Robert Aitken, President; Wylda Aitken, Secretary; six members. Address, Mt. Hamilton, Conn.

No. 696. "Sunny Side." Marion Beadenkopf, President; Alice du Pont, Secretary; four members. Address, 808 Broome St., Wilmington, Del.

No. 697. Bessie Wicker, President; M. Virginia Bell, Secretary; nine members. Address, Box 68, Saranac Lake, N. Y.

No. 698. "King Arthur." Raphael Butts, President; Nellie Butts, Secretary; six members. Address, 21 Park Ave., Chicago, Ill.

No. 699. "Minnehaha." Pat Kirby, President; Glen Walker, Secretary; three members. Address, 350 North Duluth Ave., Sioux Falls, S. D.

No. 700. George de Charms, President; Anton Sellner, Secretary; fourteen members. Address, Bryn Athyn, Pa.

LEAGUE NOTES AND LETTERS.

A FIRM in Minnesota offered a prize for the largest number of words to be made of the firm name. A St. Nicholas League member, Rufus Putnam, twelve years old, carried off the honors with 5012 words, more than double the number supplied by any other competitor. It is a remarkable fact that in making his list he did not once duplicate himself, though he did not once refer back to see if he had done so.

MONTPELLIER, FRANCE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I just received my consolation prize (advertising competition) in the shape of a nice new dollar bill, which I will always keep.

I thank you very much for it; it was so nice of you to give it to me, because it was the last time that I could compete, as I have reached that age when the League gates close themselves upon me, that is to say, for the competition; but as long as I live I shall always take an interest in the doings of the League. I owe a lot to the League; my English has been improved to such a point that you thought my writing worthy of a beautiful gold badge. Besides, through you I have nice friends and correspondents, who, by their lovely letters, bring me near to America and make me realize how happy American children ought to be in having such nice institutions as the ST. NICHOLAS magazine and the League.

Again let me thank you for all the pleasure that you have procured me.

Your faithful and thankful reader,

TULA LATZKE.

ST. JOSEPH, MO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My cash prize arrived some days ago, and of course I was delighted with it.

I want to thank you not only for it, but for the help and pleasure that work in the League has been to me.

Yours sincerely,
AGNES C. LACY.

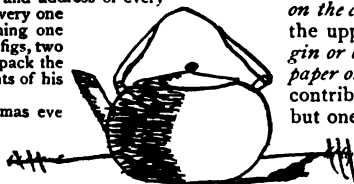
HAYESFIELD P, BATH, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I was so interested in Miss Richardson's letter, which appeared in the December magazine; it was about the "Empty Stocking Club." I thought she might like to hear about our Bath Santa Claus scheme. Every Christmas we borrow the Somerset Hall, and there people send toys of all kinds, and garments also. People who are interested in the work have sewing-parties and make things for it. One of my aunts made thirty little dresses; others, owning shops, send sweets, figs, and oranges. About a fortnight before Christmas several gentlemen go round to every house in the poor districts and take the name, age, and address of every child under twelve. And on Christmas eve every one of these have a parcel brought to them containing one quarter pound of sweets, one quarter pound of figs, two oranges, one toy, one garment. They try and pack the parcels so that every child may find the contents of his or her parcel useful.

It is fun delivering these presents on Christmas eve from a great big furniture van. I think your club is splendid, and also think the same as you, that it makes one much happier in seeing the appreciative looks of the little children. I remain,

Yours truly,
MURIEL BUSH.

"THE OBJECT BEFORE ME." BY NANNIE GAIL, AGE 9.



Other interesting and appreciative letters have been received from Isabella McLaughlin, Annie Lamar Noble, Gwynne Frances Noble, Margaret Rhodes, Hardenia B. Fletcher, Eva Mae Seeley, Barbara Littlefield, Marion I. Reynolds, Marion S. Goodhue, Lorraine Ransom, Dorothy Edd, Madeleine Fuller McDowell, Catherine Gunn, Helen de Haven, Daisy James, Beatrice Crane, Hester W. Conklin, Edgar Daniels, Harry B. Lachman, Elinor Bliss, Albert E. Stockin, Doris Smith, Marion E. Bradley, Frederick A. Coates, Phyllis Booth, Theodore L. Fitz Simons, Charles Irish Preston, and M. Adelaide Durst.

NOTICE.

The St. Nicholas League is an organization of readers of the ST. NICHOLAS magazine. Every reader of ST. NICHOLAS is entitled to a membership badge and instruction leaflet free.

PRIZE COMPETITION NO. 55.

THE St. Nicholas League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle-answers. Also cash prizes of five dollars each to gold-badge winners who shall again win first place.

Competition No. 55 will close April 20 (for foreign members April 25). The awards will be announced and prize contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for July.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines, and may be illustrated, if desired, with not more than two drawings or photographs by the author, and to relate in some manner to "The Liberty Bell."

Prose. Article or story of not more than four hundred words. Title: "A Dog Hero." Must be true.

Photograph. Any size, interior or exterior, mounted or unmounted, no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "A Pleasant Corner."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash (not color), interior or exterior. Two subjects, "Study from Still Life" and "A Heading or Tail-piece for July."

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full.

Puzzle-answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS.

Wild Animal or Bird Photograph. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird taken in its natural home: *First Prize*, five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize*, League gold badge.

RULES.

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent on application.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, must bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added.

These things must not be on a separate sheet, but on the contribution itself—if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back. Write or draw on one side of the paper only. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only.

Address all communications:

The St. Nicholas League,
Union Square,
New York.

BOOKS AND READING.

A GUIDE IN BOOKLAND.

No one except a bookseller or a librarian can have any idea of the number of volumes a year that the publishers of all lands are now putting forth by means of their great steam-driven presses. Figures give only a faint idea of the multitude. It would matter very little if they were all poor books and not worth your attention; but, both fortunately and unfortunately, many of them are exceedingly good. Yet no one can read more than a few, and so it becomes more and more important that those few should be well chosen. A certain amount of your time must be given to the best old books, and as for the rest, you must have good advice. In this department can be given general hints such as will be useful to many at a time; but each studious girl or boy will need something more, something special. If you have an older friend in whose judgment you have confidence, and that older friend is willing to help you, he can be of the very greatest service to you by acting as a guide through the maze of paths that lead in every direction among the delightful highways and byways of the land of letters. Any true lover of books will be glad to act as "guide, philosopher, and friend" to those for whom they are a new territory.

FINDING YOUR OWN PICTURES.

WE are now going to repeat, for the benefit of our new readers, a suggestion that was made once before in this department a long time ago. Even those who remember reading about the idea before will not be sorry to be reminded of a pleasant way to add to the interest and value of their books.

You all are aware that there are coming from the presses all the time excellent pictures relating to everything under the sun, and especially to the scenes and characters of well known books. The suggestion we would make is that you preserve such of these as may come in your way, and then use them to illustrate your own books. It will be easy, for instance, to secure portraits of the authors in whom you delight, and it often is not at all hard to find pictures of noted places referred to in the text

of the book. Do not be in too great a hurry about pasting in what you find. It is wiser to keep an envelop—large enough to hold the pictures without bending them—and collect whatever comes to hand and is thought fit for your purpose. After you have a fair amount of material, you can sort out the best and prepare it for the book. Some grown-up people who give a great deal of time, thought, and money to this "extra-illustrating," as it is called, have the pictures so prepared as to seem made for the volume; but this would not be worth your trouble. It will be best for you to mount your pictures on thin paper cut to the size of the book, and then fix these in their places with just a touch of paste.

COMPLETE SETS OF AUTHORS' WORKS.

If you will notice the bookcases in your friends' libraries, you will be likely to see many books in uniform bindings—sets of authors' works. It seems to be a fashion among most book-buyers to buy all the works of a single writer. This may be wise for those who have lived long enough to be sure what they like. But a young reader would be wiser to buy only the single volumes in which he is for the time interested, being careful to buy volumes of a standard edition, so that, when later he wishes to buy other volumes of the same author, his set will be uniform.

So long as books were a great rarity, such advice was not needed, and those who wrote giving counsel to young readers saw little reason to warn them against allowing books to accumulate too rapidly. Now, in these days of inexpensive books, the caution is needed.

AN ESSAY BY AN INDIAN BOY.

WE clip from a recent copy of the New York "Tribune" the following forcible piece of writing, said to be by a young Indian pupil not yet so familiar with the English language as he is with the "noble quadruped" he has chosen for the subject of his essay: "The horse is a very noble quadruped, but when he is angry he will not do so. He is ridden on the spinal cord by the bridle, and sadly the driver places his foot on the

stirrups and divides his lower limbs across the saddle and drives his animal to the meadow. He has four legs; two are on the front side and two are afterward. These are the weapons on which he runs. He also defends himself by extending these in the rear in a parallel direction toward his foe, but this he does only when he is in an aggravating mood. There is no animal like the horse. No sooner they see their guardian or master than they always cry for food, but it is always at the morning time. They have got tails, but not so long as the cow and such other like animals."

A CAUTION TO READERS. THERE are persons so fond of reading aloud that they are ready to oblige their friends in or out of season by the presentation of poems or stories at all hours. Most people are willing to listen to a good reader, but remember that the question, "Would n't you like me to read you so-and-so?" is not easy to answer if one happens not to be in a listening mood. Maybe it would be better to say, "This is a very interesting description of an avalanche in the Alps." Then you will see by the answer whether reading it will be welcome. Those whose minds work very quickly are sometimes annoyed by hearing something they could enjoy if they read it to themselves. Besides, tastes differ.

COMPOUND INTEREST. IN reading upon a given subject it will be found that the interest increases according to one of the bothersome rules you have in your arithmetics — by compound rather than by simple interest. That is, every fact you learn about a subject which pleases you will give you greater enjoyment of everything that relates to the same matter.

This is especially true in reading books about foreign lands; each fact helps the interest of every succeeding one. If, for instance, you begin to make yourself acquainted with China, that land where all our ideas seem turned either inside out or upside down, the first reading will make the second not only easier but more interesting; and by the time you have read two or three books on the "Celestial Empire" you will be likely to seize every opportunity to learn more of those fascinating people who care so

little about the great Western world that some of us are inclined to think is the only part of the earth that counts.

Then, when you know something of China, how can you refuse to learn the wonderful story of Japan's leap from the middle ages into the life of the present day? And here again the law of compound interest applies — the more you read, the more pleasure the reading will bring.

TOO MUCH "SYSTEM." IT is natural for readers, both young and old, to enjoy change — to turn from one sort of book to another; and yet many think they must keep at each one until it is finished. The over-systematic reader is likely to lose enjoyment of an author by losing the freshness of interest that would come after giving some time to another species of writing. But when you lay a volume aside it would be well to set a time for taking it up again, so that you may be reminded of the unfinished task. Keeping a diary is an excellent thing if it be used to remind you of what you intend to carry out in the future. It is a simple matter to turn to a date a week or so ahead, and there make a memorandum, so that when you reach the appointed time you will not forget "unfinished business."

THE SECOND READING. A GERMAN philosopher makes the suggestion that any book at all important should be read a second time, and that this second reading should at once follow the first. He gives his reasons, which is very kind of him, for philosophers often forget that what is plain to them may be obscure to less studious mortals.

He says the second reading makes the beginning of the book clear because of the light shed by the end. The re-reading also gives a new view of the book, since we are in a new state of mind, and thus have different impressions.

One does not have to be a German philosopher to see the sense of this; an American girl or boy is quite equal to grasping it.

But sometimes her Majesty, Queen Common-sense the Good, goes about among us, her loyal subjects, disguised as Miss What-Everybody-Knows, and remains unknown until a really wise man shows that we are entertaining royalty *incog* and in *mufti*.

THE LETTER-BOX.

WEST PHILADELPHIA, PA.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You have been in our family twelve years, my sister taking you eleven years, while I have taken you one year. I love you dearly and wish to take you many more years to come.

I have a little fox-terrier whose name is "Bob." He is just one year and two and a half months old. Bob is very bright and can do many tricks; he can beg, speak (bark), and jump for things. He can also catch things in his mouth and jump over a stick. He loves to go out walking, and has to have his strap and collar on when he goes on streets where there are cars and dogs. His strap has nickel on it, which makes a noise if rattled; and if I am upstairs and he down and I rattle it, he comes bouncing upstairs. He begs to me because he knows he is going out walking, and is very happy. Bob knows that hats mean going outdoors, and so when he sees mine on me he begs for his strap and collar. He is very beautifully marked and is a thorough-bred. One day, or at least evening, he was very sleepy, and my cousin was petting him. Robert, my cousin, said: "Pussy-cats!" Bob jumped up and barked and made a great fuss (he knew what "pussy-cats" meant). Another time he saw a cat, but did nothing but stare. He has done many more cute things, too many to tell.

I love "King Arthur and his Knights," and all the prose and poems.

Your affectionate and ardent reader,

JULIA MUSSER (age 12).

BRADWELL LODGE,
DEER PARK, TORONTO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My aunt is giving you to me for a year. Deer Park is a very pretty little place with many pines and spruces, and we have a big field to play in. I am ten years old and I have two sisters, Marjorie and Marion. There is about two inches of snow on the ground, and I hope it will stay. I have just received the Christmas number this morning, and I have been reading "A Comedy in Wax," and I like it so much, and also the "Two Little New York Maids."

I remain your loving reader,

OTTILIE SCHREIBER.

"GROVE FARM," IPSWICH, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have had you since July, and I like you better than any magazine that I have ever read. We live in a house at "Grove Farm" in Ipswich, Massachusetts. There are two houses on the place, one of which is about two hundred and sixty years old. I don't know how old the one that we live in is, but it is not half so pretty. I think that the list of books in the chapter of Books and Reading is fine, and I have read a good many of them.

I must close now, so good-by. Your loving reader,

HERBERT DUDLEY HALE, JR. (age 10).

HARTFORD, CONN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have many squirrels around our home; they live in the top of our house right over our play-room. There is one little squirrel which we call "Mr. Gray." Once Mr. Gray was caught in a

trap. He was so cunning father thought he would keep him. He sent for a trap, but that night when we went to bed the poor little thing cried so piteously that father let him go.

Yours truly,

CATHERINE C. COOK (age 9).

LITTLE DOROTHY'S MISTAKE.

BY M. LOUISE SMITH.

LITTLE maid Dorothy goes to school
And studies her lessons well.
She is only five, but, "sakes alive!"
Every "arithmetical sign" she can tell.

The "add-to pluses" stand up like this, +,
And the "take-aways" flatly lie, —.
The "times like an x" do sometimes vex,
And the "intos" (+) cause many a sigh.

But little maid Dorothy knows them all,
And can name them with never a stop —
Though 't was funny to-day when we heard her say,
"There 's a church with a plus on the top."

DENVER, COL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am six years old. Uncle Jim sent you to me for Christmas. I don't go to school, but mama teaches me to read and write. I can read in the Third Reader, but I can't read the ST. NICHOLAS alone. Mama and grandma read it to me. I enjoy the children's writing very much, and the picture of the woodchuck. Next year I will be able to read it alone, so I hope Uncle Jim will send it to me again.

Good-by,

HARRY L. ALDRICH, JR.

RATZÖTZ BRIKEN,
SÜD TIROL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We stayed part of this summer on the Island of Rügen in the Baltic. We found several pieces of amber in the seaweed on the shore. We also found some round, finger-shaped pieces of stone which looked like flint. Some of the broken pieces we found were about four inches long. A man in a shop told me that they were called "Donnerkeil," or "thunderbolts."

We have already had a good fall of snow here and some coasting. We did not have any till Christmas last year.

Your affectionate reader,

WALTER WHITE.

BEVERLY, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You were given to me last Christmas and I enjoy you very much.

My Aunt Ellen used to take you when she was about the same age as myself, and so she lets me have the back numbers to look at. I enjoyed them so much that I was given the magazine for Christmas. Hoping to take you many more years, as I am only eleven, I remain,

Your loving reader,

ELEANOR WALKER.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER.

TRIPLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Primrose, Hyacinth, Snowdrop.
NOVEL TRANSPOSITIONS. 1. Bears, bores; 2. sweat, waits; 3. roses, ogres; 4. laces, gales; 5. ashes, cases; 6. abyss, brass; 7. pales, parse; 8. louts, tools; 9. tasks, stack, Aeschylus, Correggio.

DIAGONAL PUZZLE. 1. Chant. 2. Japan. 3. Happy. 4. Helen.
 5. Reels. From 1 to 2, capes; 3 to 4, apple; 5 to 6, taper.

DIAGONAL. Cleveland. Cross-words: 1. Copyright. 2. Planetary. 3. Clergyman. 4. Provision. 5. Precedent. 6. Marmalade. 7. Guatemala. 8. Observant. 9. Recommend.

ILLUSTRATED ACROSTIC. Third row, Wellington. 1. Saw. 2. Tweezers. 3. Rule. 4. Awl. 5. Chisel. 6. Pincers. 7. Auger. 8. Hatchet. 9. Spokeshave. 10. Punch.

CROSS-PURPOSES. 1. Trick, truck. 2. Skill, skull. 3. Pride,

prude. 4. Chink, chunk. 5. Trist, trust. 6. Stiff, stuff. 7. Taint, taunt. 8. Elide, elude. 9. Trice, truce.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

Lives of great men all remind us
 We can make our lives sublime.

ANAGRAM. Theodore Roosevelt.

CENTRAL SYNCOPATIONS AND REMAINDERS. Grant. 1. Negro, Nero. 2. First, fist. 3. Beast, best. 4. Rinse, rise. 5. Motor, moor.

ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE. Subtracted letters, Windstorms; added letters, young lambs. 1. War, w, y, ray. 2. Side, i, o, dose. 3. Men, n, u, emu. 4. Draw, d, n, warn. 5. Ass, s, g, gas. 6. Time, t, l, mile. 7. Lose, o, a, sale. 8. Star, r, m, mast. 9. Gem, m, b, beg. 10. Vase, s, s, save.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER were received, before January 15th, from Mabel, George, and Henri—Joe Carlada—Ross M. Craig—"Teddy and Muvver"—Grace Haren—M. McG.—Marian A. Smith—C. Leonard Talpey—William Ellis Keyser—Annie Lee and Louis—Katharine C. Bowly—Mary V. Sullivan—Marian P. Toulmin—Laura E. Jones—Sidney F. Kimball—"Chuck"—Florence R. Elwell—"Allil and Adi"—Dorothy E. Downing—Marion Thomas—Florence Du Bois—Christine Graham—Jean Barkalow—"Johnny Bear"—"Get"—Annie C. Smith—Emerson Grant Sutcliffe—Jo and I—Nettie Barnwell—Louise K. Cowdrey—Annette Howe Carpenter—Frederick Greenwood—Florence Guida Steel—Marian Elizabeth Ingalls—Lilian Sarah Burt—Gordon and Sydney Rutherford—Stella Weinstein—Edith L. Fischer—Mary Randell Bacon—Virginia Gillesby.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER were received, before January 15th, from W. Auger, 1—H. L. Godwin, 1—Alice C. and Alan C. Livingston, 2—Dorothea M. Dexter, 6—Phyllis Bigelow, 1—"Marcia and Co.," 10—Omira D. Bailey, 1—Elizabeth Pilling, 1—John Allen, 1—Katharine Boshart, 6—W. Bruce McKerral, 5—Emmet Russell, 3—Margaret C. Wilby, 9—Marshall T. Tirrell, 10—Martha G. Schreyer, 9—Amy E. Mayo, 2—M. Blanche Kimber, 1—Helen J. Jelliffe, 10—C. C. Anthony, 8—Burt H. Smith, 2—Florence Doane, 1—Sidney Gamble, 10.

WORD-SQUARE.

1. A SPRING flower. 2. An idol. 3. To mark with a name. 4. A deputy. 5. People of an ancient race.
 HELEN DEAN FISH (League Member).

A MAGIC SQUARE.

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

A	L	S	P	B	E	K	J	M	O
R	O	J	I	N	I	E	N	C	D
Y	C	P	O	T	F	O	B	R	S
G	E	X	M	A	F	T	B	K	
S	L	E	S	P	E	N	L	I	U
N	A	O	T	A	U	R	A	P	S
L	U	H	P	R	N	U	S	I	A
C	E	S	C	D	T	B	U	O	K
O	A	M	J	B	N	S	N	O	R
E	L	S	R	E	C	A	L	T	D

START at a certain letter in the bottom line, proceed in any diagonal direction, and spell the name of a great cele-

bration soon to begin in one of our large cities. (Suppose S is the starting-point; from S one could go to A or J but not to L or M or R.)

Start at a certain letter in the top line, proceed in any diagonal direction, and spell the names of two men prominent in the historical event which this celebration commemorates. Each letter is to be used but once.

FRANK DOLIN.

CHARADE.

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

My first is full of danger great,
 And truly many a second
 Has fallen there; my whole should be
 Gently toward safety beckoned;
 For he is stupid—yes, and slow;
 Pray how should he the danger know?

DOROTHEA M. DEXTER.

BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILINGS.

1. Doubly behead and curtail to hinder, and leave the evening before a holiday. 2. Doubly behead and curtail a maker, and leave to devour. 3. Doubly behead and curtail the virtue or quality of a thing, separated from its grosser parts, and leave a Japanese coin. 4. Doubly behead and curtail majestic, and leave consumed. 5. Doubly behead and curtail to raise to a higher station, and leave a feminine name. 6. Doubly behead and curtail carriers, and leave a common verb.

When the six little words are written one below another, take the first letter of the first word, the second letter of the second word, the first letter of the third word, the second letter of the fourth word, and so on. These letters will spell a spring festival.

HOWARD HOSMER (League Member).



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